

Stuffed Horse

By: IndigoRho

Clyde stared at his computer in a daze, running on instinct as he hosted a late night gaming stream. Normally the cream-colored horse was exceptionally good, skilled enough to be on a local pro team that'd gotten quite a bit of attention lately. Of course that was also when he wasn't high and struggling to handle the munchies. Still, despite constantly looking away from his monitor to grab a hoofful of chips or chug some soda, Clyde was doing fairly well. He had to contend with his followers poking fun at the clear sounds of his chair creaking beneath his wide butt and promising to donate extra if he gorged, but he was used to that already.

When the round ended Clyde's gaze shifted right back to his bowl, which he'd reduced to crumbs. He liked the group he'd been rolling with the last few games but his stomach was complaining too much for him to not take a snack break. After throwing up a quick "BRB" message on the stream he hefted himself out of his chair. His doughy belly wobbled for all to see, and Clyde waddled off to the kitchen.

The pantry and fridge turned out to be somewhat sparse, in no small part thanks to Clyde's munchies-fueled gluttony over the weekend. He picked away at anything he came across, stuffing himself on a hodgepodge of leftovers, food bars, produce, and candy. Only when he ran out of easy pickings did he stop. Clyde's gut was peeking out from under his shirt, the horse groaning faintly but at least sated.

"Yo tubbs!"

Clyde lazily turned as his roommate Garrett entered the kitchen. The brown mouse was almost as fat as he was, belly disguised by a loose tank top. Garrett was also a streamer, and the two often played together.

"Huh? Oh, yo," Clyde said back.

Garrett squeezed past the horse, checking cupboards and the fridge in search of a snack himself. He lingered on the fridge, having obviously expected to find something there.

"Dude, did you seriously eat all my leftovers?" Garrett frowned as his gaze settled upon his roommate's gut.

"Uh, well...maybe?" Clyde was too high to come up with anything resembling an excuse.

Garrett let out an exasperated sigh. "You *know* how hungry you get when you smoke, I can't believe you didn't grab stuff beforehand!" He poked Clyde's exposed middle. "And from the looks of things you gluttoned well past the point of being full."

Had Clyde been sober he would've known to just act guilty and wander back to his room until Garrett forgot about the food. Unfortunately he wasn't. "Actually I'm still a little hungry."

Garrett barely held back several curses. "Well then why don't I help you out *buddy*," he hissed through clenched teeth.

Garrett swung open the fridge door and grabbed a fresh gallon of milk, spinning off the top before shoving almost half the jug right into Clyde's mouth. The horse let out a muffled whinny and stumbled back into the cabinets, milk dribbling from his lips as he was forced to chug. He was too confused and tired to struggle meaningfully, merely squirming and pitifully pushing at Garrett. Only when the jug was emptied to the last drop did Garrett remove it, tossing it aside and grabbing a carton of heavy cream. Soon Clyde was chugging again.

"Can't have you going hungry, Clyde, can we!" Garrett snickered as he watched his roommate wiggling in a panic.

The horse's gut was gradually swelling thanks to Garrett's generous feeding, but the spiteful mouse didn't think it was nearly large enough. Juices, jam, condiments, whole sticks of butter—anything that was easy to cram into Clyde's mouth was snatched from the fridge and shoved down his throat. His shirt was rapidly riding up his bloating belly, which Garrett squeezed and teased with glee.

“Mmmmp—dude p-please, I’m—mmph—sorry!” Clyde managed to whine in between feedings.

He was already absolutely stuffed, and every new mouthful prompted groans or whimpers as his stomach was stretched to a greater extent than ever before. His middle was so heavy he’d been forced to grip it with both hooves to prevent himself from toppling over, his wildly flailing tail showcasing the blunt of his dismay.

“Don’t worry Clyde, I know how it feels to be really really hungry!” Garrett’s words stung. “And I’ll make sure you’re nice and happy and content and *full*.”

Garrett was just grabbing everything in reach at that point. The last of their vegetables—frozen and fresh—a couple loaves of bread, ice-cream, boxes of dry pasta, cans of soup. If it was even remotely edible it found its way into Clyde’s stomach. While the lazy snacks had already been depleted before the start of the vengeful feeding there’d still been plenty of ingredients for traditional meals, not to mention a plethora of canned goods that were mainly meant as sides. Clyde had ignored them all when he’d decided to eat Garrett’s leftovers, and the mouse was going to make sure he remembered they were there.

Clyde’s belly was huge, a wobbling ball almost too large for him to wrap his arms around. The weight caused him to slowly slide down against the cabinet and onto the floor, immobilized. He was so utterly stuffed he couldn’t think straight. His gaze lacked focus and he’d stopped pleading, reduced to incoherent groans. The aggressive feeding itself was the only reason he hadn’t passed out in a food coma.

Bigger and bigger the horse’s belly grew. Garrett imagined it growing until it filled the whole kitchen, burying Clyde beneath its bulk. Being stuck in the kitchen for days as he digested the outrageous feast would be the perfect punishment for stealing his food, guaranteeing Clyde never made the mistake again. And when it was all turned into fresh blubber the horse might end up spending most of his time getting stuck in doorways and chairs. His face would be too round for his webcam to properly capture, leaving viewers snickering about how much his cheeks jiggled during streams.

Eventually, Garrett ran out of fuel. Every last item in the fridge, pantry, and cupboards had been fed to Clyde, leaving them just as empty as the day the two friends had moved in. Only some spices remained, and it took every ounce of restraint left in Garrett to not toss them into the horse’s maw as well.

Clyde’s tail twitched weakly, the horse too stuffed to make any stronger movement. When Garrett poked his tight drum of a belly he groaned pitifully, so of course the mouse prodded him some more. Sure Clyde hadn’t filled the kitchen, but his gut was comically huge, which was good enough for Garrett. If he still felt annoyed the next morning he could always make a quick trip to the grocery store before Clyde woke up from his food coma, surprising him with round two of the feeding.

“Sleep well jumbo,” Garrett laughed and gave Clyde’s gut a pat before heading back to his room and the comfort of his own bed, his own hunger all but forgotten.