

Trash Can community service

Life on the fourth planet of the Misa system was generally peaceful despite its great distance from the Axenaar central government or the more populated solar systems, especially after a rather scary duo of government-hired mercenaries had visited to deal with a group of raiders – with the raiders gone it had been much easier to continue work on repairing and re-purposing the massive crumbling greenhouse works which had once formed the lynchpin of agricultural production on the planet. But as with any place situated within the sparsely populated frontier, there was the odd troublemaker and many creative ways to deal with it to dissuade more troublemakers, seeing how the guidelines and statutes of nominal colonial law were hardly enforced out in the frontier for the lack of prisons or professional law enforcement.



Thus today the acting warden of the colony, a rather strict vulpine lady named Jenah, has dragged two feral cheetahs over to the marketplace to leash them into the strong steel sign pole at the trash collection spot in the middle of the market – the grumbling duo having spent two nights in a jail cell after they had been caught making a huge mess in the combined community hall and museum. Jenah had gotten involved after she had heard that they had not only played with the display items and left food scraps all over, but had also been deliberately defacing various displays for fun and

had tried to steal a few items. Wearing long tough work gloves just in case the snarling cheetahs become frustrated enough with the demeaning treatment, she nevertheless gets to chain them to the pole without further incident under the watchful eye of random passersby~

"There we go! Less tough now than when trashing our museum the other day, eh? At least we let you keep your collars since they proved out to be useful" Jenah says after she stands up, throwing a stern look at the huffy cheetah pair.

"Fuck you, warden~" the spotted cheetah balks while her king cheetah partner simply paws at the floor in annoyance. "Making us replace the trash cans here? What punishment is that??"

"Something I thought was apt for you two since you get to clean up instead of making a mess! And I gave you the options earlier so you shouldn't complain since you picked this one."

"Some options those were..." the king cheetah mumbles, lashing her tail.

"No whining! And before I forget, that's part of the rules – no complaints, no turning down trash, you call yourself trash cans like you are, be courteous when accepting it, and everything goes down your gullets immediately. No trying to escape and no puking either, that is, and -"

"Okay! Okay! We get it – better this than dead!" king cheetah interrupts the vulpine who responds with a tacit nod while people begin to gradually swarm around them as the market opens. "Yeah, can we start already... enough lectures!" the spotted cheetah pipes up as well, shaking herself.

"Sure we can start. The market is open anyway and I have things to do, so – see you at closing." Jenah replies dryly before she walks off to disappear into the maze-like marketplace as shops begin to open their doors.

Seeing how news has traveled fast in the tightly knit community, most people have at least an inkling of why there are suddenly bothered looking cheetahs replacing most of the trash cans in the middle of the square... while the two are well aware of how everyone is judging their behaviour when the first pieces of trash are being dangled above their muzzles. Hence they have no choice but to either open their jaws for the refuse or accept it into their forepaws – both gagging from the unpleasant or outright foul taste of wrappers, spoiled food, pocket lint, empty bottles, broken scrap and else as they struggle to ingest it, their throats bulging from the painful strain of swallowing.

The first two hours of market aren't ultimately too punishing even if the bellies of both cheetahs distend prominently from garbage which both customers and shopkeepers randomly hand them – but nevertheless the sickly feeling of trash churning in their stomachs and grinding against its walls, soon creeps in for both, amusing the people around them as they are forced to take turns accepting trash so that they can nurse their protesting bellies.



Eventually lunch hour arrives and the crowd thins out to grant the cheetahs a short reprieve from their trash can duty – but in a short while another insidious torment forms because the market starts to serve food to hungry workers who arrive from all over the colony, forcing the feline duo to see and smell food all around whereas their own hunger is hardly staved by the garbage which bloats out their bellies. Furthermore the workers toss discarded bones, fruit peels, dirty rags and other tantalizingly tasty scraps at them while none of it does much to relieve the stomach aches or gnawing hunger.

“Owww... how can I be so stuffed and still want to eat the whole kitchen... how're you doing, sis?” the spotted cheetah groans after the lunch rush dissipates so that they both have a moment to sit down and rest their loudly gurgling bellies.

“Been better! Ngyaah, this is so fucked up, my insides are totally screwed up from this trash... these people are crazy~”

“Mreowh, we really did a dumb by coming here, these aren't simple people like in the other places – rrrrgh, I hate how all this stuff seems to have hard edges and corners, hurts~”

The two spend some time sharing their grievances in their chirpy voices while fantasizing about food which they just saw being eaten by the colonists – but as lunch hour ends, the earlier bustle of customers continues, the shopkeepers being bolstered by traders setting up flea market tables to peddle used items gathered from all over the colony or left over by passing ships.



