

Gallus wanted to punch a pony, but was too exhausted to muster the strength.

The evening and weekend had finally arrived, and the blue-feathered griffon was ready to capital-R Relax after a long first week at being among the royal guard of Princess Twilight Sparkle. The armor was heavy, the days were long, and the work surprisingly grueling. Gallus found himself tasked with so much more than standing at attention and announcing new arrivals seeking an audience with the princess. Gallus grumbled under his breath as he tottered through Canterlot in full Royal Guard attire, his weekend plans of doing nothing dashed when receiving word that he would be working through the weekend. "Can't give a griffon a break," he sighed, idly making his way home and casually glancing about the pony population. The walkway parted as Gallus made his way through, his burden of armor at least giving him a bubble of personal space. Even the best of equine craft couldn't stop the griffon from the hunger pangs grumbling up from his midsection. The long hours left him precious little time to eat, and the work combined made him positively starved. "Gotta get something to eat, or find some way to chill out."

Gallus did his best to maintain composure since he was still garbed, as he was meant to preserve peace of mind in Equestria's citizens. He knew that despite improved relations over the years, griffons still appeared rather intimidating to the comparatively-soft, non-threatening ponies that dominated the local population. Being one of the first non-pony royal guards further helped, though Gallus always noticed ponies that didn't know him tended to be a bit skittish. *And who could blame them?* the hungry griffon mused. Between a sharp beak, threatening talons, and generally larger form, griffons had every right to be feared. Though that wasn't good for royal guard business, and Gallus just wasn't that kind of griffon in the first place, so he did his best to smile at anypony near who appeared nervous. His face went goofy, though, whenever his stomach would rumble. Being nice to the population wasn't going to solve that particular issue.

Gallus was all set to get home to eat when he spotted a familiar orange-coated mare milling about the streets of Canterlot. Scootaloo, the former filly all grown up, seemed to be on a casual stroll through the mountain-affixed city. What a sight for sore eyes! Gallus and Scootaloo had dated at one point, though things never got close to serious. He changed course and headed right for the mare, who caught his eye moments later. "Yo! Gallus!" Scootaloo greeted with a friendly wave, then with a smirk added, "Sorry, I mean *Your Royal Guardship*."

“Ha ha,” Gallus rolled his eyes, though smiled through it all. He brought his claw up in the form of a fist, and the pegasus dutifully bumped. “What’s brought you to Canterlot, Scootaloo?”

“Eh, not much. Me and the girls just visiting for a few days.” The girls being her fellow Cutie Mark Crusaders, Sweetie Belle and Apple Bloom. “What’s up with you? You look dead on your feet!”

Gallus stretched and grumbled, louder than his stomach. “First week’s been rough. Not even over yet. Workin’ the weekend. Gonna be back first thing in the morning.”

“Seriously?” Scootaloo sympathized. She brought a hoof to her chin to ponder, getting an idea. “Well, I’ve got nothing going on tonight. How about we, you know, hang out?” The mare flicked her tail in a delicate swish, and Gallus did not miss the ‘come hither’ stare she gave him. “Betcha I could take your mind off work for a bit.” Gallus’ heart skipped a beat, and he nodded before thinking.

“Sure! Just follow me. Home’s not too far away.” Gallus, like many a griffon, had a proclivity for high heights. As such, the place he rented in Canterlot was at the top floor of a shared residence, giving him easy rooftop access and a nice view of Equestria as a whole. Built with Pegasi in mind, the place had a nice balcony that one could reach and enter, although being with Scootaloo and being tired from his royal guard duties, the griffon and the mare both took the ground entrance. The made it into the place Gallus called home shortly thereafter.

“Wow Gallus, you sure keep this place clean,” Scootaloo remarked with a giggle. She couldn’t help it, knowing the state of his dormitory back at the school of friendship back in the day.

“That’ll happen when you spend more time at work than home,” Gallus muttered, thankfully shedding the cumbersome royal guard attire off his body and stretching. “One night I didn’t even come home. Wasn’t any point.” He rolled his shoulders and yawned, stopping mid-beak stretch when Scootaloo flicked her tail up under his chin.

"Sounds like you've been rather busy." She swished her tail to and fro, offering Gallus the occasional peek at what laid between her hinds. Old fires rekindled within Gallus, beak clacking shut as he even blushed a twinge. "Come on, let's have some fun. Bedroom's this way?" After getting the tiniest of nods from the griffon, Scootaloo departed the entryway, hips bobbing enticingly at the griffon.

Gallus had more than one reason to be staring at the mare, though, besides the obvious. He followed shortly behind Scootaloo, eyeing over every part of the mare from head to tail. Gallus could only partially-ignore the erection budding between his own legs with Scootaloo providing him such an intimate view of her, but having spent such a long time without food pulled Gallus' wants in another direction. His stomach gave a quiet grumble when the two entered the bedroom, with Scootaloo flopping forward onto the sizable mattress, hind legs dangling over the edge and tail flicked to the sides. "Why don't you give me a taste, stud?"

