

Weight Gain Shake: Part I

By: IndigoRho

Shiriko took a deep breath, letting the scent of fresh eggs and sausage fill his nostrils. The german shepherd had awoken to the sound of his own growling stomach—not an uncommon occurrence for the well-over four hundred pound dog—and had quickly set to work putting together a breakfast hefty enough to silence it. Of course, he'd also made sure there'd be plenty leftover for his friend and host Indigo, who apparently hadn't gotten up yet. Though fairly overweight, the blue cheetah was still dwarfed by the canine, and actively gaining to lower the weight gap between them. Surely a greasy breakfast would help his venture.

While Shiriko was busy pondering food, Indigo quietly wandered by the kitchen, yawning and grabbing a marker from a nearby drawer. He seemingly ignored Shiriko's initial, friendly “hello”, until he turned back around, abruptly lifting the shepherd's poor-fitting tank-top and writing something on his newly-exposed gut. Shiriko held back most of a giggle as he felt the cold marker running across his belly, jiggling it slightly in the process and messing up some of the line work on accident. Indigo tossed aside the marker once he was finished, and Shiriko stared down, squinting as he struggled to read whatever had been graffitied on him. They were only three, messy words: “Gainer Shake: Dinner”.

The shepherd laughed. “What's this all about?”

Indigo grabbed the sides of Shiriko's flabby gut with both paws and gave it a playful shake.

“Just what it says. You're gonna be my gainer shake for dinner tonight.”

Shiriko couldn't help but blush as his belly was toyed with. “Hehe, good one.”

“Oh, I'm not joking. Just think about what the calorie content of someone your size must be,”

Indigo said, licking his lips as he grabbed a pawful of Shiriko's flab. “If I'm lucky I might gain seventy, maybe even eighty pounds, all from a single meal.”

“B-but I don't want to be your dinner,” Shiriko replied, his face growing even flusher despite his reluctance.

Indigo continued admiring the massive belly of his future meal. “But don't you want to help a friend achieve his weight goals? You'll re-form good as new in less than a day, anyways.”

“That doesn't make it better! I'll still have to deal with being crammed into your stomach and digested,” Shiriko said.

“Nothing you haven't experienced before,” Indigo said back, grinning as the shepherd grew flustered in response. “I don't think I can even begin to count how many waistlines you've swelled over the years. Now it's time for you to work your magic on mine.”

Shiriko watched the cheetah turn around and head in the direction of the living room. “Indi, please reconsider, we have plans for tomorrow!”

“Nope, mind's made up.” Indigo didn't stop. “This is gonna be so awesome, I'll pass three hundred pounds for sure! No way any of my clothes will fit after, might have to borrow some of yours.”

Shiriko stood silently, lifting his tank-top and looking back down at the fate written across his own gut. He imagined being shoved down Indigo's throat and squeezed into his stomach, churned and broken down until he was nothing more than a thick soup before being converted into layer upon layer of pure, soft flab on the cheetah's body. His immense size had always made him a prime target for gluttonous preds, and Indigo was right—many furs had gotten fat thanks to his “help”. For a brief moment he considered accepting his fate, maybe try to make the most of his day before being consumed. No. Not this time. He was tired of always being treated like a full course meal, even by friends. Shiriko waddled towards the living room as fast as he could, desperately trying to come up with a way to escape becoming Indigo's dinner.

In the living room, Indigo was busy lazily relaxing on the couch, only sort of paying attention to the TV. He spotted Shiriko entering the room—the shepherd was fairly hard to miss after all—and

returned to ogling his heftier friend's middle. "Man, the temptation to spoil my meal schedule and just gobble you up right now is pretty high."

"Why don't we find you a different gainer shake, someone just as filling?" Shiriko asked.

"There's the obese otter next door, he'd definitely plump you up good!"

"Nah, that guy's bad luck, and that hyena boyfriend of his gets pretty grumpy any time I try to sneak an otter snack," Indigo replied. "Besides, he's not fat enough."

Shiriko wasn't about to give up hope. "Ok, then how about we order you a delivery guy or two. You told me before most of them are my weight, plus you could wash them down with soda and pizza after."

