

There was nary a sound from the wide-open farmland out on the countryside, save for the steady *thump-thump-thumps* of a booted purple yoshi joggling her way along. Melonball had her head lowered and arms perched in a neutral pose, not unlike a T-Rex. She made her way along as quietly as she could, plump white belly swaying to and fro with a thick tail doing the same for balance, following her nose out of a forest, over a fence and along tall, well-kept grassland. She had smelt something rather delicious inside this sprawling farmland, and with the stars and moonlight giving her plenty to see, the yoshi figured she could grab a nice late post-dinner meal or two. Granted, this strange land wasn't too familiar to Melonball, but farms almost always had pitiful, unprotected livestock ripe for the eating! And Melonball, large as she was for your typical yoshi, often wanted someone squirming and tasty to sate her nigh-bottomless appetite. Surely this kind of farmland wasn't too different from the ones back home, right? After all, the tantalizing aroma of something avian got her tummy rumbling in eagerness, and her nose never steered her wrong before.

Melonball knew better than to go anywhere near anything that looked like a home, since the last thing she wanted to do was alert the owners to her presence. (Not that they, depending on species, didn't make a good meal; she just wanted to get in and out on this particular night, and dumb livestock fit the bill for that far better than anyone intelligent.) For a while she never came across any sort of structure. In fact, this strange land apparently featured giant-sized farms, as she'd been chugging along for a while now and still hadn't caught sight of anything. But the smell she was tracking grew stronger as she thumped along, so the yoshi continued. The fat yoshi wasn't the greatest marathon runner, starting to huff and puff as she went along, and thus the perspiring Melonball was happy to see what was a small hen house peeking from afar. She gratefully slowed as she drew nearer... and grew more perplexed as she did so: The hen house seemed to grow and grow the closer she got! And by the time she made her way through what she thought was a very high fence for hens, the structure practically towered before her! "What the..." the hungry yoshi whispered. Still, the scent was strongest there, and her belly offered a quiet grumble of anticipation to usher her on. Melonball lowered herself as far as she could go, belly scraping the ground, and slowly waddled her way to an entrance that stood at least 20 feet tall. The closer she got, the more apprehensive she grew.

Those feelings proved justified when Melonball ascended the gradual ramp up into the house and saw what was inside. She gasped at what she witnessed: The creatures

within were *not* hens or roosters or any kind of farm animal she was familiar with. Instead there were two rows of brightly colored, super large hen-like creatures! Some were her size but most were larger, all of them nestled into their beds, wings folded, heads poised with closed eyes. Little did the yoshi know she'd stumbled upon a collection of hen-*griffins*. Though she didn't know a thing about these creatures, one thing was omnipresent in Melonball's mind whenever she went out to eat: The large at the small. While she was certain she could make a veritable feast out of just one of these creatures, it would take some time, and it was just as likely – if not more – that one would make a meal out of her instead!

Melonball slowly backed down the ramp and got her boots back on solid ground. "Time to go," she breathed, then stood bolt upright when a sudden noise pierced the silence of the evening! It was the sound of a... tinkling bell? That was all it took for Melonball to flee, the yoshi turning tail and going as fast as her stubby legs could carry her. She managed a leap over the fence and landed hard on paws and knees. In the time it took to pick herself up, that ding-a-ling sounded out again... closer this time. Accompanying the sounds were occasional, soft-but-growing, steps of some kind. Gradual stomps of something rather heavy, and obviously approaching her. "Gah!" Melonball hefted herself up and resumed her run, back towards the forest in which she emerged, their trees distinct on the horizon thanks to the general flatness of the farmland. Melonball felt her heart thudding in her chest as she ran as quick as she could, ignoring any pretense of stealth in the process: It was clear that something had detected an intruder, and given the size of those too-big hen-like things, Melonball did not want to tango with whatever it was!

She ran and ran, sweating and panting, legs burning, but getting closer to the outer perimeter fencing and safety. At least, that's what Melonball kept telling herself! As she flew across the farmland the distant thudding stomps and tinkling of the bell never grew fainter. She glanced behind herself while running but couldn't see a thing. "Least I'm keeping my distance!" the yoshi gulped, turning back and putting all her energies in escaping. Farms were definitely off the menu in this land! She'd have to cope with something smaller and easier, but that was something to worry about later. Melonball hauled her way up to the outer fence, legs on fire. She ignored her fatigue and pushed off the ground, stubby legs managing another jump! The yoshi almost cleared the fencing but a boot caught the top post, Melonball yelping when she belly-flopped onto the ground beyond. Ignoring the shock and trying to catch her breath the yoshi picked

herself up and scrambled up to a rather large tree, leaning her forehead and paws against it while being forced to stop and catch her breath.

