

A Little Too Filling:

By: IndigoRho

On a disheveled bed in the Tau Tau Psi frat house, a small feral tabby cat happily lazed on a warm wedge of sunlight piercing through the window. The cat had been napping in the room all morning, slowly following the warm spot as time went on, perfectly content to do nothing else till dinner as long as it remained unbothered. A faint noise from elsewhere in the house drew the cat's attention towards the cracked open door, though only for a moment. When it turned back, though, it found itself inches away from the leg of a sleeping otter. The cat nearly leaped off the bed in surprise, quickly fleeing the sudden intruder.

The otter—whose top half was covered in bright white fur and bottom in dark-brown—abruptly opened his eyes and sat up. Xander shook his head and looked around his room, disoriented and trying to figure out how he'd gotten there. He remembered being full of helium, floating around inside the tower of the Zephyr Club, before feeling a sharp pain in his butt as he wandered too close to a wall...oh. The slim otter sighed, realizing he must have popped and finally re-formed, which would explain why he was stark nude on his bed. He slid off and dug out some fresh clothing, along with a new blue bandana to tie around his head.

Xander rushed out his room and down the stairs, quickly spotting three of his friends and fellow frat brothers hanging out on the couch, playing video games. Kyler—a white and orange rabbit with a green bandana similar to Xander's—was the first to acknowledge his arrival, keeping his attention on the television while talking. “So you finally pulled yourself together, Xan?” he said, snidely.

The gray furry dragon directly besides him on the couch piped in before Xander could comment. “Dude, it's been a full day since you popped, we were about to just give your room to Ryder Jr,” he said, laughing. “Little guy's been snoozing in there since we got home, I think he likes when you're out of action.”

“Oh shut up Vann!” Xander grumbled. “Sometimes it's good to take your time re-forming, don't want to come back missing anything important.”

Jordan, the jaguar at the opposite end of the couch, leaned his head back to see the otter, a large cream puff sticking out of his mouth. He swallowed the puff in one gulp before speaking. “But you did miss something.”

“Wait, what? What's missing!” Xander yelped, running his paws around his ears and face to make sure everything was intact.

“Dude, you're missing your belly!” Jordan replied with a grin, getting some chuckles from the others.

Xander let his arms drop and glared at the jaguar. “So funny Jordan, haven't heard that one a thousand times already. This is my natural size, I'm supposed to be nice and streamlined! Just because I blimp out a bit on rare occasions doesn't mean that's my normal form!”

Kyler chowed down on a cream puff of his own as he took advantage of the distracted Jordan in-game. “Rare occasion my ass, Xan, you always end up as a butterball somehow after you re-form!”

“Nothing to be ashamed of Xander,” Vann said in between cream puff bites. “You look very handsome when you're tubby.”

Xander fumed privately for a moment, letting out a small angry squeak that sounded completely unimposing. “Laugh all you want, but you guys better get used to sleek Xander from now on, no more waddling from me! Now where did those cream puffs come from?”

Kyler couldn't resist snorting. “The rest are on the kitchen counter, I bought 'em this morning when I made the breakfast run,” he said. “And only take one! They're for the entire frat not your belly.”

Despite knowing full and well the act wouldn't be noticed, Xander rolled his eyes before jogging off into the kitchen to hunt down the delicious looking cream puffs. As promised, a plate full of the precious dessert was sitting on the counter, stashed between the toaster and some misplaced loaves

of bread. He popped the largest one he could find in his mouth and chomped down, the cream within oozing onto his tongue and tickling his tastebuds. A grin grew across his face as he chewed a couple times before swallowing the treat down, savoring the lingering aftertaste. Xander looked back down on the plate. There was still practically a mountain of cream puffs remaining, calling to his rumbling stomach, testing his resolve. If he truly wanted to keep slim he couldn't just stuff himself with every pastry he happened to wander across, but they tasted so damn good! Besides, he had just re-formed, a couple more snacks wouldn't do him in just yet, and there'd still be plenty left for the rest of the frat. A second cream puff made its way into his waiting mouth, followed by a third and then a fourth. He was sorely tempted to sneak a couple more but held back, knowing they'd be missed. Instead he headed back into the living room, licking the cream from his paws.