Although at first it seems to the two that there's less garbage headed their way because everyone is busy shuffling through the large inventories of the item traders, it reveals a new challenge because many of the traders prefer to sell smaller items by the bag or box – while not every person wants to take all of it back home. So eventually there's a small queue leading up to the hapless cheetahs who now contend with the ingestion of old spare parts, broken toys, ratty clothing, dead small appliances, and so on, while being constantly reminded of their mandatory penance as garbage cans if they hesitate.

“Hey, you're looking less full than the other one, so let me dump these... my kids don't want all this broken extra crap.” a large wolf casually tells the king cheetah as he steps closer with a full rattling shopping bag, the king cheetah responding with a weary nod while her spotted sister lays on her huge stuffed belly as she holds back the urge to throw up with one paw and rests the other paw on her lumpy hide.

“I’ve got space in the trash bag, mreowh, just put all of it into my maw one at a time~”, the king cheetah reluctantly tells the wolf who sticks the remains of a toy train into her maw the moment she cracks it open. Moments later it’s already in the cheetah’s gullet while she kneads her throat vigorously to help its journey towards her stomach – cringing from the discomfort of it rubbing into her tightly stretched esophagus.

“Taking forever, come on, stop slacking so much!” the wolf huffs after waiting for a few moments and outright lightly kicks the bellies of both cheetahs with the tip of his boot, making them gasp as the junk inside their stomachs makes muffled crunching noises from the strike.

“Nnnrgh, give some to me then – please!” the spotted cheetah hastily blurts to placate the wolf, burping when she opens her maw to receive some of the toy junk as well – the speed of the two taking turns to empty the bag indeed seems to satisfy the wolf while the number of strange shapes and lumps under their stretched furry hides increase.



As the day passes both the cheetah pair gradually lose track of time amid the seemingly never-ending struggle of cramming their stomachs fuller and fuller of awkward trash while enduring waves of nausea, terrible stomach aches, sore throats, and garbage threatening to puncture their stomach linings as they shift their bellies in search for comfort. Finally the painful monotony changes though as the shopkeepers and traders begin to gradually close up for the day while the

amount of patrons dwindles rapidly until only cleaning crews and shopkeepers are left, all of them doing their duties while the two cheetahs rest their enormously overstuffed bellies in anguish.



But their ordeal isn't over yet as they find out, seeing how the cleaning crews demands their services next to empty out their trash scoops and bags... making the punishment even crueler as the sickening stuffing of their stomachs continues even if both of them are already nearing bursting point.

“Gluurk... so... so sorry, this – errr – trash can's full, the bag'll burst from more...” the spotty cheetah rejects the last pieces of refuse due to the agony within her belly becoming unbearable, whereas her striped sister idly toys with her own teats to distract herself from the disgusting floor dirt being poured into her maw.

Nevertheless just before the two start to fear that their guts will rupture at any second if more is brought to them, the cleaning seems to be complete... and the warden emerges from the bowels of the building with an amused smirk on her face.

“Seems like you behaved yourselves at least.”, is her first comment as she unlocks the chain leashes to start leading her two rather humble looking charges out of the building – the slender forms of the cheetahs struggling to haul their immense bellies which rattle, groan, gurgle, slosh and

crunch audibly as they drag along the floor.

“Yes... -hic- can we -urp- go now...? My guts are -oww- so messed up, we're gonna die or something from this!” the spotted cheetah protests as they slowly make their way through the market, only earning a short burst of laughter from the vixen.

“First day out of thirty. Hey, -”, Jenah states with a chuckle while glancing at the notepad in her hands, “- don't look so sullen! You have all night to digest!” which is something that elicits defeated whines from the feline duo before they fall mostly silent for the long arduous trek back to the jail behind the vulpine.



Later in the jail...

“I hope you're learning your lesson, before you go ahead and trash more public buildings!” Jenah chastises the cheetahs who pant from exhaustion while their stomachs churn in vain to process the garbage they've stuffed themselves with. Desperate to puke or fall unconscious or both, the two nod wanly as they clutch their bellies in hopes of dulling the pain of trash stirring in their guts. Tapping her footpaws against the floor, the vixen continues sternly. “Your sentence will continue tomorrow until the thirty days are full – enjoy the night, in the morning we'll dump everything left in those stomachs and put you back together for the day.”

“W-wait -hurrgh- you're not se-serious?” is the king cheetah's groveling response but Jenah simply swings around without answering and leaves even if the cheetah furiously paws at her direction.

“Mreeep – no way we're going to digest any of this shit, sis, something's going to break in me before that – I guess they're just going to make us spill it all~”

“Ngyaaah, I don't want to think about it... but really now, my belly's not up to the job either... thirty days... fuuuck!” the king cheetah curses as the last rays of dusk start to fade outside the lonely small window, leaving the cheetahs to their impossible task with their tormented bellies...