

Triple Trouble

By: IndigoRho

Kit hummed to himself as he strolled through his house, taking advantage of his lazy weekend to simply relax and do nothing. The roo had been chewing on some bubblegum, and stopped to blow a rather impressive bubble, maintaining the pink sphere for quite some time before carefully popping it and chewing once more.

“Kit, do you have time to go over the lunch schedule?”

The voice was so sudden and unexpected that Kit jumped a couple inches, his modest belly jiggling in his polo. Unfortunately the scare also caused the roo to swallow his gum. Kit frowned as he gulped down the squishy mass, turning to confront the one who'd snuck up on him, Alaska. Alaska was an AI—one of three who served as Kit's secretaries—his physical form resembling a somewhat hefty blue skunk, dressed simply in cuff links and a collar.

“Darn it Alaska, you gotta stop catching me off-guard like that,” Kit chastised. “I swallowed my gum thanks to you. I'm pretty sure that's not healthy or something.”

“My apologies Sir, I didn't mean to interrupt your early lunch,” Alaska replied with zero sarcasm.

Though Kit knew the AI was joking in his own odd way, he couldn't resist a sigh. “It wasn't...ugh, never mind. Now I'm gonna have to look up if anything bad happens if you eat gum, otherwise it'll bug me all day.”

“I can simply remove the gum if you'd like,” Alaska said.

Kit hadn't expected such an offer, and past experiences with the often mischievous AI made him instinctively wary. Still, he knew Alaska likely *could* back his claim up. With a noticeable hint of hesitation he relented. “Uh, sure, that'd be great. What do you need to—mmmphhh!”

Alaska had moved up and embraced Kit in a deep kiss before he could finish talking. Kit blushed deep red, enjoying the intimacy but embarrassed for Alaska to find out. Unfortunately the kiss was brief, as Kit soon felt something soft push into his mouth: the tip of Alaska's snout. The roo's eyes widened in surprise, everything happening so fast that by the time he thought to spit the AI skunk out he was too late. Alaska's nose pressed into the back of Kit's throat, and the confused roo couldn't help but swallow, pulling his AI into his gullet. Swallowing quickly became an irresistible compulsion. His maw opened to take in the rest of Alaska's head, the neck following shortly after. Kit tried to back away from his insistent prey, but Alaska was easily able to hold him in place, ensuring the roo's mouth was soon stretching over his broad shoulders. There was little hope of reversing the process now.

At the mercy of his body's need to consume the skunk, Kit could only grimace as he took in more and more of Alaska with every gulp. He begrudgingly grabbed Alaska's sides to improve his grip on the forced meal. Originally doubtful he'd be able to lift the heftier AI to finish, Kit instead rolled his eyes once he realized Alaska had adjusted his artificial weight till he was light enough to raise with jaw power alone. Kit wasn't in the mood to show off, though. He used both paws to lift Alaska vertical—about as much of a rebellion as he could manage given the strange circumstances—letting the skunk's round belly slide right into his waiting maw.

As Alaska began to enter Kit's stomach, the roo's belly bulged outwards, peeking out from under his polo. From that point on Kit's gut was in a constant state of swelling. His middle sagged and wobbled while Alaska expertly shifted into a comfortable position, Kit stumbling a little, trying to adjust to his increasing bulk. When only Alaska's legs remained outside Kit's mouth the AI modified his weight back to normal. Gravity and the increased mass joined forces to swiftly glide the rest of Alaska down Kit's throat, the roo letting out a muffled noise of disapproval as he was forced to rapidly swallow his meal. Every gulp caused his ballooning belly to grow more, Kit catching his lumpy round middle with both paws so he didn't topple over. Inevitably Alaska's poofy tail was all that was left to swallow, which Kit slurped up with great reluctance, eager to finish his “lunch”.

“What the heck was that for Alaska, get out of my stomach right this instant!” Kit demanded, hopeful his tone didn't betray any hint of satisfaction.

Kit rolled his eyes. “I thought you'd just make me cough it up somehow, or phase it right out of my stomach. Jumping down my throat is counterproductive!”

Another prolonged *urrrrrrrrp* left Kit's lips and his belly jiggled as Alaska moved around. Kit had no doubts the AI had provoked the belch on purpose, but there was little he could do to stop the skunk. "Alaska, the gum's not—*blrrrrrrrrrrrrrp*—not that important, you're relieved of—*uoorrrrrp*—duty!"

The remarks left Kit flustered and momentarily speechless. "I'm n-not that big! You're fatter than I am, or at least your projection is!"

Being found out caused Kit to blush even harder, of course. “No, no, definitely not! Just grab the gum and crawl out already, lugging you around isn't easy!”

“What!” Kit scowled. “That is totally unacceptable, you can't just chill out in my gut that long!”