The other three furs were still playing video games when Xander returned, and the otter settled next to Kyler's side of the couch waiting for them to finish their current match so he could join in. As the group's attentions were solely focused on the television, no one noticed the small change happening to Xander's body, not even the otter himself. His lean middle was beginning to bulge out, slowly at first, but picking up speed fast. Eventually Kyler spotted the gradually growing dome of his friend's belly out of the corner of his eye, grinning and keeping his eyes on the screen.

His prank was simple, yet elegant, at least in his mind. He knew the otter would never be able to resist a pastry—despite his constant insistence he was going to remain slim—and what better way to tease him than with a sweet whose cream would rapidly expand upon ingestion. Xander would end up with a giant, temporary belly, and they'd all have a good laugh as he wobbled about trying to get revenge. Nothing major, and honestly fairly tame considering the pranks they usually pulled on each other.

When the match finally ended, Jordan turned to complain at Kyler but was silenced by the sight of Xander's rounder gut. “Xander, did you clear out the fridge while you were in there or something?”

Xander was about to yell at the jaguar for his poor attempt at a joke when he suddenly realized his tank-top was feeling unusually tight, and looked down. His near beachball-sized gut caused enough of a shock to make him jump, which caused the tank-top to ride up a little and expose the new bulge. He pressed upon the unwanted mass, feeling it grow beneath his paws.

“What the hell, what's happening!” Xander whined as his middle grew past the one foot mark, a fizzing sound just barely audible within him. “I-I think I'm having an allergic reaction or something, those cream puffs must have been bad!”

Kyler couldn't resist giggling a little as he replied. “Yeah, definitely an allergic reaction. Your body just can't handle being so tiny and has to puff up to compensate.”

Xander's mood shifted from concern to disdain. “You spiked the damn cream puffs, didn't you!”

“Course not!” Kyler said. “They come standard with the expanding cream. Gotta love all the fun goodies bakeries sell these days.”

Vann and Jordan immediately looked down at their own normally pudgy bellies, terrified they'd start swelling any second now.

“You two are fine, I got us some regular old cream puffs from the same place,” Kyler reassured them, the pair breathing a collective sigh of relief.

Xander's belly was still expanding, the white and brown orb sagging a bit from the weight of the cream within. The experience wasn't painful, but he was feeling ridiculously full already, as if he'd gone to town on a buffet. To make matters worse, his gut felt a lot more taut than he thought it should have, especially considering it was supposed to be filling with cream.

“This is so uncool, Kyler!” Xander grumbled. “How much bigger am I supposed to get? I swear, if I have to spend the rest of the day immobile I'm gonna roll right on top of you!”

“Oh don't worry tubs, you've probably only got a few more inches left,” Kyler said. “A lone puff's just supposed to give you a nice, beachball belly.”

Xander's chest suddenly started to curve out to match his increasing girth. “Just, uh,

hypothetically speaking, how big would you get if you ate like, I don't know, four of 'em?"

"I don't know, you'd probably just explode," Kyler said, before realizing just how hypothetical his buddy's question was. "Seriously? I tell you to just eat one and you stuff your face instead?"

"I missed breakfast and they looked delicious! How was I supposed to know they were evil!" Xander countered. "Hurry, get me the antidote!"

"There aren't antidotes for cream puffs you idiot, you're just a pastry bomb now!" Kyler shouted back.

Xander squeaked again. "But I just re-formed barely an hour ago, I don't wanna pop!"

"Well too bad!" Kyler said, throwing aside his controller and getting off the couch. "Vann, Jordan, help me toss our Xan-puff here out back before he covers the room in cream filling!"

The jaguar and dragon both hurried off the couch, neither wanting to deal with cleaning up such a mess. Xander tried to swat away his friends as they surrounded him, but was easily pushed over by Kyler into the waiting paws of Vann and Jordan, then lifted off the ground. His belly had grown to two feet wide now, and his thighs and arms were beginning to puff up as the cream rapidly expanded within him, his once loose shorts clinging tightly to his fur. He twisted and turned in an attempt to break free, but the others were rather intent on getting him clear of the house before it was too late. The bloating otter was lifted even higher as they squeezed him through the door to the kitchen, Vann and Jordan nearly becoming wedged in the frame themselves as their pudgy bellies pressed together.

