

Flight Delay Fill-up

By: Indigo Rho

“Passengers, this is your Captain speaking. We’ve just got word we’ll be rerouting the flight to get you to your destination faster. We’ll just have to defuel the plane first to account for the shorter route, but then we’ll have you on your way. Thank you.”

Aster slumped in his airline seat and groaned. “This better not take too long,” the plump cat grumbled. There were few things he hated more than being stuck in an airplane any longer than necessary. A loud rumble echoed from his belly, offering a painful reminder of another thing he hated: hunger.

“Great, now I’m gonna starve!”

“I’m sure you’ll be fine, big guy,” the deer sitting next to Aster assured him. Dallas was typing away on his phone.

“You’re not the one who missed lunch.” Aster crossed his arms and pouted, his thoughts filled with food.

“I seem to remember you nabbing breakfast and brunch, though,” Dallas smirked. The deer poked Aster’s soft middle, prompting his boyfriend to swat at his hooves.

“Neither of those is lunch. *Real* lunch. Lunch that fills my belly up right!” Aster declared, his mouth watering.

“Lunch that squirms and complains about being lunch?” Dallas added.

“Maybe.”

“Definitely.”

“If people didn’t want to be eaten, they wouldn’t taste so good. It’s not like you complain about the results.” Aster uncrossed his arms and stretched, purposely exposing a soft strip of his belly. Dallas looked up from his phone, his gaze blatantly locked onto the cat’s middle. He made no further comment.

Aster let his shirt slide back over his gut. “If we’ve gotta wait, then I’m gonna use the bathroom.” He unbuckled his seatbelt and slipped into the aisle. Thankfully, the bathroom wasn’t that far away, and no one had laid claim to it.

On the way back, though, Aster found his path blocked by a mouse heading his way. The mouse didn’t look all that chubby around the face, but he sported a solid ball gut that matched Aster’s in size. There was no way the pair would be able to slide past each other in the aisle without getting wedged or smacking a bystander in the head with their belly.

Inconvenience only crossed Aster’s mind for a second, for the wobble of the mouse’s belly mesmerized him. He thought of how good his soft middle would feel gliding down his throat, along with the delight of actually being full. Aster knew he had to turn the mouse into a meal.

As the passengers approached each other, the mouse glanced around for a place to step aside and make room. It was his first mistake, as he paid little attention to the hungry looks Aster gave him.

“Oh, uh, just give me a sec to get out of the way,” the mouse said.

“No need to worry. I’ve got this,” Aster said before licking his lips.

Aster scooped the mouse up and shoved him into his mouth in one fluid motion. The mouse stiffened as he was plunged into darkness, and didn’t start struggling until a couple more swallows had pulled him down the feline’s throat.

Passengers sitting in the seats around the sudden meal gasped but settled down swiftly. People getting swallowed whole was common enough not to faze the average person—at least as long as they weren’t the ones being eaten.

Though Aster had fantasized about savoring his wiggling meal, the cat’s intense hunger demanded he swallow the mouse quickly. He expertly pinned the mouse’s arms to his sides and took big, loud gulps. His prey kicked and squirmed, but the food chain was thoroughly in Aster’s favor at that moment. His tail flicked about as he felt the mouse’s ball gut slide into his mouth and bulge out his throat. The cat’s belly steadily ballooned with prey, bouncing up and down as it grew rounder and heavier. With a tilt of his head, the mouse’s kicking legs glided down his throat and out of sight. Aster finished his meal with a snap of his jaws and a euphoric grin.

“Finally, a *real* meal,” Aster practically moaned. The satiated cat gripped the sides of his bloated middle and gave it a playful wobble, causing his meal to tumble about in his stomach. Muffled protests barely reached his ears. “Yeah, yeah, you don’t want to be food. Well tough luck, cause it’s a cat-eat-mouse world out there—*uworrriiiiiirrp!*” he let loose a gut-rattling burp.

Aster took his time returning to his seat, delighting in the way his swollen belly brushed the seats on either side of the aisle. Eyes at every row turned his way, displaying equal amounts of nervousness and jealousy. Only a few had had the foresight to indulge in live prey before boarding, and most wouldn’t have a chance at an in-flight meal like Aster’s.

Aster carefully eased back into his seat. His middle filled his lap and pressed against the back of the seat in front of him. He felt every wiggle and shout the mouse made and responded by rubbing his gut with both paws. Two hooves soon joined in.

