

Multitasking: A Little Snack

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.

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Ryan Two practically jogged to the kitchen, his stomach growling. As the first clone to appear, he'd been forced to wait the longest as the others re-formed, and Ryan Prime had hoarded the secret donut stash they both knew Jordan kept hidden in his room. He wanted to hate the original version of himself for it, but knew he'd have done the exact same thing if their positions were switched. Of course, he also knew the best way to both get revenge and satiate his growing hunger. Ryan and his jaguar boyfriend Jordan had enjoyed a wonderful brunch at the Amber Hill Cafe the day before, and while the cheetah had managed to “encourage” his pudgy lover to finish everything that touched the table, they'd still ended up taking home leftovers.

A puff of cold air rushed over Ryan as he opened the fridge door, and he scanned the messy shelves in search of his prize. As expected—in between some likely expired condiments and definitely expired milk—a large box filled to the brim with omelet sat untouched on a shelf, with a croissant atop it. Ryan pulled both out and slammed the fridge door behind him, quickly transferring the monstrosity of egg, cheese, and ham onto a proper plate and heating it in the microwave. After a couple far-too-long minutes the omelet was ready, and Ryan moved his feast to the kitchen table, ready to dig in. The first

bite brought a smile to his face as the fluffy eggs rolled across his tongue and down his throat. Despite the considerable size of the leftovers, the gluttonous cheetah bemoaned the fact that his breakfast would be decimated in one swift session. If only there were a way to stuff himself with the wonderful omelet while still having plenty left over for later. After all, his appetite would surely return once he finished writing, perhaps even during it, and there were three other Ryans around to compete against.

The food crisis suddenly became Ryan's number one priority. As he didn't live in the Tau Tau Psi frat house—being a member of the Zeta Nu Delta frat himself—the omelet was his only source of food. There were too many hungry voraphiles in the house to risk ordering take-out; the delivery guy wouldn't stand a chance, and eating them cost extra. Taking a snack that wasn't his was an easy way to get gobbled up, as well. If only there were a way to make it bigger...or himself smaller. An idea crept into his head, one that was just silly enough to work. Abandoning his plate, Ryan wandered over to the cabinets, opening a couple different doors in vain until he stumbled upon the one overflowing with spices. Very few of the furs living in the frat house were competent cooks, and the spices tended to be used to flavor living prey far more often than processed food.

After pushing aside practically every little container in the cabinet, Ryan finally found the pair he had hoped were there, pulling them out with glee. Each held a handful of small, innocent looking leaves, though one of them also had an odd rolled up tube of something shiny and black. While both tasted strongly of mint, the aftereffects were significantly different; one would shrink you for a few hours, while the other would cancel out the first one's effect and return you to the right size. He removed a leaf from each container, along with the mystery tube, which he carefully unfurled to reveal a miniature wetsuit. His clothes would become quite unwearable once he started to shrink, and the house wasn't warm enough to be running around in the buff.

Ryan lifted himself onto the table and popped the first leaf into his mouth, enjoying the minty aftertaste. The change came gradually. First he felt a tingling sensation across his entire body, his blue fur puffing up momentarily as the chilling wave passed over him. Then the vertigo kicked in. Not everyone was unfortunate enough to suffer from dizziness like Ryan, but the cheetah braced himself quickly and endured. He could feel his clothes getting looser and looser, the shirt that normally clung tightly to his chubby belly now appearing a size or so too large. Ryan pulled the shirt off—tossing it onto a nearby chair—and started wiggling out of his jeans, letting them slide onto the floor. The whole kitchen seemed to grow around the cheetah, cabinets getting further away, the table expanding, the spice containers rising into the sky. Soon he was far too small for his boxers, which he scooted out from under once they began to resemble sheets.

The shrinking stopped abruptly once the cheetah was about six inches tall. Ryan slipped into the now perfectly fitting wetsuit and walked up to the delightfully large pool-like plate of omelet. He pulled off a chunk of egg the relative size of a baseball and chowed down on it, barely taking the time to chew. Had he not been shrunk such a serving would've have equaled a good fifth, maybe even a fourth of the leftovers. Instead, he didn't even put a dent in the omelet. With reckless abandon Ryan turned around and fell backwards into the fluffy embrace of his monster breakfast, basking in the soft warmth of the eggs and breathing in the strong aroma of cheese. He grabbed more chunks of yellow fluff and shoved them into his mouth, overwhelmed by the desire to simply eat.

A few minutes were all it took to bulge the cheetah's belly out a little and end the initial hunger pains, but he didn't stop eating. Ryan wanted to be stuffed, as full of egg as he could possibly manage. He didn't want to stop gorging until his belly wobbled and bounced as he waddled about, his shirt too small to contain the furry blue orb beneath. Normally Ryan was able to resist his overindulgent urges. Today, though—in the presence of such an affordable feast—he let himself be consumed. The cheetah's belly grew and grew, filling with egg and cheese, the wetsuit stretching with ease to accommodate his gluttony. Once his gut reached the size and shape of a well-inflated beachball he let out a thunderous belch that anyone of normal stature nearby may have considered cute.

