

Blithe's Marshmallow Puff Snack

By: IndigoRho

Raf did a lot of grumbling, and that day wasn't any different. The hefty hyena was struggling with an industrial food replicator that'd resisted his efforts to fix it for well over an hour. When he finally slammed a fist into it his large belly bounced to and fro in response, its movements only accentuated by the tight white spacesuit he was wearing. Not that loose clothing would've done anything to disguise his girth.

"Stupid, useless rental," Raf mumbled under his breath. "Can't wait until we've finished delivering this horse so I can be rid of you!"

There was a loud neighing behind Raf that he swore sounded like a snicker. Raf turned around and glared at the horse, accessory to the current bane of his existence. The horse was a white percheron with a flowing gray mane named Blithe, and was massive. He stood a solid foot taller than Raf, with a round barrel of a belly that almost made Raf feel small. *Almost*. Blithe was apparently a show horse of some kind, which was far as Raf was concerned simply meant he was spoiled.

The entire cargo bay had been turned into a temporary stable for the relatively brief journey. A food replicator had been rented to handle Blithe's demanding dietary needs, but even the industrial model couldn't keep up with the sheer amount of food the horse ate. Raf still couldn't believe Captain Rho had accepted a job with so many obnoxious contractual obligations. Everything had been handled remotely, too, with Blithe waiting for them at the docking bay surrounded by luggage. The horse even had his own spacesuit!

Raf scoffed and returned to working on the replicator, but Blithe didn't stop watching him. The horse's gaze lingered on the hyena's round butt, catching every jiggle. The sight made his stomach growl. While most assumed Blithe was simply a big horse, there was much more to him. He was cunning and smart, but most of all he was incredibly voracious. Countless handlers, admirers, bystanders, and even owners had vanished down his gullet with none the wiser, all turned into layer upon layer of soft horse pudge. Being able to anonymously arrange his own transportation and lodging via the net made the horse's life of gluttony and leisure even easier.

Blithe hadn't originally planned on eating any of the crew, but Raf was proving irresistible. The blubbery hyena was too good a potential meal to pass up. He just needed to wait for the perfect moment to strike.

Meanwhile Raf was oblivious to the face he was being eyed up as a feast. For some reason the food replicator was stuck on marshmallow, which wasn't anything he felt the horse would be interested in.

"Come on you dumb machine, why can't you get stuck on oats!" Raf thumped his fist on the display panel a few more times in frustration.

The screen flickered, the words "auto feeding mode engaged" appearing. Raf only had enough time to raise an eyebrow in confusion before a panel slid open to reveal a hose. The hose darted for Raf's open mouth with incredible precision, entering it and snaking down his throat in a flash. Raf's eyes widened in concern, his paws immediately grabbing a hold of the hose in an effort to pull it out. No matter how much force he applied he couldn't make it budge an inch.

The hose twitched, and suddenly a surge of marshmallow fluff began to pour from it directly into Raf's stomach. His struggling intensified, not that he had any better luck. Raf's already-large belly began to rapidly swell, wobbling and rounding out. Trying to back away only proved the hose could extend to match him.

Raf growled and gulped, expanding by the second. The torrent of marshmallow wasn't necessarily heavy, but his bulging belly was becoming unwieldy. He begrudgingly let go of the hose in order to balance his gut in both paws, but even that didn't help much. With a muffled yelp he eventually toppled right over, belching on impact.

Rocking back and forth on his still-swelling middle, Raf was utterly helpless to stop the malfunctioning replicator. His chest, belly, and hips all seemed to merge into one mass as he filled with fluff, arms jutting out from his bloated sides. Raf's spacesuit had thankfully stretched to handle his unexpected increase in size. As he continued to fill up all he could think about was the obscene amount of calories he was being forced to consume, how many pounds he'd gain when all was said and done. Being five hundred pounds was already a huge hassle, he didn't need to lug around anymore weight.

