

August and the Server Bots

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The connection went silent, and August sighed as he leaned away from the computer console he'd toiled over for most of the afternoon. The gray lion had been traveling through systems just past the edge of colonized space while on vacation. Just before he was about to return home his engines had suffered a severe malfunction, forcing him to land.

By sheer luck August had come across weak signals coming from a mining outpost on a habitable planet. Once he'd landed he discovered it was unfortunately abandoned, the signal coming from a transmitter the miners had neglected to turn off before leaving.

Lifting off again wasn't possible, but at least the outpost was in good condition, clearly having been used until very recent. There was fresh water, power, and a working food synthesizer. Getting the main communications relay up and running again had taken a little effort. Once it was fixed, he'd managed to make contact with the closest colony and arrange for a rescue.

As August wasn't in any immediate danger his rescue wasn't given top priority, and it would take about a week for a ship to arrive. August didn't mind. It just meant his vacation was pleasantly extended.

With the vital work complete, August decided to investigate the mess hall more thoroughly. He was starting to get hungry, and dinner sounded nice, even if it would likely be a modest one.

The mess hall was fairly large, built to handle the considerable workforce of a mining operation. There weren't any signs of major damage, or even salvaging for that matter. Apparently the company hadn't deemed anything in there valuable enough to take on the way out. It was a boon he wasn't about to complain about.

Oddly enough quite a few discarded chairs and benches had been lined up along the walls, though. All were bent or outright crushed to some degree, as if something heavy had fallen on them. A passing curiosity to August, who cared more about the potential for a meal.

The food synthesizers were in an attached kitchen, along with a host of other appliances and pantries for prepping and cooking food. A cracked open storage room caught August's attention, and he couldn't help but investigate.

Turning on the lights within, the lion was surprised to discover nearly a dozen automated food service bots. They resembled kobolds, painted orange-red. August recognized them as a fairly popular model, not something he'd expect to see at such a distant mining outpost. As they appeared undamaged, August couldn't fathom why they'd been abandoned.

"Mining company must've gone under real hard if they had to leave all this behind," August said to himself, looking over the bots. "Oh well, their loss is my gain. I'll be able to eat like a king this week!"

One-by-one August turned on each of the server bots, patiently waiting for them to boot up.

The assumptive head of the bots turned towards August once they were all running. "Good evening sir, what can we prepare for you tonight?"

August grinned, then realized he didn't have a clue how to answer. "Oh...um, I'm actually not sure. I've never eaten here before so I don't know the menu."

"Then we must prepare a sampler of all we have to offer!" the lead bot exclaimed. They seemed oddly eager for a bot.

"You don't have to do that much, I'd hate to waste food."

"Nonsense, nonsense! We are equipped to feed the entire outpost for a full year before resupply is necessary. No one will go hungry on our watch!" the bot insisted.

Uneager to argue—and admittedly anticipating a filling meal—August gladly accepted the offer.

August was ushered to a central table and seated on a cushioned bench. A drink menu was provided, August settling on a soda. As the bot hurried off to fulfill his order August smiled. He couldn't have picked a better place to get stranded. If only the outpost had also left behind a spa.

The lion's musing was interrupted as three bots arrived at his table. Two carried a wide variety of appetizers, ranging from chips to chicken to soup. Each alone would've been a small meal, and August had to be looking at a dozen of them.

The third bot was fairly round compared to its slim companions, a faint sloshing echoing out from its middle. It placed a rather large glass on the table, a hidden nozzle in one of its fingers dispensing fresh soda. A waddling soda machine seemed excessive, but August didn't see a reason to object to it.

August's eyes shifted from one plate to another. He didn't know where to begin. "This all looks really good, but I couldn't possibly eat it all."

"Of course you can!" one of the bots replied with enthusiasm. "Our patrons always finish their meals!"

Shaking his head in amusement, August chose a plate at random and started eating. It was incredible—no, *beyond* incredible. Some of the best food he'd ever had. He didn't know if it was the spices or the recipe or simply the precision of the bots, but their cooking was phenomenal.

A bite from another appetizer proved the taste wasn't a fluke, and soon August was scarfing down food left and right. After a sample of each plate he returned for seconds and thirds. He only stopped eating to drink soda, which he was guzzling at an incredible rate. Any time his glass got even half empty the soda keg bot would refill it, accidentally ensuring August had no clue how much he was drinking.

It didn't take long for August to devour all the food that'd been placed before him, leaving only crumbs behind.

