

## **A Blueberry Mountain:**

By: IndigoRho

Indigo tightly clinched his still closed eyelids, not ready to wake. The bright glow of sunlight and noise from persistent bird songs made going back to sleep an impossible task, though. Not to mention the strange, slight ache in his back. The dark blue cheetah grumbled faintly as he shifted a bit on the couch he'd fallen asleep on the night before, feeling his massive exposed belly pour in between the cracks of the sofa cushions. His eyes immediately flew open. Indigo struggled momentarily as he tried to lean up on his elbows, unused to the excessive weight on his frame. When he'd passed out the previous night, he'd weighed a little over two hundred pounds; now he was well over three hundred.

The initial shock of his sudden change in size faded into an ecstatic grin. It worked. It really worked! Indigo had always had a fondness for fat, and the cheetah had spent years attempting to build himself up to an ideal size. While the cheetah's dedication had led to him doubling in weight—having initially started at a measly hundred pounds—his hearty metabolism had proven to be a roadblock and constant nemesis. Even obtaining a like-minded feeder boyfriend hadn't been enough to conquer his apparent weight ceiling, leaving Indigo frustrated, his dream seemingly forever out of reach. That frustration was what prompted him to respond to an ad asking for volunteers for the trial-run of a revolutionary weight-loss invention from Glacier Technologies, one that could allegedly transfer the potential gains from one individual remotely to another. Of course he had signed up to take on another's weight.

One thorough screening process and a few dozen signatures later Indigo was approved to be one of the lucky testers. Getting the device implanted was surprisingly painless, and he'd eagerly made a celebratory buffet run with his boyfriend while the company's technicians installed special receivers in their apartment. That was yesterday. Indigo was still stunned, looking over the incredible changes to his body with an indescribable sense of joy. The tank-top he'd fallen asleep in was bunched up around his new moobs and ripped, while his pants and boxers hadn't fared much better. He gripped the sides of his belly with both paws and gently squeezed, feeling the wonderfully soft flab warp beneath his fingers, the smile on his face growing wider and wider. A simple experience, but one he'd worried he'd never be able to have.

With glee Indigo released his paws and gave his gut a hard slap, watching a solid ripple travel across its surface. He couldn't help but repeat the act a few more times, testing multiple approaches and speeds, mesmerized by the joyful effect. Though he likely could have distracted himself for hours with nothing but his rounder middle, a tearing sound abruptly brought him out of his stupor. The cheetah looked down curiously at his devastated pants, parts of which had still managed to hang on despite so many seams coming undone, only to witness first hand a new tear appear. He was still getting fatter.

Indigo hefted himself up off the couch, shaking away the remains of his clothing and pressing his paws to his belly once more. All it took was a few seconds of waiting to feel the skin under his paws stretch. The idea of being even bigger was tempting, very tempting, but Indigo was becoming concerned about when the gains would stop. As if on cue, his middle gurgled and groaned, and suddenly the cheetah's expansion went from subtle to impossible to miss. He could actually see his gut, arms, thighs, even his fingers growing fatter. His fantasy was quickly threatening to turn into a nightmare.

On the verge of outright panic, Indigo knew he needed to call the company support number and get his device deactivated right away if he wanted to remain mobile. He looked back towards the empty couch and scanned the nearby tables and TV stand, his phone nowhere to be seen. Then he remembered; before wandering into the living room to enjoy some video games and a food coma the night before, he'd left his phone besides the bed to recharge. Indigo attempted a mad dash to his room, nearly tripping over himself as he was forced to adjust to his dramatically increased weight impossibly fast. The cheetah's blubbery belly swayed back and forth as he speed waddled towards salvation, his

pace slowing with every heavier step.

Indigo was already over four hundred pounds by the time he passed the couch, and bordering on five hundred when he huffed into the narrow hallway that led to his room. He and his boyfriend had often joked about him eventually getting too fat to pass through the hall, with Indigo once going as far as to stuff the couch cushions under an oversized shirt to “test” the idea. Back then the scenario had been fairly amusing and exceptionally arousing. The reality threw dread into the mix. His lovehandles began brushing into the walls of the hallway barely a foot into the journey, then scraping, then dragging. Indigo went from waddling to shuffling, and was soon forced to shift sideways just to make any progress whatsoever, his ever-growing belly pressing more and more into the wall.