Inevitably the replicator decided the feeding was a success, and halted the flow of marshmallow. The hose retreated from Raf with enough force to spin the immobile hyena around, one final insult to injury.

Blithe had witnessed the spectacle first with curiosity, and then with devilish glee. In his white spacesuit Raf looked just like an enormous marshmallow puff, and marshmallow happened to be one of his favorite treats. He casually trotted towards the grumbling Raf, his own belly swaying gently from side to side.

"Ugh, this is the worst," Raf growled, his face flush red. He was already dreading what would happen when someone else from the crew found him; he'd never hear the end of the teasing. When he spotted Blithe trotting over he frowned. "Oh great, come to make fun of me, too?"

The horse replied to Raf by licking his lips, and a wave of worry came over Raf.

"Hey, sh-shoo! Stop giving me that look—is that your stomach growling?" the hyena stammered.

Blithe opened its jaws wide, *very* wide, then lunged. A cry of fear was cut short, muffled as Raf's head was swallowed in a single gulp. The immobile hyena squirmed frantically as warm breath pelted his face, unwilling to believe what was happening. The horse was trying to eat him. Raf doubted Blithe would be able to swallow him thanks to his marshmallow filling, and for once the hyena was thankful for his poor luck. Of course he spoke too soon.

Little-by-little Blithe stretched his jaws, somehow managing to stretch them around Raf's puffy shoulders and arms. A powerful gulp pulled Raf into Blithe's throat, prompting him to panic.

Consuming Raf wasn't an easy task—even for an experience predator like Blithe—but the ravenous horse was rather food motivated. When Blithe set his mind on a meal he always followed through with it, no matter how massive or challenging it was. If anything Raf would merely be another accomplishment for Blithe to privately gloat about.

Raf slid into Blithe's maw at a horrendously slow pace, but the horse wasn't stopping. Stuffed to the brim with marshmallow, all Raf could do was wiggle ineffectively and hope for a miracle. Maybe he'd prove too large for the horse to swallow, or a crew member would wander into the cargo bay searching for him. No matter how impossible the hope he had to cling to it.

Unfortunately luck appeared to be on Blithe's side. The horse's belly ballooned outward dramatically as he ate his immense meal, pressing into the floor and gradually lifting him off his hooves. He ignored his stretching, creaking hide, only focusing on how little left there was of the hyena to eat. After many long minutes Blithe was able to shut his jaws closed, one last gulp sealing away Raf for good.

Blithe whinnied in triumph, grinning as he felt his feast squirming within him. The last time he'd been so thoroughly stuffed was when he'd glutted on all the passengers of a small transport ship. A lone, huge prey was a completely different feeling, though, and one Blithe was already wishing to experience more often in the future. Most of his meals tended to be so...*meager* in comparison. He'd have to find a way to stuff prey on occasion.

Delightfully sated, Blithe prodded and teased his bloated belly with his hooves for a short while before succumbing to a food coma...

* * *

The cargo bay doors slid open, and an overweight, orange-striped zebra stepped through. Captain Rho had been trying to find Raf for hours, and the ship was far too small for a hyena so huge to hide in for long. The only place he'd forgotten to check was the cargo bay.

Rho scanned the room, but Raf was nowhere to be found. There was, however, a very fat horse. The Captain gave Blithe a peculiar look as he headed over. He knew the horse was big, but somehow Blithe seemed *considerably* fatter than before. His gaze shifted to the food replicator with its hose dangling out, the display screen still showing marshmallow.

"Looks like someone got into the food replicator," Rho chuckled, more amused than annoyed. "Hope your owner doesn't throw a fit when he sees you."

Blithe snorted.

"Though if Raf isn't here, then where the heck *is* he?" Rho mused aloud. "He better not have accidentally launched himself in an escape pod again; it took days to find him last time."

Blithe grinned, his eyes settling on the zebra's wide middle. It *was* breakfast time after all...