

Hash's Game Day Loss

By: Indigo Rho

Hash leaned forward on the couch, intently flipping through the channels until he came across the Jaguars versus the Chiefs game on TV. The small Geoffroy's cat had his teal jersey on and a big bowl of chips ready for grazing. He tuned out the rest of the noise from the house party his roommates were hosting. As much as he would've loved bugging a few buddies he knew were wandering around, nothing would make him miss the playoff game. He didn't care that the Chiefs had a better record that season, he knew his Jags would take it all the way. It was their year!

"Is that the game?"

Hash's ears twitched at the interruption. He glanced over, and saw a dough ball of a wolf leaning against the couch. He didn't know who the guy was, but his red Chiefs jersey immediately left a sour impression on the cat.

"Yeah, the game the Jags are gonna win," Hash smirked. He couldn't help but pick a fight.

"Are they, now?" the fat wolf chuckled. "All I've heard is how the Jags are gonna get steamrolled."

Hash's fur stood on end, and his tail poofed out behind him. "As if! I'd bet anything on the Jags winning!"

"Anything? What about dinner?"

"Dinner, lunch, breakfast—anything!" Hash wondered if the wolf was trying to scare him off with his appetite or something. As if he hadn't mastered the art of finding cheap ways to fill up all his hefty friends. Not that he'd have to get the wolf a single bite to eat.

"Sounds like we've got a deal." The wolf gave a toothy grin.

"Cool. Now shut up so I can watch the game." Hash leaned back on the couch. He took up only a fraction of the space, but he intended on keeping it all for himself.

"Don't worry, you'll hardly notice me once I've settled in." The wolf waddled over and stood right in front of Hash, blocking the cat's view of the TV.

"Dude, fuck off. Your fat ass is in the way!" Hash hissed.

The wolf didn't say a word. He simply plopped down on the couch. Hash gasped in surprise as the wolf sat on him, plunging him into darkness. The weight of the stranger sunk him into the couch, pinning him between cushions and rump. Hash wiggled furiously, but he had no hope of pushing away the much larger canine. He couldn't even make him budge.

The sounds of the outside world were muffled almost completely. Hash couldn't hear the party anymore, or the TV.

Being outmatched didn't make Hash give up. He howled and squirmed, trying to be enough of a nuisance for the wolf to get up. His efforts were in vain. Occasionally he'd hear a cheer or a curse come from the massive wolf, but that was all. Hash soon lost track of time.

After what felt like an eternity, the wolf abruptly stood up. Hash groaned, too sore to move. He was trapped in the indent left in the couch by its hefty occupant. The wolf loomed over him.

“Doing alright there, little guy? You missed the whole game!”

“Did we win?” Hash asked in a daze.

The wolf shook his head. “Nope. The Jags just couldn’t pull it off, like I said.” He turned, giving Hash a view of the final score on the TV and proving his claim.

“Well fuck.” Hash couldn’t believe it. At least he hadn’t had to sit through it all.

“Now about that wager of ours.”

“Just grab something from the fridge,” Hash grumbled.

“I had something fresher in mind.” The wolf plucked Hash off the couch and held the small feline in the air. “Been a while since I’ve had a Jags fan. Unlike them, I’m sure you won’t disappoint.”

Hash scowled at the wolf in confusion—until he watched his maw open wide. “W-Wait, the bet was for dinner!”

“Yeah, and while you’re a bit on the scrawny side, you still count as dinner.” The wolf shoved Hash into his mouth, swallowing the cat’s head and shoulders in a single gulp.

Hash immediately began thrashing in the wolf’s grasp. He kicked and shouted, suddenly uninterested in the outcome of the game. The wolf responded by casually swallowing him up to his waist. A quick tilt of his head and a large gulp sent the rest of Hash gliding down his throat. The wolf’s belly puffed out a bit as Hash dropped into it, causing his jersey to ride up a little. His considerable girth disguised most of his prey’s squirms.

“Compact but delicious,” the wolf said as he patted his wobbling gut. “And the doc *has* been telling me to eat healthier.” He reached for his beer and chugged the rest of it down. Delighted that his team had won him a nice bite to eat, the wolf wandered off to join the rest of the party.

