

Multitasking: A Filling Aroma

By: IndigoRho

Ryan groaned as he regained conscious, then again as something soft landed on his head, covering his face. He opened his eyes and pulled away the offending object—which turned out to be a shirt—and glared at its unexpected source: himself. A copy of the midnight blue cheetah stood at the foot of the bed he was apparently laying on, grinning. The second Ryan wasn't alone, though; two other clones were besides him.

The original Ryan merely sighed. “Alright, what stupid thing did I do this time?”

“Multitasking plan,” one of the Ryans said.

No other explanation was needed. Ryan had been struggling to find creative ways to manage his ever-increasing writing workload, and one of his stranger ideas was to clone himself, admittedly through rather reckless means. Everyone knew furs could sometimes prematurely re-form, but forcing the act was both incredibly difficult and dangerous. He was fairly impressed he'd managed to pull it off not just once, but thrice, though he was afraid to ask the original Ryan just what he had done. Some questions were better left unanswered.

The original Ryan began talking again. “Ok Ryan Four, put on some clothes, we've got work to do,” he ordered, the newest clone dutifully complying. “Now that we're all here, it's time to divvy up the assignments. I'll be continuing the work on that longer sci-fi piece we keep ignoring, hoping to get a few more chapters done today. Ryan Two, you're gonna start on the first short story of that fantasy setting we've been brainstorming. Ryan Three, you get the gift story for Lojh, nothing too complicated there. And Ryan Four, you get the honor of writing that ridiculous vore romance story we keep trying to avoid.”

The first two clones appeared happy with their assignments, but Ryan Four grumbled a complaint while he was pulling his shirt over his head. “Oh c'mon, there's gotta be something more important, every time we try to outline that one it ends up being comically cheesy,” he said. “I'm pretty sure even a dozen of us working together couldn't make that readable!”

“Tough luck. I believe in you!” Ryan Prime said, a bit sarcastically. “Alright, let's split up and get to writing. I've claimed the room, you all will have to find your own spaces. Try not to make a scene, though, don't need to confuse everyone with multiple Ryans running around.”

The three cheetah clones nodded in agreement and gradually filed out of the bedroom. Ryan Prime sat down at the desk and smiled. There was no way this plan could go wrong.

* * *

Ryan Prime poured over his notes, trying to find a minor character bio he was certain he'd written some time ago. After diving through every folder and sub-folder he could think of he eventually rediscovered the necessary file. As he celebrated the minor success the door to the bedroom opened, and a plump jaguar walked in, tossing his backpack aside. He was initially surprised to see the cheetah typing away at his desk, but a grin quickly grew on his face as he hurried over to lean on his boyfriend's shoulder.

“Working on something new?” the jaguar, Jordan, asked.

“Sort of. It's that sci-fi story, I'm pretty sure I've mentioned it to ya before,” Ryan replied, still focused on the computer screen.

Jordan stretched a little, then gave the cheetah a quick peck on the cheek. “Probably. Do you mind if I chill out with ya for a bit? Class was rough and I didn't get enough sleep last night. In the mood to just be lazy.”

“Seeing as it's *your* room, you're free to do whatever you want in it,” Ryan said.

“You pretty much live here, ya know? You've got a bunch of clothes in my closet and

everything!” Jordan said, wandering over to the closet in question. He was in the rare mood for candles, and knew he'd seen a few hiding in there a while back.

“I spend most of my time here cause the Zeta Nu Delta frat house scares you, ya big kitten,” Ryan joked. The couple belonged to occasionally-rival fraternities, and Ryan's did have a bit of reputation.

Jordan was already busy digging into his closet, pushing aside bins and fallen clothing in search of the elusive candles. “That place scares everyone and you know it! Sweet, found them!” The jaguar retreated from the closet, a trio of orange candles in his paws.

“Found what,” Ryan said, typing.

“Candles. Thought we could use some scents beside unwashed shorts and sweaty cat.” Jordan walked around the side of the bed and slid his way past Ryan at the desk, setting the candles on a nightstand. “You ok with orange?”

“Sure, sure.” Ryan was so busy switching between his draft and notes he barely paid attention to what his boyfriend was saying.

Jordan happily lit the candles, then hopped onto his bed, laying back and zoning out almost immediately. A strong citrus aroma was soon drifting through the room. Ryan welcomed the pleasant scent of orange that filled his nostrils, and continued with his writing. As the cheetah typed, though, a change began in him that went woefully unnoticed. His already chubby belly began to swell slightly, rounding out and pressing against his shirt. He breathed in again, deeply, and the swelling increased, his shirt growing tighter. Ryan was still oblivious to his inflation, obsessing over a long dialogue-heavy scene that he'd been going over in his head for weeks. Upon reaching a sudden roadblock, however, he took his paws from the keyboard and tried to rest them on his legs—only to unexpectedly find his lap instead.

