

Snack Pack Raf

By: IndigoRho

There was a steady flow of traffic in the corridors of the space station as shifts ended and people headed out to grab dinner. Though there was a guaranteed line at nearly every place to eat on station, most were still willing to try, even if it meant waiting.

Of course that didn't stop some from complaining about it.

"Dude we really should have left an hour ago," a black cheetah told the gray lion next to him. "Bet the wait times at even the hole-in-the all places are gonna be terrible."

His friend—August—didn't appear nearly as worried. "Jet I'm sure it'll be fine, I've got a second sense for finding dinner."

"Tell that to my rumbling stomach," Jet grumbled back.

"Well if you're somehow *that* hungry, then I've got a snack that should hold ya over."

August snuck his paw into a pocket and retrieved a small jar, holding it up for Jet to see. Crammed inside was a scowling hyena. The hyena was barely three inches tall but nearly as wide, his blubbery belly and sides pressing up against the glass.

Jet went from surprised to confused upon seeing the jar and its grumpy contents. "Why are you carrying around Raf in a jar? Ya know, never mind, I don't need you adding me to your goofy collection as a demonstration or whatever."

"I just like to be prepared," August said with a sly grin. "So, do you want to snack on Raf or not? Even at this size he's still an appetizer."

It was clear Raf could hear their conversation, and wasn't happy about the casual suggestion to eat him.

Jet took a moment to think over the offer, weighing in the various pros and cons. He didn't have to worry about Raf seeking revenge later—the hyena was notoriously non-confrontational no matter how often he was eaten. His appetite wasn't likely to be ruined, but Raf made for quite an indulgent dessert. Staying in shape was important to Jet, so he tended to avoid stuffing himself at meals.

Hunger won out in the end.

The jar was passed to Jet, who removed the lid and looked down upon his acquaintance and soon-to-be meal. "I've always wondered what you taste like dude," Jet laughed.

Raf muttered something under his breath, not loud enough to be heard.

Jet opened his maw wide and lifted the jar above it face-down, hoping gravity would be enough to dislodge the hyena within. Slowly but surely Raf slid down, until his belly became jammed. He squirmed futilely as he stared straight down into Jet's throat. A series of hard pats on the bottom of the jar caused Raf to lurch forwards a little more, and with a loud pop he slipped out completely.

As soon as Raf hit the back of Jet's throat he closed his jaws and gulped, feeling the bulge of his snack traveling down into his stomach. Jet's flat middle swelled out slightly, though not in a way that was meaningfully noticeable.

"He really *is* delicious, no wonder he keeps getting eaten!" Jet burped and let out a content sigh. "Just hope whatever we're grabbing for dinner compliments him well."

"Trust me, it will," August grinned deviously, unnoticed by Jet.

With the snack detour over the friends began walking again, with Jet no longer distracted by hunger pains. August also went to great lengths to chat the cheetah up, frequently sneaking glances at his middle as if expecting something.

Inside Jet's stomach, Raf was understandably frustrated. It was pitch black, and the deep pool of digestive juices he was sitting in smelled bad. At least things weren't as cramped as they had been in the jar August had shoved him into.

However, as the minutes passed, Raf began to feel like the stomach was somehow shrinking. His elbows were starting to press against the slick walls and he swore his head hadn't been touching the

roof when he'd initially slid in. And was the pool getting smaller? With dismay Raf came to the only logical conclusion to his illogical situation: he was growing, reverting back to normal.

The once impossible to spot bulge in Jet's belly was now undeniable. August watched with glee as it steadily expanded, Jet completely oblivious to the fact his snack was turning into a much more significant meal. Jet's red bodysuit was ultra-stretchy, so there would be no sense of tightness from it, and even his jacket could grow a couple sizes before being strained. Inevitably he'd have to get curious about how much heavier his middle was, though.

The increased wiggling of the growing Raf forced an unexpected belch from Jet's lips. "Ugh, I think Raf's already trying to give me indigestion, I feel kind of bloated."

Jet went to rub his middle, but the second his paw pressed against a round bulge he froze. He unzipped his jacket to confirm his fears, and—sure enough—the bulge was still there. And growing.

"Damn it Aug, what was in that Raf you gave me!" Jet hissed, frantically zipping his jacket back up to hide the evidence.