“Made... It...” Her heaving breathing and stinging belly from the fall distracted the yoshi from what had been a consisting jingling through the perceived chase. When her heart and body calmed, however, she noticed it once more. Along with the thundering steps.

*Jing-a-ling... Stomp stomp **stomp STOMP!** ...**CRASH!*** A sudden violent quake through the earth made Melonball lose her footing, crumpling against the tree and laying prone on her back, white belly wobbling to a slow stop. Melonball shook her head to clear her vision, just as the jingling sounded again, and what moonlight shined on her was blotted out. The yoshi looked up and gasped softly as an enormous talon crammed into the dirt not two feet to her left. Another to her right. Melonball’s lower lip quivered as a Valician hen-griffin far larger than those in the hen house loomed over her. The giant pink avian pushed 15 feet, easily thrice the fat yoshi’s size or more, and stood wider than any yoshi could hope to achieve. The oversized hen-griffin called Rasha flicked her tail feathers for balance, having just leapt the fence in pursuit, and ruffled her wings. Melonball quivered under the sharp, intelligent gaze of the creature, not feeling welcome at all by the feathered-heart on her crest, though the ringing bell finally made sense: Rasha’s neck was adorned with a massive blue thing wrapped around her neck with a bow in the back, a round bell dangling from the front. The hen-griffin leered down at the trembling chubby yoshi, with a soft smile playing about her beak. Rasha had found the would-be farm thief, who would no longer pose a threat to anyone.

“H-hey t-th-there,” Melonball stammered, the oppressively-large avian belly too close for comfort for the comparatively-small yoshi. “I w-was just lost and th-thought I could find some... help?” The squeak in her voice betrayed her fear, and it was clear Rasha wasn’t buying the pathetic excuse. Instead, the huge bird leaned down and pressed her beak right against the soft yoshi, compressing her chest and belly to the point where Melonball could hardly breathe. Melonball flinched when Rasha took one, two, three powerful sniffs of the pinned yoshi... Before licking her beak with a thick pink triangular tongue. Melonball let out a panicked noise and struggled under the pressing beak, but that didn’t stop Rasha from drawing her emerged tongue along the entire exposed purple yoshi. Rasha tasted Melonball from the tip of her tail, up a squishy belly, and along her face. Melonball moaned and brushed off gobs of loosened drool, though most clung to her, slimy and warm and inescapable. “Y-you don’t wanna eat me,

honest!” Melonball tried as she thrust her paws up against the beak. Unfortunately she caught a glimpse inside the hen-griffin’s mouth, and the yoshi was sure her entire pudgy form could fit in there if Rasha tried! Melonball didn’t want to stick around and find out, though. Rasha lifted her head a couple feet above Melonball and surveyed the thief, her flavors making the big avian belly grumble loud enough to echo out behind her across the farmland.

### **Grrrrrrwrlwlln...**

Melonball looked to her sides, but the small tree trunk-sized legs had her pinned in place. She slowly sat up, back to the tree, apparently pinned! “N-no...” she whimpered, flinching when a string of drool dribbled down from the hungry hen-griffin’s beak. Only then did Melonball notice one possible avenue of escape: Right between Rasha’s legs! The giant hen-griffin’s stance gave the yoshi plenty of room, and it was the yoshi’s only shot. Melonball glanced up into the hungry Rasha’s eyes a moment, then dove forward! She managed to get on her belly and started scrambling like mad with her arms and legs to get past the bulk of the feathered farm guardian. She made it as far as the edge of the tail when she heard that damn bell. On instinct, the sprawled yoshi looked up to see the mass of white-feathered bird belly and butt sink down towards her! Rasha’s legs bent as she easily settled down onto the yoshi, Melonball letting out a scream that was quickly muffled when getting lost in a sea of feathers and flesh. The yoshi was crushed against the ground, with Rasha’s body molding around her and holding her tight in place. Rasha flicked her tail feathers some, most of her rear visible and the rest settled neatly on the yoshi’s head. Melonball gasped for breath, head forced sideways with cheeks smushed between feathers and ground. Her belly was spread as far as it could, mashed and stuck beneath the far-larger Valician hen-griffin belly. Only her tail and lower legs stuck out from under the seated Rasha’s chest, just under that large heart. Rasha glanced down to see those boots unable to move, though the plump tail managed to sway side to side in a pathetic effort to escape. Melonball let out another scream of panic. “N-no, let me go!” The purple tail flailed about like a worm sticking out of the ground. Rasha grinned and licked at her beak again, and lowered her head towards it.

