

Free Seat

By: Indi

It had been a long while since August had last flown in a plane, and the moment he tried to take his seat he realized just how much weight he'd gained in that time.

The rotund gray lion grunted and grumbled as he squeezed into the row. From a glance he was already worried he wouldn't be able to fit in the seat. He was proven right once he felt his butt pressing down on the arm rest that divided his seat from the other that'd yet to be occupied. When he lifted it up he still nearly filled both.

Even if his neighbor ended up being thin it wasn't likely the two of them would comfortably fit. The thought of being stuck like that for a trip across the country filled August with dread.

"No, no, I'm just boarding now. Yeah I know it's lame. I was supposed to be flying business class at *least* but they screwed up. Now I've gotta sit in the cheap seats like a loser. It's humiliating!"

August looked up to see the source of the complaining. They were a small, slim cat chattering away on a phone. From what little he'd heard already he was hoping the cat didn't have the seat next to him.

Unfortunately the cat stopped right there. He was named Hash, and the second he saw August he frowned. Not only did he have to endure the indignity of bad seats, but what little space he had was being encroached on by a lion who obviously knew no restraint when it came to food.

The airline rep was going to get an earful from him as soon as they landed.

"Hey tubbo, suck in that gut so I can get through!" Hash demanded.

August's eye twitched at the casual insult, but he did as the cat demanded. Getting into a feud during the flight was the last thing he wanted.

Hash started sliding by, facing August just so he could snark at him a bit more. "Ugh, thought they were supposed to make wide loads like you buy an extra seat," he scoffed. At that moment August's stomach let out a particularly loud grumble, which only encouraged Hash. "You'd better not be planning to pig out on the inflight menu—there's barely enough room for me as is!"

The last bit of patience left in August vanished. He was hungry and tired of being insulted, and had no desire to put up with the rude cat for the entire flight. Fortunately the solution to all his immediate problems was an easy one.

August stopped sucking in his gut, jutting it out as much as he could instead. The doughy mass briefly pinned Hash against the seat behind him, knocking the wind right out of the cat.

Breathless, Hash fell atop August's belly, cushioned by the pudge he'd been insulting seconds before. He was only barely aware of his arms being pinned to his sides, of the maw opening in front of him, of being pulled forwards. By the time he recovered he was too late to even let out a panicked yelp before everything went dark.

August swallowed voraciously, as if he hadn't eaten in days. Hash was sucked in with astonishing speed, passing through the gullet and emptying into the stomach in only a handful of gulps. He shouted and cursed at the top of his lungs once he arrived in the dark cavern. His voice was barely audible on the outside through the layers of lion fat.

Hash thrashed and kicked and squirmed, but all it amounted to was a few fierce wiggles as far as August was concerned. The lion's grip was simply too strong and his hunger too ravenous to overcome. Frustration gradually became delight as August asserted himself as the top of the food chain. It was hard to deny the joy he felt turning someone else into food, especially when it took them down a peg in the process.

Only a few short minutes after Hash had fallen onto August his tail was being slurped up. August leaned back in his seat and let out a content sigh. His belly bulged and wobbled, pudge disguising the meal within. Aside from the faint wobbles it wasn't at all obvious August had eaten

someone. He just looked like he had a prominent ball gut if anything.

August took a look around, but everyone else nearby had been so busy settling in the speedy consumption of Hash had gone completely unnoticed. No judging glances, no visit from a flight attendant, no polite reminder that it was supposed to be a “no vore” flight.

Hash was his.

Now rather smug, August gave his gut a firm, teasing rub with one paw. “The inflight snacks are better than I remember, if a bit on the scrawny side~” There was a hearty wiggle from inside and a protest too distant to hear. “What, not enjoying your upgrade to first class? I assure you my stomach is the most accommodating spot around—I doubt you’ll want to leave.”

The stuffed lion chuckled, his whole middle wobbling. The flight was already off to a good start.

When August finally stepped into the new terminal a few hours later, he stretched and yawned. His belly peeked out from beneath his tight shirt, noticeably smaller than it had been at the flight’s start. He made a passing attempt to pull his shirt down but mainly just snuck a quick rub instead.

Hash had only lasted liftoff. He’d been a fun little distraction. A few good belches had led to faint churns and gurgles, and after a long nap lasting nearly the whole flight Hash was little more than fresh layers of lion pudge.

August lurched and his cheeks puffed up before letting out a sloppy *braaaaaap*. From out of his mouth a cell phone flew out, acid-stained but somehow still working. He examined the souvenir with a smile and pocketed it. Later on he’d amuse himself by updating all of Hash’s social media pages with pictures of his new “home”, maybe even search his contacts list for any tasty looking prey in the area.

For now, though, August was going to start walking off what little he’d gained from the snarky cat. Such a shame Hash would likely only grace his waistline for a month at best. Oh well...