

Chester Cheetah's Constipation

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34027048) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34027048>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Other
Fandoms:	Cheetos "Chester Cheeto" Advertisements , Kellogg's "Frosted Flakes" Commercials
Characters:	Chester Cheetah (Cheetos) , Tony the Tiger (Kellogg's) , Felix (Felix the Cat) , Pink Panther (Pink Panther)
Additional Tags:	Don't Try This At Home , Cheese , Scat
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of The Mascot-Verse
Collections:	Toilet of Our Own (scat watersports musk etc.)
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-22 Words: 2,216 Chapters: 1/1

Chester Cheetah's Constipation

by [Wickodizzimus](#)

Summary

This story is extremely shitty. Like no seriously, there's a lot of shit in it. Y'know. Poop. Crap. Dookie! So prepare yourselves accordingly and be warned.

Notes

Don't even ask. Don't. Even.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chester Cheetah's Constipation

It was a day like any other for the king of baked cheese snacks himself, Chester C. Cheetah. The extra "C" was there to reinforce daddy-o's Cool style. But unfortunately for Chester, Cool would be the very thing lost when he decided to go to Tony the Tiger's rocking party.

"Hey hey, my main man. How's it hanging tiger?"

Tony smirked, "Ah well, you know how it is Chester. I'm a busy guy y'know? I have to stay in shape and woof, lemme tell ya, the regiment is killer but hey, check the results!"

Tony flexed his guns for the cheesy cheetah, and Chester elicited a small noise of approval and awe to reciprocate. But he also decided to verbally reciprocate as well.

"Heh heh, well look what the cat dragged in huh? Those higher ups really expect perfection don't they?"

Tony sighed, "Well, something like that. I admit it's half and half really. I actually do enjoy exercise y'know? But yeah, I can't afford to slack on it too much or I won't be cut out to market that drivel."

Chester chuckled, "Ehehheh, you always got the short of end of the stick eh? Yeah I might not be the peak of physical perfection, but at least my product kills ya before you care to realize! Pfahahaha!"

Tony quirked a brow, "Don't you eat Cheetos too? That's like a dealer doing his own supply."

Chester retorted almost immediately, "Maybe, maybe. But tell me what sort of dealer you know that has whole factories he can dish out."

Tony caved in at this, "Yeah. Suppose you've got a point. Tch, and hell, at least your stuff can be considered a snack. Meanwhile I'm stuck with a lifetime supply of cardboard and sugar frosted fuckness to boot!"

The Pink Panther and Felix chimed in with laughter at this statement, as well as the cool cat himself.

"Well, I can see some pros to having all of those boxes."

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

Chester smirked, "Why only the world's largest fortress ever constructed made entirely out of crap of course!"

The amassed pussycats all shared a knowing and hardy laugh before something decided to disrupt the evening...

gurgle

"Oh man! Sorry to cut the ribbon of the grand opening to disappointment hall Tony, but this cat's gotta jive to your john if you don't mind."

Tony shrugged, "Heh, told you to lay off on that stuff, well take your time I guess, the rest of us are just gonna hang out on the patio with some brewskis."

Chester tried to fake a grin as his stomach nearly tore him apart, "E-heh-yeah man. Oooh! But I gotta bounce! I'll catch you on the flipside in just a shake."

Tony just shook his head and parted with his friend as Chester hurriedly made his way into the throne room. Or a "bathroom" for all the squares, as Chester might put it.

Thankfully, Chester didn't have to fumble with some belt or zipper to unleash his travesty unto the porcelain, as well, he simply chose not to wear pants.

Though for the life of him, giving up his sneakers would be like trading his soul for a bag of Cheetos, and he got both for free! He had no idea how Pink did it. Probably the part about him being Pink and all that jazz.

So Chester immediately plopped his spotted ass onto the latrine, and let loose to the best of his ability.

hhhhNnnnnGghhh!

Except--nothing. Absolute nothingness, topped off by a disturbing silence. He completely forgot to bring any entertainment for this ride, and it was going to be a long one.

huff, huff

HHHHHNNNNNGHHHH!

"GAH! Oh it's no use. Sooner burst a blood vessel than land a log in this bog. Oughh! But this is one dance I can't groove to-augh!"

Chester's colon was clocking overtime due to the binge the daft old set of whiskers thought he could get away with the night before.

"GOOD GOD! Oh man--never ordering from Domino's again. I gotta dial up that latex laden loafer Noid and get him to do Chester a little fav-*urK*-FUCK!"

