

A lonely train platform stood underneath a gray, cloudy night sky. Snow fell, blanketing the ground.. The area lit only by a few dim streetlamps. The earth shook. The tracks rumbled. Nearby crossing signals flared in red. A loud horn blared through the silent, snowy night. The train screeched to a halt and its doors slid open. A pair of figures dashed through the wintery blanket. The train doors slid shut behind them.

The pair sat down on one of the open rows; there was a plethora to choose from. Aside from them, the train car was nearly empty. Only a single brown deer occupied it, and he paid them no mind.

“I didn’t expect it to get this bad.” Fresh said, his voice clearly tired. The orange fox took off his snow-covered hat and unzipped his coat. It was quite warm on the train, thankfully.

“I d-don’t know how you l-lived with th-this weather.” Kishara stammered, the snow leopard’s teeth chattering loudly. She brushed some excess snow from her long, bushy, spotted tail. Her fur still stood on end from the cold.

“Sorry about the weather.” Fresh sighed. “And sorry about today. I know you aren’t into gaming as much as I am, but this was something I had planned to attend for a while. Didn’t think it would go this late either.”

“Stop apologizing.” Kishara shook her head. “I had fun! It was nice meeting your group of friends. And really lucky that there was some space to sell some of my prints.” She looked down at her bag that held a cash box and some unsold posters. The train’s whistle blew loudly in the silent night sky. It’s wheels screeched as it left the station. The windows were full of white snow, completely obscuring the view.

The loving couple sat next to each other in silence. It had been an extremely long day. Traveling to the convention, setting up the snow leopard’s art booth, socializing, playing, and the like. They were truly exhausted. The only sound was the rumble of the train as it made its way along the track.

*“Attention all passengers, this is your conductor speaking. Due to inclement weather, this trip will take longer than expected. We’re looking at four hours to arrive. We apologize for any inconvenience and thank you for riding with us.”* The announcement over the intercom led to the fox and snep groaning in sync.

“Again, sorry about everything.” Fresh muttered sheepishly.

“Don’t apologize, Fresh. You don’t control the weather.” She gave him a tight hug, both out of affection and to warm up. And so the long journey began. It was a comfortable silence, as they were just too tired to talk. About half an hour into their voyage, Kishara slowly succumbed to exhaustion. Her head rested against the train’s wall, her breathing slowed. She gently drifted off to sleep.

Fresh, on the other hand, was still very awake. He may have been tired, but he had never been able to fall asleep in a moving vehicle. So the fox was left alone, the only noise being the rumble of the train along the tracks and his girlfriend’s gentle breathing.

*Grgle*

Well, not the only sounds. His stomach growled, despite eating a nice dinner after the convention. Whenever Fresh was up too late, he felt peckish. They had packed a few snacks and drinks, but those ran out well before they even had dinner. Fresh tried to ignore it by reading a book on his phone, and it worked for some time.

Another half hour passed. The snowstorm hadn’t let up, though the ETA hadn’t changed. Kishara was still sound asleep. Fresh wanted to take a quick nap, but couldn’t get comfortable. And as time had gone on, he only felt more hungry. The door at the front of the train car slid open and in walked an owl dressed in a professional, classy uniform.

“Hey, is the dining car open?” Fresh asked while handing over the tickets.

“Our apologies, but the dining car is not open. We hadn’t planned on needing for what should have been an hour and a half ride.” The owl responded while punching holes in said tickets. Fresh nodded as the checker moved to the next car.

“Great. Can’t fall asleep, starving, and no way to get food.” Fresh mumbled quietly, trying not to wake Kishara. A loud snore quickly drew his attention. Fresh stood up and checked the source: The only other passenger in the car, the brown deer, had fallen asleep. An idea quickly formed, one that had Fresh practically drooling. “No, I can’t...” He tried to shut the idea out of his head and sit back down, but his stomach growled in protest. It needed to be filled. And there was an easy prey right before him.

“Screw it, why not?” Fresh gently grabbed the sleeping deer’s legs, trying to avoid waking them. They didn’t stir. But for how long? The fox licked his lips again; just thinking about this was making him even hungrier. He opened his mouth extraordinarily wide and crammed the sleeping deer’s hooves inside. He gulped hard and fast. Fresh was far too hungry to care about the taste; the only thing he cared about was filling his empty stomach. A lump formed

in his neck that swelled and surged with every gulp. The deer's legs quickly vanished down the fox's gaping maw, and he wasn't stopping any time soon.

The deer eventually began to stir, looking around groggily. It was the strangest dream. Something about a hot tub pulling them in? Is that why their legs felt so moist? They tried to wake up and figure out what exactly was happening, but their thoughts were interrupted by a strong tugging feeling and a strange sound.

*Ulp glurp!*

The sound of someone swallowing. They looked behind them for the source; an orange fox. And their hips were currently sliding down his gaping maw.

"Stop! Someone! Help!" The deer cried out. There was no response; the train workers were in other cars. As he swallowed the deer's thin hips, Fresh grabbed his prey's arms and pinned them to their side. No matter how much the deer struggled, he wasn't breaking free. Fresh's belly began to stretch and swell as it filled with the weight of the living meal. The white-furred mound started to peak out from beneath his black sweater. Upon gulping down the deer's middle, his gut was already jutting out almost two feet from his own middle. And it only grew larger with every gulp.