Practically the second they entered the kitchen Xander's shorts tore apart, followed quickly by his tank-top. His limbs were slowly being engulfed by his enormous, swelling middle, and carrying him was becoming increasingly difficult. The wheeled kitchen island was sent rolling into the fridge by the otter's belly as they passed, a glass toppling off it and shattering on the tile floor. Kyler led the way out the door that opened into the screened porch, barely holding onto Xander's bulging ankles at that point, only to find his progress abruptly halted—Xander was stuck. The rabbit couldn't see the others past the mountain of his friend's considerably inflated body.

"Hurry, start pushing before he inflates around the frame or we're screwed!" Kyler yelled, pulling as hard as he could on one of Xander's paws.

Vann and Jordan both leaned into Xander, hoping their combined weights would be enough to force him through the doorway. Nothing they did seemed to have any effect, though, and they quickly realized his skin was feeling less squishy and more taut by the second, while the faint fizzing noise was joined by what could only be creaks. The otter's head had slowly begun to sink into his ballooned body as the cream continued to fill him. He could feel the frame digging into his bloated sides, the pressure within building as he was pushed to his limits, and he stopped struggling out of fear any excessive movement would hasten his bursting.

"Uuughh, I feel so damn full," Xander groaned in despair. "I hope it takes the whole day for you jerks to clean the mess up! When I re-form I'm gonna pop all three of—hrrrg!"

Xander's rant was silenced as a glob of off-white cream oozed from his mouth, his eyes bulging. The creaking grew louder, and Vann and Jordan slowly backed away from their volatile friend. In the screened porch, Kyler realized the end was near himself, diving out of the way and onto the floor in a desperate attempt to avoid getting caught in the inevitable explosion. Vann and Jordan were far too late for that, though, and when the loud, wet *Boom!* shook the room they were pelted head to paw in a wave of cream and otter scraps, the shock-wave tossing them onto their butts.

Vann coughed, wiping cream from his eyes. "Ack! A bunch of it got in my mouth! Actually, it still tastes really good." He began licking his paws clean.

"Mmmhmmh, Xander-puff." Jordan had gotten a mouthful himself in the blast, and was already sneaking a bit more.

Kyler wandered into the room to survey the damage, and rolled his eyes at the sight of the portly dragon and jaguar gobbling up pawfuls of cream. "Ugh, you both know where that stuff's been...why?"

"Don't bash it till ya try it man," Vann said, still stuffing his face.

"Yeah, we're just getting a head-start on the cleaning!" Jordan replied.

The excuse wasn't at all convincing in Kyler's mind, especially considering the sheer size of the mess. Cream dripped from the walls and ceiling, oozed down the counters, and coated various appliances. He couldn't even begin to fathom how long it would take for them to wipe and scoop away every last bit of the obnoxious goop, not to mention the bits and pieces of otter confetti hidden in the mix. Just as the rabbit was about to order his friends to stop eating and get cleaning, something concerning caught his attention: Vann and Jordan's bellies seemed a little bigger than usual. As the pair continued snacking on cream he stared intently at their middles, and soon confirmed his suspicions as Vann's shirt began to rise and expose his gut.

"Uh, guys, you might want to stop eating!" Kyler warned.

Vann hadn't noticed his dire situation, and scoffed at the rabbit in between bites. "Stop being a prude, man, a little second-hand pastry isn't gonna hurt us."

Jordan didn't even bother responding, too absorbed in the cream.

"No, seriously guys, look at your bellies, they're swelling!" Kyler insisted.

Both glanced down and gasped in horror at their bloated middles.

"Hahahaha, you idiots!" Kyler laughed. "The cream filling must still be active, you're both probably gonna pop just like Xan!"

Jordan was desperately shaking cream off his body, as if that would somehow help. "Not cool man! Why didn't you warn us!"

"I shouldn't have to tell anyone to not eat the expanding cream that'd just flown out of an exploding otter," Kyler said. "Like, that's just plain common sense."

Vann pulled himself off the floor, sliding a bit in the mess as the fluffy gray orb of his belly passed a foot in diameter, the same faint fizzing noise he'd heard within Xander hissing inside him now. He helped the slightly smaller Jordan up afterward before he ended up stuck on the ground. Both waddled over to confront Kyler.

"Yeah, laugh it up now, but if we both pop then you'll be stuck cleaning up everything all by yourself!" Vann growled.

