

Pre-Flight Snack

By: IndigoRho

Rho looked around the busy airport terminal and sighed wistfully. His short vacation had come to an end, the orange-striped zebra sad that he wouldn't be back for another year. Still, he'd gotten to see and hang-out with plenty of good friends. He was just about to head off towards the security checkpoint when someone caught his eye, though.

A brown, furry dragon had just finished checking in his luggage nearby, and Rho immediately recognized him as his friend Nommz. The pair had already said their goodbyes at the hotel earlier in the morning, but Rho couldn't resist the opportunity to have one last in person chat before they flew off to opposite sides of the country.

"Well fancy meeting you here!" Rho laughed as he embraced the slimmer dragonmutt, his round belly pressing into Nommz.

Nommz blushed slightly as he returned the hug, feeling his friend's soft pudge. "I can't believe you're not wedged in a doorway back at the hotel, Rho!" Swore you were planning on scarfing down a bellhop or two before leaving."

"Pickings were slim, most of them were already belly bulges—or obviously full of rowdy guests themselves," Rho shrugged, trying to ignore the minor hunger pains from missing out on breakfast.

"Tough luck. *I'm* just gonna snag someone in the terminal once I'm through security," Nommz boasted. "Snoozing them off will make the flight go by quicker."

Rho had admittedly been considering the same thing. His trip wasn't nearly as long as Nommz's, but filling up early meant not having to worry about cooking anything once he arrived back home.

"Smart, as long as you don't just end up as a chubby derg snack for someone else." Rho smiled and poked Nommz's small belly. "Though I guess then you wouldn't have to deal with the flight itself, just a quick gurgle before poofing back into your own bed.

"*You're* the one who should be worried about getting ate, tubbs!" Nommz said as he counter-poked Rho's gut. "Getting eaten now would be the worst, though. Always a chance you re-form back at the hotel."

Such incidents weren't too uncommon. The year before Rho had been unpacking his bags when an otter had appeared out of thin air on the bed, likely eaten shortly after check-out the day before. Unfortunately for the otter Rho had been famished, and soon he was hanging from another waistline.

The pair teased and chatted for a few more minutes, and the longer they talked the harder it was for Rho to accept they'd have to part ways again for another year. To make matters worse, his stomach was still growling and demanding food. He'd have to leave sooner rather than later just to shut it up.

An idea suddenly came to mind, and Rho grinned wide. Perhaps there was a way to sate his hunger and prolong his time with Nommz all at once.

"Well Nommz I should probably get going, don't know how long it'll take to get through security."

Rho held his arms out wide and Nommz eagerly accepted the embrace. His grip was a little bit firmer, not that his friend noticed. Perfect.

"Though before I go I think a quick bite to eat is in order," Rho said, licking his lips.

Nommz looked up just in time to see Rho's open maw lunging at him, and soon his whole world was very dark and wet. He squirmed on instinct, but Rho's hug was too solid for the dragonmutt to simply wiggle free from. A quick gulp was all it took to pull Nommz's head into Rho's throat, and more steadily followed. Muffled grumbles echoed from the zebra's gullet as he swallowed more and more of his friend, jaws stretching around shoulders and chest with practice ease.

While Rho would've loved to have taken his time gobbling up the dragonmutt he also had a schedule to keep. Strong, fast swallows pulled Nommz into his belly, which ballooned outward from

the lively meal. His shirt and vest were both made of stretchy expandex that ensured they wouldn't rip or tear no matter how gluttonous he was, and Rho's buttons barely strained at all. Upon entering the stomach Nommz was better able to complain about the situation, though of course Rho promptly ignored him; the zebra wasn't prone to letting prey go once he started eating them.

Nommz was just a pair of pinned legs and a flailing tail, the others in the airport not paying heed to his consumption as they went about their business. Plenty of them were sporting bulging guts of their own, after all, and interrupting another's meal was generally considered rude. The unlucky dragonmutt was on his own.

As soon as Rho's jaws had securely pinned Nommz's legs he moved his hooves to his shifting middle, rubbing it lovingly as he felt his friend squirm within. He absolutely adored the sensation of getting larger, of another person wiggling around in his stomach with nowhere else to go. With single-minded desire he swallowed more and more of his friend-slash-meal, more eager than ever to have Nommz all to himself. He ignored the bland taste of clothes and focused on the end result, until all that remained of the dragonmutt was the tip of a defiant tail.

