

Aster the DM: Stuffing Session

By: IndigoRho

Aster looked down at the notes behind his DM screen, then grinned.

“Alright Raf you’re the only one still mobile: how will you proceed?” the black cat asked, brushing a tuft of lavender hair away from his eyes.

Across the table Raf scowled, something he’d been doing all session. The heavy hyena’s chair creaked beneath him as he fidgeted, his pink eyes burning a hole in the dungeon map laying before him.

In most games of Dungeons and Dragons the choice of whether to delve deeper into a dungeon would be an easy one. With Aster as the Dungeon Master, though, such choices frequently had consequences. *Hefty* consequences.

Aster was firm believer in creating an immersive experience for his players, though they had quickly grown suspect it was mainly for his benefit as opposed to theirs. Aside from acting out their characters they also had to act out certain situations they faced, like traps. Traps that tended to involve the characters getting stuffed silly.

“You’re our—*uorrrrrrrrrrrrp*—only hope Raf. Just beat the dungeon and we’ll be free for once!” Said a rotund midnight-blue cheetah laying on the couch. He made a weak attempt to sit up, but his gut was bulging out so much he only managed a comical wobble.

Indi was supposed to be the party’s rogue, but the cheetah’s terrible luck with dice rolls meant he was more likely to set off a trap than disarm it. That session hadn’t been any different.

A natural one at the entrance to the dungeon had forced Indi to eat two dozen donuts. Then there was the failed will save in the magic kitchen that allowed Aster to feed him a buffet-worth of burgers. He’d nearly been too full to move after that, but endured. Of course Indi’s greed was what did him in, when he’d picked up a cursed decanter of endless thirst and Aster had revealed the two liters of soda. *So much* soda. Now he was immobile and belchy.

“Just...just roll me into the room Raf, I’ll—*braaap*—I’ll take care of it.”

Raf rolled his eyes, not even glancing towards the engorged gray lion who was almost passed out on the floor nearby. They were fairly hefty as well, their middle a lumpy, faintly squirming dome.

When the campaign had begun August had actually been merely chubby. Playing a barbarian had led to him constantly setting off traps accidentally, though. At first he’d felt embarrassed being force-fed by Aster while his friends watched and snickered. As the lion grew fatter and fatter with every session he slowly gained a fondness for the gluttony, and didn’t seem to mind at all when he was inevitably caught in a trap.

Indi’s bad rolls had denied August any of the usual feeding traps that session, but his barbarian rage had more than made up for it. Aster had determined that August’s character had swallowed a food golem whole after getting the final hit on him--coincidentally just as the pizza was being delivered.

A dozen large pizzas had been shoved down August’s throat, along with cheesy bread, soda, and probably half of Aster’s fridge. It was a miracle August hadn’t passed out after the stuffing, though standing back up was outright impossible.

“Well, Raf?” Aster said.

Raf wished he could just never make a choice, that he could just head home and stop playing D&D. The hyena was far too easy to browbeat into joining, though, too passive to quit. If only he weren’t an invaluable member of the party as their cleric. Maybe he’d get lucky and get to finish a session without getting fattened. Doubtful.

“Ugh, I’ll enter the room I guess,” Raf practically mumbled, expecting the worst.

The sound of dice being rolled behind the DM’s screen made Raf wince, but all that followed was a description of the room. “You walk into the final chamber of the dungeon, steps echoing off the

stone walls. The room is dominated by a large stone altar adorned with three jars, each with a different symbol on them. One has a picture of a stone on it, the other a cloud, and the last one drops of rain. Surely one of these is the item you've been hired to secure."

Raf knew there'd be consequences if he picked up the wrong jar. The symbols had to be related to how Aster would stuff him if he failed—the cat seemed to love that sort of thing. He just needed to figure out the clues he'd been given.

Raindrops were an immediate no as far as Raf was concerned. Aster would just grab a hose and fill him with water until his belly was too big for him to handle. That or he'd reveal even more soda he'd hidden somewhere.

Stone. Not food, but then Aster could just say he was getting as heavy as a boulder and feed him till it was true. Too much risk choosing that one.

The cloud was a bit more baffling. Raf couldn't think of a way for Aster to force-feed him clouds, and they were too light for a stuffing reference.

"I, um...I pick up the jar with the cloud on it," Raf finally answered.

The hyena knew he'd made the wrong choice the second Aster's grin widened. "As you pick up the jar it feels lighter than expected, and within you can see something solid white and puffy. A quick sniff fills your nostrils with a familiar scent, though it takes you a moment to remember it: marshmallow."

