



Beachside Snack

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Based on true events



The tour bus screeched as it came to a stop, and its passengers sighed with relief when they arrived at the beach club. Numerous well-fed tourists filed off the bus one by one, wilting as the humid heat slammed into them. The guide herded the group to a small building once they were all out, then threw them to the mercy of its owner and took a well-earned break. A muscular shark exited the thatch-roof shack to greet the vacationers, clad in only a revealing bathing suit and his grey two-tone hide. He flashed his sharpened teeth and gave a classic introduction, but his chiseled figure held their attention far more than his honeyed words. The appreciation seemed to go both ways however, and it took a conscious effort to keep himself from licking his lips.

The shark turned them loose once done with his speech, but not before directing their attention to the complementary buffet. The majority of the pudgy vacationers rushed towards the food as fast as their exhausted legs allowed, but a tubby silver fox broke away from the pack and claimed the first plate. The promise of a free meal was more than enough to motivate the obese vulpine, though his exertion caught up to him as he advanced down the line. He huffed and panted while he piled his plate high with everything they offered, regardless of flavor or texture. It looked as if he had taken half of everything by the time he was satisfied with the mountain of morsels, which earned glares from everyone behind him. Their gazes only softened when more food was put out.

The wobbling fox waddled with surprising speed and took a seat near the food, seizing a head start with getting his second serving. He used the advantage far sooner than anyone expected, when he expedited his meal by dumping it into his gaping maw. Those not occupied with their own lunch watched with mixed shock and disgust as his belly spilled into his lap, which tended toward the latter when he punctuated his first course with a ground-shaking belch. A long, awkward pause followed in its wake, and it gradually ended as the other tourists brushed it off. Their shark host was not one to let a gesture like that slide however, and he made a mental note to keep track of the vulpine as he got up for another serving. The fox failed to disappoint when he repeated his show a second time, and by the third, he had the shark's full attention.

The buff owner strode through tables and approached the fox, then startled the glutton by placing a massive hand on his shoulder. "You've got quite the appetite," he chuckled. His eyes were fixed on the vulpine's flabby belly, but his expression betrayed nothing. "When you're done eating, why don't you take a relaxing swim?" He wrapped a neon green wristband around the fox's arm before he could answer. "This will let my employees not to charge you for gear. My treat."

The greedy vacationer merely shrugged and went for his fourth plate.

The fox's belly hung past his knees and sloshed with every step as he lumbered across the beach, and various reactions followed him to the rental stand. The attending otter's jaw dropped

when the fattened guest pressed his stomach against the counter, and a faint blush tinted her cheeks when she spied his wristband. She handed him a mask and snorkel without question, informed him of the best place to see things, then watched him waddle to the water's edge. She couldn't help but admire the way his rear stretched his shorts. She returned to her duties after a moment, though she often looked up to check his progress.

The hefty vulpine kicked his sandals off when he reached the shore and paused for a moment to let the waves wash between his toes. The chilly water sent a shiver down his spine as it soaked into his fur, which propagated as an enticing ripple through the rest of his frame. He took in a breath and gathered his nerve, then trudged into the shallows. The fox's weight slowly lifted from his feet when he got deep enough to start swimming, allowing him to float to his destination on a thick padding of flab. He put on his mask and snorkel and peered into the water, admiring the spattering of rock and coral as he drifted to the edge of the reef. His view became even more interesting when he reached the drop-off, presenting him with a previously unknown world.

Fish of all shapes and colors swarmed the undersea cliff face, frolicking amongst equally diverse corals and kelp. He righted himself to better stay in place and drink in the myriad of sights, though his flab often got in the way. The rotund fox soon gave up the fight, allowing himself to bob near surface atop his belly and passively enjoy the view. The currents were thankfully slow at least, permitting him to stay still with minimal effort. Unfortunately, that small amount of effort was enough to draw the attention of the reef's most notorious predator.

A large figure turned its attention upward at his aimless paddling, and her eyes widened when she realized what she was looking at. It was difficult to say from the sea floor, but the snorkeling guest looked almost as heavy as her. The free diver nearly shouted with delight when she spotted his florescent wristband, and she readied herself for a spectacular feast. She clipped a net full of fish to her wide hips and positioned herself under her target, then crouched and leapt with all of her strength. The voluptuous shark effortlessly sliced through the water despite her size, and she sped her ascent with a few flicks of her muscular tail. She opened her jaw as wide as she could when she neared her target, then relaxed her throat and left the rest to physics.

The fox turned just in time to see the grey blur, but it was far too late to react. His feet slid across her tongue and plunged into her throat the instant before she broke the surface, and her lips caught his hips as she emerged. Her momentum launched both of them into the air, and at the apex of her breach, she stretched her jaw over his fattened ass and overtook his filled belly. The surprised vulpine looked his predator in her overjoyed eyes, and she resumed her gobbling as gravity pulled them back down. She forced his arms over his head when she slurped up his shoulders, and their splashdown propelled the rest of the fox down her gullet. A heavy swallow completely curled him up in her stomach, which sagged heavily from her chubby, Amazonian form while she relished feeling full.

The ingested vulpine sloshed amongst freshly eaten fish while she swam to shore, still processing the fact he had been swallowed. His world shifted when she stood from the gentle waves, and he slid along her spongy walls with her practiced waddle. The towering shark

unleashed a belch that rivaled the fox's as she neared the hut, announcing a successful hunt in the best possible way. The otter fumbled a diving mask when the boast rumbled through her shed, and she swooned while she watched the fisher's belly struggle with her catch. The shark unclipped the net from her belt and tossed it into the kitchen, and she played with her belly while she sauntered towards her husband. She hugged her smaller mate to her quietly gurgling middle and squished him into her cleavage, then kissed the top of his head.

"Thanks hun, you know my tastes well~"

The muscled male blushed and peppered his wife's belly with kisses, until she broke the embrace to tend to her haul. Once free from her soft arms, he tracked down the tour guide and handed him a small satchel of fish. "Thanks for keeping my wife fed," he grinned. "Here's a little something for you and yours."