

Double Stuffed Reggie

By: IndigoRho

The sounds of chips crunching filled the room in between laughter and chatter. A pair of rather hefty friends were squeezed onto a couch that struggled to contain them, creaking occasionally from their movement. One was Indi, a midnight-blue cheetah whose belly wobbled as he laughed. His companion was Reggie, a fox with cheeks as round as his gut. They'd spent most of the lazy day snacking and watching TV, only leaving the couch for more food and drink.

As Indi's paw searched an empty bag he frowned. "Damn, I think we're out of chips."

"There were still three bags when I last checked, you really scarfed them down didn't you tubbs?" Reggie teased, giving his friend's middle a poke.

"And how many boxes of donuts have *you* personally cleared out?" Indi countered playfully. "You're gonna be too big for your sweats by the end of the day!"

"Ha! *I'm* not the one who seems to go up a size every other month. I still remember when you were half my size—bet you'll be twice my weight before long~"

Reggie grinned at Indi's silent blushing, satisfied by his little victory.

A firm knock at the door got the attentions of both.

"Awesome, pizza's finally here!" Indi said as he hefted himself off the couch.

"Make sure not to eat it all on the spot, Spots!" Reggie shouted as he watched Indi waddle off, already munching on some cookies.

Indi waved the remark off, but he couldn't deny how hungry he was. Their selection of snacks had been mostly whittled away, and a cheetah of Indi's girth required hearty meals to stay sated. The four pizzas awaiting him might not be enough. His stomach was rumbling by the time he opened the door.

Just as hoped there was a pizza delivery guy on the other side of the door, a rather lean tiger whose smile grew noticeably nervous the second he saw Indi. Indi understood the reason immediately and stifled a chuckle.

Aside from questionable tips, the worst part of being a pizza guy was the tendency of customers to treat them as an added bonus to every order. Many managed to get eaten two or three times a week depending on how voracious their delivery routes were. Indi himself had indulged on them quite often, happily stuffing himself with both pizza and pizza boy on days when he was simply too lazy to make actual food.

Indi's stomach growled loud enough for the delivery guy to hear, and at that moment Indi knew the tiger was bound for his stomach. He couldn't help but be disappointed at how scrawny the tiger was, though. He enjoyed live meals to be on the plumper side, but there wasn't nearly enough food in the apartment to stuff the delivery boy to satisfaction. If only he'd been as blubbery as Reggie.

The wheels in the hungry cheetah's head started turning, a whole new sneaky plot coming together. The pizza guy might not be filling, but *Reggie* certainly would be. Despite his friend's size he still wouldn't be easy to gulp down. If he were stuffed with a certain tiger on hand, though, he'd likely be sluggish enough to make the perfect overindulgent feast.

"Um, pizza for Indi?" The tiger cleared his throat and repeated again.

Indi had been too busy daydreaming about eating to realize the delivery guy had been speaking to him.

"Yes, yes! Now why don't we head inside so I can give you a nice tip?" Indi snagged the pizzas before wrapping a firm arm around the tiger's shoulder and guiding him into the apartment, slamming the door shut behind them.

The unlucky tiger was too small and timid to fight back, and was easily coerced into the living room with no doubt as to his fate. Reggie looked up in confusion as Indi returned with a stranger in a delivery uniform.

"Spots you'd better not be planning to eat him," Reggie frowned. "What if the pizza place decides to stop delivering here because they don't want all their drivers ending up as cheetah pudge!"

Indi put on an over exaggerated look of shock. "Now Reggie, I'd *never* consider eating such a delicious, nutritious tiger such as this! I've saved him for you."

Reggie snorted. "Unlike you I'm completely satisfied with good old fashioned normal food. Besides, he'd probably give me a stomach ache."

"Stop being such a picky eater Reggie, there's nothing weird at all about eating tigers," Indi insisted, carefully inching closer and closer to his couch-bound friend with the hapless delivery guy in tow. "I bet once you've had a good taste of him you'll gobble the rest up without a second thought!"

As soon as Reggie began to disagree he found his response muffled by the tiger's head being shoved into his open mouth. Reggie's eyes bulged, the fox wiggling in protest as he attempted to pull his unwanted meal free. Unfortunately Indi had other plans. The devious cheetah nudged the tiger further into Reggie's maw, forcing him to swallow. Once Reggie began swallowing he couldn't stop, and soon the bulge of the tiger was traveling down his throat and towards his middle.

Indi snickered as he watched Reggie wobble about, the fox's struggles futile. The pizza boy was vanishing fast, and every gulp caused Reggie's belly to balloon outward a little bit more. His white furry gut was peeking out from beneath his hoodie, faint bulges visible beneath the layers of soft fat. Once Indi was certain the tiger wasn't going to be coughed up he diverted a paw to the fox's belly, kneading and squeezing the pudge like dough.

"All that snacking's made you feel like a big, squishy marshmallow," Indi grinned, Reggie blushing in return. "I wonder if you taste just like one, too?"