The lion leaned back in his chair, giving his bulging belly a content pat. Surprised by the immensity of his appetite, August doubted he'd ever eaten so much in a single sitting. And the main course hadn't even arrived yet.

Despite his gluttony, August didn't feel full at all. It didn't make sense, especially since he'd managed to eat enough to round out his flat stomach. He couldn't decide if he should be nervous or elated. There was no time for thought, though, as the samplers began to arrive.

Of course "sampler" was wildly inaccurate.

The bots had obviously prepared one of everything on the menu. Plate after plate after plate was placed on the table, nearly filling it up. It was like being a king. Or competing in an eating contest.

At first August was overwhelmed. There was so much—too much. Then the aroma of all the fresh food flowed through his nostrils. His stomach growled, and August decided to simply eat until he actually felt full. Surely the bots wouldn't mind him leaving behind leftovers, which there were bound to be plenty of.

Almost right away August lost track of just how much he was consuming. Polite bites turned into large mouthfuls, the lion gorging outright within minutes. Every meal was as wonderful as the last.

Any plate August emptied was retrieved immediately and new ones nudged forwards so they were in reach. Bots bringing empty plates to the kitchen returned with fresh ones to add to the feast. It was seemingly endless, August not making a dent in it.

The lion's belly was steadily swelling as he stuffed himself, growing bigger with every plate. It pressed against the table, and eventually over it. Thankfully August's light blue body suit was able to stretch well enough to handle his overindulgence.

August wasn't entirely blind to the sheer amount of food he was eating, though he didn't linger on the thought much at all. The food was irresistible, and letting it go to waste was unfathomable.

Slowly but surely the feast dwindled. When at long last August put down his utensils he was sporting a massive ball gut. He groaned softly, massaging his belly with both paws and smiling.

Somehow, somehow, the lion had eaten it all.

August felt a mix of pride and embarrassment over the ridiculous display of gluttony, as if he'd accidentally won an eating challenge. And if he had to do it all over again he would in an instant.

Before the engorged lion could even try to stand up some bots arrived with dessert. A lot of dessert. Pies, cakes, ice-cream—another dispenser bot apparently offering a variety of milkshakes.

The mere sight of the new offerings made August blush, his eyes opening wide. "I, oh. There's no way I can eat another bite." Despite his words his voice lacked conviction, his gaze locked onto one of the pies.

"No meal is complete without dessert, you'll surely find room!"

"Yes, you deserve a treat to top it all off!"

August needed no further convincing.

Soon the lion's belly was swelling further, filling with fattening desserts. Whatever fullness August had experienced faded fast. The larger his gut grew the harder it became for him to actually reach the delicious dishes spread across the table, August grunting as he tried. His struggles didn't go unnoticed.

The bots dutifully carried desserts right up to August, feeding him so the lion didn't have to exert himself in the least. It was the kind of pampering August had only dreamed of. Eventually he was able to lean back and rub his belly as he was fed, a look of content in his eyes.

August was on the verge of a food coma by the time the last spoonful of ice-cream went into his mouth. He half-expected another surprise course, and when it never came he felt the faintest hint of disappointment. It wasn't as if he were starving.

Moving on his own would've been asking too much, but thankfully the bots were more than happy to carry the stuffed lion out of the mess hall and into the former quarters of the foreman, where a comfy bed awaited him. His eyes shut, the lion grinning as he drifted to sleep.

August slept through the night, dreaming of eating so much his gut towered over the outpost like a mountain of blubber. When he finally woke the next morning he did so with a smile on his face, memories of the dream lingering. As he stirred in bed he surprised to discover a rather noticeable consequence to dinner: a pot belly.

The lion's once-slim figure was now somewhat chubby, and his face felt a bit rounder as well. August blushed, amazed his gluttony had been extreme enough to result in weight-gain. Still, losing the extra pounds would be a breeze, and there was nothing wrong with being chubby. Indulging on vacation was perfectly normal.

While the feast from the night before remained fresh in August's mind, the lion was already hungry again. He slid out of bed and stretched before strolling back to the mess hall.

The server bots awaited him, offering him warm greetings and seating him at the large table once more. A round dispenser bot waddled over full of orange juice upon his request, and August enjoyed a glass as breakfast was made.

