

A Filling Boast

By: IndigoRho

Noon considered himself to be, perhaps, the luckiest horse in the world. The cream-and-brown equine lived in a spacious stable with a vast field to trot around in, was fed the tastiest oats, and given plenty of attention by the stablehands. But best of all, Noon was an award-winner. A plethora of trophies, plaques, and ribbons decorated the stable walls, all belonging to Noon. While they covered a wide variety of competitions and events, the majority were from illustrious eating contests.

No other horse in the state could eat as much as Noon could, and he had the belly to prove it. Even now it wobbled wonderfully as he trotted about, a doughy dome he often wobbled atop like a pedestal after winning competitions. And every victor only made it bigger.

Today, though, Noon was getting a stablemate, and he wasn't sure what to think. On one hand he'd have a friend, but on the other he might have a competitor for attention. He tried to remain positive.

At last the stable door opened, the stablehands leading the newcomer in. The new horse was gray, with a few white markings here and there. From a glance his belly looked even bigger than Noon's. He experienced a slight tinge of jealousy, but shook it off quickly. Noon had seen plenty of fatter horses at competitions and fairs, and if anything they gave him goals to strive for. Maybe the new horse would serve as encouragement for his own gains.

Once the stablehands were gone Noon trotted over to greet the stranger. "Welcome! My name's No—"

"Hmmp, *slimmer* than I was imagining," the other horse interrupted. "Though I guess it's hard for most to match my majestic girth. "I doubt I need an introduction, but I'm August."

Noon wasn't sure how to react. They'd known each for barely a few seconds but August was already being rude and dismissive, despite Noon's attempt to be cordial. Things were already off to a bad start.

"Well I've still been big enough to do rather well for myself," Noon countered, letting his gaze direct August towards the numerous awards. He hoped the light humbling would at least force the newcomer to treat him on equal footing.

"Cute. Within a few month's time they'll be replaced by *my* ribbons," August gloated. "If I were you I'd get used to being second place from now on. Not that anything other than first place matters."

Noon snorted in disbelief at August's audacity. He'd never realized he could grow annoyed with someone so swiftly, and was beginning to wonder if he was having a strange dream.

"I wouldn't be so sure of yourself, I've out-eaten plenty of fatter horses!" Noon was done being polite, unwilling to let the other horse just trot all over him unprovoked.

"I doubt they've been as fat as I am. Size always prevails in the end, and you'll never be bigger than me!" August boasted. The cocky horse trotted beside Noon and gave him a belly-bump, staggering his fellow horse and laughing.

Noon was on the verge of losing his temper. The horse had never met someone so senselessly rude, and the desire for revenge was strong. His mind raced with potential ideas, until a rumbling in his stomach gave him pause. The perfect plot had come to him.

"August, all it'd take is a single meal to get bigger than you," Noon grinned.

August scoffed, inching closer in an attempt to look down on the other horse. "Ha! And what could you possibly eat to make you so much fatter!"

"Why you, of course!"

Before August could take in the statement Noon lunged. August's eyes widened in surprise as he found his muzzle half-way in Noon's mouth, a voracious swallow pulling him in deeper. He wiggled in fright, but Noon wasn't about to give him any hope of fighting back. Hasty gulps shrouded August in darkness, and soon he was sliding down the "inferior" horse's throat.

Noon let his competitive spirit take over, treating August just like any other meal in an eating contest. His previous frustrations were gone, replaced by the joy of being able to gorge *and* punish August at the same time. Both horses were brought to their knees as Noon continued to consume August. Noon had eaten other horses before so he wasn't inexperienced, but it was still a trying task. The more of August he ate, though, the easier it would be.

As Noon indulged, his belly swelled outward, wobbling wildly from August's squirms. Frantic, muffled neighing suddenly started echoing from within Noon's stomach as August protested his treatment.

"S-stop this at once!"

Noon merely chuckled in between swallows, ignoring the barely audible whining. Once he started a meal he didn't stop, and August would certainly not be an exception.

When Noon reached August's delectable gut he moaned. His unexpected feast was proving better than any trough of oats, amazingly soft and filling. The sensation of his own belly stretching and expanding only made the experience all the more wonderful. The desire for revenge was slowly waning, replaced by a very simple need to be bigger.

Inch-by-inch Noon swallowed August whole, rising up on his massive middle as he did so. By the time he was gulping down the last of August's hooves his own couldn't reach the ground at all. The gluttonous horse was thoroughly immobile. A content sigh and a modest *buorrrrrp* followed the final swallow, Noon smiling wide.

Noon's bulging, mountain of a belly was swaying left and right as August wiggled about inside him, trapped. Blushing from the internal massage, Noon gleefully rubbed his gut with his front hooves, prodding any imprint of August he could reach. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been so utterly stuffed, even after a major eating competition. It was euphoric.

"See, August, now I'm—*uorrrrrrp*—*definitely* bigger than you!" Noon said with a triumphant whinny.

"I'm not food, let me out this instant!" August demanded, though his voice lacked any of the commanding tone of before. Getting gobbled up so easily had indeed humbled him greatly.

Noon chuckled. "I don't know, you certainly *tasted* like food. And you didn't put up a fight like food, and you filled me like food, and you'll fatten me up like food."

"W-wait just a minute, I'm not horse fat!" August insisted. "I'm a champion, I'm going to be winning so many awards!"

"Well you're guaranteed to be part of a champion at least!" Noon said.

As August continued to come up with increasingly desperate reasons as to why he shouldn't be an overindulgent meal, Noon yawned and began to imagine just how massive his belly was about to become. He was going to be *so* much fatter, and it was all thanks to the newcomer. Noon truly was the luckiest horse in the world...