Hash’s furious protests went ignored, the cat reduced to an easy-to-miss bulge.

Hash’s Game Day Loss 2

By: Indigo Rho

Hash had already had a few beers too many when he claimed a seat at the bar, not that the small Geoffroy’s cat would ever admit it. He proudly wore a loose teal jersey with the number sixteen on the back. The Jaguars only had to beat the Titans to clinch a spot in the playoffs, and he knew without a doubt this was their year to win the Superbowl. A tiny voice in the back of his head reminded him he’d thought the same thing last year, but he dutifully told it to fuck off.

The stool beside Hash screeched as someone occupied it. He glanced over and scowled on instinct. The newcomer was a dark blue and white bull who towered well over a foot over Hash. He'd painted one horn blue and the other red to match his team. His arms and legs were beefy, and he had a white belly that peeked out from under his light blue jersey.

If not for that jersey, Hash might have considered him hunky. But it marked the bull as a Titans fan, and Hash was quite a few drinks and a fantastic pick-up line away from sleeping with the enemy.

The bull caught Hash checking him out and smirked at him. "May the best team win," he said, almost flirtatiously.

"It's good you've accepted the Jags are gonna wipe the floor with the Titans," Hash said, taking a long drink from his glass.

"I was thinking the opposite, actually. The Jags had a chance to reach the Superbowl last year, and they blew it. I'm expecting a repeat."

"Fat chance," Hash shot back. "Jags have this in the bag. I'd bet anything on it."

The bull raised a brow. "Anything?"

"Anything! Because I know the Jags won't let me down." Not after last year. The cocky cat needed a win.

"Do you feel confident to bet yourself?"

"Is that a, uh, proposition?" Hash asked, doing a poor job of hiding his faint interest in the handsome bull. If only the cute ones had better taste in teams.

"You wish," the bull chuckled. "I was thinking something a bit riskier than that. Bigger stakes, you know? Winner eats loser."

Hash gulped. His...compact size didn't make him the best pred out there. He spent more time nudging obnoxious people into maws than scarfing them down himself, though he'd surprised a few would-be preds over the years. Thankfully, his speedy metabolism ensured he never had to worry about gaining weight; the few pounds he gained would be easily lost at the gym, leaving nothing behind of the overconfident fool he'd scarfed down.

If Hash won the bet against the bull—which his drunk self assured him was practically guaranteed—he wouldn't have to struggle to get the hunk down. He'd get to leisurely eat him, then taunt him relentlessly about how his team had failed him. The thought put a wide grin on Hash's face. It was looking to be his lucky night.

"If you're that eager to become a cat snack, then you're on," Hash replied confidently.

"We'll see." The bull flagged down the bartender, a doughy horse with a squirming gut. "Mind serving as a witness for a bet? Winner eats loser, based on the Titans versus Jaguars game about to start. Should be obvious who supports who."

The bartender nodded and looked at Hash for confirmation. Hash gave him a thumbs up.

Hash felt on top of the food chain as the game started. And when the Jags scored a field goal, the cat knew he was having beef for dinner. "Regretting that bet yet?" Hash asked his tasty-looking companion.

The bull shrugged. "It's only a field goal. There's still plenty of game left."

His confidence gained some backing a few plays later when the Titans scored a touchdown and a field goal to take the lead.

“Looks like the Titans are winning,” the bull said between sips of his beer.

“It’s just the first quarter,” Hash replied in a huff. “It wouldn’t be fun if it was a total squash.” But the first bit of doubt had dug itself into the cat’s mind. Maybe betting himself on a football game wasn’t the smartest choice. A lot could go wrong. Sloppy plays or an injury could screw him over, and then he’d be looking down the bull’s throat. He steeled himself and chugged his beer. The Jags would come through for him.

Seven more points early in the second quarter rekindled Hash’s spirits, as the Jags now had the lead. But he barely had time to gloat before the Titans scored again. And *again*. A last-second field goal ended the second quarter in favor of the Titans, twenty-one to thirteen.

“Bartender, can you get a couple pitchers for me and dinner here?” the bull asked during half-time.