Indigo didn't even give the suggestion a passing thought. "Delivery guys cost money, you're free. Plus I'm really in the mood for canine tonight."

"Um, um...the dragonmutt across the hall!" Shiriko exclaimed in desperation. "I saw him yesterday and he must weigh at least as much as I do now. Though I wonder what he's been eating to get that fat, I swore he was just chubby."

Indigo suddenly started blushing, and aggressively avoided eye contact with Shiriko. "Why would I know! He's probably just been gorging on pizza and cookies, yeah, definitely that." Shiriko was too concerned about his own predicament to notice the cheetah's odd response. "I should've been a bit more specific; I'm not just in the mood for canine, I'm in the mood for shepherd. German shepherd."

"Uh...uh..." Shiriko tried to think of another option, any option, but his mind went blank.

"You know, I'd really appreciate if you ate well today. I hear stuffed shepherd is delicious," Indigo said, grinning widely.

Shiriko quickly turned and waddled away, fearful Indigo would get any further ideas. He sighed as he left the room, distraught that his attempt to avoid the inevitable had failed once more. The smell of his still-warm breakfast wasn't enough to improve his mood, only reminding him of the cheetah's suggestion to stuff himself. With seemingly all hope gone, Shiriko sullenly approached the food, wondering if he could actually enjoy it without considering the connotations. He couldn't help but imagine himself crammed with food and sitting on a silver platter, too full to move as Indigo licked his chops and prepared for the feast of a lifetime. In that moment of despair, though, an idea suddenly hit Shiriko. Instead of stuffing himself, what if he stuffed Indigo? If he could round up enough food, maybe he could trick the gluttonous cheetah into eating so much before dinner he wouldn't have the appetite necessary to eat the massive shepherd.

With his hopes temporarily restored, Shiriko quickly went to work. A thorough scan of the fridge and pantry revealed there was plenty of filling, easy to cook food at his disposal, and a short trip to the nearby grocery store could provide what was missing. He ventured back into the living room, trying to ignore Indigo's hungry glances as he dug out a fresh shirt from his bag next to the air mattress he'd been using as a bed during his visit. The first shirt he grabbed turned out to be a little smaller than expected—leaving a noticeable strip of light-brown flab exposed—but Shiriko was in too much of a hurry to find something that fit better, if he even had such a thing with him.

"Watcha doing?"

Shiriko jumped a little as he heard Indigo's voice right behind him, his shirt riding up and revealing more of his jiggling gut. "I...I was just going to grab something from the store real quick. You know, to stuff myself with."

"There should still be more than enough food in the kitchen for that," Indigo said. "If you need me to point it out I will, though I might be tempted to feed it all to ya personally."

Shiriko gulped. "Y-you don't have any pastries, and I thought maybe you'd like having a cream-filled shepherd!"

Indigo smirked at the far lewder interpretation of Shiriko's statement. "That's very thoughtful of you, I'm glad you've decided to cooperate." He walked the short distance to a hamper by the wall, pulling an odd collar out of it before returning. "Though if you're gonna leave the apartment, I insist

you wear this.”

“What is it?” Shiriko asked, though he was already certain he knew the answer. '

“Oh, just a little GPS collar. I know you're not familiar with the area, wouldn't want you getting lost,” Indigo said, taking a moment to brush something off the device. “Sorry about its condition, I haven't had a chance to clean it since I used it last.”

Shiriko was close enough to smell the lingering odor of digestive juices on the collar. “N-no worries.”

Indigo unbuckled the somewhat bulky collar and wrapped it around Shiriko's neck himself, barely managing to strap it on. Shiriko winced as it dug ever so slightly into his flab. “Hmm, I'll have to look into getting a larger collar before you visit next, one better suited for someone so...filling.”

“N-no need to waste money on me,” Shiriko said.

“Oh trust me, it'd get plenty of use.” Indigo grabbed a quick pawful of the shepherd's belly before happily returning to the couch.