Gallus swallowed. "Whatever you say," he replied, not bothering to mention that their past flings have never gotten quite to this level before. Gallus' cock twitched slightly as he sat before his bed and the presenting mare before him. He slowly brushed over Scootaloo's rear with his razor-sharp claws, though didn't prick or otherwise injure the pony. Her tail was now resting on her back, and there before Gallus was a glistening pussy. "See you're ready for action," Gallus mumbled, bringing his beak down and letting his tongue dangle from his mouth. Scootaloo bit her lip as she first felt Gallus' breath wash over her nethers, followed by the slick, warm presence of his tongue. The griffon, larger than the pony before him, managed to slather her whole rump with one upward stroke of his tongue. Gallus was surprised when he got more of a reaction from his belly than his cock at that moment, hunger really gripping him more-so then how hot this was. Scootaloo was in her own little world, moaning and gripping to the bed sheets in anticipation.

Gallus, after a third, noisy grumble from his stomach, decided to go a whole other direction. He licked across Scootaloo's butt once again, sampling the mare's offered flavors, and his taste buds sang its praises in response. The griffon reached down to the dangling limp hind legs of the pegasus and gently grasped them, lifting them up and back, butt cheeks pressing together in the process. Scootaloo let out a squeak of joy, her wings fluttering a bit.

“Oh, don’t stop, Gallus. Give it to me.” Scootaloo thought she was prepared for anything Gallus had in store. She was wrong. At first she thought nothing of the griffon licking slowly up her legs, across her cutie mark, under her dock. Even when her legs felt compressed, hot and wet, she laid there enjoying the moment. Only when she felt things grow unusually tight, and heard a small **glk**, did her eyes flutter open and she turned to see just what the griffon was up to. Gallus was drooling heavily from his beak, which was wrapped around her thighs and widening. Before Scootaloo could protest, Gallus gripped to the mare’s hips and shoved her butt straight into the hungry maw, beak compressing around her hips and the base of her tail! “G-Gallus?” Scootaloo stammered, any heat built-up dissipating in an instant as her rump was thrown into the sweltering confines of a griffon maw. Gallus responded with a moan of his own, his eyes glinting in a way Scootaloo had only ever seen from a predator sating its instinctive urges. She yelped when dragged further backwards, feeling her thighs get swallowed down and seeing her legs bulging out the feathered neck of her friend.

“Wh-what the hay?! S-stop! I-I’m not your after-work dinner!”

The griffon disagreed, holding what remained of Scootaloo in place with his strong, sharp talons, even pinning the little wings of the mare in place as he wrapped them firmly about her barrel. Gallus could hardly believe what he was doing. Moments ago he was all set to rut Scootaloo silly, but the overpowering hunger combined with the scintillating taste of pony drove him over the edge in a different way. Many thoughts flashed through his mind, from confusion to worry, to enjoyment and fulfillment, in an instant. And all the while he continued dining on the panicking pegasus, Gallus realizing he did not care that she was his friend, or that she was struggling for her life to not end up in the griffon’s gullet.

Gallus widened his beak once more, and Scootaloo grimaced at the lines of drool running from the roof of his mouth down to her cutie marks. Said marks vanished in an open-mouthed **GLRK**, rump squelched into the awaiting throat. Scootaloo let out a squeal when she felt her hooves dunked into a wet, slimy space that she could only assume was the predator’s belly. She confirmed glancing down, just beyond the bed, seeing Gallus’ stomach betray the bulges of her hinds as she wriggled them vainly. Gallus greedily fed more of the mare into his gob, Scootaloo’s grip to the bed sheets becoming desperate as she was jerked slowly backwards with every ensuing swallow. “N-no! Help! Somepony help! Th-this mad griffon’s eating me alive!” But being on the

top floor in a private bedroom proved fatal to the desperate pegasus, as no-one save for the present predator heard her pleas. She gasped, voice caught in her throat, when she saw wiggling talons reach into her vision. They clasped over her entire head and pushed back hard, forcing her midsection into the sticky maw and her belly down the throat. Her hinds bent over themselves in the belly as her butt plopped in, feathered gut ballooning a bit as a result. “Mmfff!!” Scootaloo shrieked against the muffling talons of the griffon, hot drool running down her shoulders and neck as the griffon tongue pressed up under her fore legs. Said legs beat pathetically against the bed in a meager form of protest, and Gallus showed no signs of letting her go. Scootaloo’s whines never reached beyond the bedroom, and her panic grew as she felt both parts of the beak clamp over her head. Her eyes widened as much as they could, seeing the bedroom framed by the drooling, pink insides of Gallus’ maw, and in an instant the beak snapped shut, cutting all but hooves from the outside world.

Gallus sat up, most of a mare bulging down his neck and stomach. His tongue protruded and lapped over the twitching orange forehooves playfully, before he opened his beak wide and chomped forward. Scootaloo’s muzzle poked just out of the throat, with her legs now completely devoured and sticking out ahead of her. Gallus’ tufted tail swished along the bedroom carpet when he tipped his head up and swallowed Scootaloo completely, the climatic **GLURK** ringing pleasantly to him. Scootaloo was driven down the gullet in a series of noisy wet squelching sensations, trapped in the pitch blackness of a griffon’s digestive system and folding neatly into the stomach below. Gallus loosed a feather-decorated belch when his belly swelled out with Scootaloo’s full form, the squirming bulges sagging outward and pressing down against his still-stiff cock. Gallus looked to his bed, saliva-coated feathers strewn about, and slithered up onto it. He flopped on his side, letting his belly sag outward, and immediately set to rubbing over it with a single talon. “Ahhh... Wow Scootaloo, glad you decided to stay in with me tonight. Not thinkin’ of work now, heheheh.”

