

Tailmaw Munchies

By: IndigoRho

“Dude, you should try one of these!”

Jet didn't even need to sniff to know the brownies being offered by his friend Clyde had weed in them. The horse definitely looked like he'd had one already.

“Eh, they always make me sleepy, and I don't want to spend the whole party snoozing,” Jet shrugged. The black-furred, white-spotted cheetah took a quick look around. “Besides, I'm pretty sure if I passed out here I'd end up on someone's waistline, and I'd rather not lose a day re-forming.”

“But we know everyone here. I doubt anyone's gonna go out of their way to eat you like that!” Clyde insisted.

Jet laughed. “Sure, sure. Just like Noah over there, who literally ate someone within a minute of arriving.”

The two glanced over at the obese arctic fox in question, whose bulging belly bounced as he chatted.

“Well I mean...that's just Noah being Noah. He's probably not hungry anymore,” Clyde said, though he was obviously paying a bit more attention to his surroundings. His pudgy paunch made him a prime target for gluttonous preds, which described most of his friends.

“Anyway, I'm just going to enjoy the music and avoid being mistaken for an appetizer,” Jet replied.

While Jet and Clyde had been talking, though, someone else had taken advantage of their distraction to chow down on the plate of brownies. At the tip of Jet's unusually puffy tail was a maw, and a gluttonous one at that. Affectionately—and sometimes angrily—referred to as Chomps, Jet's tailmaw was notorious for gorging on whatever was in reach. Any time the fairly active cheetah's waistline swelled his tail was generally to blame.

Clyde stumbled back and neighed in surprise once he realized the brownies were being eaten.

Jet took one look at the mostly-cleared plate and his tailmaw, and scowled. He grabbed his tail with both paws and gave it a vigorous shake, prompting it to chirp in distress.

“I *said* I didn't want any of those you damn menace!” Jet growled. “That stuff's gonna knock me out cold when it kicks in!”

Chomps turned away from Jet, letting out a short chirp.

“Don't act like you didn't know what was in them! You just saw chocolate and decided you needed to have it all,” Jet said.

Jet's interrogation of his own tail received a few amused glances from others, while Clyde looked on sheepishly. “Maybe they'll be a weak batch?”

“You'd better not be siding with Chomps, Clyde, or I'll gladly let him scarf you down before I pass out!” Jet said. “Can't believe you weren't keeping a closer eye on those things.”

The offer of a free meal got Chomp's attention fast, the tailmaw licking its lips as it stared at Clyde. Clyde took a few steps back, the plump horse trying hard to avoid seeing himself as a snack.

“Don't blame me, it was an accident,” Clyde frowned. “You should get a muzzle for him or something.”

Clyde hastily retreated, leaving Jet to deal with his inevitable high alone.

“Hmmp, maybe a muzzle *would* do me some good,” Jet grumbled. He could only hope he didn't end up as a giant edible.

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Less than an hour later Jet was passed out on a couch, lost in a deep pot-fueled sleep. Meanwhile Chomps was wide awake and being hit hard by the munchies. Fortunately a large

arrangement of snacks covered the coffee table nearby, which Chomps had been raiding with glee. A small pile of emptied chip bags was already forming around him.

Clyde—who'd grown more and more suspicious since talking with Jet—smirked a little when he came across his friend passed out. The cheetah had yet to be eaten despite being such an easy meal, which gave Clyde some hope that someone at the party wasn't waiting for the perfect moment to gorge on him. Paranoia had prevented him from eating much during the last hour, and now chips looked like the perfect thing to tide his growing hunger.

As Clyde reached for a fresh bag, though, Chomps snatched it right out from under his hooves.

“H-hey, that was mine!” Clyde protested.

Chomps had already opened the bag and poked inside, the sound of crunching echoing out.

Clyde was craving the chips too much to accept he'd been too slow and settle for something else. “Dude, share! You don't even need to eat!”

The horse poked at the tailmaw and tried taking the bag from him. Chomps responded by angrily chirping and snipping at the hoof stealing his snack, resulting in an impromptu slap fight between horse and tailmaw. Eventually Chomps had had enough, and chomped down on the entire hoof.

“Let go!” Clyde demanded, doing his best to retrieve his hoof from Chomps. “I'm not food!”

Nothing Clyde did seemed to loosen Chomps' grip, and to his dismay his other hoof soon slipped into the tailmaw as well. A sharp tug caused Clyde to stumble closer, the horse suddenly up to his elbows in his friend's tail.

“C-Chomps, let's be reasonable! If you let me go I'll bring you everything from the fridge, I'll order a pizza just for you—no, two pizzas!” Clyde begged pitifully, his muzzle getting closer and closer to the greedy maw.

