

Dog Food  
By Angelus

Choomy was way excited, and her gooey tail flicked back and forth as she waited. She was moments away from meeting Milkbone, the Mightyena who was the World Eating Contest Champion. The Goodra had gotten an invite to meet him backstage before one of his contests, and she was just about to see him. The door to his dressing room opened, and the dog himself was standing before her, with a big, goofy grin on his face. His black tongue was poking out of his muzzle, and Choomy smiled down at the dog who was only half her height, but a couple hundred pounds heavier.

"Woof, come in! It's great to meet you Choomy!" Milkbone barked as he moved aside, his heavy stomach swaying with every step. Choomy blushed and nodded, following him in. The door closed itself and locked behind her.

"I-it's so great to m-meet you!" Choomy stammered in excitement.

Milkbone waddled a circle around her, getting a good look at her. She was a fairly standard Goodra, save for her green spots being orange, and a matching-color scarf around her neck. "Great to meet you too, bark! Hey, wanna help me get ready for the contest?" he asked, tail wagging as he moved behind her, just out of her sight.

"Sure, anything for you!" Choomy said, hearts glittering in her eyes.

"Great! Don't move~" Milkbone said. The next thing Choomy knew, she heard a loud chomp and gulp, and felt the end of her tail being shoved someplace warm and humid. Her ears went rigid, and she craned her neck to see Milkbone swallowing her thick tail with little effort. He was smiling at her, that earlier goofiness replaced with sharp, driven intent.

"H-hey, that's not funny, let go!" Choomy said as she tried to lift her tail and pull Milkbone off of it. His jaws bit down, too powerful for her to pull free from, and he was much too heavy to budge with her tail. She grunted with the effort and whined as she felt a few more inches of her tail slip into the Mightyena's throat. "What are you doing?" she shouted.

"Youf wahnted ta helf, yeh?" He muttered around a fat mouthful of Goodra tail. "Ah wan' schnack!" With a loud gulp, he sucked her tail in completely, and her legs folded forward as he worked on gulping down her lower half.

"Not like this! I-I don't wanna be dog fat!" she shouted. She tried to grab the ground, but her body was too slimey to get any purchase. Milkbone's throat and belly were bulging with her body, and she could feel how hot and hungry his guts were. She was thick, with a large belly and wide haunches, but the practiced eating champ slid his jaws past that obstacle with no effort at all. Her slimmer neck and upper body were just one big noodle by comparison. He slurped it up, and quickly packed that Goodra away in his gut. His stomach swelled under him, lifting his paws off the ground, so he sat back on his hind legs and watched his gut writhe and bounce as Choomy tried to fight her way out.

"So feisty! Don't worry, you're gonna put the goo in Goodra in just a sec!" He licked his teeth, and his stomach let out a loud *gllrrRSSssh* that put an end to Choomy's struggles. That bulging grey belly smoothed out, gurgling idly as it absorbed the gooey soup that Choomy had been reduced to. A bubbling rose in his middle, and a loud belch burst from his jaws, along with Choomy's orange scarf. He chuckled, plucked it from the top of his belly, and managed to

slip it around his neck. "See? I'll wear this to the contest in your honor! Thanks for the snack, snack!" He let out one last belch, then rolled to his feet and sloshed his bloated self out of the dressing room. It was time to give the crowd what they were waiting for!