

A Pred's Perspective

By: IndigoRho

On a small freighter like the *Zephyr*, entertainment could be hard to come by. Sure there were plenty of games and movies in the ship's computer. Sometimes it was even possible to connect to the official feeds of nearby planets or space stations. Sitting in front of a screen could get repetitive, though.

There was no way to enjoy a relaxing walk or a swim, no space for a picnic. The mess hall didn't compare to a restaurant or bar. A pool table would've been nice, but again, no room.

As Captain, Rho felt it was his job to find creative ways to keep the crew entertained—even if his methods tended to favor his own amusement above theirs.

When the doughy orange-striped zebra arrived at the ship's rec room and the doors opened, he was delighted to see an equally-plump black-and-white lion sitting down. August was both Rho's pilot and boyfriend. Over the course of the relationship Rho had encouraged August to fatten up considerably, around a hundred pounds more at last weigh-in. In general he simply enjoyed seeing others get bigger, a reason his crew was hefty overall.

"I was worried I'd be late, but it looks like you're the only one for game night this time," Rho chuckled as he entered the room. He neglected to mention he'd only sent the invite to August.

If the lion suspected anything he didn't show it. "Well I'm sure Raf's just stuck in a doorway somewhere. Indi too, honestly." August grinned, likely imagining both possibilities.

"If it *is* only us tonight, maybe we should have a little fun and add some stakes."

"What, like loser owes the winner lunch or something?"

"Something like that. I was thinking more along the lines of loser *becomes* the winner's lunch~" Rho poked his boyfriend's soft middle, watching him blush faintly at the attention—and implication.

"Just sounds like a lazy ploy to eat me! Bet you've already chosen a game I'm terrible at to guarantee your own victory."

Rho countered the accusation with a mock look of shock. "I swear I want this competition to be fair! Besides, if all I wanted was to eat you I'd just stuff you right into my maw on the spot. Lions are natural zebra food."

"Hey, you've added to my waistline on occasion!"

"On *occasion*." Rho gave his boyfriend's belly a squeeze and a jiggle. The slick bodysuit he wore only made him look more appetizing, as if he were jello.

"Alright, you'll get your voracious game, but *I* get to choose what we're playing, agreed?"

Rho nodded. He'd expected August might make such a demand. While it was true he'd often try and stack the odds in his favor Rho was feeling generous that night. He wanted some uncertainty, even if it led to him getting crammed into August's gut. Winning meant a filling meal, losing meant a fatter boyfriend. Both outcomes were delightful.

With curiosity Rho watched August skim the list of games available. He could see the lion's eyes darting from one entry to the next, undoubtedly trying to remember a past triumph.

"Better choose wisely. My stomach's really craving feline tonight~" Rho teased.

There wasn't any reply back, though August clearly snuck a glance towards the zebra's middle.

Inevitably August settled on an older strategy game involving competing kingdoms. The play time was reasonable with only two players, so at least August wasn't plotting to drag out the meal and hope Rho filled up on snacks. Neither had a clear advantage, either. Perfect.

Colors were chosen, drinks acquired, and soon the game began.

Despite the fact someone would end up eaten by the end of it, their game was fairly casual. Lots of hastily made moves and mistakes, unintentionally distracting conversations as they discussed their destination and vaguely made date plans for the next stop. Rho did his best to ensure August was the

more distracted, though.

The game was close up until the very end. Through careful planning Rho managed to gain an edge over August, and when the score was finally tallied he'd prevailed by a mere handful of points.

"So close, but it looks like the food chain remains intact once more," Rho snickered and gave his boyfriend's belly a happy pat that quickly turned into a grope.

"Really we should be doing a best two out of three," August grumbled.

Rho stood, looking down upon his boyfriend with hungry eyes. "Maybe next time. For now, though, you've got a date with my gut."

There was a smattering of protest from August, but Rho ended that swiftly by grabbing the lion's soft sides and hefting him off the couch. He could remember a time when August was so scrawny he could lift him with one arm and just slurp him up like a noodle. Those days were long gone. Now he jiggled and wobbled when moved, as much a feast for his eyes as his stomach.

Rho opened his maw wide and guided his boyfriend's head into it, resisting a chuckle as he felt the slightest bit of resistance. It was natural, of course, to not want to be eaten, to not want to end up converted into layer upon layer of fat. He felt his mouth fill with lion, the light nudge of nose hitting the back of his throat and provoking the first of many gulps.

Throat stretched to take in the live meal, bulging and shifting. Rho's jaws wrapped around August's shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides and easing the consumption process. There'd be less impulsive struggling, more control for Rho.

Closing in on August's belly, Rho felt his own starting to bulge as his meal emptied into it. His bodysuit stretched to handle the swelling, an ideal outfit for any gluttonous pred. August's middle was so blubbery, practically oozing into Rho's mouth with every swallow. The zebra's cravings only intensified, and he began to eat faster.

With effort Rho lifted August off the floor, bracing himself as he took on the full brunt of his boyfriend's weight. It could be the toughest part of the meal, slowly angling the prey upward so that gravity could take over. If he weren't careful he could easily topple over. Thankfully Rho had plenty of practice, and August wasn't thrashing about in an attempt to escape.