“Mmff! Mffffff!!!!” the pony-shaped bulges in the griffon’s widened belly cried. Gallus, in response, pressed harshly into his gut, squeezing what little room there was for Scootaloo to struggle tightly. A soft burbling sound emanated, and Gallus shifted back to rubbing... talon guided further down his form as he did so. “You were pretty hot though. But what can I say? I was hungry.” That prospect, however, didn’t stop the griffon’s talon from gliding down to his twitching member. Gallus rolled his body to lay on his back, wings lazily sprawled out, his claw just able to reach his cock. His belly

sloshed into position with it sagging over his sides and down between his legs, allowing the griffon to press his erection against Scootaloo. The mare herself had no idea what was transpiring, her world sticky, squishy, and gurgling. She squealed and begged not to be digested into griffon fat, though Gallus' mind was on completely different subject matter at that point.

"Mmf... maybe regret skipping what you had in mind before dinner, but..." Gallus moaned, his belly wobbling with every jerk of his talon up and down his now-throbbing member. Scootaloo's struggles only aided Gallus' self-sating task, and it wasn't long before pre leaked down his member, slickening the shaft and making the deed all-the-easier to accomplish. Gallus entertained himself for a few more minutes, just pressing his throbbing cock against his bloated stomach at this point. A particularly strong gurgle roared from within, resulting in another muffled cry from his devoured pegasus prey, and a thick belch escaping from his jaws. A clump of orange fur, purple hair, and broken feathers splattered across Gallus' pillow, and the resulting quivering from his belly sent him over the edge. Gallus came, feeling wads of cum emit from under his claw and out the tip of his quivering dick. Splurt after splurt of griffon cum made a mess of his fat underbelly, dribbling down his own rump and balls and settling about his tail. Gallus pumped until there was no more seed to spill, and with a lazy grin on his face, the griffon was all set to doze off.

Scootaloo kept up with her whinging protests, even after she felt no more motions from the outside. Gallus lay limply in bed, claw still hovering near his softening member. The roiling sounds of digestion picked up not long after, and the struggles and cries from the pony within were soon overcome with the gurgling groans. Between the long work day and what occurred after, Gallus slept soundly and sans dreams for the entirety of the night. His large belly shrunk to some degree as it worked on digesting the now-unconscious Scootaloo, defined bulges shifting into a single congealed softness of blue fur. When morning arrived, Gallus yawned and idly squished his talon into the malleable mass of his tummy. He hadn't forgotten a thing from the previous night, as the dawn's light crept into the bedroom.

The dawn that he was supposed to witness standing at attention as a royal guard.

Gallus hiccuped and rolled out of bed woozily, belly sloshing wetly to and fro in the process. Late! "Maybe a little too relaxing, Scootaloo," he mumbled, though he couldn't

wipe the grin off his face. So what if he was late? He'd just had one of the better nights of his life and wasn't about to let this tiresome occupation wear him down! Gallus quickly bathed (it would be no good to have any evidence of his recent goings-on getting him fired) and suited up. He had to struggle somewhat to get some of his armor on, with his belly not being nearly so lithe as he was used to, but he managed. Once dressed, Gallus burst open the balcony doors, spread his wings, and took off for his post. *If I'm lucky they won't have missed me!* Gallus thought optimistically.

Luck wasn't on the griffon's side that morning, though. The mountains of menial labor he was punished with proved a good exercise to help chip away at Gallus' newfound girth, though it also put a dampener on his high spirits from last night's exploits. "Glad I had a filling meal at least," he'd say more than once as the griffon toiled through the day. Indeed, the griffon's equine meal helped him a lot, providing Gallus with endurance and strength he'd previously not known before (especially after a long night). Lunch hour couldn't come soon enough for him, though, as he looked forward more towards a respite than a meal.

When the fateful hour finally arrived, Gallus took off from his post – bulging belly straining against his armor – to find a nice café to relax at. Gallus landed on one of the many stone streets of Canterlot near the palace, and nearly pitched forward! His softly-churning belly sloshed along with his momentum, nearly making the griffon's beak meet the road, but he steadied himself in time. Gallus straightened his helmet and flicked his tail, hoping nopony saw that, and began to stroll towards a small café he'd grown to enjoy. He was all set to grab a table and chill when he spied another familiar pony, who he might've missed if not for the familiar green hue glowing about her horn, and the book she carried in front of her. Gallus trotted right in front of Sweetie Belle's path and cleared his throat authoritatively. Sweetie peeked over her book to see a large griffon blocking her path, sides sticking out from either end of his armor. "Yah!" Sweetie stumbled backwards, dropped her book, and fell to her rump, leaving Gallus to chuckle. "Gallus!"

"Heya Sweetie Belle," Gallus greeted, offering a talon to help her up. He wasn't a complete monster, after all! Sweetie took it, dusted off and snatched her book from the ground. "How goes the Canterlot vacation?"



