

Roscoe's Dinner

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The sun was close to setting on the horizon, painting the sky pink and orange. Aster hadn't been able to resist one last stroll around the campsite to enjoy the view and the outdoors in general. The black cat's plump belly jiggled as he walked, barely contained by his bright, flower print shirt.

For a while Aster was alone with nature. Eventually his growling stomach cut the adventure short, though. With an amused sigh he headed back towards his camper.

The way back was as quiet as the way there for the most part, until he reached the camper of Roscoe. The black horse appeared deep in thought, and the moment he spotted Aster his eyes lit up and he hurried to greet him.

"Aster, buddy, great to see you!" The horse neighed eagerly.

Normally Roscoe was far less...enthusiastic. Sure Aster had managed to befriend him, causing the horse to be somewhat less of a grump around him, but his sudden cheery attitude was still confusing. "Oh, hey Roscoe, night treating you well?"

"It certainly is now! Did you have dinner plans?" the horse asked.

"Not really, what about you?"

"Oh, me? Yeah, I'm definitely eating dinner!" Roscoe licked his lips as he looked Aster over. "I'm thinking a nice plump cat would do nicely!"

Aster's first instinct was to blush. When the cat's arms were swiftly pinned to his sides he barely wiggled, looking up at the horse maw opening wider and wider before him. "I'm s-sure there's something tastier in your camper!" Aster managed.

Roscoe's answer was a greedy gulp.

Aster found himself pulled into the horse's gullet, jaws stretching around his shoulders as he was swiftly swallowed. Within a few gulps Roscoe's chubby belly was swelling like a balloon from his filling feline feast. Every crease of his spider web print shirt was smoothed out before his middle pushed out from beneath it. There were lumps on its surface from Aster's squirms, though they frequently vanished beneath pudge.

There was a muffled moan as Roscoe's mouth filled with soft cat belly. He held Aster in place so he could savor the taste, sneaking in a squeeze of his butt as well.

Deep inside the horse's gut Aster was blushing non-stop at the attention he was being given, despite the fact it was coming at the cost of getting snacked on. Plenty others at the campsite had been commenting on his recent weight-gain, and he shouldn't have been surprised one or two might want to eat him because of it. He *definitely* wouldn't mind the weight they were bound to gain thanks to him.

As wonderful as the meal was, Roscoe couldn't prolong it forever. The rest of Aster steadily vanished from sight, his flicking tail slurped up last.

Roscoe let loose a modest belch and slapped his bulging belly in delight, giving it plenty of rubs. "Wow Aster you really hit the spot! You really do know exactly how to fill a horse up~"

Aster's face was permanently flushed red. He could feel hooves massaging him from the outside, and couldn't hold back his purrs.

"Glad to see you're enjoying yourself in there as well, snack. Maybe we'll have to make dinner plans more often!" Roscoe chuckled.

The purrs within intensified.

Eager to keep his gluttonous meal all to himself, Roscoe waddled back over to his camper, his cat-filled belly swaying from side-to-side the whole way. He was barely able to squeeze in, getting wedged briefly before pushing himself through. Inside was even more cramped, and the camper groaned and creaked beneath the horse's heavy steps. There was an extra loud groan when he inevitably plopped down on his bed.

“You know, if you’re as fattening as you look I may have to borrow some of your clothes until I can have something larger delivered. I doubt you’ll mind~”

More deep purring, enough to make the horse chuckle. There really wasn’t anything better than camping with a friend...