Rho casually slurped up the tail, smiling as he felt the bulge slide down his throat as Nommz was sealed away completely. His belly bounced and wobbled, its lumpy surface shifting around frequently while the meal within attempted to find a comfortable position while fighting his captivity. Nommz had been in enough stomachs to know his chances of forcing his way out were slim to none, but that wasn't about to stop him from being as much of a nuisance as possible; Rho would have to *earn* his meal.

Unfortunately for Nommz, Rho rather enjoyed his meals rowdy. He blushed and moaned as his gut swayed, blissfully massaging every new bulge. Nommz's more aggressive squirms forced the occasional *uorrrrrp* and *braaaaaap*, forcing Rho to swallow down fresh air frequently to ensure his prey remained conscious and in good health, but even those rumblings were a delight.

"Haven't been able to enjoy a Nommz snack in a while. You're just as tasty as I remember~"

"Let me out you fat striped jerk, I'm gonna miss my flight!" Nommz's muffled voice was difficult to hear.

"You're not missing your flight, Nommz, your destination's just been changed!" Rho laughed, his whole gut shaking. "I've been meaning to show you around my hometown for quite a while, and now's as good as ever."

A long series of grumbles implied Nommz didn't agree with Rho's logic. "I can't stay on vacation, I've got stuff to doooooooo!"

"Sorry, couldn't—*burrrrrp*—hear you in there," Rho lied. "I'll just assume you were thanking me."

Still smiling, Rho began waddling towards security, cradling his massive belly with both hooves to ease the journey. The zebra had plenty of experience carrying around prey, and even a chubby dragonmutt like Nommz didn't give him too much trouble.

As expected the standard lines at security were fairly long, but being full conveniently gave Rho access to a much shorter line: the Pred Line. Just like Rho, all the passengers there had eaten someone relatively recently, though not every belly was still moving like his was. He settled in behind a hefty rabbit whose lumpy gut was fully exposed and distracted himself by teasing Nommz.

The line moved steadily, each passenger carefully waddling into a full body scanner that checked to see if anything in their stomach was suspicious. For the most part it just involved TSA agents chuckling at the x-ray views of prey struggling within preds. The only slowdown occurred when a particularly wide ferret almost ended up wedged in the scanner, two agents pushing him through as he swore he'd never eat two meals before a flight ever again.

When Rho's turn came he happily entered the scanner and lifted his arms, grinning as Nommz continued wiggling around on his waistline. Upon exiting a bored-looking agent stopped him momentarily.

“Sir will you be digesting your meal before or after boarding.”

“Oh, definitely long after,” Rho replied, giving his gut a happy pat.

“Alright, then as per regulations you'll have to wear a sealing collar for the duration of the flight.”

Rho nodded. The collars were meant to prevent preds from releasing live prey either past security checkpoints or after going airborne, and to discourage people from trying to get free rides by stowing away in a friend's stomach. They were designed with comfort in mind, and once Rho's was on he barely noticed it.

With the checkpoint behind him Rho lazily made his way towards his terminal, finding an open, wide seat to relax in as he waited for his flight to board. Carrying around Nommz had been a bit exhausting, and the zebra was glad to rest—and tease the dragonmutt further.

“Man Nommz, I was so bummed out about leaving before I ran into you, but now I'm really excited to have ya over for a bit!” Rho said, tapping his belly with his hooves.

“I don't want to be your in-flight meal!” Nommz grumbled and elbowed his fleshy prison, prompting a laugh rather than a grunt. “I knew I should've just eaten you myself earlier!”

“Hmm, seeing you try to carry a gut that big through the airport would've almost been worth it,” Rho said. “And don't worry, you're not becoming zebra pudge until we've landed safely. Gotta make sure you pop back up at my place and don't sneak off home!”

Nommz mumbled something too quiet for Rho to hear and settled down somewhat, deciding tiring himself out wasn't worth it anymore. Instead he looked at the positives, like how Rho would be an even more-filling meal after he re-formed...