

# The Deal with Airline Food

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19-12-19

## A Patreon Prompt

*After being trapped on an air plane for several hours, the flight crew serves complimentary meals until they can get off the ground. With the prodding of an unexpected friend, a cat takes full advantage of the service.*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Male Cat, an NB Cowsune, Public Displays of Gluttony, an Eating Contest, and the start of a rivalry/friendship

The layered murmurs of conversation filled the airplane, each trying to rise above the other in an indistinct din. Passengers shifted and rustled in their seats as they sought comfort, stretching and twisting to take the edge off their endless wait. The occasional deep sigh or low groan rolled out across the compartment each time someone checked the time, announcing their waning patience to their equally exhausted peers. Time slowed to a crawl for the trapped flyers, an unending stretch marked only by the occasional crackle of static from the intercom. Each crunchy burst rekindled the hopes of leaving the runway before the heat death of the universe, though most had given up their faith hours ago. The ambient sounds of bored children and businesspeople alike shifted as they searched for time sinks, some throwing themselves into books while others aired their woes on social media. The torrent of noise ran silent when the intercom crackled to life overhead, and anticipation swept over the seats. A short line regarding complimentary food followed, drawing mixed reactions. Some groaned in disappointment while others returned to their distractions, and still more grimaced at the idea. A cat let the disappointment fall from his muzzle and returned to staring out of his window, hoping to catch some sign of activity. The feline's mind wandered after minutes of nothingness, though a faint scent wafting through the craft drew his attention back inside. His stomach clenched and grumbled in his chest as the delectable aroma intensified, culminating in a clack to his side. At the far end of his row, across an empty seat, sat one of the most appetizing meals he'd ever seen.

His mind raced while he reconciled his expectations of airline food with the reality before him, and in that moment his fellow passenger helped himself to the spread. The cowsune popped off its protective top and speared a slab of meat on their fork, allowing its juices and sauces to run free across their plate. They started to reach for their knife, but paused and instead folded the cut over itself and stuffed it into their maw. The feline's attention peaked when a shameless groan of satisfaction resonated in their chest, announcing their delight to all within earshot. They chewed and swallowed the steak almost whole, sending a subtle bulge down their neck and into their middle. One of the cowsune's hands idly rubbed the subtle swell while the other gathered their second helping, clearing nearly half of the dish in a few bites. The remaining cuts of meat and sides disappeared with similar speed, and within seconds of arrival, their plate was empty. They stifled a belch into their fist and patted their belly with both hands, then turned their attention to the staring feline. A grin crossed their muzzle and they licked their lips clean, kindling an unnoticed blush in the cat's muzzle.

"Hey, if you're not planning on eating your meal, can I have it?"

It took the cat a moment to process the question. "What? No, I'm not buying you another plate."

The cowsune chuckled. "It's complimentary until we take off. They just don't hand out seconds until everyone gets their first."

"That's... Huh." The feline had never heard of such generosity from an airline, though he'd also never been trapped on the runway for hours. "I think I'll take mine. It looks

surprisingly good.”

“Right? Between you and me, I hope this happens every time I fly,” the cowsune laughed. “It’s not very often I’m this lucky though.”

The cat questioned how often the portly hybrid flew, though the arrival of a flight attendant derailed the conversation.

The canine attendant leaned in and presented the cat with a plate of food, equally as grand as his new friend’s. The cowsune watched with naked hunger while he unveiled his dish, identical in every way to its counterpart. A puff of flavorful steam rose from the exposed plate and broke across his muzzle, waking a ravenous appetite. He grabbed his fork and knife without delay and sliced off a chunk of steak, then popped it into his muzzle. An explosion of flavor washed across his tongue and coaxed out a gluttonous groan, drawing a grin across the cowsune’s muzzle. The hybrid’s belly rumbled with jealousy, though they stayed their greed for the moment. The cat’s second bite was several times larger than the first, and by the third, his pace matched the overweight hybrid’s. The slim feline shoveled his helping of potatoes and vegetables into his muzzle with ravenous vigor, then ran his fork over the plate and gathered the remnants of his meal. The cat slurped the utensil clean without hesitation, then leaned back and rested his hands on his middle. A slight bulge stretched his shirt and marked his minor feast, and a satisfied warmth suffused through him as his fingers sank into the beginnings of a paunch. His eyes drifted shut for a content moment, until the cowsune interrupted his tranquility.