With a quiet whimper Shiriko shuffled out of the apartment and to the nearby grocery store. Shopping proved to be far more difficult than expected, the heavy collar around his neck serving as a persistent reminder of his potential fate if his plan failed. Even worse were the stares. The collar was hard to miss, and its size and lone blinking light seemed to draw in the gazes of practically everyone he passed in the store. Some were confused, or merely curious, but a few obviously knew its true purpose, snickering as he waddled by them in the aisles, one going as far as to tell him “Have fun, lunch!”. His small shirt quickly became problematic, too. Any time he reached for something at the top of a shelf his shirt would rise just enough to expose the writing on his large belly. He could tell whenever someone managed to read the words, and his face turned a deep red any time it happened.

After an embarrassing hour of anxious shopping and gawking, Shiriko finally returned to Indigo's apartment, his paws clinging to bags of hopefully filling food. He secluded himself in the kitchen, not even bothering to get his collar taken off, and threw himself at the daunting task of preparing a feast overwhelming enough to sate his friend's ridiculous appetite. Boiling pots and pans covered the stove top while trays of cookies baked in the oven, every last inch of the counters occupied with some form of food being prepared. The shepherd worked nearly non-stop, waddling around the cramped kitchen and desperately trying not to knock anything over with his massive gut.

When the first batch of cookies finished he grabbed a TV tray and rushed into the living room, where Indigo was busy playing video games. The lazy cheetah looked at the snack first with hunger, then suspicion. “And what are these for?”

“I-I just thought you'd like a snack while you waited for dinner, something to tide you over till the main course,” Shiriko replied nervously. “We can't risk you gobbling me up before I'm ready after all, hehe.”

Indigo seemed to accept the logic, though he'd never been one to turn down free food to begin with. “Aww, how very thoughtful of you. You've been making quite the commotion in the kitchen, I can only imagine how delicious you'll look stuffed when you're done in there.”

Shiriko gulped. “Yep, just gonna stuff myself till I'm about to burst, only the best for you!”

The shepherd hurried back to his work as Indigo took a break to greedily shovel cookies into his maw. Step one of his plan had been successful, but Shiriko knew that was the easiest part. Convincing Indigo to gorge on a plate of cookies was one thing, convincing him to wipe out a dozen or so more plates of food would be a whole new challenge. By the time he'd returned a fresh pot of pasta was ready, and Shiriko loaded it all into a large bowl and drowned it in sauce before carrying both it and a two-liter of soda out to his host. Only crumbs remained of the cookies Shiriko had brought just minutes earlier. Again Shiriko's gift of food was regarded with suspicion, and again the shepherd was able to trick Indigo into accepting it, along with the soda.

Encouraged by his initial successes, Shiriko made his third trip to the living room with increased confidence, balancing two plates of grilled sandwiches. Indigo didn't question the offering

this time, but he did ogle his future meal's gut longer than usual. "The pre-dinner snacks are great and all, but you should really start eating some of that cooking yourself."

"I-I have been," Shiriko lied, poorly.

Indigo slurped up a large forkful of noodles and gave the shepherd's gut a poke. "I've been admiring this belly all day, and it hasn't grown an inch since you got back from the store."

"I guess I haven't been eating as much as I thought, um, I'll get on that right away!" Shiriko fled back to the kitchen with the empty cookie plate to avoid further interrogation.

Shiriko cursed under his breath the minute he felt he was safely out of earshot of Indigo. He should've known the gluttonous cheetah would be paying an obsessive amount of attention to his middle, especially after he'd promised to stuff himself. Going back into the living room without a noticeable change in his size would be incredibly risky, might even prompt Indigo to eat him on the spot in frustration. Eating the food he was preparing simply wasn't an option, though. Shiriko needed every last ounce of it to end up in Indigo's stomach, lest he join it. Desperate for a solution, the shepherd found it in an unlikely place: the sink.

The apartment's sink included a nozzle attached to a hose for ease of cleaning dishes, which Shiriko grabbed and shoved into his mouth, turning the water on full blast. He winced as the cold water began gushing down his throat and into his empty stomach. His belly slowly began to swell, his exposed strip of fur growing wider. Gulping down a decent amount of water in between each food run could give the illusion that he'd been gorging on food, hopefully satisfying Indigo and giving Shiriko a chance to avoid being dinner. Once a few inches were visibly added to his waistline Shiriko removed the hose and gave his gut a small shake, feeling the water slosh within. Perfect.