"The marshmallow suddenly leaps from the jar and into your open mouth, a flavorful stream that doesn't end even after you drop the jar in a panic. Your belly begins to swell rounder and rounder, bigger and bigger, filling up with more marshmallow than you'd ever imagined possible. The seams of your tunic rip little by little, the buttons of your rope snapping off in quick succession."

"You try to make a run for it, but by then your gut is so massive and unwieldy you can barely waddle. You don't even make it halfway to the corridor before your stumble fall onto your bloated belly—not that you would have ever been able to fit through the entrance in your current state. Eventually the flow of marshmallow stops, leaving you beached on your soft, round belly, helpless."

Raf had frowned throughout the entire tale. "Why'd it have to be marshmallow," he grumbled. Though the hyena liked marshmallows, he was prone to overeating them. His friends certainly enjoyed poking fun at the fact he could down an entire bag of them without realizing it.

"Tough luck Raf, but at least you get to have one of your favorite treats!" Aster teased as he stood up and hurried into the kitchen, his plump middle jiggling as he did.

Raf was considering just sneaking off and abandoning Indi and August, but Aster returned too quickly. The cat was lugging a huge case of marshmallows, a wide funnel sitting atop the bags. Raf's perpetual scowl briefly flashed into a look of nervousness.

"That's too much!" Raf insisted, his imagination already tormenting him with visions of what his belly would look like if he ate them all—which Aster surely intended.

"Nope, it's exactly the right amount! The trap in game left your character completely immobile, so that's how you need to end up, too." Aster let out a sigh of relief once he finished bringing in the crate. The funnel was picked up and spun around in his paw. "Alright Raf, time to open wide~"

The hyena refused at first, scowling and pouting and frowning up a storm as Aster booped the tip of his muzzle with the funnel. When Raf opened his mouth to grumble the funnel's end found its way in, and a few swiftly secured straps ensured the grump wouldn't be able to remove it on his own.

Aster eagerly opened the first bag of extra big marshmallows and began dumping it into the funnel, smiling as he watched Raf start to swallow them down. Slowly but surely the marshmallow pile in the funnel dwindled. A second bag was added, and a third as soon as room was available.

Raf wasn't given any breaks, forced to constantly gulp down marshmallow after marshmallow after marshmallow. It didn't take long for his large belly to begin swelling. His button-up shirt clung tightly to his filling middle, buttons audibly straining. The hyena blushed as he felt the pressure building on his shirt, and even more when Aster started rubbing his gut with a free paw.

The popping of the first button caused Raf's belly to wobble dramatically. Most of the rest followed suit shortly after, exposing the hyena's middle completely.

Raf's gut gradually spread over his lap and against the arms of the chair, stuffed with enough marshmallows to stock a grocery store. He could hear the chair faintly creaking beneath him, but it was thankfully reinforced enough to hold out. With only half the crate emptied Raf felt he was probably too full to actually move on his own, and knew Aster was aiming to make him too big to even leave the apartment.

More and more marshmallows tumbled into the funnel, and endless stream just like Aster had described in the D&D session. The cat was beaming as he watched Raf's belly grow rounder and softer. He teased it whenever possible, from rubs and prods to quick wobbles. There was a simple joy in making someone who was huge *even* bigger, especially when he imagined how much of that new girth would stick around once everything was digested. It'd be a miracle if Raf were still mobile by the campaign's end.

As much as Aster adored stuffing his friend, the supply of marshmallows wasn't infinite. By the time the final empty bag was tossed aside Raf was swallowing on instinct, his eyes glazed over. Even when the last marshmallow was gone he kept swallowing for a few seconds after.

The funnel was carefully removed, Aster thanked with a groan and a belch from the stuffed hyena.

"Your capacity never fails to surprise me, Raf!" Aster chuckled as he started kneading the dazed grump's gut with both paws. It was somewhat taut but still had plenty of give, though if he pressed too hard a long *buh-urrrrrrrrrp* would ring out. "I bet you could fill the whole room if we had enough marshmallow—I might have to look into the logistics of that~"

Fortunately Raf was unable to focus well enough to hear Aster's promise.

"Well guys, with all of you conveniently incapacitated I guess this session is over," Aster said as he walked back over to his spot at the table. "As always you're free to crash here for the night, and if you're all up and about later on we can even sneak in another session~"

The offer was met with groans from all three players—though Raf's had more to do with his stuffed state than anything else.

Aster happily wandered off to prepare a meal for himself, admiring the bulging bellies of his three friends as he left. Being a DM was fun in general, but nothing was quite as rewarding as watching the waistlines of his players balloon over time. He couldn't wait to see just how fat they'd all be once the campaign was over. Not to mention the one after that, and the one after that, and...