Sweetie blew a tuft of mane out of her face and rolled her eyes. "Vacation? I *wish*. I'm stuck helping Rarity out all weekend while the others get to have fun. How about you?" Sweetie fought to suppress a little shiver when she heard her friend's belly grumble. She couldn't put a hoof on it, but something was different about her griffon pal, and his guard-like presence and more was putting her on edge.

"Ah you know. Royal guard stint's good and all but they really run you ragged." Gallus shrugged with a smile. He peered over the unnerved unicorn, starting to think very similarly to last night. Apparently one pony wasn't enough for the griffon, as his belly growled in time with a gurgle, and the fully-grown crusader was looking mighty tempting to eat... among other things. He looked around and leaned his head down near Sweetie. "Say, why don't we get outta here and find someplace quieter to be?"

"Quiet?" Sweetie squeaked, taking a step back. "Wh-what for?"

Gallus waved off her superstition. "Oh so we can chat and you can get some reading done away from all these nosy snooty unicorns is all. I happen to know of this spot in the library that's all soundproofed up so groups can study in peace. What do you say?" The griffon knew that he'd secured his prey from Sweetie Belle's body language alone. She seemed rooted to the spot and didn't seem inclined in any way to refuse his looming presence. The grin she put on Gallus could tell was forced.

"Ah sure, why not? I can tell you all about this new book I got." Gallus then strolled side by side with Sweetie Belle on the short trip to the library. Sweetie launched into what her fashion history book covered, and (not that she would tell Rarity) it ended up fairly interesting to the mare. Gallus noted every time her words faltered during her trip, seeing her eyes wander down his barrel towards his still-sagging stomach. If she was curious at all about what exactly Gallus had been eating of late, she kept it to herself. Gallus held the door to the library open and even bowed to Sweetie. The unicorn blushed at getting such a royal treatment, and her worries dissipated for a bit, tottering happily into the library.

Once inside, Gallus led her to the promised study area, and to a private room that cut out all the little library sounds from outside when the door was shut. Gallus sat in front of the door to prevent escape, and casually removed his helmet and flicked his head. "Ah, isn't this perfect? Out of the hot sun just in time for my lunch break."



"Mmhmm!" Sweetie, not looking at Gallus and settling her book on the table, agreed. Then she blinked and turned his way. "Lunch break? We didn't break anything in though."

"Ah, don't worry about that," Gallus grinned, running a talon over his plump stomach. "Thinking I'll just have what I had last night." His eyes betrayed his thoughts and the astute unicorn gasped. "Mmf, can't quite feel her squirming anymore..."

"G-Gallus!" Sweetie squeaked, making a sudden mad dash for the door. But Gallus, having planted himself strategically already, easily blocked her way. The mare ended up smushing against his engorged belly, and the griffon snapped a fore leg around to hold her there. Sweetie Belle's eyes widened as she was squished against armor and belly alike, it burbling quietly yet audibly to her. She looked up in time to see Gallus picking at his beak with a claw, removing a stray orange feather. He looked down, their eyes met, and he just licked his beak. "Y-you a-ate Scootaloo!"

"And she was rather scrumptious," he teased, petting over the shivering unicorn and keeping her housed against his gut. She cringed as he worked his claws through her fur, feeling she would get pierced any moment, but she remained unharmed. "Realized then just how delectable you ponies were. And here I am, able to enjoy seconds. Wanna see where you're going?" Sweetie fitfully shook her head, but that didn't stop Gallus from lowering down and spreading his beak wide, stealing a lick across her ear in the process. Quivering green eyes stared frightfully into the yawning pink gullet of the griffon, and nightmarish visions tore through her mind. Sweetie shrieked as loud as she could and tried wrestling away from the griffon. Gallus let her go, to give her a sense of hope, only to snag her by the tail and yank her up and hold her eye-to-eye. "Told ya' Sweetie. You're not going anywhere, but in *here*," he grinned, pointing at his beak.

"NO!" Sweetie squealed, squirming about in Gallus' grasp and swinging to and fro. Tears streaked down her face, and her terror seemed to only amuse Gallus, who giggled in her face and tossed her up. Sweetie's legs flailed about in her brief flight before she felt the predatory talon grip around her neck. Gallus didn't squeeze, but it was still quite a terrifying position to be in, held up near a hungry griffon's beak like that.

"Guess you get a front row seat, hm?" Gallus chuckled, his tail flicking amicably. "Get to see yourself get all swallowed up."

"D-don't..." Sweetie gasped, more hot tears forming as that mental picture formed in her head. "D-don't eat me...!" Gallus ignored the mare, simply spreading his beak nice and wide under her dangling form. With his free talon he weaved the pony's flailing tail around her hind legs to bind them in place, then closed his eyes as he guided hind hooves past his beak, across his tongue, and down his gullet in a quick slurp and gulp. Sweetie Belle was caught completely off guard, and suddenly she had two legs and a tail stuffed down a griffon's gullet. Gallus purred at the taste and the vibrations under-claw as Sweetie Belle squealed for her life, squirming back and forth with her rear end wriggling just above Gallus' beak. He stole a glance and drooled, Sweetie's taste quite different from Scootaloo's, but very enjoyable all the same. Sweetie heard one, two, three **GLRPs** as she began getting eaten alive, with her hips sinking into the maw then down the throat. She felt disgusted at the slimy squelching walls all pressing against her lower half, but she stared, terrified, at seeing her own bulges formulating down the feathered griffon neck. "S-Stop don't eat me don't eat me noooo!!!"

