

Weightless Feast

By: IndigoRho

“...and now the magnetic cargo clamp system should be running at a much more effective...”

Indi knew the siamese cat technician was talking to him, but he might as well have not been there. He'd managed to miss lunch while checking up on the techs as they finished their work around the ship, and food was all the hefty blue zebra could think about. The zero-g environment of the cargo bay wasn't helping the situation, Indi feeling light enough to devour an entire buffet. His stomach was rumbling loudly, hunger pains constant. If only there was something edible in the cargo bay.

Slowly Indi's gaze turned towards the cat, his belly in particular. The technician was fairly pump himself, sporting a ball gut that likely wobbled with every step while under gravity. His skin-tight bodysuit—a simple beige compared to the orange of Indi's—accentuated his curves expertly, leaving little to the imagination. Indi found himself salivating.

The zebra was unabashedly voracious, one of the primary reasons he was as big as he was. Nothing was quite as filling as a whole other person—or fattening. Unfortunately for him most people weren't so fond of getting eaten alive, even if getting re-formed was easy and guaranteed. Of course Indi's size made overpowering potential prey a simple task at times.

A single look over was enough to convince Indi that cat was on the menu—he just needed to find the perfect moment to strike. The technician was still listing off all the work that'd been completed, his attention firmly on the datapad in his paws. With surprising agility Indi carefully launched himself off a container and upwards. He spun himself around mid-flight, soon landing in a crouched position on the ceiling.

The technician was directly below him, oblivious to the hungry predator eying him. Licking his lips, Indi kicked off the ceiling, mouth opening wide.

“...but another check shouldn't be necessary for at least six months. So if you could just sign...sir?”

The confused cat looked around in search of his client, his eyes widening when he finally looked up. One gulp took in both the technician's head and shoulders. Zebra and cat spiraled through the air, Indi grabbing a hold of his meal's arms as he steadily swallowed more and more. The technician was sliding into Indi's dark, warm stomach before he truly realized what was happening, and by then there was little he could do.

Indi grinned as he felt his prey start to wiggle and squirm within him. He eagerly stretched his jaws over the technician's round middle, letting the soft pudge fill every nook and cranny of his mouth. He made light, teasing chews in order to get a better feel for the meal's softness and prompt more struggling. His efforts were dutifully rewarded.

As the zebra continued to gorge his belly steadily ballooned outward. Imprints of the technician's face and eventually paws were occasionally visible as he protested his consumption, legs flailing awkwardly as they floated around the room. Without gravity to aid him Indi was forced to actively swallow the entire time. As far as he was concerned the weightlessness of the experience was worth the extra work.

Inevitably the siamese cat's footpaws slipped out of view and down Indi's throat, sealing him away completely. The phrase “Occupants: 1” flickered to life on the middle of Indi's bodysuit, followed by a stylized picture of the technician's face sporting a disgruntled look.

Indi let out a satisfied sigh, his hooves reaching for his bulging belly as he gently drifted around. He rubbed every inch of his massive middle, feeling every short-lived lump and mound as his meal shifted within. Prodding and squeezing his gut only made the cat struggle more, providing Indi with a delightful internal massage. He simultaneously felt stuffed *and* light as a feather. Still, the desire for more was on his mind.

Inside Indi the technician was complaining up a storm, his muffled demands to be released

barely reaching the zebra's ears. Indi barely paid him any heed, knowing from past experience that there'd be few if any consequences for his snacking. Besides, he doubted it was the first time the technician had been eaten; he wasn't nearly frantic enough. Indi *did* have his bodysuit jam any communications coming from his prey, though, to ensure he didn't call for help.

"Sorry dude, my stomach can get pretty demanding when I'm hungry, and you simply looked too delicious to pass up!" Indi chuckled, his tail flicking about in delight.

The technician didn't accept the apology, responding with a slew of curses and a particularly spirited kick that forced a belch out of Indi.

"Hmm, meal-wise I'd give you a solid B+," the zebra joked. "An extra thirty or fifty pounds and you'd have been a solid—*braaaaaap*—A!"