As August rose, Rho's belly began to balloon outward even more rapidly. Rump and thighs vanished into Rho's maw. Then the calves. Rho could see the wiggling boots and flicking tail tip getting closer and closer. He'd shifted his hooves to his gut to hold it up, and grinned as he felt the lumps made by his boyfriend shifting around.

Rho was relieved when the last of August slid into his maw and down his gullet, jaws finally able to rest. There was the familiar bounce when August emptied into the stomach, sealed away tight.

Few things were as wonderful as being stuffed. The weight of a full stomach, the excessive gluttony of eating far more than necessary, the sensation of a whole person wiggling around. Rho didn't care that many considered the act rude or crass—he only cared that it made him fat and happy. Well *fatter* anyway.

"August with how much time you spend in my gut I should really start labeling it as crew quarters~" Rho teased, jostling his belly slightly.

The response from his boyfriend-turned-meal was faint, muffled by layers of zebra pudge. Something about a dare? Using his wrist-mounted computer Rho amplified the noises coming from his stomach through his bodysuit.

"Sorry, didn't hear you. What was that?"

"I *said*, don't you dare!" August's voice was audible, though somewhat echoed as it came through the suit speakers.

Rho was poking at his computer again. Across his engorged gut text reading "August's Quarters" appeared, along with a smiling picture of the lion's face. "Oops, too late, already done~"

A groan and a light shove came from Rho's stomach. All they did was cause him to let out a short *uorrrp*.

“You know, you *could* be nice and let me out.”

“But then I’d be hungry again! Besides, I think you look best on my waistline.”

“What, when I’m just a pair of glasses floating in a pool of soup?” August scoffed. Rho was certain he was blushing—the lion *always* blushed when the topic of being turned into fat came up. Rho found it to be cute.

Rho had begun to actively massage his gut, feeling the bulges of his boyfriend in it. Thanks to the speakers he could hear the sloshing of digestive juices as well, which were bound to rise soon as his stomach eagerly attempted to process his meal.

The zebra sat back down on the couch to rest his legs, feeling the mass of his belly spill out over his lap. More loud sloshing, along with the grumbles of August as the lion was forced to shift positions, no doubt splashed in the process.

“We’re still a few days away from the next station with a proper cloning facility, maybe we should delay my digestion until then,” August suggested.

Rho grinned, gently pressing down on the lump he thought might be August’s head. He knew the lion could be a bit of a poor sport when it came to being eaten, but he was being particularly grumpy this time. Of course, it *had* been a while since he’d been the pred and Rho the prey.

“Well if you really wanna be stuck in my stomach for a few days...”

The zebra belched as August wiggled in protest. “Oh, no no no! It’s like a sauna in here, I’d melt!”

“I mean you’re gonna melt anyway~”

A moment of silence, and Rho could only imagine how much August must have been struggling to respond.

“You’re...you’re the worst! When I come back I’m gonna turn you into a giant cream puff and just glut on you in front of everyone! I’ll be too fat to move!”

Suddenly Rho was the one blushing. While he tended to prefer being the one doing the eaten, he couldn’t deny how...enticing the idea of being stuffed and gorged on by his boyfriend was. Too dazed from a food coma to really understand what was happening, guaranteed to gain a few pounds before churning into a dozen plus. He was practically squirming in his seat just thinking about it.

“Well...maybe an early birthday present could be arranged,” Rho nearly mumbled, thankful August couldn’t see him blushing.

“Is this another—wait, the stomach just got redder. You’re blushing out there!” The grumpiness in August’s voice shifted to faint smugness. “So you *do* enjoy being stuffed. Being crammed full of marshmallows until you resemble one, belly too round and awkward for you to walk. So full that even when I removed the straps you can’t sit back up on your own no matter how hard you try, knowing that you’re doomed to be lion pudge if you fail. Stuffed nearly to bursting, groaning as you feel my maw stretch over your paws.”

Rho’s face had only gotten redder, and he cursed his ridiculous weakness. He wouldn’t hear the end of it if the rest of the crew found out.

In retaliation the zebra pressed down hard on his middle, forcing a rumbling *bworrrrrrrrrrrrrp*. He pressed again, another burp.

“H-Hey! Taking away my air won’t silence the truth!” August was squirming more, the stomach having tightened around him. “Gonna start calling you my plump orange cream puff from now on!”

A scowl came across Rho’s face and he belched even louder, vacating the last of his boyfriend’s air. No more teasing came from within, only some uncomfortable grunts and a gasp before the lion inevitably passed out.

Rho sighed and leaned back. “Ugh, guess there’s a lot of feeding in my future. At least it was August who found out how to press my buttons.” He stared down at his now-still belly. “Oh well, if you’re *that* intent of stuffing me then don’t complain once you’ve gotten too fat to avoid becoming a zebra snack on a weekly basis~”

The zebra poked his gut, and a sloppy *glrrrrrrrrgle* echoed out, prompting him to laugh.