Melonball wasn’t sure how long she was stuck under the hen-griffin. Although it was less than a minute, every gasping breath she took made it feel like several. She snapped back to reality when she felt something hard clasp down on her flailing yoshi tail. It

could only be one thing. “N-nooooo!” the yoshi wailed, even as the pressure from above suddenly fled as Rasha lifted herself up. Melonball dug her paws into the ground, making lines as she was easily dragged backward, her heavy-set stature meaning nothing to Rasha. The hen-griffin stood up, bringing a whimpering, yammering yoshi along for the ride! Melonball dangled by the tail, the tip bursting in pain with it clasped not-gently in the slavering bird beak. Her pudgy form, legs and arms and belly and head, dangled towards earth, swiveling when Melonball tried landing ineffectual punches against the giant avian. “Let me go let me gooo! I’ll never come back to the farm again!” But it was clear what was on Rasha’s mind, Melonball feeling hot slimy drool roll from the beak down her body in rivulets. She continued writhing in the air, but the grip on her tail was absolute. The drool made its way down the tail, over the yoshi butt and underbelly, and gradually made its way to drip past Melonball’s head to the ground. Rasha shuffled her head about some, making the bell ring and making Melonball cry out in dismay.

“Y-y-you can put me to work on the farm! Anything! J-just... D-don’t eat meeee!!!”

But that was the way Rasha always dealt with intruders to the farm. Melonball would be no exception. Rasha lowered her head a fraction, raising her rump in the air for counterbalance. Melonball reached for the ground in vain, but it was still feet away. Then her heart leapt to her throat when Rasha casually tossed the heavy yoshi up like a pelican does a fish. Melonball managed a half-rotation through the air, squealing as she went, before head and chest were lapped up into a gaping hen-griffin beak, muffling those protests. “Mmmmp!” Her arms were completely caught up in the confines of the maw as the tongue plastered across her head and face several times over. Rasha jerked her head up and snapped her beak open and closed, trapping the yoshi up to her belly. The beak crunched down harshly against the softest part of the doughy yoshi, squashing the belly to its extent, Melonball feeling the harshness of it against her scales. She wailed and kicked her exposed legs and flagged her fat tail and rear for her life.

Rasha lifted her head up, carrying the yoshi treat along with her with complete ease. Melonball’s belly wobbled with every kick and tail-flag she tried, tail sticking upright and flailing with all the might she could muster. The wide Yoshi butt was presented to the treetops, no-one around to save the would-be thief from her punishment. Rasha scrunched down around the fattened yoshi some more, Melonball having to fight that

alongside the oodles of slobber raining down over her body, just to take a breath. The massive beak opened again and took in the rest of that flabby stomach, leaving nothing protruding but a set of stubby yoshi legs and yoshi butt... and Melonball had barely reached the edge of the tongue. She could just make out the back of that gullet, pulsating to the rhythm of breath, wide and slimy, and eager to swallow Melonball down. "Don't eat me let me ooout!" she bellowed, voice pitched high, whole body trembling. Her stomach sprawled inside the giant hen-griffin mouth, fitting snugly within. The terrified yoshi's thought rang true: Her whole heavyset form was fitting right in the beak, and Rasha would be able to swallow her down in one gulp.

The yoshi so used to preying on others, found herself being nothing more than a bite-sized snack.

Rasha didn't dawdle. Her own stomach was aching for this tantalizing, fruity-tasting yoshi meal, and she was growing tired to boot. Though she gave a couple more minutes to herself to let the fat yoshi's form sprawl across her pleased tongue, Rasha made her mind up and slithered it out beyond the tasty belly squished into her beak. She scrunched her beak down around the flabby yoshi body once more, the plump white yoshi scales scrunching and folding together in the process, before the tongue became visible. It quickly cupped up against Melonball's chubby rear, and worked to lap the rest of Melonball in. She widened her beak to fit the kicking legs and flagging tail inward, giving the yoshi one last chance to squeal in terror. In the moonlight the saliva playing all about Melonball glistened, her squished-up body fully-visible in the maw. Her cheek was pressed to the back of the hen-griffin throat, leaving her able to see past her bloated body and the outside world for the last time. Her legs were shoveled to either side of the mouth, forcing a spread-eagle pose. Melonball's tail mashed to the roof of the mouth above her back. The yoshi's presented rear end glistened in drool against the moonlight, as Melonball saw the beak closing. Her scream cut off when Rasha clamped her beak shut, cheeks bulging with her squirming midnight snack. "Hmmp, mmph!!!"

