

Filling King Raf

By: IndigoRho

Midnight was fast approaching in the palace, and just outside the King's quarters the goat on guard duty was struggling to stay awake. His face contorted as he tried in vain to hold back a yawn, eventually giving in and covering his mouth with a hoof just so he felt less lazy. The goat's beret likely would've fallen off as his head nodded if it weren't being kept in place by his horns. Working the late shift was a rarity for him, and he was rapidly regretting agreeing to cover for a friend, not that he'd had much choice in the matter. Guards weren't supposed to be picky about assignments after all. Still, he'd be asking for a large favor in return for missing out on a good night's rest.

As the goat yawned again he suddenly spotted someone coming down the corridor and sprung to attention, doing his best to look as professional as possible. To his surprise, the newcomer was a white ferret dressed in the same tan and pink uniform as him. He hadn't been expecting support—or relief this early for that matter—and he didn't recognize the ferret at all. In the stranger's paw was a small silver platter filled with pastries of some sort, but aside from that there wasn't anything particularly menacing about him.

The ferret gave the goat a broad smile. “Ah, good to see a familiar face! Was worried my little snack run would be boring.”

Familiar face? The goat's mind raced as he attempted to remember the ferret, and out of sheer embarrassment he simply decided to act as if he did. “H-hey...you. Sorry for not saying hi earlier, not as awake as I'd like to be.”

Fortunately the ferret didn't seem to notice the lie. “I hear ya. Bet a cream puff would perk ya up, though!” He plucked the smallest of the pastries on his plate and held it out as an offering.

“I really don't think I should be eating food meant for the King,” the goat replied, his gaze fixed on the delicious-looking treat.

“Honestly taking one off his paws might do the big guy some good,” the ferret smirked.

The goat was aghast, nervously looking around to ensure no one else had heard. “Y-You can't call his majesty *that!*” he practically whispered.

“Stop being so worried, you're not going to lose your head stating the obvious. Just have a puff and relax, I promise you won't regret it.” The ferret waved the dessert around, insistent.

With reluctance the goat relented, taking the cream puff and taking a cautious bite. In an instant his frown turned into a broad smile as the delicious taste filled his mouth. Without a second thought he finished his gift off in two quick bites, licking the frosting from his lips and sighing contently.

“Oh wow, no wonder the King's fat, I'd eat a platter of those every day if I could.” The taste lingered on his tongue, a memory he didn't want to fade.

His generous companion's grin took on a more devious appearance. “I'd be careful what you wish for.”

The goat had been so distracted by the wonderful pastry he hadn't heard the ferret's quiet threat, though an odd tingling in his stomach drew his attention away. Suddenly the goat's flat middle began to round out, swelling steadily and inexplicably. He let out a shocked bleat once he spotted the growth, wincing as the seams of his uniform strained under the pressure. Prodding his new pot belly with both hooves, the guard staggered backwards, heart racing as he tried to understand what was happening to him.

“Would you look at that, I guess those weren't regular old cream puffs after all.” The ferret's voice was dripping in sarcasm. “We'll just have to properly dispose of them, then.”

Before the goat could react a cream puff was shoved into his mouth, then another and another. His eyes bulged as he swallowed the dangerous pastries on instinct, forced to in order to breath again. Loud rips heralded his uniform ripping right down the sides from the force of his rounding belly, a brown dome wobbling from its own expansion. One-by-one every dessert on the platter was crammed

down the goat's throat until he was backed into a wall, his middle rumbling audibly from the concoction within.

The goat's once-steady growth was now frighteningly sped up. He was too terrified to say anything, just bleating over and over again as he tried to make sense of everything. More seams were torn apart, the guard's uniform falling to the ground in pieces as his belly became an unwieldy, cream-filled boulder. Standing soon became impossible, and he slid down the wall and onto the floor, effectively immobilized. Rocking back and forth in a panic only seemed to hasten his swelling.

Meanwhile the ferret simply stood back and watched the show. While he hadn't expected the lone guard to be difficult to deal with, his task had ended up being almost insultingly easy. Sure force-feeding the goat the *entire* platter of multiplying cream puffs was a bit excessive, but making others massive was both his specialty and his passion, so of course he wasn't going to skip out on an opportunity to immobilize a bystander or two. He poked the unfortunate guard's immense middle a few times just to feel how soft it'd become, grinning at every distraught *baahaha* his teasing provoked.

