

Zebra With a Side of Air

By: IndigoRho

August leaned against the cargo hold wall, keeping a casual eye on the airlock door. The black-and-white lion was waiting for his boyfriend Rho to return from a short spacewalk, and expected the door to open at any second. He'd gotten slightly impatient, mainly because of his growling stomach. While August was slim his appetite could still be demanding, and he could eat just as heartily as the heftier members of the crew. Well, most of them at least—few could keep up with a five hundred pound hyena.

The longer August waited the more intense his hunger grew. When he'd arrived at the airlock he'd been in the mood for a light snack, but now he was craving a larger, more filling meal. A pile of fried chicken with a heaping side of mac-and-cheese, some bread, a thick slice of pie for dessert. His dream meal kept growing, turning into a ridiculous feast more suitable for a whole ship than one lean lion.

The fantasy was broken by the loud hissing of the inner airlock door as it slid open. A large zebra waddled out, his belly bouncing with every step. He raised his hooves up to his helmet and pulled it off, shaking his head as he took in a deep breath.

"We *really* need to get better air tanks," Rho said. "The air in these always tastes so...bland."

The zebra had orange stripes instead of the usual black, and a mane that was tousled and messy. He retrieved a pair of glasses from a pocket and put them on, no longer having to worry about them fogging up while in suit.

"If the air tasted too good you'd just chug from the tanks all day, and then we'd have to roll our blimp of a captain from room to room," August laughed. His boyfriend's return hadn't staved off the hunger pains for long, and he found his gaze idly drifting towards the zebra's gut.

"And what's so bad about me being bigger?" Rho grinned and gave his belly a solid shake. "I think I'm at my best when I'm as wide as the corridors."

The sight of Rho's middle jiggling caused August's mouth to water. His mind wandered to thoughts of stuffing himself with his boyfriend, of how delightfully filling he'd be. No mundane food the replicators had to offer could compare to the sheer bulk of a three hundred plus pound zebra. In that moment August decided nothing else would sate his hunger well enough. The couple had eaten each other plenty of times in the past—one more meal wouldn't hurt.

Rho had remained oblivious to the true nature of the looks his boyfriend was giving him, assuming he was merely being ogled in an innocent way. When August grabbed his shoulders and nudged him against the wall he expected a kiss. But when the lion leaned in his maw opened wide.

The lunge happened so quickly Rho didn't have time to react. His whole world became dark, wet, and warm in an instant. He could feel August's lips spreading over his head and creeping towards his shoulders, the tip of his muzzle pressing into the back of the throat. Rho tried to wiggle free but August was swallowing like he was half-starved, and soon the zebra's arms were pinned tightly to his sides.

August moaned in delight as Rho began to slip into his throat. He didn't particularly crave the natural taste of his boyfriend, but knowing how full he was about to be was euphoric enough. Rho's struggles were shrugged off as August took in the zebra's soft moobs. The doughy belly was prize, and when his jaws started to stretch over it he moaned once more.

As more and more of Rho was swallowed August's belly ballooned outward. Once flat, the bouncing dome spread in all directions, a growing lumpy mass marred by the imprints of Rho's hooves and muzzle. His yellow bodysuit creaked as it stretched, but the material was flexible enough to handle even a lively, writhing meal like Rho; August could eat the entire crew and not tear a single seam.

Rho's hooves lifted off the ground, only managing a couple kicks in protest before they were subdued. Afterward August returned to savoring the zebra's blubbery, mouth-filling belly. He

momentarily regretted not removing Rho's air tanks beforehand—their clunky form disrupting joy—but the irritation ended as soon as they slipped into his throat. With the aid of gravity Rho began to disappear even faster into his boyfriend, turning into a swaying belly bulge.

The added weight of the zebra forced August to brace himself on the wall so he wouldn't fall to the ground, his gut sagging and wobbling wildly. When the pair of wiggling hooves finally slipped into his throat he let out a triumphant belch that echoed throughout the cargo bay, followed by a content sigh. A small depiction of Rho's smiling face appeared on the front of August's bodysuit, right below words that read “Occupant: 1”.

“August let me out you jerk!” Rho demanded, his muffled voice barely escaping the confines of the cramped stomach.

“Now hun, why would I give up the best meal on the ship?” August chuckled. “Besides, zebras are an important part of a lion's diet~”

There was distinct grumbling and a series of curses from Rho in reply. “Yeah, and half my body weight came from tasty tasty lions, so you'd better upchuck me before I switch you from pilot to lunch for the next month!”

August let out a belly-shaking laugh. “You scarf down others all the time, but the second you get ate you end up so grumpy. It's adorable. Just think of how much chubbier I'll be after this, you *love* when I get fat.”