“It’s good, isn’t it,” they grinned. “I’m getting seconds when the attendant comes back around. Maybe thirds too.”

The cat tipped his head back and stretched. “I might be joining you. At least, for seconds. That was some of the best food I’ve had in a while.”

“Right? And it’s not like there’s anything to do other than eat.”

The cat could think of several distractions, though eating did sound like the most appealing option. “Just how much food do they have?”

“I don’t know, and I don’t really care honestly,” the hybrid laughed. “They’ve never cut me off though. Either we take off or I pass out in a food coma.”

The feline shrugged again. “Well, I guess I’ll be eating my fill then.”

“That’s the spirit~”

The pair leaned back into their seats and basked in their mutual fullness, rubbing their middles and inching toward contented sleep. Before either of them slipped off into dreams however, the flight attendant returned. She reached across the cowsune’s middle and

gathered the feline's cleaned plate and added it to a small pile of its brethren. A clatter rang throughout the plane when she accidentally set off a porcelain avalanche, though in a feat of dexterity, she snatched the plates up before they shattered across the floor. The commotion roused the gluttonous passengers, and at the first available instant, they requested their second helpings. The attendant took a moment to confirm everyone else had gotten their first, and after double checking everything was still complimentary, departed to fulfill their requests. The cowsune enthusiastically rubbed their belly and stoked their hunger, while the cat was happy to simply recline and rest his eyes. The familiar scent of decadently delicious food drew him back to reality before long, where he found another platter laid before him. The cowsune stretched their arms and warmed up for their greedy sprint, then turned their gaze to the feline. A bolt of mischief flashed across their eyes, and the pair shared the same thought. An unspoken challenge rose between them, a nod was shared, and the two attacked their helpings with feral ferocity. The race was on, and both were determined to win.

The cowsune rushed their miniature feast with practiced haste, gathering up increasingly large helpings and shoveling them into their jaws. The cat raced furiously to keep up, and to his surprise, held his ground well. What he lacked in capacity he made up for with speed, stuffing his cheeks with several smaller bites and gulping them down as needed. In contrast, the hybrid vanquished entire cuts and sides in single bites, carving a wave of gluttonous destruction across his ceramic expanse. Flavor fatigue slowed their pace as they neared the end of their stuffing episode however, presenting the feline with an opportunity to catch up. He seized the chance and adopted the cowsune's strategy, filling his muzzle with the remnants of his meal. His cheeks bulged with meats and vegetables alike, wedging his jaw open just beyond the point of comfort. Tendons and ligaments smoldered with exertion and he chewed with all his might, gulping down little portions all the while and easing his strain. Despite his best efforts, his pace suffered as his opponent's had, turning the race back over to the hybrid. A victorious grin crossed the cowsune's muzzle as they popped their final bite between their lips, then made a show of smacking and savoring before finishing it off. They threw their utensils down mere seconds before the cat in decisive victory. They chuckled and rubbed their middle in triumph, while the feline slumped back in his seat and soothed his aching belly.

Confusion furrowed his brow while he traced the curve of his middle, which rolled out quite a bit farther than he remembered. He wrote it off as his imagination, until he opened his eyes and looked down. His jaw fell slack as he beheld the swollen dome of his belly, large enough to escape from the cover of his shirt and squish against his armrests.

"Not bad," the cowsune teased. "You must have a quick metabolism if you can eat like that and be that slim."

"Not really..." the feline murmured. "I don't usually eat like this."

"Then you're quite the gifted glutton. Want to go for another round? You almost had me there."

The feline blinked. "Is eating like this a game to you?"

"It can be~ I love a wager and it'll make for some good entertainment."

"That's not what I meant."

"Oh, so now you're scared?"

"Also not what I meant. I can't afford to keep eating like this. I'm already on the verge of outgrowing my clothes."

"And your seat."

"What?"

The cowsune pointed to their armrest, which were almost totally eclipsed by their middle. The hybrid's love-handles spilled over and under the divide, noticeably encroaching on the unoccupied seat. The cat's flab squished around his own, though was still contained in his seat.

"I don't know what you're getting at," he huffed. "I'm still completely in my seat."

"For now, yeah. All that food isn't gonna stay concentrated in your belly for long though, and once you start softening up, it'll be a problem."