The help he'd been seeking stumbled upon him just as he was looking particularly proud. Vaguely similar to Alaska, Aiden was another of Kit's Ais, designed to appear as a heavyset blue dragon. Kit swiftly reverted to a neutral expression as soon as he spotted the dragon. "Good, just who I was hoping to find!"

Kit wasn't surprised by the AI's snarky response, but his face still flushed red at the compliment. "The *source* of that issue is what I need you to deal with! Alaska is being incredibly rude and hiding in

my stomach, so could you please encourage him to come out? Or drag him out, whatever works!"

Aiden approached Kit and gave his gut a poke. "Why did you feed yourself to Kit, Alaska? You don't provide any nutrition, and there are simpler ways to help him get fatter."

A tingling sensation prevented Kit from piping in. Right on the center of Kit's bulging belly a picture of Alaska's head flickered into existence. "I'm assisting Kit with a gum problem, to ensure nothing interferes with his five course lunch."

"What! That's way too much food!" Kit frowned at his own middle. "Ugh, this is getting ridiculous, just make him leave Aiden!"

"Alright, I think I've got a plan," Aiden said. "But first you'll need to relax and loosen up a bit."

Aiden's claw lowered to Kit's crotch, and in a few swift movements the AI managed to unzip and unbutton the roo's pants, dropping them. Before Kit had any real time to react he felt a surge of pleasure come over his cock. Back and forth Aiden waved his claw, and with every pass Kit's penis grew. He wasn't simply becoming erect, his member was actually swelling, gaining both girth and mass. Soon his dick was large enough to prop up his stuffed gut. Kit was experiencing far too much euphoria to be annoyed at Aiden's forwardness, or even Alaska's continued occupation of his stomach. For a few wonderful moments he was in pure bliss, without a care in the world. Inevitably his cock's growth spurt came to an end, though, and Kit came down from his temporary high.

Kit's cock now extended over four feet, his balls having also swelled in an effort to keep up. For a while he stood in awe as he looked over Aiden's enhancements, not sure how to respond. Aiden took the initiative so Kit didn't have to, embracing the roo's thick dick with both arms and gently rocking it back and forth. He could feel it throbbing in his grasp, almost too large to hug, the perfect size for his needs. Even the slightest touch would make Kit stammer out a low moan, and Aiden was able to expertly pinpoint the most sensitive spots to tease. A light stroke here, a soft squeeze there, and more than a couple licks to help rile the roo up.

The attention he was receiving had pacified Kit, who was on the verge of actually giving the AI his thanks. Of course Aiden preemptively ruined the moment. Without warning the dragon gently placed the tips of both claws up against Kit's slit and pushed till they slipped into the roo's penis. Kit's face contorted, a mix between surprise and elation, too paralyzed by pleasure to stop whatever the AI had planned; not that he particularly wanted the feeling to end. Once Aiden was in, descending deeper down Kit's shaft proved simple. The roo's member seemed more than eager to slurp up the AI, Aiden's careful movements prompting a steady trickle of pre to lubricate his path.

Within a minute Aiden was already engulfed up past his elbows. He leaned forwards, letting Kit's dick take his head and lightening his body to ease consumption. Kit moaned as the tip of his cock stretched to handle Aiden's belly, performing as if such a feat were an everyday occurrence for the roo. The flow of cum was increasing, hastening Aiden's journey and forming a pool on the thankfully-tile floor. His balls bloated as Aiden slid into them, inching lower and lower to the ground as time went on and swaying. No worries of what he'd have to deal with in the aftermath of his second course clouded the roo's pleasure-driven mind. Instead he savored the experience, gripping his gut with both paws and greedily glutting on his more-than-willing treat.

Aiden's tail was the only part of him not yet engulfed by Kit's cock and balls, wagging all about even as it began to vanish itself. A few deep gulps later and the slit of Kit's dick sealed tightly over the dragon's tail tip, adamant to prevent escape attempts that would never come. The bulge that was Aiden slowly moved down Kit's throbbing member, which was shooting off small spurts of cum throughout the process. His balls were swiftly matching his belly both in size and shape, wobbling as they rest upon the floor, vague hints of their unusual occupant visible. Kit let out a long, moaning sigh as Aiden finally dropped into his balls. The roo carefully leaned atop his beanbag chair of a ball sac, somewhat exhausted. For a while Kit merely mumbled out happy sighs as he recovered, though inevitably he was forced to confront his now greatly-escalated situation.

"Aiden...seriously?" was all Kit could manage under the circumstances. The admittedly

arousing sensation of someone shifting in his balls threatened to interrupt any meaningful conversation.

The reply back was less muffled than those from Alaska, though the message was equally obnoxious. “Oh dear, this wasn't a shortcut to your stomach at all! I was certain that was how bodies worked...”

