

Food Roulette

By: IndigoRho

Indigo groaned and stifled a small belch as he stared down at the small spinner nearby. The gut of the normally obese cheetah poured out in front of him, a mound of flab packed tight with food and a weakly-squirming friend. Directly across from him was an even more massive coyote, Brejen, whose relatively smooth tan belly hid two soon-to-be-digested friends of his own. It was the night of Brejen's birthday, and the final five party guests had decided on a whim to play a curious game of their own design: Food Roulette. Players would take turns using a spinner to determine what food they would have to eat, the quantities of which were often fairly excessive. Besides the expected staples of pizza and burgers, though, there was also a spot on the spinner for each participant, often referred to as the jackpots by the rather voracious furs who played the game. The chances of landing on those spots and eating a fellow player were somewhat low, though, and most games ended with only one stewing in another's belly. Tonight the jackpots had been hit thrice, with one round still remaining.

A loud burp interrupted Indigo's concentration, and the cheetah looked up for a moment to glare at the grinning coyote. "Stop trying to delay the inevitable and make your last spin, Indi," Brejen said. "You'll serve as a wonderful final course for my birthday meal."

"I'm just as likely to land on you, fatty!" Indigo said in a huff. "Don't think I won't eat the birthday boy if given the chance."

"If you're that confident, then why aren't you spinning?" Brejen said.

Indigo grumbled to himself, unwilling to admit he actually *was* worried about the coyote hitting the jackpot a third time. He'd been snacked on by Brejen in the past, but never while he was so stuffed; being trapped in that stomach was the last thing he wanted. With some effort, Indigo leaned over and gave the spinner a hard flick, watching it with his fingers crossed. When it finally came to a stop, though, it landed squarely on pizza. Indigo sighed as he grabbed the thankfully-close box of their last large pizza, a monstrosity weighed down by excessive toppings.

"That's what, the third time you've landed on pizza tonight?" Brejen asked. "Not that I mind pizza-filled cat."

"Oh whatever, you're probably just gonna be eating donuts on your spin, no cheetah chow for you!" Indigo replied, before stacking a pair of slices on top of each other and scarfing them down.

The struggles deep within Indigo's gut picked up noticeably once the pizza began falling into it, which improved his mood a bit. He was certain his meal was close to being completely buried in food by now, and realized with glee that the large pizza might be just enough to end his friend's struggles and send him on his way to becoming cheetah pudge. With renewed conviction Indigo greedily shoved the pizza slices into his mouth, practically swallowing them whole, grinning as his belly wiggled and rocked. His middle inched outwards a bit with each gulp. Indigo could still feel some faint squirming after swallowing the final slice, and simply gave his gut a couple solid thumps with a paw. The proceeding belch was loud and sloppy, forcing every last hint of fresh air from his stomach and sealing his friend's fate. Soon his belly was still.

"Glad you had some fun before filling my tank," Brejen said, still confident in his luck.

"Wouldn't want anyone leaving my birthday party disappointed."

Before Indigo could think of a snarky response, Brejen made his spin. Both furs watched the blur of the spinner with anticipation, holding their breaths as it slowed to a crawl right past burgers...and directly onto Indigo's spot. Indigo stared at the spinner in utter disbelief, unable to accept that Brejen had somehow pulled off the improbable and landed exactly where he'd said he would. The odds should have been ridiculously in his favor, there should have been practically no chance of being selected for Brejen's final meal of the game. Instead, Indigo's worst-case scenario was about to play out, much to the birthday coyote's joy.

"Can't say I didn't warn ya." Brejen laughed, his massive belly jiggling along with him.

"Ugh, this is so dumb, how are you that lucky!" Indigo fumed.

"It's only right that the birthday boy wins!" Brejen slapped his middle with both paws, licking his lips. "Now it's time for you to return to your rightful place: my stomach."