It seemed clear to Chester that this unsurprising bout with constipation was causing a gastral gung-ho on his innards.

At this point, Chester began to sweat something silly, and his breath was becoming hasty and more impatient as he awaited any and all manner to eject from his putrid hole by whatever means necessary.

"G-god. G-gotta get a laxative or some prunes if nothing else-ough!"

But the havoc wrought by the gastrointestinal gigafuck that Chester himself was to blame for simply saw to it that the Cheetah would be practically immobile for the duration of his pot hogging vacation.

So there was only one thing that seemed logical to him.

"HEEEEEELLLLLLP! TONY! PINK! F-FELIX! HEY GUYS, NEED A LITTLE BACKDOOR MAINTENANCE!"

...

But news not privy to the stuck sod, was that his buddies cranked up their stereo a notch too steep, and their bellowed laughter didn't help in unmasking Chester's pleas any further either.

"Gah-come on! This is wicked unfair!" *uRk*

...

"Uh-oh"

Chester's rectum gave up his bluff and laid his cards down for Chester's anus to finally ogle.

In other words. Shit was about to go down, down, down.

"Yes! Finally this cat gets a br-AAAAAHHH!"

When the floodgates had finally released their colonic calamities unto the privy, it was akin to shards of glass firing nonstop from the certified cannon that was Chester's third eye.

"Now this is the cheese that goes CRUNCH! ha-haaaa. Uggghhhh."

Three....Two....One.

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

Chocolate shake mix had shot out the pressurized poop chute masquerading as Chester's backside, while Chester was in agony over his ravaged rectum, and searing sphincter.

"Ha-ho-OH." *huff, huff* "Man! Talk about Dogshit? Well this is Catshit baby! Aggh God!" Chester winced.

It felt as if every individual turd that got sadistically squeezed out, had been a blazing bullet fired from the world's furriest gun, that just so happened to be Chester's dump truck.

"Mmmmmm-mmm! This hip kitty is gonna be cranking twenty!" *huff, huff*

The poet's corner wouldn't be able to come out of this travesty unscathed if Chester's toxic waste disposal he dared call a dump, kept up with the pace it had.

"Eheheh, if I were a cow, it'd be MOONURE! Oh LORD! OGGH--This certainly ain't your regular meadow muffin thou-ough-FUCK!"

Chester was attempting to use his quirky attitude to help calm himself and his aching body down, but it did little to appease the raging storm that his murky mud chucker was about to cook up.

Now Chester was really feeling the heat rise, and it wasn't just from the horrid concoction fuming the bathroom either. His temperature was rising as his body went into overdrive as the stress of his lower muscles had begun to wear the rest of his faculties thin. Including Chester's own sanity to a degree.

"L-la-Listen Father, this cat weren't no bo-bothor. Was it the sculptor I used as ca-AGh-cannon fodder???"

Chester wasn't particularly religious, but in times of extreme delirium and manic circumstance, men and anthropomorphic cats alike were known to stoop to the most bizarre levels of attention. Usually to that of divine intervention, or spiritual awakenings happening right on the loo.

huff, huff

...

"Huh-it-it stopped? Oh please let this be over with."

Three.

"For a second there-"

Two.

"I thought this cat was-"

One.

"Cooked!...uh oh..."

A cacophony of screeching that could only be described as Chester's vocal chords attempting to rehearse for their new album, "Fifty Nails on a Chalkboard", paired up with their latest release of "Heavy Metal Scratches" premium edition.

"SWEET MOTHER OF GOD!"

The anal atrocities spewing from Chester's clustered corn hole was a face not even a mother could love. If Hell had a favorite method of torture, it might've been similar to this.

"It's not easy being-bein--HA-H-HEAVEN ABOVE! GOD-oughh! FUCKING KILL ME, KILL ME!!!"

The sloshing of shit caked slurry was putting Chester's mind in a hurry. It was a rave to the grave, do or die kind of moment, and the cat was in no mood for atonement.

Though it didn't stop him from trying.

"Loo-LOOK! If ah-AGH! If haa--if this is about the processed poison peddling gig I've got, consider it history! I swahhh-swear!"

But whatever force had been tuning into the exclusive hit that was Chester's Crapper Catastrophe, seemed to want nothing more than to boost the show's ratings that day. So the malignant malevolence only furthered the mayhem by playing dirtier.

oooUrrrooK

"Oh-sweet-heavens."

...

"SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!"

Well. He certainly wasn't wrong. Said substance was cutting through his sacrilegious snake pit as the words erupted from his mouth.