The cheetah dramatically licked his lips, and suddenly Reggie knew he wasn't just getting stuffed as a joke. His struggles intensified, but the added weight of the tiger made getting off the couch practically impossible, especially with Indi looming overhead to block any escape. He was already slurping up the tiger's legs, and once he was finished it was only a matter of time before Indi decided to gorge.

Indi, meanwhile, was busy gloating about his assumed triumph. "Gosh Reggie you're gonna be *so* fattening! And when you're back from becoming cat fat I'll be able to jiggle my gut and point out which layers you contributed to, or how you're the reason my chair creaks a bit louder now."

The tiger had nearly vanished, Indi's paws firmly around his ankles as he helped push in all that remained. While Indi continued boasting he let his attention wander, not realizing just how close his own paws were to Reggie's maw until an unexpected warmth came over them. He blinked in confusion as he felt himself pulled forwards, and chirped loudly in fear once he finally noticed he was being gulped down now as well.

"H-hey, I'm not on the menu jumbo, spit my paws out!" Indi said.

All too soon Indi's paws were slipping into Reggie's gullet, though. Reggie looked just as concerned as Indi, the fox unable to overpower his natural instincts. Eating the lean tiger had been bad enough, but he didn't want to imagine just how stuffed he'd be if Indi were the second course. He kept expecting Indi to free his paws and save them both the trouble, but his gluttonous friend instead managed to topple over in a panic and land right atop Reggie's massive belly.

Indi squirmed and complained and chirped, but his frantic efforts did nothing to reverse or even slow his consumption. He could only look on in dismay as Reggie's maw reluctantly stretched open wide to take in the cheetah's head and shoulders.

Eating Indi was a slow but steady process. He slipped past Reggie's jaws inch by wiggling inch, causing his friend's middle to swell dramatically. Reggie groaned as he felt Indi start to slip into his stomach, his two excessive meals arguing and fidgeting within him as they fought for space. He could hear the couch groaning beneath him as well, furious at having to handle so much weight concentrated on one spot.

Bigger and bigger Reggie's belly grew, a massive lumpy dome pinning him to the couch. Indi's

kicking legs rested atop it, though not for long. Reggie forced himself to willingly swallow the rest of Indi just to get the inescapable ordeal over with, and he could claim without a shadow of a doubt that it was the least enjoyable meal he'd had in ages. When his jaws did finally close around Indi's paws he sighed and pouted.

Reggie was absolutely massive. His gut blocked his vision, wobbling left and right as the two felines inside shifted about. Occasionally a lump would turn into an outright bulge, either Indi or the delivery guy trying to push against their prison. Neither seemed to know how to wiggle their way back up Reggie's throat, and Reggie himself had no clue as to how to release them on his own. The unplanned gorging session simply hadn't benefited anyone in the end.

"Damn it Reggie, let me out!" Indi whined, his voice somewhat muffled by the layers of stretched fox fat.

"Ugh, I would if I—*uooooorrrp*—could!" Reggie told his protesting middle. Eating so much had put him on the verge of a food coma, and the fox was struggling to stay awake. A good long nap felt like the only thing that'd make him feel better.

The fox's belly wobbled. "This isn't fair, *I* was supposed to be the full one!"

Indi's complaint fell on deaf ears. Reggie had already passed out, the double-stuffed fox falling into a deep slumber he wouldn't be waken from easily. All Indi could do was whine and wait—and maybe snack on the convenient snack who'd been swallowed before him...

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Early the next afternoon Reggie groggily stirred in his slumber. The big fox yawned and stretched, vague memories of a really weird dream lingering in his head. He'd dreamed of being force-fed a tiger and then his friend Indi, and the whole experience had been rather dreadful. As his eyes drifted open, though, Reggie began to fear it might not have been a dream after all.

His hoodie was uncomfortably tight, sleeves digging at his plump arms and his blubbery belly fairly exposed and looking rounder than usual. Reggie tried to pull his hoodie over his gut but that proved an impossibility. Bending over prompted a loud, muffled rip as the seams of his sweat pants tore in multiple places, causing Reggie to blush in embarrassment. He was fatter.

Though the changes to his body were somewhat subtle there was no denying them. Reggie was softer everywhere—from his butt to his cheeks. On the coffee table in front of him was a stack of four unopened pizza boxes, and the remnants of the previous day's grazing still littered the room. He really *had* eaten Indi and a random delivery guy.

Reggie frowned as he gazed upon his unwanted gains. His sweats were some of the only clothes that comfortably fit him, and he wasn't eager to have to buy a whole new wardrobe to hold him over until he shed the fresh pounds—*if* he shed them. Slimming down wasn't exactly easy. He knew he'd need to get back at Indi for the incident once the obnoxious cheetah re-formed, though he wasn't sure what the best revenge would be. Eating him certainly wouldn't help.

The rumbling of Reggie's stomach pulled him away from thoughts of vengeance. His gaze shifted to the pizzas, which were starting to look like a tempting breakfast. Sure they wouldn't help his efforts to lose weight, but a cheat day couldn't hurt, could it...