With the latest obstacle resolved, Shiriko settled into a steady routine. Every few minutes he would bring a fresh, overflowing plate of food out to the living room, along with a new two-liter if he felt it might be necessary. He'd make a show of how "stuffed" he was becoming, distracting Indigo long enough to switch out the empty plates for full ones so the cheetah wouldn't realize just how much he was eating. Indigo was soon ogling the snacks brought out almost as much as his originally planned meal, and would eagerly begin digging into the food before Shiriko left. Shiriko watched with joy as Indigo's flabby belly grew larger and larger with each trip, his tank-top growing tighter and exposing more of blue pudge.

At the same time, Shiriko was getting bigger, too. The considerable amount of water within his stomach loudly sloshed with every step he took, forcing him to move slower around Indigo just to muffle it's noise. He was bumping into stuff in the kitchen much more often now, almost wiping out a row of cooling pots at one point after turning too abruptly. Cooking and walking gradually became more tiring, but any time he skipped out on guzzling water Indigo would somehow notice and act like he was suspicious, forcing Shiriko to double up on his next go. The writing on his gut had become more exposed though, too, and seeing his potential fate stamped across him proved to be just the right kind of motivation to power him through the challenge.

By the time Shiriko waddled out with the grand finale—two towering plates of donuts—his shirt had completely ridden up the immense curve of his belly, which jiggled and swayed with even the slightest movements. Fortunately he wasn't the only one stuffed. Indigo was leaning back on the couch, cradling his fully exposed and very much swollen gut while he struggled to chew the last of his most recent offering. He practically cringed when he spotted the new snack being brought his way, though seeing the wonderful belly behind it gave him just enough energy to finish the food.

Indigo attempted to sit up, but barely managed to move a couple inches before falling back into the couch with a miffed grumble. "Oof, I appreciate the thought Shiriko, but I honestly don't think I can handle all those donuts." A loud belch escaped his lips. "I might have overdone it."

Shiriko was unable to hide his glee. If he could just stuff Indigo with the final plates of food his safety would be guaranteed. "Nonsense! I know you can scarf down these donuts, you just need a bit of help."

Before Indigo could reject the claim, Shiriko pushed a donut into his mouth. The cheetah quickly chewed and swallowed the unwelcome—though very delicious—treat, but the second he finished another two took its place. He squirmed as the shepherd force-fed him donut after donut, given only a brief moment to gasp for air before the end of a full two-liter was shoved deep into his maw. Indigo gulped the bubbling stream of soda as fast as he possibly could, feeling his belly swell from its carbonated addition. Once it was completely drained and removed, more donuts took its place. The feeding session was over in a matter of minutes, leaving Indigo a groaning, belching mess.

Shiriko gave the stuffed cheetah a triumphant pat on the gut, overjoyed at his apparent success. “You doing alright there, buddy?” he said with a grin. “You look a tad bit out of it, definitely in no condition to enjoy your main course.”

“I...I...urrrrrpp!” Indigo was interrupted by a strong burp.

“Huh, couldn't hear you,” Shiriko said, leaning in closer with a grin on his face.

“I...I still have room for dessert.”

Shiriko's grin vanished in a heartbeat, right before Indigo unleashed a powerful belch directly into his face. The shepherd shook his head in surprise, distracted just long enough for Indigo to give him a solid shove to the gut. With a yelp Shiriko tumbled backwards onto the sill-inflated air mattress he'd slept on the night before. He winced as his water-filled stomach sloshed around violently upon impact, thoroughly dazing him. Indigo carefully slid off the couch and onto his knees, letting his round belly rest against the floor as he crawled the short distance to Shiriko. His mouth already watering, the cheetah grasped Shiriko's paws in his own and shoved them into his open maw.

Indigo moaned as he got the first teasing taste of his true meal of the night. His stomach actually growled in anticipation, despite already being packed with enough food to feed a family, and drove him to begin swallowing in earnest. Shiriko felt his paws entering the moist cavern of Indigo's mouth and knew right away what was happening. He made a desperate attempt to sit up and escape before the cheetah could make enough progress, but discovered that his recently bloated belly was simply too big to overcome. All he could manage were a few pitiful wobbles that jiggled his gut and not much else. Meanwhile, Indigo had already reached the shepherd's knees, fully intent on devouring his immense meal before his stomach had a chance to reconsider.