The feline's expression fell. "I don't have the money to buy another ticket!"

"Then how about we turn this into a wager," the hybrid offered. "All you can eat, no holding back. Loser pays for the middle seat."

"I'm not sure I have a choice..."

The cowsune shrugged. "If you're really not sure, I can split it with you. But only for the rest of your free food."

The cat leaned back, rubbed his face, and considered his options. On some level, he believed he could match the hybrid's gluttony, and besting them would certainly be better than watching them eat for the rest of the delay. His answer revealed itself in his grin before he opened his mouth, eliciting a similar smile in the cowsune. "You're on."

"That's the spirit~"

The cowsune leaned into the aisle and waved down an attendant, then requested the next portion of their ongoing feast. The cat relaxed and idly rubbed the swell of his belly,

massaging his middle and freeing up as much space as possible. He stifled the occasional belch into his paw and blushed with the sensations of fullness, earning a few appraising glances from the hybrid. The feline couldn't tell if they were sizing him up as an opponent or appreciating the consequences of his gluttony, but it mattered little to him. The cat pushed the cowsune's looks from his thoughts and focused on himself, struggling to reignite his appetite before the third platter arrived. Fortunately, he didn't need to work very hard. The familiar scents of delicious foods filled the air as the attendant approached, stirring a ravenous reaction in his core. The cat's middle grumbled and rumbled with growing need, though his audible hunger paled in comparison to the cowsune's. They squished and kneaded their stomach with shameless delight, waking their metabolism and stirring their inner workings. The cat's cheeks blazed with the hedonistic display, leaving him staring while the attendant laid out the next leg of their meal. The hybrid wasted no time attacking it, leaving the cat stammering in the dust. He ripped open the plastic pouch containing his utensils while the hybrid swallowed their steak whole, banishing it to their belly with an obvious gulp. The gastric feat only spurred the cat on however, driving him to replicate his opponent. He stuffed the cut of steak into his maw and crammed his jaws shut, stuffing his cheeks to the brim. He powered through and chewed with all his strength, until he eventually felt ready to swallow. Despite his best efforts, he failed to conquer the generous slice whole, and his pace slowed to a crawl as he claimed it bit by bit. By the time he moved onto his sides, the cowsune had finished the platter.

The hybrid merely grinned as the cat neared his limit, though the spirit of sportsmanship drove them to share some advice with their opponent. The cowsune quietly shared a mental exercise to relax his throat and jaw, then revealed a chewing technique that would greatly improved his pace. The cat put them to use and finished his platter before his fullness caught up with him, though it was far too late to put the methods to good use. His stomach bulged out in a tight curve, pushing his shirt up to his chest and concealing his waistband. The cowsune demonstrated a belly massage designed to aid digestion, and once the cat solved out its details, felt its effects immediately. The pressure in his middle eased while the hybrid requested their fourth serving, cementing their victory. A rumbling purr resonated in his chest as the soft sounds of digestion filled the space between them, occasionally rising above the dull, roaring ambiance of the other passengers. His rolls softened as the summation of his greed spread across his figure, allowing his shirt to slide back down over his navel before gathering flab pulled it tight around his chest. His thighs thickened and strained his pants with pudge, wrapping its fabric tight around his legs and burying his belt line. The feline reached under the swell of his paunch and fumbled to loosen both his belt and the plane's seat belt, then let out a sigh of relief when he finally released the pair of clasps. The hybrid chuckled to himself when he slumped back with relief, then mirrored the gesture. The swell of their stuffed belly shamed the feline's as it flopped and jiggled into their lap, drawing the cat's marveling attention as they prepared to continue their streak. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, the plane's engines roared to life before they could request another platter. The complimentary period ended the instant the craft lurched down the runway, drawing a satisfied shrug from unabashed glutton.

"Well, looks like you won pretty easily," the feline murmured.

“It wasn’t exactly a fair contest,” the cowsune admitted. “You got the makings of a glutton though, and I can respect that.”

“I don’t think I’ll be able to buy this seat with respect,” the cat lamented.

“No, but that won’t be an issue.” The hybrid raised their armrest and let their side spill into the seat, then wiggled their hips and settled in with relief. “I’ll buy the ticket, if you agree to a rematch when we land. There’s fantastic buffet at the next airport if you’re up for it.”

As far as the cat was concerned, the offer was a win/win. “You’re on.”