

Indi's First Patient

By: IndigoRho

August stretched as he strolled through the corridors of the Zephyr, his hooves echoing out with every step. The lean black goat was the ship's pilot, but while they were docked he was free to roam around at his leisure; if anything suddenly came up his advanced, bright yellow bodysuit would relay him the details. For now, though, August just wanted to have a friendly chat with one of his crew mates, Indi. Since the ship was relatively small August's trip was a short one, the goat soon passing through a set of sliding doors the second there was enough room for him to sneak past.

"Yo Indi!" August cheerfully declared, quickly scanning the room. A few days earlier the space had been a glorified closet, horribly disorganized and generally ignored, until Indi had decided to claim it for a special project. The place was still rather cluttered, the hefty midnight blue cheetah busy fussing with an exposed control panel.

Indi glanced over for a moment before returning to his work. "Uh, shouldn't you be flying the ship, Aug?"

"Dude, we've been docked for an hour, how'd you miss the alert?" August laughed.

"Oh. I kind of muted my notifications so I wouldn't be disturbed." The cheetah brought up a holographic display on his suit and pressed a button, recoiling as a barrage of missed messages and alerts assaulted him.

August was thoroughly amused, sliding up onto what looked like an old examination table. "Was playing doctor *really* so important you had to mute the whole ship?"

"I'm not *playing* doctor. I'm trying to make sure a vital role on the ship is filled!" Indi insisted. "Once I get this abandoned med bay back up and running we'll never have to worry about a medical emergency ever again!"

"There's only four of us, and the closest thing we've ever had to an emergency was the last time Raf got his fat butt stuck in a maintenance shaft!" August smirked, fondly remembering their obese hyena companion grumbling as he was slowly dislodged. "Besides, the ship's medical database and our first aid supplies would handle anything serious."

"Well...yeah, but now it's all going to be centrally located and more efficient!" Indi stubbornly persisted. "Plus I can use my personal AI to supplement the system and assist."

August rolled onto the exam table completely as if he were ready to nap. "This is all because Raf made that fuss about you not doing enough on the ship, isn't it? He'd just eaten a whole cake without realizing it, and you know how snippy he gets when he gluts like that."

"That's not...never mind, you'll all be thanking me when someone's arm goes flying and I'm the reason it gets reattached!" Indi returned to the control panel, a few sparks shooting out as he worked.

"Whatever makes you happy. Though I doubt—" August was cut off as straps abruptly sprang from the table and wrapped around his wrists and ankles, securing him in place. He immediately began struggling, but the goat quickly realized there was no way he'd be able to break free on his own. "What the heck Indi!"

The surprised look Indi gave August was enough to convince him the cheetah was being clumsy rather than malicious, a very slight comfort. "That, uh, probably shouldn't have happened?"

"Well duh." August rolled his eyes. "Just find the damn off button or some sheers, I'm not in the mood to play patient."

Indi dug back into the mess of the control panel and started poking away at things. "Ok ok, shouldn't be that hard to figure this out."

There was another spark, and this time a face mask connected to a pair of hoses swung out from under the table, latching firmly onto August's muzzle. Now he was more frantic than annoyed, squirming wildly and letting out muffled yells. August knew nothing good could come from the contraption attached to his face. Indi gulped as he saw the newest developments, still convinced he

could fix whatever mess he was creating and stubbornly to take any action that might damage his precious equipment.

A nearby monitor lit up, displaying various vital signs and health statistics for August, some highlighted in red. Then an automated voice spoke up. "Patient diagnosed as critically underweight, initiating emergency nourishment procedures to correct issue. Pumping of InstaBulk starting momentarily."

August's eyes widened at the alert. He was very familiar of InstaBulk—mainly through pranks he'd committed. The thick liquid was designed to help people rapidly gain weight when usual, safer methods either weren't available or were deemed to slow. Within seconds of entering the stomach it would convert straight into fat, and the pounds could add up ridiculously fast if consumed in bulk. He didn't know why the computer diagnosis would consider him at all underweight, as he was merely lean and definitely healthy, which made him all the more fearful of what the computer thought a proper weight would be.

Unfortunately the helpless goat was going to find out the hard way. A torrent of cool, shake-like InstaBulk began gushing into his mouth and down his throat, August thrashing about in a futile attempt to escape his hefty fate. His flat stomach swelled, rounding out as it filled with gallons of the shake. Within seconds he had the appearance of sizable pot-belly, though abruptly it stopped growing despite the continued flow of liquid. Instead his whole body started to steadily thicken as the InstaBulk went into action, adding layer after layer of flab everywhere.

The trapped goat could actually *feel* himself getting fatter, which only furthered his panic. August adored physical activity and the mobility his lean form awarded him, and the idea of having both hindered by a blubber belly was distressing to say the least. Indi didn't seem to be making any progress, though. He saw his arms softening and love handles begin to form, along with his pecs rounding into unmistakable moobs. Every second was another pound gained, another pound he'd need to lose, another pound that'd haunt his waistline and interfere with his leisure.