His hooves and arms were already soaked with saliva, pinned tightly together within Chomps' throat. Writhing and squirming didn't seem to be slowing his consumption at all.

Since negotiations with Chomps had failed Clyde moved on to Jet. “Jet! JET! Wake up and stop your tail before I end up stuck in your gut dude!”

Unfortunately Jet was out cold, and no amount of yelling was going to wake him. Clyde whimpered as Chomps' maw stretched wide to engulf his head, warm breath pelting his whole face before he was overwhelmed by darkness.

Jet's tail bulged as his unintended meal gradually began to slide through it. Driven by the munchies, Chomps greedily gulped down Clyde, taking in his shoulders, moobs, and belly with ease. The struggles of Clyde weren't even an inconvenience, uncoordinated and rather weak; Chomps had endured much stronger in the past.

The sight of Clyde getting swallowed by Jet's tail slowly drew a small crowd. Instead of helping the horse, though, the onlookers mainly treated it as an entertaining show. Most laughed, a few actively cheering on Chomps as he continued to gorge. The attention only managed to encourage Chomps, who started to eat faster.

With some effort Clyde was lifted off the ground and into the air, his knees now past the tailmaw's lips. Clyde knew he had no hope of escaping the way he came, but still he kicked and wiggled, frustrated that all his fears were coming true. He wasn't supposed to be a snack!

Jet's middle began to swell as Clyde pushed into it, peeking out from under his shirt and wobbling. Every gulp of his tailmaw made his belly bigger and lumpier as it filled with squirming horse. The cheetah himself didn't so much as stir.

When Chomps closed completely around Clyde's hooves he seemed to grin, licking his lips in satisfaction while swallowing his meal down. Jet's tail gradually smoothed back out, until Clyde was sealed completely within his stomach. Chomps let out a loud, sloppy belch, followed a quiet *uorrrp* from Jet.

Within the dark confines of his fleshy prison Clyde shifted around, trying to find a comfortable

position. The heat and stagnant pool of digestive juices made such a task close to impossible. He nudged and punched the soft stomach walls in hope of waking Jet, but all he seemed to accomplish was provoking belches that stole his precious air. He doubted Chomps would gulping any more down, and was forced to give up his efforts to avoid passing out immediately.

"H-hello? Can someone get me out of here!" Clyde shouted.

The horse's voice was heavily muffled, both by flesh and music. Those who'd gathered around to watch knew exactly what Clyde wanted, even if they couldn't hear him clearly. Of course they were far more interested in teasing him than freeing him. While Chomps returned to grazing on snacks the others began to poke and prod at the bulge that was Clyde. He wiggled and complained in response, not excited to deal with both the prodding and the steady influx of junk food as Chomps continued gorging. Suddenly passing out didn't seem so bad after all.

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Jet groaned as he lazily began to wake, the cheetah frowning as he felt the aches of awkwardly sleeping on a couch. When he finally bothered to open his eyes his memories of the night before flooded back. While the accidental high had made him miss the party, at least no one had been rude enough to eat him.

The cheetah shifted on the couch and stretched, but stopped as he felt...odd. There was an unexpected weight to his middle, something that couldn't have been caused by sleeping weird. With a hint of reluctance he looked down, and cursed.

The night before Jet's belly had been small, chubby at worst. Now he was doughy, his shirt clinging tightly and unable to completely cover his soft gut. He could hear the seams of his pants creak as he moved, and feared they'd rip once he actually stood. Jet didn't even want to imagine how long it'd take him to lose the weight, or how awkward he'd look on a skateboard with his belly jiggling as he rode.

Jet tried to think of how he could have possibly fattened up so much in one night. There definitely hadn't been enough food and beer at the party to do such a thing.

As if on cue Chomps belched up a pair of partially-digested shorts, which splatted on the floor with a *slap!* The tailmaw poked its tip behind a couch cushion.

"Really, *really?*" Jet growled. "You know I was joking when I said you could eat Clyde, how the heck did you pull that off!"

Chomps didn't offer a response, instead pretending it could hide.

"There were like a dozen other, *thinner*, people you could've eaten last night, but of course you went after the waddling, horse-shaped junk food." Jet gave his middle a disdainful squeeze, confirming it was all pudge. "Just remember, when I go on a diet, you do too!"

Chomps let out a sad chirp from behind the cushion.

"Yeah, well maybe don't pig out next time if you don't want to go without cookies for a whole month," Jet said. "I swear you're the worst behaved tailmaw I've ever seen."

The cheetah and his tailmaw both grumbled at each other, both trying to ignore the lingering craving for breakfast...