The terrible thought of being trapped in the small hallway proved to be good encouragement, and Indigo allowed himself a brief sigh of relief as he passed through the thankfully open doorway to his bedroom. At least he attempted to. Indigo's continuously swelling hips and butt became wedged in the frame the moment he entered, one arm in the room while the other was stuck in the hallway behind. He grunted and lurched with all his might, but his efforts proved futile and each wasted second only made the predicament worse. While the cheetah struggled, a green and white eastern dragon sat on the bed, rather confused. Rai had only just woken up himself, but the sight of his boyfriend filling up the doorway was enough to make him question if he were still dreaming. Of course, the cheetah was rarely this small in the dragon's dreams.

Indigo finally noticed Rai ogling him and gave him a worried glare. “C'mon man, pull me in before I get too fat!”

Rai dutifully complied, sliding off the bed and grabbing a hold of Indigo's wonderfully pudgy arm. Pulling as hard as he could, the extra bit of force turned out to be just enough to dislodge the blubbery cheetah. Indigo stumbled into the room and fell onto his massive belly with a loud *Fwoomp!* He made a pitiful attempt to get back onto his paws, but the speed of his expansion surged suddenly again, leaving him too heavy to stand. The cheetah whimpered as he felt his flab press into the desk, bed, and closet, horrified by how fast he was fattening.

“How the Hell are you gaining weight this fast!” Rai asked, unable to resist a quick feel of his boyfriend's squishy belly.

“I don't know, something must be wrong with the implant!” Indigo said, the sides of his massive gut slowly beginning to spill over the furniture. “We need to call the support number and get it turned off before this gets any worse!”

Rai simply nodded, trying his best not to blush at the cheetah's immense size. He grabbed the phone off the nightstand and dialed the number, nervously watching Indigo fill up more and more of the bedroom.

“Glacier Technologies support center, how may I be of service?” a cheerful voice on the other end answered.

“Uh, yeah, my boyfriend's testing out that calorie transfer thingy and something's wrong with it,” Rai said. “He's gaining weight by the second!”

“Is the volunteer currently present?” the support rep asked, the distinct noises of typing in the background.

Rai scrambled onto the bed to flee the spreading girth of his boyfriend, who was more of a wobbling mound of dark blue fur than a cheetah. “Yes! Present and quickly filling our bedroom!”

“Excellent, would you mind putting Mr. Indigo on the line? I'll need to talk with him directly. Standard practice.” the rep said.

Rai was backed into the wall, staring at the slow tidal wave of blue inching along the mattress towards him. His immobile boyfriend was almost unrecognizable. Indigo's distressed face rested upon a stack of multiple chins, flanked by the massive orbs that were his cheeks. The cheetah's arms were too fat to move, sinking a bit into the pure ball of blubber that was his middle. Rai wasn't able to see much past the blueberry mountain his boyfriend had become, but he knew the cheetah had already managed

to spread across the surface of two of the rooms walls, and was rapidly encroaching on the others. Even with the looming threat of being smothered Rai couldn't help but adore the state Indigo was in, though.

"Wait, how did you know Indi's name?" Rai asked.

"Not important Mr. Rai. Now if you wouldn't mind, would you please put Mr. Indigo on the line?" the rep said without skipping a beat.

A nearby computer monitor was tipped over and quickly enveloped by cheetah fat. Not wanting to meet the same fate, Rai desperately scaled the blue mound just before it pushed against the last free corner of the room, grabbing clawfuls of Indigo's blubber as he made his way to relative safety. His whole body sunk into the cheetah a bit as he crawled atop Indigo, eventually reaching his blubbery head and holding the phone up to it. "He'll only talk to you!"

"Please turn this stupid thing off, it's malfunctioning! I'm running out of room to grow!" Indigo shouted into the phone in fear.