“Damn, you really couldn’t wait, could you?” Dallas asked, obviously happy with the results.

“He was in my way, and I was hungry. What else was I supposed to do?” Aster teased. His belly bounced a bit in response, which only pleased him

more. Perhaps the flight delay had been a blessing in disguise. “Too bad I only had time for one snack.”

Aster regretted those words half an hour later when the pilot’s voice crackled over the intercom.

“Hello, everyone. I regret to inform you that we’ve discovered a slight computer glitch, and we’ll have to get that fixed before we can take off. We’ll try to get you to your destination as soon as possible, so please bear with us.”

Aster covered his face with his paws and groaned. A short burp escaped his lips afterward. His belly had shrunk to a smooth, jiggly ball. “*Another* delay? I’m going to waste away at this rate!”

Dallas raised a brow. “You sure about that, babe?” The deer poked his boyfriend’s swollen middle.

“This dude was just an appetizer,” Aster huffed.

“I must be doing something right if you consider swallowing someone your own size to be just having an appetizer,” Dallas beamed with feeder pride.

“There’s nothing wrong with a hearty appetite.” Aster glanced around the cabin. A doughy rabbit flight attendant waddled by, jiggling and wobbling with every step. Aster’s gaze followed him as he passed. “Uh, I’m gonna use the bathroom again,” he mumbled.

“Sure you are,” Dallas said with a smile.

Aster scrambled out of his seat and began stalking his prey.

The plump, delectable rabbit was too focused on his job to notice the stuffed cat closing in on him. He smiled at passengers and offered apologies for the delay. When he turned around at the small galley in the back, he jumped at the sight of the wide feline blocking his way out.

“Is there anything I can get you?” the rabbit sheepishly asked. He instinctively backed against the galley wall, revealing his timid nature at the worst possible time.

Aster lowered his guard some. He’d expected someone as fat as the rabbit to be a pred, but the flight attendant appeared more like prey with each passing second. Nothing beat a meal that understood they were food.

“Just something to eat, that’s all.”

Aster pinned the rabbit against the wall with his belly and lunged. Though bigger than the mouse Aster had eaten earlier, the rabbit put up less of a fight, squirming futilely in ways that didn’t slow his consumption at all. Aster ravenously gobbled up the rabbit, squeezing his prey’s soft sides as he crammed yet another meal down his throat. With every inch of rabbit swallowed, his belly ballooned an inch further, filling with deliciously doughy prey.

burst out of his shirt when he eventually tried to pull it off. It wasn't the first time he'd rapidly outgrown clothes, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

Dallas walked up behind Aster and slapped his boyfriend's rump. "I'm surprised you didn't outgrow your seat before we landed. Though it was nice of them to find a seatbelt extender big enough."

Aster's face flushed red. "I'm pretty sure I wasn't the fattest person on that flight."

"Maybe not after the first couple of hours." Dallas grabbed a handful of Aster's plush belly and gave it a loving squeeze.

"Whatever, I'm heading to the bathroom." Aster hurried off at a sluggish pace, his large belly wobbling up and down as he went.

"Try not to stuff yourself too much!" Dallas said.

The cat simply raised a middle finger behind him as he tried to ignore a plump fox nearby.

"Damn, that one really can eat," said a voice from behind Dallas.

Dallas turned to face a fat seagull pulling some rolling luggage. The older avian's round ball belly jutted through the open buttons of his pilot's uniform.

Dallas nodded. "All it takes is a little inspiration—and an appetite-inducing flight delay. Thanks again for that."

"Don't mention it. Any friend of the pilot's union is a friend of mine; I never miss your show." The pilot stifled a burp. "And hell, I got a decent meal out of it."

"Who *did* you stuff in there, anyway?" Dallas asked as he gently patted the pilot's feathery belly.

"Well, when you texted me asking for another delay, the only thing I could think of was to thin the crew out a little so we'd need a replacement. I told my copilot his weight would get him eaten one day." The pilot smirked and shook his gut. "I'll make sure to send you some pictures I took in the cockpit before my belly shrunk. Always a pleasure, Dallas." The pilot waddled off to switch into a larger uniform.

"Likewise," Dallas said, already eagerly awaiting the pictures. Being a feeder and encourager was such rewarding work. He couldn't wait to see how much fatter his ravenous boyfriend would get during their trip.