

The Captain's Birthday Snack

By: IndigoRho

Ensign Hash stood in front of the food replicator in the mess hall and sighed. It was the small geoffroy's cat's birthday, but the official fleet present he'd received was rather disappointing. He'd hoped for some bonus hours on the holodeck or extra shore leave, maybe even just a day off. Instead he'd received additional rations for that day and that day only.

The cat worked hard to maintain his slim figure, and couldn't remember the last time he'd used an entire day's rations. As far as he was concerned the gift would just force him to spend more of his dwindling free time at the gym. He couldn't even save them to replicate a cake for his birthday party later on the weekend! Oh well, he guessed a small birthday cupcake wouldn't hurt.

A large shadow slowly passed over Hash, causing the cat to cower slightly. There were very few crew members on the ship capable of casting that big a shadow, and none of them were good for Hash. He nervously turned around, offering a shaky salute as he instantly recognized the shadow's owner.

An absolutely massive, orange-striped zebra loomed over the ensign. He was nearly twice as tall as Hash and considerably wider, his enormous gut tightly wrapped in a gray bodysuit. The zebra adjusted his glasses and grinned as he looked down on the cat.

"Ensign Taggart, you're just who I was hoping to find."

"A-afternoon Captain Rho!" Hash replied, gulping as he heard a low rumble coming from the zebra's stomach. "I was, uh, just about to leave honestly!"

Rho placed a hoof against the replicator and leaned in, effectively blocking Hash from going anywhere. "No need to rush off, Ensign, I've got a very important task you'd be perfect for. My shift on the bridge starts soon, and I could use a quick snack to hold me over for the first part of it."

Again the Captain's stomach rumbled, louder. It was no secret that the Captain enjoyed eating crew members, one of the main reasons his belly was so huge.

"B-but Captain, it's my birthday! I'm sure you can find someone way more filling than me!" Hash insisted. "Or you could use my day's rations, I've even got some extra as a gift!"

"Hmm, good thinking Ensign."

Hash breathed a sigh of relief as the Captain started entering something into the replicator.

When a hose was retrieved from the replicator Hash was momentarily confused—at least until it was shoved into his mouth.

The ensign flailed as he tried to remove the hose, but a large hoof kept him in place.

"I never would've considered plumping you up a little with your rations. A modest cream filling will ensure my stomach stays satisfied for a bit longer," Rho chuckled.

Hash's eyes bulged as cream suddenly began to rush down his throat and into his stomach. His wiggling intensified, but the Captain was far too strong for him to overpower. Almost immediately the cat's flat middle started to swell, slowly rounding out as more and more cream was pumped into him. He'd have fretted about the sheer amount of calories if it weren't for the fact he was in danger of getting eaten.

Captain Rho greedily licked his lips as he watched the ensign's belly expand. A part of him was tempted to let the cream keep running until Hash was a round, literal puff pastry. Unfortunately he didn't have the time for such indulgences, and didn't want to have to deal with lugging a bulging gut around the bridge. Once Hash had the start of a solid pot belly Rho reluctantly turned off the replicator and pulled out the hose.

Hash belched and groaned, wanting to cradle his gut on instinct after the force-feeding. The Captain had other plans, of course.

Rho gave the ensign's belly a teasing prod, prompting another burp.

"Ensign Snack, you look absolutely scrumptious!" The Captain said as he pinned the cat's arms to his sides. "I do hope you enjoy your upcoming promotion to zebra pudge~"

Hash's tail darted straight back as he was lifted up off the floor with ease, his small gut bouncing as he wiggled in the Captain's firm grip. Rho slowly opened his maw wide—wider than Hash's whole body, even while stuffed.

“Captain, please, I'm really useful around the ship, don't eat me! I'll bring you someone fatter, I'll fatten all my friends for you, just don't—*mrmmmmmmmmmmph!!!*”

The pleas were cut short as Hash found himself shoulder-deep in the Captain's mouth. He was pelted with warm breath and licked thoroughly, his frantic meows merely echoing down the zebra's dark gullet. A second gulp pulled him into the throat, his belly now entirely in Rho's maw. A third gulp dunked the cat into the stomach, his wiggling paws all that remained outside. They too were quickly slurped up.

Captain Rho gave his belly a delighted pat, stifling a quiet belch. His gut had bulged out only slightly from eating Hash. No matter how hard the trapped cat punched or kicked his efforts made no visible imprints on the zebra's middle, too many layers of fat in between Hash and freedom. All he managed to do was jiggle the Captain's gut some.

“That was a lovely snack, but it's time to get to work,” Captain Rho said, seemingly to himself.

The Captain waddled out of the mess hall, Hash bouncing around within. At times Rho thought he could hear a shout or two for help, but they were so quiet they could have easily been the humming of the ship instead. None of the other crew members he passed on the way to the bridge were aware he'd eaten someone, though one or two swore the Captain looked the tiniest bit fatter that day.

When Rho finally reached the bridge of the ship he happily lowered himself into his wide captain's chair, the sides of his bloated belly pushing against the arm rests. While seated the shifting of his gut was actually somewhat noticeable. The rest of the bridge crew pretended to be oblivious to the movement, though, a few snickering as they wondered who the unlucky snack had been.

Deep within the Captain's gut, Ensign Hash pouted in the darkness. Getting unceremoniously stuffed and eaten on his own birthday wasn't exactly how he'd wanted to spend the day...