

Tanio and the Cat Cafe

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Tanio's stomach growled, and the blue-and-white foxsky gave his belly a gentle pat to calm it down. "Don't worry, you'll have your fill soon."

Before Tanio was his favorite cat cafe, though the establishment was a bit different from the usual fair. He'd arrived in between peak hours and was seated almost instantly. As he skimmed the menu a hefty midnight-blue cheetah in a waiter's vest arrived with fresh water, Tanio's hungry gaze not going unnoticed.

The waiter nervously pulled out his pad. "Um, can I start you off with some drinks sir?"

"Nope, but I'm ready to order!" Tanio smiled. "I'll have the number eleven, *extra stuffed*."

"O-of course sir," the waiter sighed and retrieved the menu, heading to the back with a gloomy look on his face.

Tanio knew his meal would take a while, so he entertained himself by messaging friends and eying some of the other patrons at the cafe. Most were sporting bulging, squirming bellies, having already gotten their orders. He spotted at least two who'd indulged on two-course meals, so full they were unlikely to leave their booths any time soon. Dessert was tempting, but Tanio's main course was guaranteed to be sizable, and he wasn't eager to spend money on a night at the cafe sleeping off everything.

Eventually Tanio spotted his original waiter slowly waddling back to the table, and he found himself instinctively licking his lips. The cheetah's belly was completely exposed, a massive sphere of blue that swayed from side to side with every step. He looked like he was in a bit of a daze, nearly knocking glasses over multiple tables and accidentally belly-bumping another waiter at one point. Tanio had ordered the extra stuffing option plenty of times in the past, but the kitchen had really outdone themselves this time.

While most cat cafes involved eating while cats wandered around, this one simply involved *eating* the cats. Specifically the feline waiters. Every waiter—and even a few of the less important kitchen staff—were on the menu. Well as long as they weren't temporarily wobbling about another customer's waistline as pudge already. The number eleven—also known as Indi—was one of the fattest meal options, and one of Tanio's go-to orders. Getting Indi stuffed or specially wrapped always enhanced his flavor. Plus Tanio simply enjoyed seeing him nearly immobile.

"Looking as delicious as always, Number Eleven," Tanio snickered as Indi arrived. "Ready to get the VIP treatment as a special guest at Tanio's Cat Hotel?" He patted his gut.

Indi frowned, too annoyed to be on his best behavior. "Ugh, if you keep eating cats so much you're gonna turn into one!"

"Maybe if I turn you into canine pudge often enough *you'll* become one yourself," Tanio teased. His stomach rumbled once more. "We can continue this chat after lunch, cause you've got an important appointment to make."

With great reluctance Indi held out his paws, offering himself up to the gluttonous foxsky. In turn, Tanio gladly shoved them into his maw and swallowed, pulling Indi in closer. Gulp after gulp brought Indi's paws and arms into Tanio's soft gullet, and soon his head was being swallowed as well. Indi wiggled instinctively as he felt his bloated sides gripped by Tanio, the foxsky steadily consuming him whole.

Tanio's lips stretched over Indi's shoulders, then his soft moobs, then slowly over his massive gut. The taste was exquisite, faint traces of blueberry and juicy meat. He took his time—much to Indi's annoyance—ensuring he got the most out of the willing meal. His own white belly began to swell out from under his shirt as Indi steadily emptied into it, becoming a bulging, wiggling dome of fur.

Indi had been getting fatter and fatter since Tanio had started frequenting the cafe, and the foxsky liked to think the regular stuffings were at least partially to blame. Soon the cheetah would

naturally be as heavy as he was in his prepared state. Of course Tanio envisioned him growing even larger, so blubbery he'd have to be rolled over to the table on a cart. The thoughts of future meals only made Tanio hungrier, and he picked up the pace.

Lifting the stuffed cheetah off the ground wasn't an easy task, but Tanio managed it nonetheless, putting his muscles to good use. His wobbling gut was spreading out over his lap, Indi's legs wiggling atop it as he was slurped up inch-by-inch. The cheetah-turned-snack did his best to avoid struggling too much—he still wanted to get a good tip out of it—but curbing his base instincts was difficult, his mind demanding he try to slow his inevitable descent into the foxsky's stomach.

The final gulps were the easiest, Indi's legs and paws vanishing from sight in a matter of seconds as Tanio finished his excessive meal. He only just managed to cover up a triumphant, table-rattling belch once Indi fell into his belly, grinning as the gazes of a few other customers drifted his way.

Satisfied, Tanio leaned back against the booth and sighed, happily shaking his massive gut and the feline within. It was safe to say cats were one of his favorite foods, and there were times when he couldn't believe there actually restaurants that catered to his tastes so wonderfully. If he wouldn't be at risk of immobilizing himself he'd gobble up at least one feline a day, but they were still great as occasional treats.

“The number eleven just keeps getting tastier and tastier!” Tanio teased, amused when his gut got momentarily rowdy in response. “The chefs must be feeding him well~”

Indi grumbled faintly from within, though he kept his complaints too quiet for Tanio to hear them. Not that Tanio would've chastised him for being a grouchy meal.

“Next time I may have to try how lion-stuffed cheetah tastes,” Tanio mused aloud. “Ooh, or finally order the feline turducken special! A tiger within a lion within a cheetah just sounds so decadent. And fattening.”

There was definite mumbling of disapproval from his belly, which was all the evidence Tanio needed to know the idea would be his next meal. For now, though, he'd happily enjoy the lone feline he had...