Ryan looked down in confusion, and was startled to see his much rounder belly. He pressed against it with a paw, feeling the obvious pressure of inflation. Initially the cheetah was more annoyed than concerned, trying to figure out what exactly would be causing him to inflate. The delay was a costly one. By the time Ryan tried to stand up he found himself stuck, his belly having become wedged in the arms of the office chair. Finally realizing the seriousness of the situation, Ryan swiveled around to face Jordan, hoping the jaguar would be able to pull him free and help him find a way to deflate.

“Uh, Jordan, I'm kind of in a bind here, could you hel...” Ryan stopped mid-sentence as he turned. Jordan was sprawled out on his bed—snoring faintly—his belly even larger than Ryan's and very exposed. He resisted swooning over the enjoyable sight, as an inflated jaguar didn't really help his own situation.

Jordan continued napping, his belly rising with each snore.

“Jordan, wake up!” Ryan shouted.

“H-huh?” Jordan mumbled as he stirred awake, gut wobbling a bit. “Ahh! What's happening, why are you inflating me!”

Ryan rolled his eyes, his shirt riding further up as his middle began inflating around the arms of the chair. “I'm not the one doing it, I'm inflating too!”

“Then who is!” Jordan shouted rocking back and forth in a desperate attempt to sit up, his body far too swollen to succeed.

“I don't know, I...” The orange scent filled his nostrils again, and Ryan's eyes settled on the candles. Very, very familiar candles. “Oh, no.”

“What? Did you figure out what's going on?” Jordan asked, his vision blocked by his own sphere of a gut.

Ryan nodded, not that his boyfriend could see. “Um, Jordan, why did you light the trick candles?”

“What trick candles?”

“The ones that release the inflating gas, the ones we were planning to use on Kyler after he

popped you with the cream puffs,” Ryan said, staring at the innocent looking trio on the nightstand with dismay. “You know, the candles that you only need one of to inflate someone completely, which you lit three of.”

Jordan's wobbling intensified, the jaguar frantically trying to right himself and escape danger. “No, I don't wanna pop! I just wanted to be lazy and hang out!” he whined.

“We'll both be fine if I can reach the candles and put them out!” Ryan said.

He tried to scoot himself forwards in the chair, only to discover his massively inflated belly was now wedged between the bed and desk, too, and pushing down on his legs, locking them into place. His arms were just out of reach of anything that could have been used to pull himself along, and the candles continued burning barely five feet away, taunting the trapped cheetah. The chair began to creak as his inflating body put more and more pressure on it, threatening to break apart. With a groan the screws on the office chair loosened and it shot free of the bloating cheetah—relatively intact—bringing him a bit of relief but doing nothing to stop the inevitable.

Jordan was still bemoaning his fate on the bed, having grown large enough that the stretching of his taut skin was audible. At least he was out in the open, though. Ryan was squeezed in between half the furniture in the small room, the edges of the desk, bed, and nightstand all gradually digging into his rigid flesh. Even the claws on Jordan's flailing paws were getting in on the action, scraping against him on occasion. His clothes ripped at the seams, falling apart around him. The cheetah winced as the pressure grew, his body slowly engulfing his limbs as it stubbornly attempted to expand well past its limit. He did his best to avoid moving, as even the slightest wiggle led to half-a-dozen pointy corners and edges poking into him. Ryan couldn't hold out forever, though.

With a yelp Ryan felt the surface of his balloon-like body break, and the cheetah burst apart with a loud *Bang!* that rattled everything on the desk and sent a shower of midnight blue scraps of fur flying into the air. Miraculously, the resulting blast of air only managed to blow out two of the nefarious candles, the third's light holding strong. Jordan whimpered as he heard his boyfriend popping out of sight, the gust of freed air rushing over him. He had slowly risen above the bed as his body inflated more and more, well on his way to becoming a perfect sphere. A shred of spotted blue drifted into view, sliding down his rounded body and briefly brushing against his face before moving along, eliciting another whine from the jaguar.

Creaks and groans filled the air as Jordan neared his limit, his paws and head just barely poking out from his ridiculously rotund body. He could sense the end coming, the pressure within growing unbearable. Jordan's mind flooded with all the things he had planned on doing that day. Napping, eating, video games, eating, avoiding Xavier, eating... So much potential, all lost. Well, there was always tomorrow. When Jordan finally popped, the resulting explosion shook the whole room, knocking pictures off the wall the toppling a flimsy floor lamp. The final candle wasn't just snuffed out, it was thrown to the floor, temporarily defeated. Orange and cream scraps were flung across the room, mixing in with the blue ones from before.

The bedroom stood eerily silent in the wake of the twin explosions, and remained that way for few minutes longer, when the door opened. A portly, furry gray dragon poked his head into the room, having been the only one in the frat house curious enough to investigate the noise. He chuckled as he spotted the scattered leftovers of Ryan and Jordan, entering the room to survey the damage. The dragon—Vann—knew the pair had a penchant for inflation, which seemed prone to getting out of hand fairly often. Vann wasn't sure exactly how things had gone wrong this time, though that wouldn't stop him from giving them a hard time about it once they eventually re-formed. He didn't pay much attention to the strong, lingering aroma of oranges at first, too distracted by his misplaced sense of superiority. So distracted, in fact, that the gradual swelling of his own belly went unnoticed...