

Filling the Doctor

By: IndigoRho

A bright light caused Reid to stir, the mint green tiger groaning some as he came to. He tried to sit up, only to find his arms and legs held firmly in place. Once his sight adjusted to the light he saw the metal straps binding him to what he knew to be the exam table in his med bay. Reid's mind was a bit hazy, but he remembered being summoned there by the Captain, the odd aroma, passing out.

"Excellent, you woke up just in time for the fun to begin!"

Dread instantly filled Reid's head as he heard Captain Rho speak. Although Reid was the ship's doctor he was also fairly timid, and the crew were prone to teasing and playing pranks on him. The Captain was no exception.

"Um, Captain?" Reid spoke quietly as he weakly struggled against his bindings. "I kind of have a lot of work to do is there any chance you could, uh, free me?"

"Of course—once our procedure is done."

No matter how far Reid turned his head he couldn't see Rho, which made him extra worried.

"Procedure?"

Captain Rho finally waddled into view. The orange-striped zebra was normally on the doughy side, but Reid swore he'd somehow doubled in size since they last spoke. He looked at least five hundred pounds, his massive round belly tightly contained by his gray bodysuit. Even the slightest movement made his whole body jiggle, as if he were jello. The light of the room shone off Rho's bodysuit, but also his hide and mane too, much to Reid's confusion. The Captain looked slick, like he'd just gotten out of a pool.

"Doctor I've been worrying about your weight, you look like you're wasting away!" Rho poked Reid's flat middle.

"Captain I know I'm the slimmest member of the crew but I assure you I'm a perfectly healthy weight," Reid said, already fearing where the conversation was leading. "Technology makes pretty much any weight healthy as long as certain precautions are met, which I've had to tell our five hundred pound engineer on quite a few occasions—"

"Then you certainly won't mind bulking up a little!" Rho interrupted with a hearty laugh. He pulled out a large funnel. "Now I considered simply feeding you a concentrated gainer shake prepared by the food replicators but then I realized it was best to take a more *personal* approach."

Before Reid could protest Rho shoved the funnel into his mouth, securing it tightly so the tiger couldn't spit it out. Even with his mouth covered Reid's eyes alone were enough to display his worry.

Rho held up a hoof, which shimmered and wobbled unnaturally. It was goo—as was the rest of him. "I'm apparently *extraordinarily* high in calories even at my average weight, so I can only imagine how ridiculously fattening I'll be this big. Well that's not right, I'll know as soon as you've digested all of me!"

The gooey hoof hovered over the funnel for a second before pouring right into it. Reid's eyes widened and he jerked as the cool goop fell onto his tongue and down his throat. It tasted like marshmallow, not that that was much solace to the tiger. He wiggled and gulped, watching in dismay as Rho began to pour his other hoof into the funnel as well. The trickle turned into a gusher, Reid's cheeks swelling from the onslaught.

Reid's middle started ballooning outward, his pink bodysuit stretching to handle the dome of his rapidly forming belly. He could see it rising out of the corner of his eye and whined. The thought of Captain Rho emptying into him completely made him shudder. He'd be more belly than tiger!

"You're coming along nicely, Doctor!" Rho smiled. "We'll have you waddling around the ship in no time, getting stuck in chairs and doorways just like the rest of us. I know you'll grow to love it. Or at least grow..."

It didn't take long at all for Reid to start feeling full, and only a fraction of the massive zebra

was in him. Reid's belly resembled an over inflated beach ball by the time Rho showed signs of slimming. His gut wobbled and shrank, arms getting less thick, face less round. He eyed the swelling tiger on the exam table with delight, wishing he were able to give his middle a good shake. Unfortunately as the filling his hooves were rather busy.

Rho began to lean further and further into the funnel, until both arms were no longer visible. "Alright Reid I've gotta speed things up, but we'll chat in a bit. Enjoy the rest of your meal~"

The zebra practically dove into the funnel, his goo rushing down Reid's gullet and into his bloated stomach. Reid's squirms intensified, the tiger moaning as he felt his middle expanding out of control. He felt its weight upon him, how it shook from the sheer force of the goop entering it. He already felt like he was about to pop, but from past experiences he woefully knew he could get much, *much* larger and remain intact.

Rho had lost his form, now just a steady stream of goo. The parts of him inside Reid's stomach were swirling around, tendrils occasionally prodding the walls to tease the tiger. Though he couldn't properly hear in that state he could still sense the vibrations of Reid's hide stretching and creaking. Those creaks would fill the whole room by the time he was done.

The feeding was too much for Reid. His eyes were nearly glazed over, drifting aimlessly as the tiger struggled to concentrate. He was so beyond full he didn't even register the continued increase in pressure, or how his mountain of a middle spread in all directions. He twitched infrequently, waiting for the feeding to end.

Unfortunately for Reid, relief was not on the horizon. As the last of the gooey zebra drained into the funnel Reid groaned, barely realizing it was over. The tiger's enormous belly wobbled gently, an immobilizing mass that made the bindings obsolete.

Across the surface of Reid's pink bodysuit a series of statistics suddenly appeared. They included his current weight, projected weight, the volume of his stomach's contents. There was even an estimate for when he'd be mobile again once all the goop was digested.

The Captain's voice echoed out from the suit. "Reid your stomach capacity never fails to impress me! I bet I could fit the rest of the crew in here and you'd still have room for a little dessert."

Reid only moaned, too full to talk.

"Looks like you'll weigh a wonderful three hundred and thirty eight pounds in the end, even fatter than me at my base!" Rho continued. "That should be a good start. You know what they say: 'Never trust a skinny doctor!'".

"N-no one...says...*uorrrp*." The exertion was too much for Reid, and he gave up correcting the Captain. Rho would've ignored him anyway.

"I'm glad you agree Reid," Rho replied. "Now just sit back and relax, you've got a lot of zebra to churn, and a lot of fattening to do. I'll check in on you in the morning."

With that Rho went silent, forcefully activating programs in Reid's bodysuit that would jump start his digestive process. Soon loud gurgles were echoing from the bloated tiger's belly, goop starting to turn into fat. Incapable of stopping the inevitable, Reid allowed himself to pass out. He'd worry about undoing the damage in the morning—and hopefully avoid a follow-up feeding...