Indigo glared at the coyote. For a moment he considered simply refusing and waddling away, denying the likely almost immobile Brejen his victory. He quickly decided that would just lead to Brejen tracking him down later and eating him anyway, and Indigo could only guess what the gluttonous coyote would put him through to teach him a lesson. As obnoxious as his temporary fate was, he knew the best course of action would be to let Brejen eat him right then and there. The stuffed cheetah carefully leaned onto his enormous gut and slowly crawled towards the even larger coyote. Though his short crawl of shame was humiliating, it was the easiest way to reach Brejen.

Brejen's mouth watered as he watched his overindulgent final course slowly approach. Even before Food Roulette was suggested he'd planned on trying to eat as many of his last party guests as he could. He'd assumed he'd manage two at best, but luck had truly been on his side that night. Though digesting all four would take a considerable amount of time, the blubber and bragging rights he'd gain would be more than worth it. Indigo finally reached Brejen, and grabbed onto the sides of the coyote's immense belly with both paws, slowly lifting himself onto the engorged mound. He cringed as he felt Brejen's earlier meals shifting beneath him. Brejen was eventually able to help pull Indigo along himself, dragging the cheetah closer and closer to his wide open maw.

"Thanks for the birthday snack, cheetah chow," Brejen said, before forcing Indigo's head into his mouth.

Indigo instinctively began struggling as Brejen swallowed, the coyote's breath assaulting his nostrils with the scents of food and friends. The squirming only seemed to amuse Brejen, though, who continued drawing his meal in further and further. Once Indigo's head pushed into Brejen's throat, gulping him down became strangely easy. Some subtle guidance by his paws and strong swallows kept Indigo traveling towards the coyote's cramped stomach at a steady pace. Brejen's mouth stretched over the cheetah's broad shoulders and chest, and inevitably his swollen gut. He happily took the opportunity to taste as much of Indigo as he could, savoring the flab of his stuffed treat and delighting in the additional squirms his teasing provoked. The coyote wanted to make sure Indigo didn't forget for a minute he was nothing but a meal now.

Eventually Brejen managed to swallow the entirety of Indigo's middle, the weight of which caused Indigo to suddenly lurch into Brejen's dark stomach far faster than expected. Brejen laughed around his meal as Indigo's struggles picked up again, the cheetah obviously not happy with the conditions he faced. At that point, though, gravity and Indigo's sheer bulk were pulling him deeper into the coyote almost faster than Brejen could swallow. The coyote's belly swelled out even more as it greedily accepted Indigo, oozing over the game spinner in the process. Indigo's butt vanished, then his knees, until suddenly his flailing paws were all that remained in the outside world. Brejen slowly tilted his head up, and the blue paws slipped in, his jaws closing around them. His cheeks bulged and shook from the still-moving paws, until a final gulp sent them down his throat to join the rest of the cheetah in his stomach.

Brejen groaned as he felt his massive meal settle into his gut, which wobbled about delightfully. He'd rarely been so utterly stuffed before. Four fairly hefty furs and a party's worth of food, all stewing within his overfilled stomach. Moving was nothing short of a pipe-dream, not that Brejen felt up to anything besides admiring his ridiculous size and getting some sleep. The shifting bulges of Indigo were still close enough to reach, and Brejen took a moment to rub as much of his belly as he could, smirking any time the trapped cheetah fidgeted from his touch. He could feel Indigo slowly drifting deeper into his stomach, likely sinking into the collected muck of food as his weight drew him towards the bottom. Gradually the bulges smoothed and the movement within faded, hastened by a room-rattling belch that shook Brejen's entire body.

Brejen smiled, his eyelids feeling as heavy as his gut. His birthday had been a resounding

success, at least from his perspective, and he felt he deserved a nice, long rest. As his stomach kicked into overdrive to churn away the incredible feast it'd been provided, Brejen drifted off to sleep. The coyote's size would be a tad more manageable by the time he awoke from his deep food coma, though his weight-gain would be considerable. Of course, by then he'd probably be famished. Perhaps he'd have to invite his friends over again, so they could see the impact they'd had on his waistline...and possibly rejoin it.