Those that cast the soundproofing spells over the study areas did an impeccable job. Screaming bloody murder didn't so much as cause a peep in the rest of the library, and Gallus couldn't be happier for it. He let go of Sweetie Belle's neck and tossed his head back, bird style, swallowing thickly and dragging more of the mare down. Sweetie shivered and whimpered feeling the griffon's tongue play about her stomach, then her chest, coating her fur with slimy slobber and appreciating her own taste. In a fit she tried casting some sort of spell, but the terrified unicorn couldn't conjure up much more than a harmless spark or two. She resorted to try beating and pushing against Gallus' head and face, but the hungry predator didn't seem to feel it. He brought a talon up and ran a claw delicately down and around Sweetie's chin, making her freeze in place for fear of being pricked. That gave Gallus his opportunity to put an end to the mare's pitiful protests, shoveling her forelegs down against her chest and gulping them down with ease. Sweetie snapped out of her fright when she felt, and saw, most of her body bulging down the griffon's neck and now stomach, forcing anguished cries from her.

Gallus knew his break didn't last all day, and he couldn't quite take his time with Sweetie like he did with Scootaloo (much as he wanted to), so he picked up the pace.

Sweetie Belle could hardly get out a raspy scream with most of her chest squished down the griffon's gullet, but her eyes bore all her feelings as they stared out the beak. The neck and more vanished from view as Gallus lowered his head, and treated the unicorn to the same view Scootaloo got the previous night: The last remnants of the outside world, surrounded by the drool-dripping edges of the beak. Sweetie's chin was planted on the back of the tongue, and she couldn't do any more than murmur out incomprehensible protests to not be devoured. Gallus, of course, ignored her. Snapping his beak shut with a clack, he gulped the rest of her down with a noisy **ULRK... GLURP!** and followed her horrified bulges down with a pressing claw. His gut sloshed outward and he ran both of his talons over the squirming mass of pony in his gut.

"Mmm mmm mmm! Glad I bumped into you Sweetie." Gallus bragged, squeezing his belly, shifting it about, even lifting it up to let it fall and smack against the study area floor. He stood up and a belch forced itself out, white fur decorating the table and Sweetie Belle's book. He heard muffled squeals from within, Sweetie's outlined bulges melding with whatever softness Scootaloo had left behind, making the griffon lick over his beak some more. "This is something I can definitely get into doing on the regular." He wiped his beak, donned his helmet, and left the study area, walking proudly through the library and getting out without incident. When he took flight he felt relief, as the weight of his meals didn't feel quite so extreme as it was when he was walking. "Guess that's all you ponies are to us after all, eh? Nothing but a quick meal."

From inside, Sweetie Belle was in tears. Squished up and contorted against herself, she had to endure not only the throes of digestion, with acids seeping into every part of fur and more they could find, but also the taunts and teasings from the griffon that ate her alive without much thought. Every sway of his stomach made her dizzy, and with it being half-compacted under the royal guard armor, she couldn't budge an inch! "Help... Hellllp!" she squealed, making her ears ring. From the outside, Gallus barely heard it over the sound of his own voice or the soft, churning gurgles within. He occasionally stroked the sides or bottom protrusions of his belly, both during his flight and we got a chance to when back at work. Fortunately for the stuffed griffon, most of his punishment was over, and he was back to doing normal guard duties. And for the rest of the day, Gallus got to mill about the palace, mostly alone, guarding some random corridor, which gave him and Sweetie Belle the alone time he'd come to enjoy. From squishing the digesting unicorn about to whispering taunts her way, Gallus'

“companion” made the rest of the day fly by without incident, and before he knew it it was time to go home for the night.

To Gallus’ surprise, he could still feel the devoured Sweetie Belle squirming about the next morning. He didn’t know if he was still working down Scootaloo on top of the new pony or what, but the barely-conscious mare managed to survive a night of digestion, though she was nearing her own end all the same. Gallus didn’t mind it whatsoever, even managing to make it to work on time, avoiding even harsher punishments. Sweetie Belle fought and struggled, long-since unable to speak or breathe cleanly, for several more hours of Gallus’ royal guard duties. It wasn’t until well-past lunch break (one that Gallus used to nap instead of eat, as he still felt full), did Sweetie stop struggling, and naught but the sounds of groaning churns emanated from the griffon’s gut.

Outside of quenching his thirst or snacking on some harmless fruit here and there, Gallus found himself not being too hungry for a few more days. By the time the middle of the following week rolled around, he’d sported a defined paunch of chubbiness around his belly, hips, and body overall, but Gallus carried it well. His royal guard armor was definitely more tight-fitting than before, and he was too new to ask for a re-fitting so soon as it is. So, Gallus endured the slight inconveniences of his newfound lust for predation, and found his job 100 times easier than before with his newfound physical prowess. That being said, his strength reserves were waning by the end of that day, and Gallus’ belly was starting to pine for a fresh meal once again. He knew regular food would prove adequate at best. He’d need to find a nice big pony to match or even surpass the meals he’d had before. He could pick off any old unicorn, but most of the citizens of Canterlot were a scrawny bunch, and just wouldn’t do. “Heh, already getting picky with your ponies Gallus,” he mentioned to himself, soaring the skies and scanning for an acceptable target.