Just like with dinner, the bots had prepared one of every dish on the breakfast menu for August to try out. Eggs every way, pancakes, waffles, biscuits, bagels. Again it was far too much, but it was also too delicious-looking to resist, and August didn't bother voicing any objections. He silently promised himself he'd show some restraint, but of course that was forgotten after the first bite.

August tackled the feast one plate at a time, as if deep down he knew he was just going to consume it all no matter what. His belly was refilling, returning to the taut round shape it'd been at dinner. Courses that should've left him stuffed felt more like mere snacks. The lion's stomach had become a bottomless pit.

Rounder and rounder the lion grew, a buffet of breakfast crammed into his swollen gut. When his belly pushed into the table he simply scooted his chair back to make room, and when reaching plates became a chore, he welcomed the aid of the bots.

Breakfast ended with a satisfied belch, August having once again succeeded at eating

everything the bots had to offer. Glutting had left him feeling sluggish, but not tired enough to nap. With effort August rose from his chair, one paw resting on his large belly, tapping it happily.

“Oof, I should probably take a little walk to work this off!” August laughed, his middle bouncing along with him. “The food was incredible as always, though I probably won’t see you all again until dinner.”

August lazily waddled out of the mess hall and then outdoors. The location of the outpost was surprisingly scenic, placed between a sea and a colorful ridge of stone. The skies were mostly clear and sunlight warmed his fur. It could’ve easily been a resort.

As delightful as the views were, his thoughts frequently shifted to his recent gluttony. August could feel his bulging belly sway with every step, weighed down with food. It was so round, so fun to wobble and prod. He couldn’t help but wonder why he was able to gorge so much with ease. Or why the miners would leave behind such incredible cooks.

There was a row of seats on a deck overlooking the water, and August settled into one wide enough to handle his boulder of a belly. Within minutes he heard the clanking of metal steps. A server bot had arrived carrying a sizable platter loaded with snacks. Before August could turn them away his stomach let out the faintest rumble. Perhaps something to nibble on wasn’t such a bad idea.

For the rest of the morning August lazed in his chair, grazing on snacks and a constant supply of drinks. It was unbelievably relaxing to just do *nothing*, to not have to worry about any obligations or work. A pleasing aftertaste was always on the tip of his tongue, and the lion felt perfectly cozy.

By about an hour after noon the snack platter had been emptied. August’s belly had shrunk some despite his grazing, though only because most of breakfast had converted into a few more soft layers of fat on the lion’s body. An extra curve here, a bit more jiggle there. Easy to overlook but adding up nonetheless.

When a bot came to retrieve the platter they also announced that lunch was ready.

August’s first reaction was to lug himself out of his chair in anticipation. Then he remembered the feast he’d had only a few hours before. He looked down at his gut and gave it a nudge, and for a second he considered being responsible. The desire to see how delicious the lunch menu was won out fairly quickly, though.

The usual table in the mess hall was already filled with plates when August waddled in, a dispenser bot ready with his preferred soda standing by. He nearly started eating before he even sat down. Lunch went much like breakfast and dinner had.

Surrounded by an absurd amount of irresistible food and drink, August could do nothing but consume, consume, consume. He was shoveling the contents of whole plates into his maw at a frantic rate, always overeager to try the next untasted dish. His belly was ballooning even bigger than before, the lion forced to rely on the server bots much earlier so he could continue eating.

Barely conscious after the last bite, he gladly accepted the bots’ offer to carry him to bed for a post-lunch nap.

The short nap ended up lasting until dinner. All the food August had eaten during the day was finally digested, leaving the lion considerably plump. He investigated his new pudgy in stunned silence. The food wasn’t just addictingly delicious and easy to gorge on, it was ridiculously fattening, too. At the rate he was going he was guaranteed to end up fairly hefty by the time he was rescued.

While August didn’t find the prospect of getting massive particularly ideal, he also wasn’t too worried about it. All it took was a trip to the clinic to slim down, and August knew he could afford it. Being fat for a while wouldn’t be too bad.

In the mess hall, dinner went somewhat differently now that August had been thoroughly introduced to the entire menu. For once he was able to order specific dishes. Even with the option of restraint August ended up choosing quite a lot more than he normally would’ve, and not just because it was all free. A trio of appetizers, two main courses, and the knowledge there’d be at least one dessert at the end.

When the appetizers arrived they were three times larger than they had been the night before during sampling, the bots emphasizing they were endless. Rather than be intimidated or nervous, August was delighted.

The gorging commenced as soon as the plates were on the table. August cleared them out as if he were starving, never taking a break. Eat. Gulp. Drink. Eat. Gulp. Drink. The gluttony had become natural for August.

