

(B)eating the Heat
By Holo

Riley was laying on the hardwood floor of her living room, groaning about the hot weather as her stomach growled, hungry for dinner. "Uugghh, shut uuppp, it's too hot to cook you dumb thing." She playfully socked herself in the gut, and her stomach went quiet for a bit. All she could think about was how useless her appliances were in this heat, as they would only make things hotter. Toaster, microwave, oven...

Her stomach growled again, and she had enough. She sat up suddenly and got to her feet, throwing her hair back into place as it had frazzled out from laying down so long. She marched into her kitchen, unplugged her toaster, and opened wide. Her jaws stretched as her hands shoved it in, but the small, two-slice toaster was little more than a mouthful for the creamsicle tiger. She closed her mouth around it and swallowed it whole, sending a skull-sized bulge down her throat. The cord trailed after it, sliding down like a noodle before disappearing between her teeth.

She let out a disappointed sigh as it fell into her stomach, barely making a bulge in her chubby middle. She cocked her hips and gave her stomach an expectant look, then eyed her microwave. It was suitably larger, and also useless in the heat, and the frosty-white plastic looked refreshing. She shrugged, unplugged that too, and lifted it up. Her head tilted back and her mouth opened wide, and with the aid of gravity she pushed the entire big cube into her throat. She winced at the strain, but she knew she could handle it. She grunted, her arms pushing to ease the appliance down. Her neck stretched into a rectangle shape wider than her head as she squeezed it down, and she did her best not to crush the microwave in her jaws or throat.

Once it was far enough into her jaws, she pressed against her throat directly with her hands to massage the microwave the rest of the way down. It hit her belly with a clatter as it collided with the toaster, and her stomach stretched into an odd, cornered shape and hung heavy in front of her with all the metal and plastic.

She grumbled, feeling better, but not quite better enough. Her tongue slid over her muzzle, and she eyed her oven dangerously. It was big, and heavy, and mostly big. She wanted it.

She grabbed it with both hands and pulled hard, straining as she dragged it away from the wall until she could get behind it. Keeping safety in mind, she twisted the nozzle to the gas line to cut it off, and then unhooked the oven from the power and gas lines. With that taken care of, she was ready to try and eat it. It was wider than she was by double, and a couple feet shorter, and basically a cube shape, or at least close to it. She huffed, looking it over for a bit before shrugging at it.

"Fuck it." She opened wide and shoved her face towards it. Her mouth opened, jaws unhinging, maw and throat all stretching around the huge block of metal and glass and heating coils. She tipped it on one side to get her lower jaw around the bottom of it, and she huffed and panted from the weight of trying to manipulate the heavy thing. It was awkward to try and swallow, but this wasn't her first time doing something like this. She twisted and heaved, swallowed and pushed, and worked the oven and stovetop down little by little.

It was big enough that more than her throat was stretching for it. Her shoulders widened, spreading apart, and her chest bulged out as her spine pushed backwards. She was huffing through her snout as her jaws were crammed full, and her eyes burned with determination as she felt that big appliance finally starting to bottom out in her gut.

It sat on top of the toaster and microwave, crushing both of the smaller appliances under its weight. Her stomach was now just oven-shaped, albeit it was twisted and sitting upside-down in her insides. She let out a small burp and a pleased sigh. Her hands rubbed over her stretched, fur-covered belly, appreciating how it felt to slide her skin over the corners of the oven inside. She then grabbed it tight, pushed, and hopped. She rolled over with a loud crash, landing on top of her appliance-stuffed middle like it was a bed. It was still hot, and all of the exertion in the heat had burned her out. It was time for the tiger to take a cat nap.