While the temptation to float around and tease the technician for another hour or two was incredibly strong, Indi knew his absence would be noticed soon enough, especially if maintenance was finished. When he was finally within hoof's reach of a proper hold he made his way to the cargo bay's entry hatch, taking a moment to grab the technician's discarded datapad and give it his signature with a chuckle.

Zero-g persisted throughout the entire ship, a request the technician crew had made that Indi was finding convenient. While weightless he could travel faster, and would hopefully be able to reach the ship's bridge without bumping into too many lingering workers. Once there he could convince the Captain to depart sooner rather than later—with his bouncing gut as the reason.

Passing through corridor after corridor, Indi was surprised to discover them empty. He'd expected to stumble across at least a couple technicians still putting away tools or waiting for their boss. Instead it was as if they'd never even been on the ship. The zebra considered himself lucky—at least until he flew down a corridor too swiftly and slammed right into someone floating around a corner.

Indi grunted on impact, his glasses very nearly flying off in the process. A slim, dazed lion in a beige bodysuit was pinned between Indi's rowdy gut and the wall. The struggles of Indi's recent meal snapped the other technician back to reality, the feline cowering on instinct.

Indi *could* have let the lion continue on his way by pretending the bulge in his belly was just a random bystander from the station. The nervous lion certainly would've accepted the lie no matter how obvious. Unfortunately for the lion, Indi much preferred eating to chatting.

The lion's yelp was brief, his head soon shoved into a dark zebra maw and inching towards a wet gullet. He didn't have anywhere to escape too, and was exceptionally easy for Indi to gulp down. Lurching into the occupied stomach prompted the lion's struggles to intensify somewhat, but not enough to make a difference; his destiny was as zebra pudge.

The second course didn't have nearly as much fat on him as the first. At that point Indi was more interested in stuffing himself than taste, though. He swiftly and greedily swallowed the wiggling lion, his gut swelling and wobbling the whole while. Indi smiled as he imagined his stripes stretching beneath his bodysuit. He couldn't wait to get a look at them after the ship was under way.

It didn't take long for Indi's jaws to shut around the lion's footpaws, and he was already floating towards the bridge before he'd even finished swallowing. The squirming of his two meals had the zebra permanently blushing. He was constantly almost brushing up against the walls, floors, and ceilings of corridors, just a chubby meal shy of plugging them completely. Indi was beginning to wish he'd find one more technician so he could accomplish just that.

Unfortunately Indi didn't see anyone else on the remainder of his short trip. With the door to the bridge in sight he took a deep breath, trying to come up with a good excuse as to why he'd gorged on the technicians. The Captain enjoyed eating others as well, but that wouldn't stop him from punishing Indi if his gluttony caused inconvenience. When he finally did open the door, though, he nearly burst into laughter.

In the center of the ship's bridge as an orange-striped zebra—a *massive* orange-striped zebra.

Captain Rho's gut was easily three times larger than Indi's, a lumpy mountain marked by the imprints of paws and muzzles. His overstretched gray bodysuit had the words "Occupants: 6" lit up on it, along with six faces in various states of frustration or dismay.

"Ah, *that's* where the rest of them went," Indi said as he floated in, his unease fading.

Rho grinned. "I was just about to say the same to you. And I was really looking forward to that siamese cat, too."

"Oh he was *wonderfully* plump, best food the station's had to offer this trip!" Indi gave his belly a slap of approval. "Since you look a bit...preoccupied, I guess I'm the one who has to somehow squeeze into a chair and get us launched?"

"Why of course! Unless you want to take a trip to the brig for insubordination. Bit cramped in there at the moment."

There was no doubt in Indi's mind that the Captain would find a way to swallow him if possible, so he gave a joking salute and hovered carefully past the larger zebra to reach the flight controls.

"I wonder how the next station's cuisine will compare?"

Both zebra's laughed. Their middles shifted about, the consumed technicians not quite as amused by the joke...