Then, just as Gallus flew over the train station, he spotted the third of the Cutie Mark Crusaders disembarking. Apple Bloom was easily the most filled-out of the three now grown-up mares, her life on the farm and insatiable appetite rivaling her sisters doing wonders for her physique. The earth pony stood tall on a good day, though Gallus could tell this wasn’t one. Apple Bloom’s face bore one of concern, and she made her way into Canterlot proper without so much as a farewell to anyone that was on board the train with her. Ignoring whatever she might be feeling, Gallus simply licked his lips. The

largest of the three crusaders was the perfect meal of a mare to dine on, and he wasted no time flying after her.

It wasn't uncommon for a winged shadow to occasionally flit over one trotting about in Canterlot. Apple Bloom, as such, paid the looming shade no presence. Her mind was on her friends, besides, as she headed for the palace. She only stopped to note the ever-growing shadow when the large flapping wings made it bigger still, and for an instant Apple Bloom couldn't help feel like she was but a mouse being descended upon by a hungry hawk. She glanced up just in time to see sprawling turquoise wings contrasting against royal guard armor drop in on her. She barely got out a yelp when Gallus clasped around her middle and yanked her off her hooves, taking her into the sky.

"Gah! ...Gallus! What in Equestria are ya' doin'?"

"Hello to you too, Apple Bloom. Saw you heading to the palace so figured I'd give you a lift." Gallus replied, though he'd underestimated the mare's weight somewhat. He knew it was all for a good purpose (his lunch) but he kept his beak shut and concentrated on flying instead. He was impressed with his strength all the same: Even when Apple Bloom relaxed, knowing who'd just abducted her and his alleged purpose, the earth pony's burden was great. Still, Gallus showed little signs of exertion while hauling her up the mountain.

"Coulda warned a pony," Apple Bloom sighed. "But thanks. It's been a hectic week, on and off the farm."

"You did look pretty distracted down there," Gallus agreed. He took the opportunity to work the digits of his talons into Apple Bloom's barrel, feeling a good amount of resistance in the mare's lower body strength, but also plenty of tantalizing meat to feast on as well. Fighting off drool he said, "What're you needing the palace for?"

"It's Scootaloo, and Sweetie Belle." Apple Bloom's tail billowed behind with her legs hanging limp, the earth pony biting her lip in concern. "We were here a week ago and were s'pose'd to meet fer supper, you know? But they never show up and I haven't seen mane er tail of 'em since!" She looked up to Gallus, not taking note of his gradual change of flight plan. "You haven't run into 'em, have ya?"

"As a matter of fact," Gallus started, spying his place and shifting that way, "I did bump into 'em a few days ago." He dove to the secluded rooftop and landed swift enough, depositing Apple Bloom mostly-gently beside. He folded up his wings and rounded on the mare. "Can show you where they are now, actually."

"You can?" Apple Bloom's ears perked.

"Yep. Just let me..." Gallus stripped himself of his royal armor. He was done for the day and knew the upcoming meal would be best-enjoyed without their constraints. Apple Bloom couldn't help but stare at her long-time friend's newfound girth. With the armor removed, the recent additions to the large griffon's form was evident.

"Put on a little weight, haven't ya'?" she observed with a wry grin, though it faltered some when Gallus paced about her.

"Can say the same about you," he practically drooled. Apple Bloom's backside in particular, nurtured by years of applebucking, sported a taut, yet soft rear end, cutie marks proudly displayed on either hip. Gallus parked himself in front of Apple Bloom and licked his beak some. "Now about your friends..."

Apple Bloom felt that mouse-like feeling again, and flicked her tail. "Gallus, where are they?" Gallus answered by merely leaning forward and yawning widely in front of the earth pony, showcasing his wide open maw to her. He clacked the beak next to her ear, making Apple Bloom flinch, while rubbing up against his own soft underbelly.

"Right here," he crowed, stomach grumbling at just the moment. "And you hear that? It's high time you joined them, I think."

"Wh-wha? You **ate them**?!" Gallus reached for the mare with greedy talons, knowing Apple Bloom had nowhere to run or hide and thinking she'd be an easy meal. Though the earth pony reared on the spot and aimed a kick right for Gallus' chest with her hinds. Gallus was caught completely off guard by the sudden blow, and those legs were built to kick! He stumbled back and was winded from the blow, though managed to stay on all fours. "S-spit them out!" Apple Bloom commanded, though she knew it was pointless to ask. Gallus had grown but his belly wasn't currently that big.

They were clearly gone.