With the lion busy filling out, the bots dutifully brought seconds and thirds without even needing to be asked, their movements so swift August was oblivious to how much extra food was arriving. Another dispenser bot waddled out as the first was drained by August's relentless thirst, gallons of high-calorie soda guzzled along with the mountain of fattening food.

When it was time for dessert, the nearly immobile August asked for chocolate pies, his belly used as a table as the bots fed him slice after slice. The eating only ceased when he passed out in his chair, the bots sneaking in a couple more pies before hefting their valued customer to bed so he could sleep off his meal in preparation for the next.

The next few days were a blur. Every waking moment was spent either eating or waddling from one meal to the next. If he wasn't eating he was sleeping, ensuring the food he ate was converted into fat. It was no surprise that August's weight rapidly ballooned out of control. At three hundred pounds—double his original size—the lion simply laughed, having a cake for dessert to celebrate his girth. Even surpassing the four hundred pound mark didn't prompt August to rethink his gluttony.

On the contrary, August was finding he rather liked his new heft. Every part of him was so soft, and the sensation of his belly jiggling as he walked was comforting. Being bigger just felt right. He imagined all the ways he could tease friends with his gut, how he could show off by eating as much as everyone else when going out for food. It was guaranteed he'd keep the extra weight for a while once he returned, and he was even pondering not losing any of it at all.

Out of curiosity August one day decided to spend his post-lunch break reading through the logs the outpost crew had left behind. The mining foreman's video logs proved particularly interesting after a while.

In the earliest entries the blue dragon was actually fairly buff, clearly someone familiar with physical labor and keeping in shape. Then over the course of a month he began to gain a sizable gut, much of his hard-earned muscle vanishing beneath fat.

The changes coincided with the outpost receiving the brand new server bots.

Initially the foreman was pleased with the bots, and so were the rest of the employees. Morale improved with the better meals. After a week the side-effects of the food became glaringly apparent. Everyone from the miners to the pilots to the foreman himself were gaining weight at an alarming rate. No one proved capable of resisting the temptation of the fattening food. Once the bots realized they could also bring snacks to everyone while they worked things escalated out of control.

In the final entry the dragon foreman looked almost unrecognizable, his massive belly wobbling as he scarfed down a platter of cookies. "A third of the damn crew is immobilized, and no one's thin enough to fit in the—*braaaaap*—power lifters anymore. Had to detour around two blocked doorways this morning alone, one of which has been that way for a couple days since the bots snuck him food." He glared down at the server bot beside him, but didn't hesitate to grab more cookies. "Running the operation is no longer possible, and the company has deemed it too expensive to ship in a whole new crew so we're being shut down for now. Transports arrive tomorrow. With how much space all of us will take up a lot is going to be left behind—including the feeder bots. I'd rather they not end up fattening the ship crew to immobility as well."

August couldn't help but laugh once the log was finished. "Guess I'm not the only one who became a butterball." He gave his massive belly a proud pat. "Well, no reason to change things up now, might as well just go with the flow and enjoy the food while I still can...and the gains."

On the final day of being stranded in paradise, with the rescue ship closing in on the planet,

August ordered his favorites from breakfast, lunch, and dinner, which at that point was a sizable portion of the menu. While the lion hadn't necessarily shown restraint during meals before, he aggressively and purposely gluttoned then. Ignoring a glass, he instead drank directly from the dispenser bots, chugging from their hoses. His belly ballooned outward faster than ever before, August only a fraction of the way through his grand feast before he was too stuffed to reach his plates.

A week of non-stop gluttony had only increased August's stomach capacity. No food coma threatened prematurely end his meal, no overwhelming sense of fullness hit him. He felt like he could eat for days and still not be sated.

Finishing the last tank of soft serve was a slight struggle, but August didn't stop until it'd been drained dry.

The rescue party arrived a short while later, the duo left speechless as they came across the immense and immobilized lion in the mess hall. August greeted them with a cheerful smile.

Still flabbergasted, the rescuers could only nod as they stared at the lion.

The rescuers shrugged and headed back towards their ship to find something sturdy enough to move their blubbery guest, exchanging confused looks as they did.

Ready for a much-needed nap, August yawned and relaxed on his belly, which was proving to be a comfortable bed. The journey home would take a whole week, and August couldn't help but wonder just how hefty his rescuers would get during that time with the bots on board...