"Honestly might be worth it just to claim I took out all three of you with a handful of little cream puffs!" Kyler said.

As the rabbit leaned back for another good laugh, he suddenly felt something smooth and surprisingly tasty forced into his mouth. Kyler swallowed on instinct before suffering a short coughing fit. Jordan grinned as he pulled his paw away. "Well if that's how you feel, then why don't you join us!"

Before Kyler had a chance to react, Jordan pinned him against the counter with his swelling belly, while Vann eagerly scooped up pawfuls of cream from wherever he could find them and stuffed them into the rabbit's resisting maw. Kyler garbled curses as he felt Jordan's gut spreading around him, but couldn't halt the flow of the deliciously volatile pastry filling. Once he was confident he'd provided his friend with enough to inevitably burst him, Vann patted Jordan on the shoulder, prompting the jaguar to wobble backwards and reveal Kyler's already growing belly. The rabbit looked down at his doom, mouth agape.

"What the Hell, man!" Kyler raged.

"Pfft, you started it!" Jordan said. "Maybe you shouldn't have chosen a prank you could get caught in yourself!"

Vann began drumming on his massive belly and chanting. "One of us! One of us! One of us!"

"Stupid cream puffs, stupid gluttonous Xan," Kyler grumbled as he inflated. "Last time I trust him to get pranked properly with food!"

As Kyler fumed and Vann and Jordan celebrated their quick revenge, bellies continued to fizz and expand, tightening and tearing clothing. All three realized far too late that they should have waddled themselves out into the backyard to minimize the eventual damage, which led to a brand new

argument over whose fault the mistake was. Vann had been the first to gorge on the cream, and soon grew into a groaning, creaking sphere of gray fur, his paws, head, and the tip of his tail just barely standing out. For a brief moment he hoped he hadn't eaten enough to actually burst, until he felt the cream gushing up his throat and leaking out his mouth. With a final moan and shudder the furry dragon blew apart, hurling cream filling in all directions.

The blast pushed the still somewhat mobile Kyler into the counter again, but Jordan was far less lucky. Jordan was only the slightest bit smaller than Vann had been when he popped, and the blast knocked him off balance and sent him toppling backwards towards the floor—right onto the shards of the glass they'd broken earlier. He managed a split-second yelp as he felt his overstretched skin scrape against the jagged glass' base, before violently rupturing himself. Kyler clenched his eyes and mouth shut as the two new waves of cream pelted him, along with the occasional shrapnel of dragon and jaguar scrap. Wiping his face clean with a paw, he sighed at just how worse the mess had become. Before only half of the room had been touched, but now there was no escaping the splattered cream filling, which oozed from damn near everything. It was as if someone had attempted to frost the kitchen.

Kyler's despair over the scene was enough to distract him from noticing his limbs slowly being engulfed by his ballooning, white and orange body. As he felt the pressure within him grow greater and greater with each passing minute, he began to welcome the inevitable explosion. At least he wouldn't have to clean everything up by himself, and maybe he'd even get lucky and re-form a little later than usual, once the horrible job was long done. His skin stretched and creaked while he wobbled in place, expecting the cream filling gusher to happen any second now. Instead, the creaking lessened and the fizzing ceased; Kyler had stopped inflating altogether.

Kyler groaned in relief—still feeling absolutely stuffed—unable to believe his incredible luck. Despite Vann's best efforts, the dragon had somehow failed to feed him enough cream to blow him apart. Even one more tiny claw's worth of the stuff would have put him at his limit, but Kyler remained in one piece, triumphant—though undeniably immobile. He chuckled to himself. Vann and Jordan would have a fit when they learned he'd survived their revenge attempt! Kyler wished he had someone to gloat about the feat to, but his three friends likely wouldn't re-form till tomorrow, and it would be nightfall before another frat member returned to the house.

A rather horrible realization suddenly hit Kyler: he was trapped. He was hours away from being stumbled across by anyone, and was too immobile to call for help. In desperation Kyler attempted to rock himself off his paws, hoping a fall could be enough to finish the job. Unfortunately, his cream-filled body was distressingly stable. After minutes of flailing his paws futilely he gave up, exhausted. Somehow the rabbit had ended up suffering worst from the simple prank, doomed to boredom while the scraps of his friends taunted him as they waited to re-form. Kyler sighed. They were never gonna let him forget this.