"Huh? There wasn't anything out of the ordinary with Raf," August said with feigned innocent. "Sure the shrinking solution I gave him was rather temporary, but I didn't think that was too important a detail to bother you with~"

It was a betrayal Jet should have seen coming, but wasn't in the mood to chide himself for being foolish. "Dude what the hell! Raf's *massive*, I'll be stupidly immobile once he's returned to his regular, blubbery size!"

Already Jet was sporting a pot belly, and it was growing bigger and rounder and lumpier by the second. He considered trying to cough the hyena up, but hurling in public was slightly more embarrassing than being immobilized in public as far as the cheetah was concerned. There was also no way he'd be able to retreat to his apartment in time, not with the crowds. At best he'd only exhaust and humiliate himself further.

"Uh-oh Jet, looks like people are starting to notice your magic meal-in-progress," August teased, wrapping an arm around Jet's shoulder and giving his gut a poke. "Just imagine how gluttonous everyone's gonna assume you are now~"

Jet knew his friend was trying to get him worked up and blushy, and unfortunately he was successful. The cheetah's face flushed red as he realized the attention he was getting. His belly was wobbling as Raf struggled, the hyena not any happier than Jet about the predicament.

"And of course there's all the calories a normal-sized Raf contains! A five hundred pound hyena is *pretty* fattening. You could very well end up doubling in size yourself, an impressive feat after a single meal." August wasn't bothering to whisper, and passersby were giggling, prompting more blushing from Jet.

"Having to slip into tight bodysuits until you can buy new, larger outerwear. Sheepishly asking the clerk to produce an entire wardrobe, not even able to pass it off as a casual purchase." The lion gave his friend's belly a shake to emphasize its weight. "They might even be suspicious enough to take a good, long look at ya. Your rotund gut, your double chin, your bubble butt. The way your whole body jiggles when ya move. Suddenly they'll realize why you looked so darn familiar when you waddled in—you're that black cheetah with the white spots they've seen drop by before! But somehow you've gone from slim and athletic to blubbery and sluggish, all in a single day!"

Jet desperately wished he could cover his face with his paws to hide how red it was, but they were too busy holding up his gut, which had swiftly become unwieldy. The zipper of his jacket creaked as it came undone on its own, his swelling middle eager to be out in the open—even if bursting free from the bodysuit was impossible.

The cheetah's eyes darted all around as he searched for someplace more private to duck off to, but his chances of finding success were growing as slim as he was wide. He made a few false attempts, waddling a few feet in one direction and then another, second-guessing himself until it was too late.

Raf wasn't even half his original size yet and Jet was struggling to stand. With great reluctance

he slowly lowered himself to the ground in defeat, letting his bulging belly turn into a seat. The swelling seemed to intensify, Jet swaying from side to side as he ended up beached atop his increasingly lumpy gut. Imprints of Raf's elbows and even head were more recognizable, though the tight bodysuit dutifully squeezed them away after a second or two.

An audience formed around Jet, strangers delaying their journey to dinner to watch the cheetah's play out. August did everything he could to hold their attention, acting like a spokesperson for a brand new product—the rapidly expanding, blushing cheetah.

Jet was too embarrassed to speak, even if only to curse out his treacherous friend. Instead he did his best to ignore the crowd by thinking of all the ways he was going to get revenge. Maybe he could force-feed the lion a whole pawful of self-expanding micros—*fat* ones! Enough to make him fill a whole room once they were done, enough to leave him weighing as much as Raf! If Jet was going to have to deal with being fat, then August would need to be even fatter. Then he could claim he was still the thin one even as he huffed and puffed on a treadmill for months.

While the fantasies helped, they weren't enough to overwhelm every other sensation. Jet had swallowed others in the past plenty of times, but never someone as big as Raf. He felt impossibly full, as if he could burst at any moment. So often he'd teased Raf about his weight, but now for the first time he wished the hyena had actually succeeded at slimming down. Even a four hundred and fifty pound Raf would be better!

On the verge of a food coma, Jet didn't even notice when Raf stopped growing, and continued worrying for a good deal longer.

August rubbed the bulging, wobbling mass of Jet's belly and grinned wide. “You know, Jet, I think Raf looks great on ya! In fact, I'm sure you'll carry around that new bulk wonderfully. You might even discover you prefer it to the alternative. I mean, wouldn't it be fun wowing others with pictures of how lanky and small you used to be, all while having them guess your current weight? And every time you did it those guesses would end up higher and higher as you blimp up nice and good.”

Fortunately for Jet, he was too out of it to hear his friend's teasing. Though if he had been able, he might have been better able to defend against August's future plans for his waistline...