"Well, hope ya have a good night jumbo," the ferret chuckled. "Shame I won't get to see how fat you get when you finish digesting all that high-calorie cream!"

The guard hadn't even considered the long-term ramifications of getting stuffed to such a ridiculous degree, and whined at the thought. His struggling intensified for a few moments but achieved no results. In all likelihood he was doomed to be a whole lot plumper come morning.

As a final measure the ferret wrapped a scrap of the fallen guard's ruined uniform around the goat's mouth to ensure he couldn't shout for help, and gleefully entered the King's chambers. Thankfully the thick walls and doors had prevented the monarch within from hearing the commotion outside, and the ferret found his target sitting in a chair and grumbling as he looked over some papers. King Raf was a considerably obese hyena, his robes barely able to contain his heft. His whole body jiggled slightly as he shifted about in the chair, the hyena sporadically fussing with his pink mohawk anytime something about the papers frustrated him, which appeared to be often.

From an odd pouch on his belt the ferret somehow retrieved a warm cup of tea without spilling a single drop. The ferret's presence went unnoticed until he was standing only a few feet in front of him, a short cough finally getting the King's attention. "My Liege, some tea has been brought from the kitchens for you."

King Raf didn't have any reason to suspect the tea being presented to him, and in fact was rather thankful it wasn't another pastry. He accepted the cup and blew on the liquid a few times before taking a long sip. There were some subtle hints of citrus that delighted the monarch, encouraging him to drink even more before finally setting the cup down and contemplating whether he should return to his work or call it a night. A sudden yawn was covered by his paw, followed by two more in quick succession. Though he'd been somewhat tired before King Raf was now feeling lightheaded and dizzy, as if he'd not slept in days.

The King slumped back in his chair, eyes half open and mumbling nonsense, prompting a grin from the ferret. "You look a bit under the weather my *Liege*," he said without actual concern. "Fortunately I know for certain a hearty meal will perk you right up!"

Once again the ferret's paw slipped into the pouch, and this time a muzzle with an attached tube was pulled out, something far too large to have actually fit within the small bag. King Raf squirmed as the muzzle was strapped to his face, lacking the strength to properly resist. All the hyena could do was growl and watch while the ferret removed a pouch from his belt and tied it to the end of the muzzle's hose, giving it an uncomfortable resemblance to a feedbag. Some kind of incantation made the pouch hover in the air just above the King like a balloon.

"Alright your highness, soon you'll be feeling better than ever! Quick warning, though, the you may feel a *slight* bit bloated afterward." The ferret laughed, ignoring the King's glares.

A simple poke to the pouch caused it to shake before the clear tube changed color as something raced through it. King Raf's eyes widened and his struggles intensified as he felt a cold, fluffy

substance flood into his mouth and over his tongue, the taste of chocolate clear. He resisted swallowing the chocolate cream until his cheeks puffed outward, then he had no choice but to start chugging. The faster he gulped the faster the cream seemed to come, going from a trickle to a torrent in a flash.

Soon the King's doughy middle became a slight dome, before actively ballooning outward from the influx of cream. He shook his head in anger and fidgeted in place as he felt his robes beginning to tighten. Buttons creaked and burst off violently, exposing both his strained undershirt and his swelling gut, which jiggled once freed. No matter how hard he tried King Raf was unable to overcome the effects of the poisoned tea, which had made his body feel a couple hundred pounds heavier in addition to the vague exhaustion; he feared he'd actually *be* that much fatter if he couldn't escape the magic feedbag.

While Raf grew the ferret looked on with nothing short of pure joy. The looks of rage and worry on the King's face, the way his exquisite clothes were being slowly wrecked, the unchecked growth of his middle—all were absolutely delightful. Not satisfied with staying on the sidelines, the ferret pressed both paws deep into the blubbery belly of the trapped hyena, chuckling as he heard muffled growls in response. He gleefully rubbed, poked, and wobbled Raf's gut, completely exposing it as it began to ooze across the King's lap.

