

Jenna's Carnival Snack

By: Indigo Rho

Chase lazily made his way from the food court to the Old West region of the amusement park, nibbling at a slice of pizza as he did. The chubby river otter didn't want to rush along in a crowded place while distracted. Choking on pizza would've embarrassed him. Running into a stranger would've been worse. Most people would accept his genuine apologies, but there was always the chance he'd stumble into the wrong person—the sort who'd growl and decide only a belly full of otter would calm them down.

He shuddered. Time and time again, Chase had watched such scenarios play out on campus back in Pueblo. The first lesson he'd learned at college was that students would take any excuse to gorge on someone. While he no longer panicked every time he walked to and from classes, he knew to watch where he was going.

A sloppy belch drew Chase's attention to the bulging belly of a passing lion, which bounced up and down from the squirms of fresh prey. Relief briefly washed over him, followed by a hint of jealousy. Hunting didn't come naturally to him. The few prey he'd managed to wrangle down his throat had all been drunk, high, or both. Casually snatching someone out in public was nothing but a fantasy for him.

Frustration faded as Chase finally spotted the friends he'd gone searching for. Jenna and Leo were hard to miss, what with both of them holding a large stuffed animal. Leo awkwardly held a large pink unicorn as if it might dissolve the bulky red wolf's masculinity. Jenna, meanwhile, swung a green dragon plush by the tail, a smug grin on the short fox's face.

Chase waved his friends down. "Looks like a pretty successful haul, you guys!"

"Hey, Chase!" Jenna answered. Her grin only grew wider.

"You guys finished? We're eating now," Chase said. Thoughts of filling up on an oblivious bystander drifted through his head, only to be swiftly dashed by reality. He supposed it was for the best. Otherwise, he'd have likely weighed twice as much by now.

"Yeah, we're pretty much done, I think," Leo said, shifting the unicorn around in his paws.

"Daaamn, Leo, you must have won something pretty hard to get that!" Chase slapped the red wolf on the shoulder.

Leo looked away, his smile fading fast. "Um..."

"Yeah, that was me," Jenna swiftly chimed in.

Chase guessed that made sense. He couldn't see Leo willingly choosing the pink unicorn as a prize. The dragon was more his style. "But what about that—"

"Yeah, I won this, too." Jenna patted her dragon in triumph.

"Oh." Chase had almost forgotten how competitive Jenna could get around Leo. "Uh, well, I'm sure you've won a couple?" He looked hopefully toward Leo, whose expression didn't change.

"Um, actually..." The big wolf seemed to deflate.

"Yeah, I've beaten him at every game," Jenna said, not missing the opportunity to boast.

"Hahaha!" Leo's laugh sounded horrendously forced. "Yeah, well, you're visiting. I want your memories of this vacation to be good! Obviously it's getting to your head, though."

"Oh please," Jenna scoffed. "Chase, you should have seen his face; sour grapes the whole time."

"Oh really?" Egging Jenna on wasn't the best decision, but Chase couldn't help himself. He'd spent the last three years of college developing a simmering crush on the fox. The fact she'd once saved him from a frat boy by scarfing the would-be pred down certainly helped.

"Let's just go eat," Leo grumbled.

Jenna's eyes lit up. "Wait, there's a high striker!" She pointed to the carnival game set up between a pair of dusty old west buildings. "Why don't we show Chase who's stronger, huh?"

Leo hesitated for a moment before his smile returned. As the red wolf was almost twice the size of Jenna, he had every reason to be confident. "I don't know if that's very fair to you, Jenna. I mean..." He let the thought trail off, as if he didn't want to humiliate Jenna by implying she was weaker than him.

Chase agreed with Leo, but he caught a mischievous gleam in Jenna's eyes and realized she knew something the two of them didn't. It was the same look she gave larger peers who'd tried to corner her at parties. As lean as the fox was, she'd hunted her fair share of prey. Far more than Chase had, for sure.

"Afraid I'm gonna woo your ex?" Jenna asked Leo, striking a nerve.

Chase's face felt red at the mention of his former relationship with Leo, but the remark did the trick.

"Oh yeah?" Leo asked. He flexed his shoulders and shoved the pink unicorn into Chase's arms. Jenna unloaded her dragon onto Chase shortly after, sticking the otter with two massive stuffed animals.

Holding the pair of plushies to his chest, Chase imagined they were a belly swollen with prey. He was more grateful than ever no one could read his thoughts.

“Alright, let’s do this,” Leo said.

A black and white cat in a blue polo stood beside the high striker, grinning wide and scanning the passing crowd. “Step right up, test your strength! Three dollars, three tries! Ring the bell and win a prize!” he shouted.

Leo puffed himself up and took the lead. “I’d like a try.”

“Ah, we have a taker! Big strong wolf like you would have no problem at all! Three dollars, please!” The cat held out his paw.

Leo exchanged a few crumpled bills for a mallet. He turned to Chase and pointed the mallet at the otter, grinning wide. “This one’s for you, chula.”

Chase barely heard the dedication, still dreaming of being stuffed. Worried he was letting himself get too distracted, he swiftly blurted out a response. “Don’t disappoint me, Leo. I really want that stuffed gryphon!” Just as long as he didn’t have to carry it along with the rest.

“Sure thing.” With utmost confidence, Leo brought the mallet down hard on the rubber strike pad. Despite the solid hit, the chaser only reached the 40 mark.

“Oooh, almost, sir wolf! Try again!” the cat said, his smile never wavering.

Leo exhaled loudly and slammed the mallet down on the pad even harder. The contraption shook, and the chaser zoomed higher, reaching the 70 mark.