After only two minutes of the "treatment", August was barely recognizable. His weight had ballooned from one hundred and thirty pounds to a little over two hundred and fifty. The goat's face was devoid of any sharp edges, round and doughy with a noticeable double-chin. He had a large round gut that wobbled as he was pumped with more and more InstaBulk, each new curve accentuated by his bodysuit as it dutifully stretched to handle its expanding occupant. Despite being undeniably obese, the medical program continued was insistent August was still malnourished.

Struggling quickly exhausted August, especially once he'd nearly tripled in size. He was lightheaded and out of breath, his flailing reduced to weak fidgeting as he gave up, accepting his apparent fate as a massive butterball. Three-ten, three-seventy, four hundred. August's hefty form took up almost the entire examination table now, though thankfully it was reinforced to handle his excess bulk with ease. Only when his weight reached exactly four hundred and thirty pounds did the InstaBulk cease flowing, the face mask retracting along with the straps that'd expanded along with him.

The dazed goat was left groaning as the computer reported the results. "Treatment successful, patient returned to healthy weight. Rest recommended to ensure a full recovery."

Indi nervously crept over to the table, amazed at just how immense August had become in such a short time. "I...um, s-sorry August," the cheetah said sheepishly.

With a bit of effort August slid himself back into a sitting position, his body jiggling in the process. He quietly looked over the drastic changes that'd occurred, poking his wobbly gut and thighs in disbelief. "I'm, I'm huge! Do you know how long it'll take to lose all this weight!"

"Well personally I think the extra flab is flattering," Indi said in a poorly thought-out effort to calm August down. "And if you don't end up liking it you can always get it surgically removed..."

"You'd better be willing to pay for it cause it's expensive as hell!" August fumed. "Why did the stupid computer think I was underweight to begin with!"

Indi's gaze shifted to the floor in guilt. "I kind of had to tweak the settings a little so it'd stop

harassing Raf and I about losing weight. I got a clean bill of health at my last check-up, being rotund didn't change that!"

August didn't appear at all satisfied with the answer. He slid off the table and brushed past Indi, angrily poking away at the touchscreen that'd been so vehement he gain weight.

When the goat returned Indi continued groveling, worried the incident might get his med bay product shut down. "August it was an accident, I swear. I'll make sure the kinks are all worked out before I—*ooooooooomph!*"

The cheetah's plea was interrupted by the face mask being shoved around his snout, Indi wiggling as August used his new bulk to pin his relatively lighter crew mate against the examination table. "Oops, looks like my hoof slipped a bunch, hopefully nothing *bad* happens!"

Indi knew exactly what was coming, and preemptively whimpered. Seconds later the cold sensation of InstaBulk was cascading across his tongue. The cheetah tried in vain to push away August and escape his wrath, but he'd been working so hard the last few hours he was in on condition to properly fight back. His belly ballooned outward from the onslaught of nourishment shake, splashes echoing from within as the inevitable fattening loomed over him. The first sign of success was Indi's face growing even plumper.

August put on a devilish grin as he watched Indi fatten up before his very eyes. He took joy in every ounce he added to the blubbery cheetah's frame, eager to inflict retribution upon the clumsy feline who'd wrecked his waistline. Soon Indi was just as fat as August, though the goat had no intention of stopping just yet. A mere hundred pounds wouldn't be nearly enough to sate his vengeance. Indi's struggles grew more desperate as he realized August was still pumping him with InstaBulk, terrified his acquaintance wouldn't pull back until he'd filled every corner of the room with cheetah flab.

As the seconds passed Indi's arms became too heavy for him to hold up, the swelling cheetah sliding down onto the ground from his immense weight. He whined in between gulps, hoping August would show some mercy sooner rather than later. His belly was a mountain of fat, his moobs large domes and his limbs too thick to be useful. Even the cheetah's cheeks were just wobbly spheres. Indi held no illusions of being mobile anymore, and knew he was likely wider than the entrance to the room at that point.

Fortunately August didn't have the patience to keep going for much longer. Content that Indi had been adequately punished, the goat shut off the pump and pulled away the face mask, leaving the cheetah a groaning, bloated mess. He bitterly squeezed and groped Indi's blubbery sides to make him feel just how enormous he'd become, taunting him with glee.

"*Now we're even,*" August said as he waddled towards the door, stumbling a little as he grew accustomed to the new weight. "I'll make sure the Captain knows you'll be incapacitated for a while due to an innocent mishap. I doubt you being immobile will be too much of an issue, though you might want to slim down some if you still want to be paid."

Indi was too groggy to properly respond, overcome by the sudden need to nap. August simply laughed and exited the room, leaving the blob of a cheetah to sleep off his mistake.