

Midnight Snack Reversal

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The dorm room was quiet and dark, lit only by the faint glow of a computer screen that'd been left on. A black, white-spotted cheetah was enjoying a deep sleep on one of the room's two beds, on his side and only partially covered by a sheet. His fluffy tail hung over the edge of the bed, twitching on occasion.

Austin couldn't have hoped for an easier prey. The doughy wolf had been eying his roommate Jet as a potential meal wince the moment they'd met just a few days before. Of course he'd put on his usual charm in order to gain Jet's trust. It was a tactic he'd used to great success in the past, and the reason he'd plumped up so much in the Summer before college. So many disposable acquaintances had learned the hard way that Austin considered them little more than food.

Normally the wolf would have taken the time to prepare Jet, finding creative ways to fatten the cheetah and make him exceptionally filling. Unfortunately for him, Jet was already proving to be keen on staying fit, and apparently only ate others rarely. Getting him to gain a pound would be difficult, unless Austin resorted to outright force-feeding. A tempting thought, but he was in too lazy a mood to bother. Perhaps the next roommate he was assigned would be more inclined to getting fat.

Experiments conducted the previous nights had revealed Jet could sleep through quite a lot. The likelihood of him waking up early enough to escape being eaten was low. If Austin was careful, Jet might even remain asleep right until digestion kicked in. The wolf grinned at the challenge.

Austin paid only passing attention to Jet's tail, despite knowing it was more than just fluff. He hadn't met many people with tailmaws—or eaten any for that matter. While a prey with a second mouth was somewhat intimidating, Austin didn't think Jet's would be an actual issue. From what Austin could tell Jet didn't get along with his own tail, which he referred to as “Chomps”. Austin would simply stuff the tail into his maw once he started gulping Jet's legs down.

“Well Jet, I know you wanted to stay in shape, but you'll learn to love being wolf pudge,” Austin chuckled, quietly.

As Austin approached Jet's paws, Chomps stirred. The tailmaw hadn't been sleeping well, and had heard Austin's words. In contrast to Jet, Chomps loved to eat, and they now had the perfect excuse to snack on the delectable-looking wolf. Chomps was ready to eat well for the first time in a long while.

Austin eagerly grabbed Jet's ankles and opened his mouth wide, seconds from indulging in his midnight snack. He froze in place, eyes widening as he saw Chomps rise into view like a fluffy snake.

The tailmaw lunged swiftly, engulfing Austin's whole head in a single gulp. Austin let go of Jet's ankles and frantically clawed at the tail over his head. Chomps tugged hard, off-balancing Austin and pulling him to the floor.

A greedy tongue ran over Austin's face, tasting as much of the wolf as it could. Chomps stretched over Austin's shoulders and swallowed, the muscles of their long throat pushing the prey along with ease. As soon as Austin's arms were pinned to his sides his ability to struggle effectively was destroyed. Blind and terrified, he mainly wiggled erratically as he became a large lump in Jet's tail.

Inch-by-inch Austin was sucked in, his path taking him upwards as he headed towards Jet's stomach on the bed above. He whimpered when his belly slid into Chomps' mouth, the tailmaw aggressively tasting and nibbling on his fat. All things he'd done to past meals himself, of course.

Jet's flat middle began to swell as Austin was pulled into it, the imprint of the wolf's head vaguely visible as he tried crying out for help. With his voice muffled, though, there was no way for Jet to hear him, and the cheetah merely shifted slightly as he unintentionally gorged.

Eventually Austin's wiggling footpaws vanished from view, Chomps' maw closing down around them to form a wide grin. The tailmaw lifted themselves upwards as they gradually swallowed the last of the wolf, sad for the meal to end but happy to regain their flexibility. The bed creaked faintly beneath

the weight of Jet and his unlucky meal every time Austin fidgeted. No matter how much the wolf punched or kicked he couldn't wake his roommate up; there just wasn't enough room for him to work with.

Chomps slithered over Jet's legs to survey the results. The cheetah's gut was huge, stuffed with a prey a good deal larger than him. Austin wasn't the fattest meal Chomps had scored, but he was definitely larger than most. Usually Chomps had to go after scrawny people he could gulp down fast before Jet stopped him.

The tailmaw gently prodded at Jet's belly, until it managed to force some of the stale out. The tip of the tail bulged slightly before Chomps let out a modest, stifled burp, tightening Jet's stomach around Austin. Two more forced belches stole the last of the wolf's free space. The slick stomach wall pressed over his face, Austin's struggles momentarily intensified until he inevitably passed out. Minutes later the messy *glorrrrrrrrrps* of digestion followed.

Chomps curled up atop the gurgling gut, letting the delightful sounds lull them to sleep.

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Even before Jet had opened his eyes, he sensed something was...off. Despite having a light dinner the night before, he felt full. *Really* full. Like he'd gone to town on a buffet. Or eaten someone. Suddenly Jet didn't want to open his eyes at all.

The cheetah couldn't sleep in bed forever, though. With great reluctance he opened his eyes, the large, lumpy bulge of his belly taking up most of his view. Jet nervously pressed a paw into his gut and felt it slosh. Along with the noisy *glrks*, there was no denying that whoever he'd eaten was well beyond rescue. And of course there was only one person he could have possibly eaten from the comfort of his own bed.

Frustrated, Jet sat up and slid to the edge of his bed, grimacing as he felt some solid remains shifting around within the stew in his stomach. Austin's bed was empty, the tank top he wore while sleeping not on the floor beneath as it usually was once he was awake. The chances of the wolf being anywhere besides Jet's gut were practically zero, then.

Jet glared down at his tailmaw. "What the heck Chomps, why did you eat Austin!"

Chomps looked away, as if to play innocent. It was a tactic that never worked.

"Don't try to act dumb, I sure as hell didn't get this from dinner last night!" Jet shook his gut for emphasis and immediately regretted it.

The gurgles grew louder, and Jet twitched as he felt something racing down his throat. Chomps let out a loud *buh-urrrrrrrrrrrrrp*, belching something onto the floor that landed with a *splat!* The mass was faded black, marked by numerous holes and soaked. Austin's tank top.

"Chomps, Austin actually seemed kind of cool and we were getting along, now I'm gonna have to spend the first semester working my ass off at the gym—literally!" Jet grumbled, prodding his massive belly in disdain. "So many calories..."

Chomps started nuzzling Jet's middle, though his attempt to suck up only met with a round of bops. "I don't care if you think I look better chunky, it ain't gonna happen! I'll buy a tail muzzle if you keep this up."

The tailmaw cowered and pouted, bopping Jet's gut in return. The act only caused Chomps to burp again, though this time a bleached wolf skull was launched from its maw and onto Jet's belly.

Jet simply shook his head. "Great, another skull to add to your shame pile." When the tailmaw wagged a little he growled at them. "It's a shame pile not a trophy pile, no being happy!"

Chomps slithered out of view to continue its bouncing celebration where Jet couldn't chastise them as easily.

"Ugh, guess I'm gonna have to wear some of Austin's stuff until the gym's done its job," Jet mumbled. Hopefully his next roommate wouldn't be as fat, just in case Chomps got a craving for a

midnight snack again...