

Off the Menu

By: IndigoRho

The lunch hour crowd was beginning to wane at the restaurant. While most of the waiters were busy clearing recently-abandoned tables and collecting tips, one in particular was instead hiding behind a short divider wall. Sleet was a pale-blue cat, a yellow and a blue eye open wide behind his glasses. His gaze was locked on the only active table he had left. Or, more specifically, the massive gray-and-white wolf seated at it.

Sleet had found himself checking the wolf out from the moment he brought him a menu. His round belly, his thick arms, his sharp fangs, his antlers—everything about him was simply wonderful. He'd had to stop himself from staring on multiple occasions, but hadn't been able to resist blushing when the wolf had ordered one of *every* appetizer just to start.

For an hour Sleet had brought plate after plate after plate to the wolf's table, and was constantly refilling his drink. The wolf—named Javs—had a seemingly bottomless appetite. His tank top had barely fit when he'd arrived, and every emptied plate caused his white belly to peek out from under it even more. Sleet had been forced to forgo taking on additional tables just to keep up with Javs' incredible hunger. Usually the cat would've been frustrated, but the opportunity to see more of Javs—and his growing gut—was more than worth the extra work.

Javs, though, finally appeared content. Stacks of empty plates covered his table, few crumbs remaining. His tank top had been discarded, leaving his wonderful middle exposed; he was far too imposing for anyone to complain. The wolf lazily rubbed his belly with one paw as he picked his fangs clean with the other. He wasn't actively looking for Sleet, so the cat doubted he'd be ordering anything else.

Sleet adjusted his vest and bow tie before heading towards the table, doing his best to disguise his blushing. As soon as Javs saw him the wolf gave a wide, toothy grin, ending any hopes Sleet's face wouldn't be flush red.

“Would you like to order any dessert today, sir?” Sleet asked, gaze drifting to Javs' belly. “Or should I bring the check?”

“You know what, dessert sounds real good right now,” Javs said.

Sleet had hoped the wolf would say so, but his smile faded as the large wolf suddenly stood up. Javs practically towered over Sleet, far taller and wider than him. There was a hunger in the diner's eyes that made the small cat nervous.

“W-well I could bring you a dessert menu then, we have a g-great selection,” Sleet stammered.

“Don't bother, I think I'll order something...off the menu.”

Javs grabbed Sleet by the vest with his huge paw, jaws opening wide to reveal his green tongue. There was little doubt in Sleet's mind as to the wolf's intentions.

“Y-you sure you wouldn't rather try our lava fudge cake?” Sleet asked as he was lifted up by a single paw, blushing hard. He could actually hear Javs' stomach growling in anticipation. “I-It's very good!”

Javs gave Sleet's slightly chubby belly a gentle squeeze. “You seem a lot more filling than cake.” He followed up with a long lick across Sleet's face that made the cat's tail stick out straight. “Tastier, too.”

Sleet couldn't help but feel a little complimented, though not enough to willingly want to become the wolf's dessert. Unfortunately he didn't have a real say in the matter. He found himself lifted high in the air, his footpaws angled right towards Javs' open maw. Saliva soaked his footpaws as they ran across the wolf's tongue and slid into his throat, warm breath pelting him. Sleet wiggled some, but Javs' grip remained firm.

“T-the pie has great reviews, I've heard the critics say it's a must have!” Sleet continued trying to sell another dessert to Javs in vain.

As he looked down he saw the relatively small bulge he was making traveling down Javs' gullet, and gulped. His predicament had been noticed by a few of the other patrons and some of his fellow waiters, but no one was rushing to get between Javs and his latest “snack”. He couldn't really blame them—anyone who interfered would have just ended up joining Sleet.

Javs' only reply to Sleet's latest proposal was to thoroughly taste the cat as he continued swallowing him down. Sleet felt his footpaws entering the wolf's cavernous stomach along with the tip of his tail, all of which wiggled frantically. The stomach was even warmer and wetter than the throat was, soaking the cat bit by bit.

With Sleet up to his shoulders in wolf Javs moved his paws to his swelling gut, rubbing and kneading it in glee.

“There's a special on milkshakes this week, too! Buy one get one—*mmmmph!*”

Sleet's voice was silenced as his head began to slide into Javs' mouth. Javs slid his tongue under the cat's chin, causing Sleet to squirm and blush, his face permanently red. The wolf's stomach and throat abruptly vibrated and rumbled as he let out a powerful *uorrrrrrrrrrrrrrp*. The belch blew all around Sleet's body as it escaped, like being blasted by a massive blow dryer. With the tip of his tongue Javs pushed the rest of Sleet's head in, his jaws slowly closing tight. A strong gulp sealed the cat completely within his stomach.

Sighing contently, Javs gave his stuffed gut a happy pat and sat back down. His bulging belly spilled over the table and a few plates, wobbling slightly as Sleet shifted within. Javs himself had begun to blush as well, satisfied by the filling lunch.

Inside the stomach, Sleet was soaked. The heat was making him sweat, and the wet stomach walls weren't doing him any favors, either. Faint *gurrrrrrrgles* and *glrrrrks* were echoing all around him, the stomach apparently just as happy to have Sleet as Javs was. He considered continuing trying to convince Javs to let him out, but gave up. His voice likely would have been drowned out by the gurgling stomach anyway.

Another belly-shaking *bworrrrrrrrrrp* escaped Javs' lips as he leaned back in his creaking chair. “Service and food were amazing, especially dessert! I'm gonna need to leave that delicious cat a nice tip...and start coming here more often.”

Out of sight, Sleet somehow blushed harder...