Inside the lion's stomach, Rho pouted. He was far more used to being predator than prey, and he couldn't deny his ego stung whenever someone got the better of him. He'd also had plans for the rest of the day, which obviously weren't possible to engage in if he were churning in a lion gut. Threats and pleas were unlikely to convince his boyfriend to throw him up, though.

Just as the zebra was starting to accept his lost afternoon, he felt his air tanks digging into his back. A devious plan came to him, and he shifted about, pulling the tanks off and moving them onto his lap. He snorted as the movement forced an ear-rattling belch from August, the stomach tightening around him even more. Fortunately August replenished the expelled air with plenty of fresh gulps, apparently determined to tease his meal for a while longer.

When Rho had entered the airlock from the outside he'd taken the time to completely refill his air tanks, a habit that ensured he wouldn't forget once he was back in the ship and eager to leave. He unplugged their hoses from his suit and poked away at the display screen, overriding the outflow levels to max. The resulting gust of air whipped his mane and filled the stomach with loud hissing.

Back on the outside, August was busy gloating over the bulging gut he cradled in his paws. Just standing took effort, but he could slowly waddle around as long as he was careful. He only needed to reach his quarters, where he could pass out on a comfortable bed while his boyfriend wobbled from his waistline. The sudden hissing sound in his stomach was masked by his own grunts and barely audible chatter from Rho. Steadily his middle began to round out, growing tauter as Rho's bulges faded.

“Sometimes I forget just how *good* it is to feel so full!” August teased. “Though I guess if I overindulged on you all the time I'd fill the ship up inevitably~”

When August gave his gut a shake he realized something felt...off. Looking down, he swore he'd gotten wider since eating his boyfriend, and the imprints of the zebra's hooves weren't nearly as distinct anymore. As he continued to stare he saw he was expanding, and his eyes went wide.

“H-hey, what are you doing in there!” August demanded.

Rho chuckled. “Just making your meal more filling, hun. Though it'd be a real shame if you overdid and went boom~”

August's belly had completely smoothed out, turning into a massive ball that made waddling even more awkward than before. His chest had started to swell as well, and his arms and legs felt stiffer and stiffer. The limited mobility he'd had was quickly lost.

Creaks joined the hissing as August expanded. Despite his best efforts he could no longer hold onto his enormous gut, flailing as he lost his balance and toppled over. His bloated belly cushioned the

impact, though he still let out a thunderous *braaaaaaaaaap* that momentarily relieved him of some internal pressure. August wobbled in place, both too round and too weighed down to have any hope of standing back up. He was helpless.

Meanwhile, Rho was enjoying his increasingly spacious prison. He sat comfortably, only having to duck his head a little so the stomach ceiling didn't press into him, but he doubted he'd have to worry about that for much longer. With some light the place might have actually been a comfortable retreat, a thought he decided to save for later. Perhaps using August as a tent for a few days would discourage him from adding zebra to the menu. Of course he still needed to escape, and that would require his air tank to have enough air to burst the lion.

August whined and groaned as he blimped up, rising atop his spherical body. His cheeks and face were rounding out, puffy limbs getting enveloped till only wiggling paws remained visible. The pressure was building and the creaks intensifying. He'd be reaching his limit soon. With the pressure looming on his mind he had to fight to think straight, plagued by bouts of dizziness and daze. In all likelihood he'd pop before he was completely stupefied, though.

Rho could almost stand inside August's now-cavernous stomach. Poking the wet walls prompted muffled moans from the outside, and there seemed to be less and less give with each passing second. Just a little bit more and he'd be breathing fresh air again—and brushing off lion scraps.

The once-steady flow of air from the tank abruptly sputtered to a halt, growing silent. In the darkness Rho's ears lowered nervously, and his gaze shot to the glowing display screen of the tank. A flashing “0%” proved his fears: the tank was empty. Though low creaks echoed all around the stomach August was still plainly intact. Rho's plan had failed.

Amidst the pressure August realized the hissing had ceased along with his growth, and he managed a wide grin. “Nice try, lunch. But thanks for showing me how well you go with a nice side of air. Maybe I'll have to try air-stuffed zebra next time to see how it compares~”

Rho banged against the walls of the stomach, a drum-sound reverberating throughout. “Oh come on you gluttonous balloon! Why couldn't you expand into a pointy crate or something!”

A small *urp* escaped August's lips. “It takes a lot more than a single air tank to pop me, you should know that by now hun. At least now I get to tell the others you got eaten by a blimp.”

More curses were grumbled within him, much to August's delight. He'd be immobile for a lot longer than he'd expected, but in the end it was worth it. After all, the only thing better than being filled with food was being filled with air, and the victorious lion was enjoying both.