“Such a greedy hyena, gobbling up all that fattening cream as if you'd been starved for days,” the ferret sneered as he aggressively teased the disgruntled monarch's middle. “Fortunately I believe there's enough in that pouch to satisfy even *your* unmatched appetite.”

The claim made the King's eyes bulge wide in terror. He was already too stuffed to move—the chair groaning under his rapidly increasing bulk—and for all he knew there was a lake of cream hidden inside the pouch. As his belly became a boulder the legs of his chair snapped into splinters, Raf sent crashing to the floor with a gargled yelp. Raf's misfortune was met with raucous laughter from the ferret, who didn't miss an opportunity to slap the grounded King's stuffed gut like a drum. The monarch was as embarrassed as he was furious, letting out dismayed whimpers and blushing as he envisioned the weight he was bound to gain from his force-feeding.

Wider and wider the hyena grew, until Raf's arms and legs were hopelessly pinned beneath his ridiculously immense belly. The once-strong current of cream finally started to slow down and Raf mentally breathed a sigh of relief once he was able to stop swallowing. With little care the ferret pulled the muzzle off the King's face, packing the device right back into the pouch as his victim cursed him out in a thousand different ways, some rather nonsensical. From within the bag a new item was retrieved, though, a vial. Raf's threats ceased upon seeing the vial, the hyena overwhelmed by worry.

“It'd be incredibly rude of me to make you spend days digesting all that cream you gorged on,” the ferret said as he popped the tiny cork off. “However, I've got just the thing to fix that hassle.”

Raf clenched his jaws shut as the ferret loomed over him, and while he was able to hold out for a while his weaknesses were many. A scheming paw snuck over to the King's belly, swift movements tickling him furiously. He spasmed as if he were being tortured, tears welling in his eyes, dreading the inevitable. Within seconds Raf broke, and the hyena let out a thunderous cackle that rattled the windows and echoed throughout the room. His open mouth became easy prey for the vial, cold liquid gushing down his throat and into his stomach.

The King's whole face flushed deep red once the tickling ended and he stopped cackling. There was only thing he despised more than his weight and that was his cackle, a trademark of all hyenas. He hated the long loud it was, how long it lasted, how it was strong enough to jiggle every ounce of pudg on his body. Raf felt so, so *undignified* when he cackled. As embarrassing as the outburst might have been, King Raf's ordeal was far from over.

The chill of the vial's liquid spread throughout the King's middle, and then the rest of him. Cold was followed by numbness and then a tingling sensation, but Raf was too distraught to realize his bloated belly was starting to shrink...while the rest of him fattened. Steadily the bounty of chocolate cream inside the hyena's stomach was churned away, converted into fresh layers of flab just as if it'd

been digested the natural, longer way. King Raf had no clue what was happening until the seams of his clothing grew tighter and tighter and tighter.

A new round of curses and grumbling came from King Raf. Already considerably thick, the gains from the chocolate cream were quickly taking him to a whole new blubbery level, one where mobility was going to be questionable at best. His robes and pants were torn to utter shreds as he plumped up, sliding away into useless, expensive scrap. Brand new neck rolls appeared as his cheeks swelled rounder, and his paws thickened greatly. Even his moobs gained girth. When the cream was wiped out entirely Raf was left groaning, his middle jiggling gently.

“Well your Majesty, I must say the extra weight suits you wonderfully.” Again the ferret pressed his paws into the King's belly, grinning as they sunk into the quicksand-like fat. “It's a shame we don't have time for round two, but for now this'll do nicely.”

King Raf was too tired to reply in any meaningful manner, not that the ferret seemed to care.

“Alright then, I'll be taking my leave for now. Sleep well my hefty highness!” The ferret gave a mockingly over dramatic bow.

From the pouch the ferret grabbed a glowing charm, and in an instant he vanished, leaving King Raf the Immobile alone with nothing but his thoughts and hunger. The hyena didn't look forward to being found by servants in the morning, especially considering how many of them it would take to lift him off the floor. Rumors of his overnight gains would spread like a wildfire throughout the palace, then the city, and then finally the whole Kingdom. By nightfall every one of his subjects would now he was a practical blob. Tomorrow would not be fun...nor the next day, nor the next, nor the...