The deer continued to call out for help, but to no avail. The only ones in the train car were themselves, the fox pred, and a sleeping snow leopard. Even if she had woken up, Kishara wouldn't have stopped her boyfriend. In fact, she would have encouraged him. Fresh opened his maw wider and gulped harder. He raised his head towards the sky, letting the hapless prey slide down even faster. The deer's chest, pinned arms, and shoulders all vanished down the pred's moist, damp throat. Eventually there was nothing left but their head poking from the fox's mouth. They slowly slid backwards; their last look was of the snow-covered train windows. And then, nothing. Just black darkness.

*ULP!* Fresh's maw clamped shut while he swallowed harder than ever. His belly quivered and bloated at the sudden influx of mass inside his stomach. It juttied out nearly four feet, bulging and squirming as the prey trapped inside desperately struggled to get out. The inside of the fox's stomach was unsurprisingly cramped and hot. The deer pressed against the fleshy walls in a desperate attempt to agitate the pred enough to cough them back up. Impressions of the prey's arms and legs took the form of distinct shapes in the fox's gut; bulging and wobbling with each failed attempt. Hot, goopy acid was already beginning to build up and surround the deer; there wasn't much time left to escape.

*Buuuurrppp!!!* Fresh covered his mouth with his fist, but it did little to stop the air escaping his throat. It certainly didn't help that the prey was fighting so hard, forcing more air out of his stomach. He waddled back over to his chair, plopping down on the bench next to the sleeping snow leopard. Kishara stretched and yawned, having been stirred awake by the motion. Roused from her slumber, she took one look at her partner and smiled. His belly was utterly enormous; a large white bubble proudly protruding out four feet. The squirms of his prey were clearly visible, bulging and surging periodically.

"Looks like someone had a big snack <3" Kishara gently rubbed his massive middle. Fresh could only blush, saying nothing in response. "Looks like you're becoming quite the prolific pred. Good! You look cute with such a stuffed gut!" She giggled and placed her head against his gut. *Gwrgle brrrgr* The sounds of his stomach digesting were both loud and somehow comforting. Almost like a sense of familiarity.

Fresh yawned loudly. The exhaustive toll of the day, coupled with the massive, moving meal in his gut; the fox was completely and utterly drained. "Ki, you don't mind if I—"

"Go right ahead, get some sleep. We've still got a long trip. I'll wake you when we get closer."

"Thanks, love you." The two shared a quick, yet passionate kiss. Fresh immediately fell asleep afterwards. Kishara pulled out her phone and set an alarm for a few hours later; she wasn't likely to stay awake either. She rested her head against the fox's soft, swollen, squirmy gut, and continued to rub it gently. It wasn't long before she too fell asleep, lulled by the loud gurgles of his stomach digesting away the prey.

The prey in question was just about done. Completely out of energy, no fight left, no fresh air. Stomach acid had already started to chip away. The deer felt much softer now, much goopier. Melting away. It wouldn't be long before they were nothing but a hot, soupy chyme. Fat to pad out the fox's body. They quickly succumbed to the heat and the acid. As the fox slept, his body kicked the digestion into high gear. *WWRGLL GRRRBB!* The deer dissolved, melting into a warm, goopy mess.

*BING BONG!* Kishara's alarm went off. She woke up, but Fresh was still out cold. She took a quick look over at his body, and was rather impressed with the results. His prey had completely digested, and he'd already put on quite a bit of weight. The fox's belly still hung out a foot from his middle, but was no longer taut and squirmy. It looked much more like a blobby, flabby pillow. She squished and prodded it, just enough to feel how doughy it was, but not enough to wake her sleeping partner.

Some small tears had formed in Fresh's pants, particularly along the thighs. Soft flab spilled out of the sides and peaked through the holes. His jeans were clearly not meant for all the excess size. Similarly more tears had formed along his ass. It had practically ballooned outwards, though it was quite hard to gauge just how big it actually was since it was mostly constrained by his pants. But his boxers were definitely poking through some holes, and the waistband of the jeans was heavily pulled down by his bloated booty. It'd be a miracle if his pants survived the rest of the trip.

*"Attention all passengers, we will be arriving at our destination in about 10 minutes. Please make sure you gather up all your belongings before disembarking. Again, we apologize about the delays, and would like to thank you for traveling with us."*

"Fresh, honey, it's time to get up." Kishara gently shook Fresh's shoulder. He roused slowly, yawning and stretching. As his head cleared of grogginess, so too did his vision. And the first thing he noticed was his belly. Sure, it was smaller than when he first swallowed the deer, but it was still a far cry from the flat middle he was used to. Kishara giggled and gently kneaded his pudgy gut, making him blush.

The train pulled into the station with a screech. It was so early in the morning that the sky was still pitch black. Everything was wet. While it was snowing further upstate where they had come from, it had only rained back in their city. Not quite cold enough to freeze over just yet. Fresh and Kishara grabbed their bags and hurried off the train, though hurrying wasn't a great idea.

*SHRRRIIIPPP!!* Fresh's pants tore off his bloated behind and thick thighs. His cheeks turned a deep shade of red. Luckily, the train was almost completely empty. The few other riders had disembarked before them, so no one was around to see it. He grabbed the tattered remains of his pants and rushed off to his car. Kishara, who was walking behind, watched with close interest. Each cheek was about a foot and a half large, barely contained inside his boxers. They jiggled and bounced wildly with every step, much to her entertainment. Kishara smiled smugly. *"Can't wait to have some fun with those <3"*