“Don’t think so,” Gallus said, his confidence returning. He stood proud, puffed out his chest, and flared his wings. “You won’t land another hit, Apple Bloom. Strong as you are, you’re still just a pony to me.” Apple Bloom, enraged by the comment and the fate of her friends, charged straight for Gallus once more, all set to land another blow. Gallus simply flapped his powerful wings and bounced upward, letting the mare speed below, but before she could clear him he snagged her tail with his claws and yanked hard. Apple Bloom yelped and slipped forward, chin smashing the roof and rump hoisted skyward. Dazed, she couldn’t stop the dominating griffon from settling next to her and running his greedy talons about her form. “Told you. Princess Twilight’s royal guard training does wonders.” He ran his claws through Apple Bloom’s fur, up around her middle and down to her butt, cupping each cheek and squishing them together. “Your friends were delicious, but I have a feeling you’ll be the cream of the crop, Apple Bloom.”

“S-stop it,” Apple Bloom demanded, though her eyes still swirled from the hit to the roof. Her chin throbbed in particular, though most feelings were trumped by that of a hot wet griffon tongue slurping up from her tail to in between her shoulders. She suddenly found herself flipped, her saliva-coated back now pressed to the roof and her four legs upward, with Gallus straddling her prone body. She looked down at his soft, plump stomach, which vibrated from its latest grumble. Gallus moved to lay down on top of her, but Apple Bloom thrust her legs up to try and stop the large griffon from completely incapacitating her. Gallus did have to push his way down, Apple Bloom’s strength easily outpacing the other two ponies he’d already devoured, but at the end of the day, as he told Apple Bloom: He was the griffon, and she was the pony.

Apple Bloom’s legs were shaking from the effort of keeping the griffon held up off her. Gallus, his tail swishing merrily behind him, knew that dinner was served. “Struggle all you want, Apple Bloom,” he bragged, drool dribbling from his beak down to the earth pony’s face. “Nothing you can do to get between a hungry griffon and his tasty-looking pony meal.”

“Urgh... N-no!” Apple Bloom defied through clenched teeth. Her eyes widened, however, when Gallus’ maw stretched wide open above her own head. He didn’t lower it, instead letting his body gradually sink downward as Apple Bloom’s strength failed



her. “No Gallus, please... p-please!” Her legs started to buckle, drawing the dripping, mouth closer. Apple Bloom’s pupils shrunk to pinpricks when the edges of that beak swept around her muzzle. “Don’t... eat... m-meee!” The mare’s squeal intensified when her legs collapsed, folding up under the soft griffon fur and feathered coat, squishing into the soft remains of her friends. Gallus’ beak sunk down over the earth pony’s muzzle, then widened further to devour the entirety of Apple Bloom’s head, mane and bow included. “Mhhprhrpphh!!!” Gallus suckled against a well-earned meal, hard-won after that resistance, and enjoyed reveling in the perspiration-enhanced flavors the apple pony sported. Apple Bloom’s face was slathered over by an eager tongue, and she couldn’t so much as budge a limb in defiance, as Gallus began to eat her alive.

Gallus sank his head downward, beak slurping down to her neck and shoulders, before clamping tight. Apple Bloom’s ears, pressed to her skull, nevertheless rang as he took his first powerful swallow. The thick **ULRK** terrified her as her world became black, wet, and squelching. Gallus lifted his head up at that point, slowly dragging the mare’s body out from under him. Apple Bloom’s head vaguely outlined the feathers of his neck, sinking as he swallowed a second time. He brought his claws up to either side of the pony, trapping her forelegs with a firm grip and feeding her up into his hungry beak, which worked open and closed about her delectable form. Apple Bloom’s legs visibly strained against the strong griffon’s tight hold, but it was futile, and she didn’t feel them let go until her chest and forelegs were well-secured in the predator’s jaws. Gallus sank his talons further down to Apple Bloom’s belly. Though the mare had a healthy lifestyle, that didn’t stop her nigh-insatiable appetite from giving her a paunch of a belly for the griffon to enjoy.

Apple Bloom whined and cringed with every swallow and throat twitch, every action working in concert to swallow her deeper. She felt cool Canterlot air against her back, with her butt now sat against the top of the roof. Her hinds and tail remained stuck under Gallus’ chest (which, to her horror, she felt *through* his neck and throat whenever she tried to squirm). Gallus was beside himself in delight, enjoying a hard-earned meal after a long day of royal guard duties, and taking his time with the last of the Cutie Mark Crusaders. Apple Bloom clenched her eyes shut when her muzzle pressed to Gallus’ stomach sphincter, before a rather strong **GULP** forced her through, to slide across the floor of the stomach, where tingling acids awaited her. The resulting muffled cry was music to the dining griffon, who murmured pleasantly around his dinner.

Fresh drool never stopped pouring out around Gallus' beak, sluicing through Apple Bloom's fur. Lowering his grip further still, to the mare's legs and tail, he felt them try to twitch and protest, but it, like most of Apple Bloom's actions after her first lucky blow, accomplished nothing. Gallus pointed his head upward and ripped the rest of Apple Bloom out from under him, letting the mare's round, soft rear end, now-swishing red tail, and strong legs kick freely about in the sky. Gallus ate Apple Bloom akin to his more avian nature, talons rested on the ground in a relaxed pose, body resting on its side lion-style, tossing his head back and opening his beak in time to swallow the thickest part of his prey down a bit at a time. With every little gulp he took, the griffon's belly started to bulge out more with the terrified earth pony.