“The game’s not over yet,” Hash growled. He snatched the pitcher the second it was delivered and refilled his glass to the brim. The frustrated cat guzzled the brew.

“The Titans have momentum, while the Jags have to play catch-up. Your team’s gonna be questioning their odds now, and that’s the sort of thinking that loses games. I’m sure you’re thinking a whole lot about your odds right now, too, snack.” The bull leaned against the bar with a smirk on his face.

“All I’m thinking about is how the Jags are gonna make a comeback and how I’ll be feasting on the biggest burger of my life.” *Think full thoughts*. Hash recalled some of the doughier friends he’d eaten in the past. Guys who’d loved to tease him for being small and joked about eating him. None of them had left even the slightest dent on his flat middle after he was done with them. The bull would be no different.

The third quarter began with disappointment as the Titans widened their lead. But then the Jags narrowed the score at the beginning of the fourth quarter, putting them within a touchdown and field goal of tying the game.

The Jags and Titans traded plays back and forth. Hash watched the game clock wind down with escalating unease. The longer the quarter went on, the more that clock felt like an oven timer, and *he* was the meal nearing completion.

With less than two minutes on the clock, number sixteen seemed poised to save Hash’s hide at the ten-yard line. “You’ve got this. You’ve got this!” Hash begged the TV. “No, no, no!” An incomplete pass ended the play and sealed Hash’s fate. The game ended with a victory for the Titans, twenty-eight to twenty.

“Tough luck, little guy.” The bull patted Hash hard on the back, wobbling the stunned cat. He slid his arm around Hash’s back, locking the loser of the bet in place. “Bartender! Give my meal here a few pints for the road, on me. And don’t bother with a pitcher.”

“Huh?” Hash mumbled right before the bartender shoved a beer tap nozzle from behind the bar into his mouth. The surprised feline’s tail puffed out and stuck straight back as fresh beer

poured directly down his throat. He squirmed wildly and tried to yank out the hose, but the bull held him in position, barely letting him budge an inch.

Hash's flat middle slowly ballooned from beer, pushing free of his jersey and wobbling across his lap. He felt it bounce and slosh as he struggled, his face flushed bright red in embarrassment. He couldn't believe the bull had the audacity to treat him like a keg.

Despite Hash's best efforts, he lacked the strength to overcome the beefy bull. The beer kept flowing, and his belly kept blimping. His gut had grown as big as a beach ball by the time the bull gestured for the bartender to stop.

"How—*bworrrp*—how dare you," Hash moaned. His head spun from the onslaught of liquor, and he felt like he'd swallowed a bowling ball. "I'm gonna—*errrrrp*—gonna eat you," he slurred.

The bull spun Hash around in his stool so they faced each other. "Feisty even in defeat. I like that in a meal. I also like my food well-stuffed." He tapped Hash's swollen middle, prompting the cat to belch again. "Down the hatch."

Hash looked up as the bull opened his jaws wide and lunged, plunging him into darkness. Two greedy gulps pulled Hash's head and shoulders into the bull's throat. He wiggled and wobbled, but fending off the winner of their bet was impossible.

The bull tensed his muscles, lifting Hash off the stool and further down his gullet. His jaws stretched over his meal's beer balloon of a belly, teasing the helpless cat relentlessly with his tongue. A quick gulp took in Hash's butt and the base of his tail, leaving only a pair of sluggishly kicking legs out in the open. The bull tilted his head up, content to allow gravity to do the bulk of the work for him. His belly bulged with cat, no longer contained even a bit by his jersey.

Hash slid down the bull's throat and into a stomach half-full of beer. He gained his second wind when the rest of him emptied into the stomach, hissing and punching at the darkness around him. "Let me out, damn it!"

The bull stifled a belch as his belly bounced in protest on his lap. He gave it a hearty slap, jostling Hash within. "I didn't realize how tasty Jags fans were!" he laughed. "Maybe I should hunt down a few more to join you. Just try to hold out longer than your team did."

With muffled curses echoing from his gut, the victorious bull eyed up the rest of the bar, idly searching for more teal jerseys and disappointed faces.