Kit would've punched his own balls to smote Aiden if his own massive dick weren't in the way. “You can't play dumb like that when you're a darn artificial intelligence! At least put in the effort to come up with a reasonable lie!”

“I'd never deceive you, Kit,” Aiden lied. “My blueprints for you must have been woefully out of date, I'll have to run an update and then plan from there. Until then I'll add some warnings so no one makes the same mistake.”

“No one would ever make a mistake like that, ever! It's completely—hey stop that!” Kit demanded as two large “do not enter” signs appeared on his balls, along with the words “closed” down the length of his cock.

Alaska became aware of his peer's graffiti through some means or another, as large text reading “occupied” appeared on Kit's belly soon after.

“N-no labeling me, that's completely unnecessary!” Kit shouted.

Naturally more labels were added, with increasingly questionable purpose. Alaska added Kit's weight to his gut, along with an up-to-date reading of his waist circumference, which was very slowly ticking upwards. Aiden's contribution was a meter resembling a fuel-tank gauge, but providing details on how much cum Kit was producing. Each new label was gaudier and more animated than the last. Attempting to ignore the two troublemakers proved woefully ineffective, as the AIs would either share wordy technical reports of their “progress” with one another or make a point of moving around more than usual. Not to mention the ever-present *urrrrrrrrrps* and *bworrrrrrrps*, which Alaska displayed decibel ratings for.

Having assumed there was no way things could get any worse, the sounds of another entering the room soon echoed out to prove Kit wrong. While Kit couldn't see the newcomer, there was only one individual they could possibly be: AJ, the third AI. The blue jay circled around to Kit's front, eyeing his expanded belly, cock, and balls with mock surprise.

“I feel like I've been left out of something important,” AJ said.

Kit had finally learned his lesson about asking the AIs for help, and was intent on shoos AJ away as soon as possible. “Nope, nothing going on here, nothing at all! AJ, why don't you go inventory the pantry for me, I'm planning on a large dinner so you'd be doing me a huge favor!”

“You appear to have stuffed yourself silly at lunch, Kit, and by the looks of that erection you rather enjoyed yourself! Are you sure you'll still have room for a sizable dinner?” AJ asked.

Kit was so used to the AIs jumping at any chance to expand him that he didn't know how to respond at first. “I...um, o-of course I'll have room! My stomach's barely half full right now!” he laughed nervously and gave his belly a slap.

AJ gave the roo an over exaggerated look of doubt. “Well it'd be a shame to waste good food if you didn't,” the AI mused, whistling innocently as he wandered behind Kit and out of sight. “Perhaps we should test your capacity out just to be on the safe side.”

“Can't you just run a simulation or something!” Kit yelped as he felt his butt slapped.

“Hmm, impressive jiggling,” AJ said, then patted the roo's ass once more. “Decent cushioning, though it'd benefit greatly from you gaining a couple hundred pounds or so. Still, the journey should be comfortable enough.”

Kit was slowly piecing together AJ's intentions, and he didn't like them one bit. Well, the butt wobbling wasn't too bad actually, but AJ would never stop at something so simple. “C'mon AJ, be reasonable, come back around and we'll—whoa whoa whoa!”

The blue jay had rather unceremoniously decided to take the route untraveled, wiggling his way into Kit's ass with impressive speed and care. Kit clenched his teeth as the AI penetrated him. He was

surprised by his body's compulsion to suck AJ in, and had little choice but to enjoy the ride, overcome by blushing once more. Almost immediately Kit felt the AI's feathered hands pushing into his stomach, which wobbled as Alaska shifted to accommodate his approaching roommate. That's when AJ's speed dramatically picked up pace, Alaska actively pulling the blue jay in. Kit whacked AJ's back with his thick tail out of frustration, even though he knew such an act wouldn't deter or really bother the blue jay much. He groaned as his belly swelled outward, supported by and actively teasing his cock, imagining how massive he would be after meal three.

Little by little Kit became more comfortable openly enjoying his expansion, encouraged both by the lack of witnesses and his sheer inability to completely disguise his feelings. He still didn't want his trio of AIs to know, as they were constantly conspiring to get him huge far too often as it was. If he gave his blessing there was a chance they might keep him immobile perpetually. Then again, being too big to move wasn't *too* bad. Being aided by Alaska meant AJ's consumption was the swiftest of the three, the blue jay disappearing up Kit's rear with ease. Kit was fairly relieved once AJ fully settled into his stomach, tired of having his body stretched in all sorts of ways. Though he knew he should be chewing AJ out for what he'd done, Kit decided to momentarily focus on the positives of his situation rather than the negatives. After all, it could be quite a while before the trio stuffing him got bored and left on their own...