Ryan pulled himself to his feet and rubbed the smooth surface of his latex-clad middle, groaning

in pleasure. He was just about to call breakfast a success and waddle off to regain his height when his eyes shifted to the lumbering croissant. In his frenzy to stuff himself he'd completely ignored the delectable-looking pastry, and the guilt of such a travesty hit the cheetah hard. Croissants were one of his favorite non-squirming foods, so buttery, so flaky. His mouth began to water in spite of his swollen gut, and Ryan lumbered to the tip of his idol and bit away a substantial piece; it was everything he'd ever hoped for.

Suddenly under the effects of a voracious second-wind, Ryan tore at the croissant as if he hadn't eaten in days, his bulging belly beginning to grow again. The ravenous cheetah gradually ate himself deeper and deeper into the oversized delicacy, dragging his swollen gut along the buttery interior. His stomach groaned at him to have a little self-control, but his mind and tastebuds merely scoffed and demanded more. More! Eventually Ryan's footpaws vanished into the hollowed out croissant completely. The pastry rocked back and forth as it was devoured from within, before a loud burp echoed from its core.

Inside the devastated croissant, Ryan lazily rolled onto his back, finally full. His massive orb of a gut brushed against the pastry's flaky ceiling—still comfortably contained within the wetsuit—its weight pinning the cheetah down. He made a flimsy attempt to sit up but only managed to belch again. The predicament didn't seem to concern Ryan, though, and he happily rubbed his squishy food-filled belly and began purring deeply. A short yawn escaped him and he felt his eyes grow as heavy as his gut. Napping off his delightful breakfast seemed like a wonderful idea, especially if he could barely move at all. There would still be plenty of time to write once he woke up. Ryan leaned his head back, a bit of surviving croissant fluff serving as his pillow, and swiftly fell asleep.

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While Ryan slept, a somewhat slim otter—his top half white and his bottom half brown—strolled into the kitchen, searching for a quick snack. Xander had just initiated the first phase of a petty revenge plan and was quite proud of himself. Unfortunately his stomach was grumbling, and he needed to nab something for it before phase two or he'd just be distracted the whole time. The reasonably full plate of omelet on the table caught his attention immediately. He licked his lips thinking of how delicious and filling the meal could be, but to his own surprise he held back. Scarfing down an excessive, high-calorie meal was the absolute last thing he should be doing, completely counterproductive to his goal of staying fit.

Xander almost seemed cursed to end up stuck as a tubby, waddling blob of an otter, through circumstances he insisted he had no control of. Something always found a way to fatten him up. Birthday dinners at the buffet, being strapped into the feeding machine in the basement, getting high and stuffing himself with his pudgy friends once the munchies kicked in. All he wanted to do was run around and gobble up the occasional fur or two, not get out of breath carrying his jiggling belly up and down the stairs. Being thin was the only way to avoid the relentless teasing from his friends, too, who constantly called him horrible things, like “tubs” or “soft” or “adorable”. He shuddered at the thought. His vengeance was coming, though, starting today.

Having successfully resisted the omelet's siren call, Xander's eyes settled on the simple croissant next to it. He considered croissants a tasty treat on their own, and the defenseless one before him was just what he needed. Xander reached down and snagged the pastry, surprised by how unusually heavy it felt in his paw. The otter shrugged off the oddity, though, assuming it was simply filled to the brim with something delightful, maybe chocolate or cream. If his assumption was true then his snack might be far less healthy than he had hoped. Already committed to the croissant, Xander decided that a little cheat day would be fine, he'd even gulp the thing down whole as penance. After all, if he couldn't taste the unhealthy part of the meal, then the calories wouldn't count, right?

Pleased by his own craftiness, Xander slid the bloated croissant into his open mouth, letting his

tastebuds soak up the buttery flavor. He let out a joyful, muffled giggle as he savored the treat, before tilting his head up and allowing the croissant to slide down his throat. The impact of the croissant crashing into the shallow pool of digestive juices within Xander's stomach jolted Ryan awake, and he looked around in confusion at the sudden darkness as his impromptu bed rocked back and forth. Unable to turn around in the croissant due to his bloated ball belly, the cheetah resorted to chewing his way out the opposite end, pulling himself from the pastry and slipping into the mysterious liquid, which nearly reached his knees. The soft floor and undeniable odor finally clued him in on where he was: a stomach.

Ryan cursed his laziness under his breath and—with quite a bit of effort—managed to drag himself on top of the croissant, which only just barely remained afloat. He had no idea whose stomach he was trapped in, not that it would really matter in the end. Frustrated with his abrupt misfortune, the cheetah leaned back once more, bored and still tired. Well, at least he had plenty of time for that nap now. Ryan slowly fell asleep, soothed by the gurgling of his belly and the cavernous stomach around him.