HuFF, HuFF

Chester's breathing had gone completely vapid at this point, just being ejected as dry puffs of air that escaped his fuzzy lips like steam from an engine. Literal hot air that amassed with every passing breath, as every passing demon to pour forth from his hellhole continuously pummeled the pussycats posterior to pieces.

"TONY! GOD-D-D-DA-DAMMIT TONYYY!!!???"

Chester's efforts to alert his companions had once again proved a futile and fruitless endeavor to the shitty kitty.

The excrement excretion, excruciatingly exonerated the culprits for Chester's gnarled gifts to the pot. Chester knew full and well, and yet he indulged himself in the death sentences playing the facade of pan pizzas anyway. He was the criminal to be charged with the war crimes that were flowing from his dung dropper like a fudgier fountain of youth.

"Please--HNGH--PLEASE!"

The obliterated orifice was deaf to Chester's cries, and continued to brazenly churn out rotted pancake mix with a most dutiful look on its brown nose.

"Yooou-you-ough-YOU'RE A BIGGER PUSSY THAN ME! YOU HEAR ME YOU BIG BEARDED BITCH!!! DO YOU FUCKIN-agh! Hear....meee....."

Chester was on the verge of passing out entirely. His body was on the brink of collapse, and he would've plummeted off of the comfort station if his cheddar cheeks weren't plastered to the seat from all the sweat and smeared crap that held it there like a repugnant glue.

The fecal feline was at his breaking point, his shades were so fogged up from the intensity of the lavatory's loquacious loiterer, that Chester couldn't even see the otherwise illuminant room he found himself in. But the cursed cat couldn't coerce his arms into budging an inch from holding on to the base of the latrine like his life depended on it. Which given the state of his gluteus maximus and accompanying organs, it very well could've been.

"Eu-heh...I'M THE REAL SCATMAN BABY!"

"GAHHHHHHH!"

Again in some attempt to keep his spirit intact, Chester used a crappy joke to get him through this turbulent flight of his. For better or for worse.

The rectal rampage only kept parading on unabated as a dizzy, lightheaded, barely conscious Chester lay dazed on a can with his hands on the poop devouring device like he had gotten engaged to it.

If a Hyena's hiney was the equivalent of an infested bag with mold, maggots, and rot, desecrating the disastrous dookie dumper, then Chester's junk trunk was the fully fermented version with extra poopy parmesan layered for extra flavor and panache.

"I...I'm not gonna make it...."

The defecation had deserted all hope from the cheetah's eyes. Abandoned all feeling from his lower half. But most importantly, forsook the life and dignity from his form.

Chester's world was on fire akin to the inferno that had destroyed his inverted chimney. He could feel everything drain from him both literally as excreta, and metaphorically as faith.

...

Silence.

...

Chester passed out.

...

....

.....

.....

.....

.....

BANG BANG BANG

"Wha!?! Huh-where am I!?"

BANG BANG BANG

Chester had awoken to a startling symphony of knocks from beyond the gassy chamber.

"HEY! CHESTER! YOU ALRIGHT BUDDY?"

It was Tony!

"Tony!?! Oh god! Tony I'm so sorry man! I-I-it all came rushing out of me man!"

Tony chuckled at this remark, "Been there pal! Have you wiped? Are you alright? I'm coming in!"

Chester mustered all the waning strength he had left and lifted himself off of the pan. As he did, Tony stormed in and the two got to witness the cosmic clusterfuck for themselves.

"Good God man! What have you done to my fucking washroom!?"

What lied in the bowl, on the seat, spilled on the floor, splattered across the cover, and smudged on every crevice of the violated john, was nothing but stool and gore.

"HOLY SHIT!"

Unholy would've been more accurate really.

Chunks of Chester were in each syrupy, chunky, and mushy leftover from the non-existent nutrients expelled from the cheetah's chiseled out chicken coop.

It was unreal how much blood and feces had been intertwined and forced into Tony's unsuspecting throne.

"I mean holy hell, how are you alive man!?! Are you okay!?"

Chester was speechless, only mumbling and gasping to himself.

"Chester?"

As soon as that name escapes Tony's lips, Chester falls onto the tile like a sack of bricks. Cold.

...

....

.....

Dead.

Tony was horrified, his best friend lay a lifeless cadaver upon his atomically annihilated arse accompaniment chamber. But he knew there was only one thing he could do for his friend and his bathroom.

Tony began to dial Mr Clean.....

End Notes

I told you not to ask. You're really pushing your luck here bub.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!