"Well according to my display your Calorie Redistribution Implant is operating smoothly," the rep said. "It's actually handling the stress-test better than expected."

Indigo was fairly confused. "H-how is this normal! And what do you mean by stress-test?"

"You volunteered to be a stress-test candidate, so your device's calorie intake has been adjusted from one source to one hundred." The typing on the other end was still persistent.

"What? I never volunteered for something like that!" Indigo insisted.

"Sir, if you refer to page fifty-nine, paragraph twenty-three, line eleven of your contract, you'll see that you clearly signed—in triplicate I might add—the stress-test opt-in form." The service rep remained as cheerful as ever.

Indigo's rapidly multiplying pudge had hit all four walls of the room and had no where else to go but up, oozing over and engulfing the last of the furniture. He could feel the rough edges of dozens of random items trapped beneath his mass, many of which were slowly being crushed from the excessive weight. A floor lamp and some framed pictures were the only possessions still in view, and even they were in danger of vanishing from sight into the sea of cheetah fat. The sensation of so many different things poking and prodding and brushing against his impossible bulk was simply overwhelming, sending his mind running in circles as it tried to make sense of it all, his emotions shifting wildly between joy and fear. Feeling the entirety of his boyfriend resting on his cushiony surface only made things more complicated.

"B-b-but this is insane! At the rate I'm gaining I'll break down the walls, or get crushed!" Indigo's whole body wobbled abruptly as the bed frame underneath him gave out.

"No need to be concerned Mr. Indigo, according to our estimates the room you're in will still be structurally sound by the time the stress-test is concluded," the service rep said.

The attempted reassurance didn't help. "How can you possibly know that!"

"Unfortunately I am not authorized to give you any details." Typing, why was there so much typing on the other end?

Rai gripped the blubber of his boyfriend as best he could while holding the phone up, constantly expecting to either slide down and be pinned to the wall or somehow sink deep into the increasingly softening body of the cheetah. He was only sort of paying attention to Indigo and the service rep's conversation, more focused on the ceiling slowly closing in on him. Being squashed between ceiling and flab wouldn't necessarily be the worst way to go, though he assumed Indigo would disagree. A terrible cracking noise heralded the closet door finally snapping off, Indigo's fat rushing in to fill the newly exposed space, the cheetah cringing at the burst of new sensations. However, with less than an arm's length between him and the ceiling, Indigo's growth quietly ceased.

"Just as we promised, stress-test completed and your room and vitals are all well-within acceptable parameters," the service rep happily said. "A field team will arrive at your location shortly to prepare you for a follow-up examination and the next phase of the program. Thank you for choosing Glacier Technologies, and have a wonderful day!"

“Hey what do you mean by...” Indigo's voice cut out once he saw the call drop. Apparently no longer in danger of destroying the apartment, he tried to look around at his own massive body, only to discover the immense folds of his chins and cheeks made moving his head close to impossible. “This is horrible, what if I never walk again!” he whined.

Rai set aside the phone and shimmied his way closer to his boyfriend's face, smiling at the little reactions his movement provoked. “Don't worry, I'm sure the company will get you back to normal eventually. But until then, I guess I'll have the comfiest bed in the city.”

Indigo blushed, the faint rumbles of purrs starting. “O-oh! Shush!”

“I can just curl up in your blubber every night and snuggle your flab till I fall asleep.” Rai inched a little closer, feeling the purrs intensify and vibrate his whole body. “Maybe I'll even be nice enough to give you a good, long massage once or twice a day.”

“R-Rai, stop it, you're almost making me enjoy this!” Indigo said, his purrs echoing throughout the room.

Rai merely kissed him in response. “Trust me, I plan on making the best of this situation. Who knows, maybe we'll hold off on getting you mobile again for a long, long time.”

Indigo shuddered at the thought, but continued blushing none-the-less. He didn't want to stay immobile—he really didn't—but Rai was making the scenario sound dangerously appealing. The cheetah would forever be at his boyfriend's mercy if that happened, but he wasn't sure anymore if he actually had a choice in the matter. For all he knew, his new life as a blueberry mountain had just begun. The purring grew louder.