

Park Cleanup

By: IndigoRho

The day had just begun but at Puma Mountain National Park it already felt as warm as noon. Niall tried his best to stick to the shade as he walked along one of the many trails, though it was difficult for the hefty goat to avoid the sun completely. As a park ranger he was used to dealing with the weather, though.

The morning patrol was always Niall's favorite, when the only noises were from nature and not large events or groups of hikers. They also gave him the opportunity to deal with troublemakers in a more discreet manner that didn't "scare away visitors" as his boss like to say. Of course as long as visitors followed the rules they had nothing to fear from the friendly goat and his voracious appetite.

At nearly four hundred pounds, the majority of Niall's bulk had come from gorging on those who disrespected the park he loved. Drunks harassing hikers, campers who left their site looking like a garbage dump, that jerk who'd illegally roared down a trail on his dirt bike—both of which ended up in Niall's stomach.

Niall admittedly enjoyed the frequent excuses to glut, but that didn't prevent him from being frustrated whenever he came across a situation that let him put his gut to good use. Which was what he was certain was about to happen.

There'd been reports of fireworks being set off during the night, and as Niall approached the alleged location he was finding more and more garbage abandoned along the trail. Food wrappers and beer cans, mostly.

Sure enough, Niall eventually spotted a small tent set up at one of the designated camping spots beside the trail, one that rarely saw use due to how deep in the forest it was. He slowed his pace, staying as silent as possible.

A couple chairs had been set up, an empty bottle of whiskey amidst the discarded cans and cups. There was the crushed packaging of fireworks, along with a few yet to be set off. Charred wood and ashes marked where a fire had been—also illegal with how dry the area had been lately. From the tent came the faint sounds of snoring, the flap still zipped up.

Niall scowled, then smiled. He was going to cleanup the mess the two reckless campers had made—starting with them and their tent.

Circling the tent, Niall carefully removed every stake as he eyed it up. It was relatively small and triangular, a style he hadn't seen very often. There couldn't have been room within for much else aside the campers themselves. Good.

Confident in the tent's edibility, Niall knelt on the ground in front of its entrance and grasped its sides like a giant sub sandwich before opening his mouth wide.

The first gulp was the hardest, Niall having to make sure the whole front of the tent was shoved into his maw. The sensation of the poles poking his mouth and throat wasn't really comfortable, but he was used to it. As much as Niall wanted to simply scarf the whole thing down, he needed to take things slow and steady to ensure the sleeping occupants within didn't wake up right away. While the regular entrance now led straight to his stomach, there was always a chance they might tear open the other end and wiggle out before he gulped them down.

Niall grinned as he felt a heavy weight sliding into his mouth—the first bit of the actual campers. He could still hear the snoring, and assumed they were going in footpaws first. Not ideal, but manageable.

As Niall continued to eat his already large belly bulged outward from tent, sleeping bag, and camper. His tan uniform was made of expandex, a super stretchy material designed especially for preds like Niall. No matter how massive his gut grew it'd grow with him without bursting a single button. Few of the other park rangers owned such a thing, but Niall's appetite meant it was a money saver. Otherwise he'd be littering the forest with buttons and ripped shirts on an almost daily basis.

Gradually Niall's middle swelled against the ground, large enough for the goat to lean against as he swallowed more and more of the tent. He was over halfway through before he finally felt wiggling in his throat. The sleepy troublemakers were awake.

“Wha...what the hell!! Dude, wake up, someone's eating us!”

“Shit shit shit! Help!!”

Niall saw the imprints of paws on the tent's sides as his two captive meals flailed about in desperation. A few tiny cuts appeared in the fabric as claws scratched them, but by then it was far too late. The campers were pressed against each other and waist deep in a pred they couldn't see. Escape was no longer possible.

No longer needing to be stealthy, Niall began to swallow far more aggressively. Inch-by-inch the tent vanished down his throat, the shouts of the campers within growing more panicked. They steadily quieted as Niall reached the end of the tent, crumpling it up in his hooves as he crammed the last of it into his mouth. His jaws shut, and he closed his eyes as he made the final gulp, a large bulge traveling down his throat and into his enormous belly.

“*Uooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooorp!!*” Niall's belch echoed throughout the forest and rumbled his whole gut.

The gluttonous goat was beached atop his belly, which wobbled wildly from the struggles of the trapped campers. He imagined the pair, pinned together and wrapped in both sleeping bag and tent, feeling digestive juices soak through. Their protests were inaudible now, muffled by multiple layers of fat and fabric. Niall heard just enough to be satisfied, though.

“Well, that's the—*braaap*—worst of the mess cleaned up,” Niall snickered, rubbing his middle with both hooves in delight. “Looks like I'll need to wait for breakfast to break down before cleaning the rest, though~”

Niall let out a content sigh. Being a park ranger was such a rewarding job...