“Even better!” The cat clapped. “This time, put your back into it!”

A low growl rumbled past Leo’s clenched teeth. He glared at the high striker and struck with all his might, the muscles on his arms bulging. The ferocious impact shook the ground and drew the attention of passersby. Yet, against the odds, the chaser only reached the 60 mark.

Leo stared at the game in disbelief, too distraught to be angry.

“So close!” The cat offered a flash of false sympathy. “Three more dollars will get you three more tries! Would you like to try again?”

Before Leo could dig more money out, Jenna slid in front of him. “Nope, my turn!”

“Oh-ho! A little battle between the sexes, eh?” the cat smirked as he accepted Jenna’s money. “Well step right up my fair fox maiden. How will you fare against the big bad wolf?”

Leo roughly passed the mallet to Jenna. “Alright, beat 70,” he grunted.

Jenna mimicked Leo by pointing the mallet at Chase, winking. “Don’t worry, Chase, I’ll get that gryphon for you.”

Leo snorted and folded his arms. The annoyed red wolf mumbled something under his breath before responding. “Good luck, I was hitting that thing as—”

Before Leo could finish, Jenna dropped the mallet and grabbed the cat by the collar. In a flash, she shoved the confused cat’s head into her open maw and gulped.

Chase almost dropped the stuffed animals in shock. He watched Jenna swiftly wrap her jaws around the cat’s shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides and immediately impairing his frantic struggles. She secured his wrists and steadily swallowed, never giving the unfortunate man an opportunity to fight back. Her neck bulged, snapping off her choker.

More and more people stopped to witness the small fox overpower her prey. Jenna had already swallowed her wiggling meal up to his waist. She gripped the sides of his khaki pants, gulped down his rump, and then hefted the cat vertically into the air. Legs kicked wildly, and the cat’s tail flicked around like a whip.

Gravity was on Jenna’s side. A hearty swallow pulled a few more inches of the cat down her throat with a lurch. Her flat midriff ballooned out, covering her short shorts and pushing up her tank top. A second swallow swelled her middle out further, giving the fox an ample ball belly with half her meal still squirming outside her jaws.

Chase couldn’t pull his gaze away from Jenna’s rapidly expanding belly. The furry ball wobbled and bulged, growing with every gulp. His heart beat faster, thumping in his chest. Seeing guys gorge gave the otter a rush, but Jenna’s gluttony was special for reasons he’d yet to understand. Maybe it was her size compared to her larger prey or how confidently she shoveled unsuspecting meals into her stomach. Maybe it was the way she smirked after finishing them off. All he knew was that she could never know how often he rewatched phone videos of her eating people at parties.

The cat’s fate had been sealed the moment he was upside down. He gradually slid down Jenna’s gullet and into his gut, vanishing entirely with a smug snap of the fox’s jaws.

Jenna winked once again at Chase after finishing eating. She gripped the sides of her rowdy belly and waddled up to the high striker. Without a word, she dropped her engorged gut onto the pad. The chaser raced upward and connected solidly with the bell at the 100 mark.

“Yay!” Jenna exclaimed with a belly-rattling burp. She hefted herself up, seemingly unfazed by her swollen middle. The cat was kicking up a storm, his furious protests faintly muffled.

The small audience that'd formed laughed and cheered. Nothing entertained people quite like predation.

Jenna waddled over to the prize stand, her belly swaying from side to side. With considerable effort, she overcame her wobbling middle to snatch the big stuffed gryphon off the shelf. She quickly returned, mesmerizing Chase with her bouncing middle. "Give those ones to Leo, so I can give you this," she told the otter.

Chase nodded, struggling to look away from the gorgeously engorged fox. He practically threw the other two stuffed animals at Leo, who pouted as he accepted them.

"I could've done that, too," Leo grumbled.

Jenna passed the gryphon to Chase, her middle mere inches away from the enamored otter. Chase could hear the cat's curses and demands to be freed. "Thanks, Jenna, that was really—"

Jenna leaned over and kissed Chase on the cheek. Her belly pressed against his body for only a moment, but he nearly passed out from euphoria.

Leo's jaw dropped, and his ears stood straight up.

"Aww, it was—*urrrrp*—nothing," Jenna said.

"Awesome," Leo mumbled after a moment of silence. The red wolf hurried off towards the food court, holding the two stuffed animals in a death grip.

Jenna laughed.

"Jenna!" Chase said with a frown.

"Oh hush, he'll get over it. He's just so damn fun to tease!"

"Yeah, but he's still really sensitive about, uh, us." Chase half-expected Leo to gobble someone up on his way to the food court just to prove himself. The red wolf might even hunt two prey to outdo Jenna, escalating their contest from carnival games to predation. Chase liked the idea of two people gorging to win his affection, but only if it didn't lead to two of his friends snapping jaws at each other. Then again, Jenna would look hot with Leo crammed in her gut along with the cat.

Chase suddenly felt faint. He barely caught himself against Jenna's wobbling belly. "S-sorry!" he squeaked.

Jenna smirked. The fox grabbed Chase's free wrist and pulled him in close so that he could feel the struggles of her prey. "Don't be so skittish, Chase. You're the reason I'm stuffed, after all."

"Sorry?" Chase replied, his face so warm he swore he was getting a fever.

"Don't be!" Jenna laughed. "I've been craving a good meal all day, and this cat really hit the spot." She patted her middle, ignoring a whine from the prey within. "Now come on. I want to find a seat to relax and digest a little." She strutted off, swinging her hips so her gut bounced a bit more obviously.

Chase scurried after her, still feeling dizzy. He couldn't disagree with the beautiful view.