“W-wait, Indi please stop!” Shiriko begged as he flopped and flailed in vain. “I'm your guest, you can't just eat your guest!”

The only response was a heavily muffled chuckle and a slurp, the tips of Shiriko's paws now brushing against the entrance to Indigo's stomach.

“I can find you a larger meal, maybe even two!” Shiriko could feel Indigo's lips passing over his shorts and inching up his thighs. “There's still time to spit me out, please!”

A large gulp pushed Shiriko's paws into Indigo's stomach, and they immediately sunk into the muck of ingested food.

Shiriko yelped. He'd almost forgotten about just how stuffed Indigo was himself, his stomach filled with the mashed together remnants of the enormous feast prepared for him. The thought of being crammed into such a place brought the shepherd to the verge of panic. “No, no, no, don't do this to me, I don't want to be buried in food!” He frantically pushed against the cheetah's face with his paws, only to have them quickly grabbed and slid into Indigo's maw.

By then Indigo had reached the monumental hurdle that was Shiriko's mountain of a gut, and he tackled the challenge with glee. His mouth widened to a ridiculous degree as it slowly spread over the entire width of Shiriko's middle, stretching past the message he'd written hours earlier. Shiriko's pudge flowed into his maw, oozing into every inch of open space and overwhelming his taste-buds. A spattering of spices had made their way onto the shepherd's gut while cooking, enhancing the taste just enough to give Indigo plenty of ideas for future meals. For now, though, he was in heaven. He aggressively teased his meal, running his tongue along the thick roll of fat on his back and gently biting down occasionally just to feel the flab squish. Indigo's purrs of joy shook Shiriko's entire body.

Shiriko whined as he was relentlessly tasted and slightly chewed, horrified that Indigo was even capable of swallowing someone his size. He had futilely hoped he'd somehow be too big, that Indigo would be forced to give up and settle on a smaller meal. Instead, the gluttonous cheetah was barely slowed down at all by Shiriko's mass. The shepherd could feel his blubbery belly being squeezed down Indigo's throat on its way to the stomach, where his legs were being dunked and folded into the food slurry within. His heart dropped as he the sides of Indigo's mouth come into view and the cheetah's grinning face slide over the peak of his gut. There was no hope for escape.

Regardless of the inevitable, Shiriko continued to struggle and beg for mercy even as his whole belly vanished past Indigo's lips. He whimpered as he felt Indigo's paws grasp the top of his head and push, sending his muzzle into oblivion and silencing hm. Shiriko stared at the ceiling in terror before the last gulp robbed him of his sight, Indigo's maw firmly closing shut. A series of strong gulps caused Shiriko to lurch into the throat, then up to the sphincter, and finally pulled completely into the stomach.

Shiriko quickly raised his muzzle as high up as he could, feeling the thick muck of food and soda brushing against his chin. Moving proved to be nearly impossible. Besides the constricting weight of the earlier meals, Shiriko's sheer girth and the exhaustion from overworking himself proved a powerful combination. Indigo's loud purring assaulted his ears and vibrated him, massaging his body in tune with the natural churning of the stomach in preparation for digestion. He'd spent hours trying to avoid this very situation, and had only managed to make his eventual fate worse. Stuffing himself suddenly seemed like the more dignified choice.

Indigo groaned as he felt Shiriko settle into his stomach. He was unbelievably proud of himself for not only gorging on the massive german shepherd, but also an obscene amount of mundane food. The cheetah had never been so large before, resting atop his bulging belly and delighting in every squirm his meal made. Standing back up was outright impossible, and rolling over onto his back could prove difficult, perhaps even painful. Not that he particularly minded. All he cared was that Shiriko was safely tucked away in his stomach, soon to be digested away into a delightfully thick layer of fat. He squeezed his massive middle in a hug, closing his eyes and imagining just how fat he'd become after his meal. The churning of his stomach and his heavy purrs lulled him into deep slumber.