Rasha ran her tongue along the exposed yoshi backside within, then casually tipped her head back. Melonball's screams echoed only to herself when going over the edge into the tight gullet. **GLRRRK!** Rasha swallowed the fat yoshi whole, muffled whines following the curvy bulges down the feathered neck and chest slowly. The bell sounded out Melonball's demise when the collar stretched, leaving plenty of room for the thick bulges to expand and recede downward. Inside the gullet Melonball squealed with eyes

clenched shut as the throat muscles worked her down towards a noisy belly. Rasha sighed contently and licked her beak, fluffing wings and tail and feeling quite satisfied at another job well done.

Melonball's bulges vanished once passing the heart of the crest, the yoshi compressed too-tightly against the entrance to the belly. But despite her wishes for the journey to end there, the yoshi was forced inward, **sloshing** right into the belly and given precious little room to move, despite the hen-griffin's size. Acids splashed across her whole fat form as her bulge re-emerged, a somewhat-sizable dent dangling from Rasha's underbelly, though nothing to write home about. Rasha turned to head back into the farm. Now that the chase was over, she simply stepped over the fencing (which was there to keep things other than her – one plenty loyal to the farm owners – inside). Melonball was sent back and forth in the stomach, fluids crashing like waves over her whining plump body. She felt tightness when the top fence post squeezed up against Rasha's underbelly, the hen-griffin not minding one bit. When Rasha cleared the fence her belly expanded to normal size, uttering out a **gurrngle** that made the yoshi within squeal. Melonball felt the walls vibrate, then compress all around her as a rush of air left the stomach.

**"Gwark!"** Rasha let out a very avian belch, a smiling beak widened with saliva fluttering everywhere. A loud, definitive **glrrrrrk** roared from her belly when she started her walk home. The hen-griffin paid no heed to the struggles and protests nestled between her legs and protruding some from her belly. The stomach fluids sloshed over and about the trapped devoured yoshi, whose cries could hardly overpower the mighty churns roaring out. The midnight stroll Rasha took was a contented one, detecting no other intruders upon the farm, and the would-be thief starting to digest away in her belly. Despite not running and taking things slow, she found herself back at her no test in what felt like no time at all. **GLURRRRN... CHRGLE**. Rasha settled down atop her own cozy nest for the evening, the rumbling belly squirming about beneath her all the while. She wiggled her rear and tail feathers when she settled in, and Melonball felt the world collapse in on her. Rasha chirped sleepily and ran her tongue over her beak when her stomach softly squashed down around her legs and along the floor of the nest, protruding just under her heart-shaped mark and her feathered rump. Melonball, formerly able to struggle somewhat, was now stuck tight and barely able to breathe. The incredibly-tight stomach walls held her firmly in place, every scale brushed against the slimy, pulsating interior. She whined weakly, even when burbling stomach fluids

washed over her entire body leaving little more than her snout poking above the surface. Rasha yawned wildly at that moment, and something inconsequential rushed up her gullet. Keeping her beak extended, she went “**Glark!**” and a half-digested pair of yoshi boots tumbled out of the nest and out of sight. Smacking her beak at the remnants of yoshi flavor, Rasha closed her eyes and folded her neck down against her body, posed for sleep. Melonball, too, fell unconscious a few minutes later, but for entirely different reasons!

Rasha snoozed her meal away over the course of the evening, **BLURTs** and **SQURRGLEs** ringing out and softening what protruding bulges Melonball caused into insignificant amounts of avian feathered fat, not a trace of the yoshi left behind. By the next day, Rasha had completely forgotten about who Melonball was or how she tasted. Just that she’d had a delightful snack in the middle of the night, and felt pride at defending the farm from the intruder. There was nothing visible left on her body, even when standing and ambling about, wings and tail feathers stretching and large form waddling around. Perhaps there was a little extra weight and protein in the giant eggs she’d lay later that day. But in the end, Melonball was nothing more than a little snack for the larger-than-life Rasha.