Apple Bloom's head was now pressed to the back of the stomach, and whatever else came after had to contort to fit in the tight, hot stomach. Neither that nor her compressed middle stopped Apple Bloom from kicking for her life, her cheeks jostling about the beak and maw of the griffon as she desperately fought to not get devoured. Gallus just kept at it, though, tossing his head, swallowing a bit more, watching the last of the pony seep into his jaws. The beak clamped down around the remains of Apple Bloom's butt, the crevice squished and cheeks poking out the sides some before they too were enveloped within. He dragged his tongue up against the plush rump and enjoyed every instance of their taste. Apple Bloom's legs had much less room to kick, but they never stopped, stuck straight out and getting coated with drizzling slobber. Her flailing tail managed to wrap itself around her right hind in her wild antics, nullifying one of her last forms of resistance. Gallus slithered his tongue up between the mare's legs and pushed back hard, ignoring all but his meal. He **GULK**'d loudly, and his neck swelled to compensate for the size of the farmpony's backside. Her legs and tail were pressed together in short order, slurping swallows taking care of the last of Apple Bloom. From thighs to knees to ankles to hooves, Gallus slowly devoured her. Apple Bloom let out a particularly loud cry when she felt his tongue slide across her frogs, the beak clamping shut around its meal and sampling her flavors one last time.

"Mmff! Mmmmfff!!!"

**GLUUORK!** Gallus' head remained posed upward, the bulging earth pony rump and legs visibly sliding down his neck and swelling out his protruding stomach. He loudly slurped his lips and rudely belched, scattering saliva and yellow fur across the roof. "Yep. Tastiest of the three," Gallus noted, smiling cruelly down at his bulging stomach that

betrayed the devoured mare's protests. He settled a claw over top the muffled-crying mass of eaten pony and pressed into it, tufted tail flitting about without a care in the world. "You've been struggling an awful lot, Apple Bloom. Better save your strength, cuz it's only gonna get worse." Those words tore into Apple Bloom, them reverberating about her tight, squelching prison of flesh, though they bought little reprieve from the horrifying groans and churns that were starting to build up around her whole body.

"No... No Gallus, please! Please! I'm beggin' ya, *please!*" Apple Bloom had no idea if she could even be heard. Things were silent for a moment (saved the continued build-up of the griffon's digestive system), then she was suddenly sloshed and swayed and squished all about. Gallus had finally stood, stretching with his lower half down and back half up. His pony-filled gut sagged outward and dangled downward, groaning and showcasing more struggles from within from the dizzy mare. He clapped his beak, gathered his armor, and lazily wandered down to his place. "Mmff mmfff!" he heard again once inside, unable to understand a word but not caring.

"Think a good night's rest is what I need about now. Goodbye, Apple Bloom. You were just the thing I needed after a long day of royal guard duty!" He snickered and sauntered into his bedroom, sighing satisfyingly as he crawled into the mattress to sleep his pony meal off. Apple Bloom cried out again and again, stopping only when her world went topsy-turvy again as Gallus rolled into bed, laying on back a moment. Apple Bloom struggled upside-down for some time, more digestive juices filling the already-compact stomach and walls massaging into her, when she was taken for a ride again. Gallus had had no trouble at all falling right to sleep – even though it was still daylight out – and had rolled about in his slumber. Apple Bloom realized immediately that the griffon had rolled onto his stomach, the floor pressing almost too-hard against her now.

"Help... help me somepony!" she cried in vain. Gallus laid on his stomach, with it squishing out to his sides and between his hindlegs to compensate for the lack of space. The mattress groaned from all the weight but maintained, and the room filled with loud, roiling gurgles and groans. Apple Bloom couldn't take the small space, tight compression, and now-flooded sticky stomach fluids bombarding her from every turn. Gallus slowly rocked side to side in his sleep, as if grinding Apple Bloom against his mattress, though he was fast asleep all the while. Apple Bloom, despite being the strongest of the three crusaders, was the first to pass out due to her rather harsh treatment. That, in conjunction with the griffon's body becoming very acclimated to

digesting meals suited for a predator, allowed Gallus to digest Apple Bloom through a rather long, relaxing night of dreamless sleep.

The hours of the night ran their course once the sun set, and the sun was just peeking over the horizon thanks to the Princess' efforts the next morning, when a rather powerful churning gurgle from the griffon's stomach stirred Gallus. He rose wearily and yawned wide, his empty maw betraying no signs of last night's meal, save a stray bit of fur here and there. Still on his belly, he turned to look at himself, and swayed his tail some at seeing Apple Bloom having been digested down to a sizable bulk of softness that the griffon could easily carry. "You crusaders really were a nice way to kick off my new diet," Gallus said through another lazy yawn as he ran a claw over his belly and pinched at it some. His eye caught the sun, and he groaned. Late again.

Unlike last time, however, Gallus took his time getting up and ready. Lots of stretching, bathing, making sure his armor still fit (it did with a bit of fighting) precluded his exit for his duties. "One thing's for sure," Gallus chuckled as he leapt from his balcony and soared for the palace, his mostly-constrained belly bulging out past his armor in every direction. "A pony's definitely enough to keep me going no matter how much work the royal guard throws my way!" Gallus did an aerial loop, compacted belly letting out a groan and making the griffon belch. He licked his lips, straightened his helmet, and resumed his journey to the palace, ready for the day.