

Multitasking: Poorly Calculated Vengeance

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 Three's eyes slowly opened, his vision blurry. The cheetah's head was spinning, and his concentration didn't return until his sight did. Looking around, he recognized the basement of the Tau Tau Psi frat house, specifically the aptly named “Feeding Room”. Considering the revelation, Ryan was not the least bit surprised when he discovered he couldn't get out of the chair he was sitting in, straps secured around his wrists and ankles. He sighed in annoyance, trying to remember what had happened after he'd left the bedroom and wandered downstairs. A cloth of some kind had been pressed against his face, held by a webbed paw.

Terribly forced maniacal laughter got Ryan's attention, and the cheetah turned to face the familiar source of the voice. A half-white, half-brown otter strolled out of the closest thing to shadows the well-lit room had, wringing his paws and wearing a devious grin.

“Hey Xander,” Ryan said, unimpressed.

“Don't “Hey Xander” me!” the otter said, glaring. “Cower in fear, beg for forgiveness! The hour of my vengeance is finally at hand after days of ingenious scheming!”

Ryan stared at him. “Huh?”

“Don’t “Huh?” me either! You and all the others have mercilessly tormented me about my weight for months and months and months now!” Xander fumed. “Every time I get even close to chubby you call me “tubs” or “softy” or “adorable”, and Vann keeps poking my belly when he thinks I’m not looking!”

“Honestly, you do look kind of adorable,” Ryan said.

Xander squeaked in anger, not disproving the point. “Stop that!”

“Pfft, that’s what you’re worked up about?” Ryan laughed. “We’re just joking with ya, I mean, all of us are way fatter than you are half the time. Look at me, I’ve got a good fifty pounds on you already.” He gestured towards his small belly.

“Don’t try to talk your way out of this!” Xander replied. “We’ll see if you still think being tubby’s funny when I’m through with you!”

Ryan raised a brow, suddenly interested in the otter’s threats. “Go on.”

The cheetah’s tone flew straight over Xander’s head. “Hehehe, I thought you’d never ask!” he said, walking over to a table next to Ryan’s chair. A worn cooler sat atop it, and Xander tossed the lid aside and pulled out a small box of cream puffs. “Fresh from the bakery on the Ave—well relatively fresh. Would you like one?”

Ryan nodded, his stomach growling.

“Well then, open wide.” Xander replied, grinning.

The cheetah did as requested, opening his mouth to accept the tasty pastry, only to find an otter fist shoved into his maw as Xander forced the cream puff practically down his throat. Ryan gagged a little before swallowing the crushed treat, denied the joy of actually tasting it. He had just recovered from the unexpected act when the paw returned, now carrying with it multiple cream puffs. The cheetah’s mouth was nearly overflowing with pastry, and he was forced to gulp the entire mess down just to breath. Again and again the paw returned, each time full of cream puffs, never giving Ryan a free moment to voice complaint. At first he was annoyed—still worried about finishing his writing task—but as his grumbling stomach slowly filled with soft pastry he began to have a change of heart.

He *had* been rather hungry, and there was little available for him to eat inside the frat house. The omelet leftovers in the fridge were likely long gone, either snagged by a different clone or someone who actually lived in the house, and it took quite a bit to satisfy the chubby cheetah’s hunger. Sure, he wished someone else was doing the force-feeding, but he wasn’t in the mood to be picky. Besides, Xander was proving surprisingly adept at it. Xander had finished emptying out the first pastry box and pulled out a second, much to Ryan’s delight. The otter was too overcome by his thirst for vengeance to notice his “victim” was actually enjoying the punishment, sneaking glances at his growing belly in between feedings. Ryan tried his best to act reluctant, groaning in distress as he swallowed and occasionally putting on a token look of misery, hoping to prolong the session as long as possible.

Cream puff after cream puff slid down his throat and into his stomach, which slowly peeked out from beneath Ryan’s shirt, exposing a strip of pudgy light blue belly. Ryan was just about to lose himself in the stuffing bliss when the otter paws suddenly stopped forcing their way into his mouth. He turned his head in disappointment, and saw that Xander had gone through the last of his pastry boxes. Xander seemed rather content with himself.

“How does it feel, Ryan? How does it feel to be stuffed like a cream puff!” Xander cackled, waiting for the cheetah’s despair.

Ryan continued his fake groaning. “Terrible, so terrible! I’ve never been so humiliated in my life!” The lie might have worked if he hadn’t started purring immediately after.

“Wait, you’re purring, why are you purring!” Xander asked, angrily.

“You’re hearing things!” Ryan said, his purrs increasing.

Xander flipped the cooler off the table in a rage, flinging empty cream puff boxes across the floor. “If you’re not gonna take this seriously than I’ve got no choice but to move on to Plan B!”

The otter pulled a small bottle from his pocket, the label instantly recognizable to Ryan: Insta-gest. One dose of that and you'd instantly digest anything that found its way into your stomach. Ryan was even more intrigued now. Xander decided to skip the theatrics for once and pushed the open bottle to Ryan's lips, forcing him to chug a large portion of the syrupy medication. A light tingling in his stomach heralded the start of the Insta-gest's effects, and Ryan looked down, watching his slightly stuffed gut begin to shrink. The tingling spread as the pile of cream puffs within the cheetah were converted into fat with impressive speed, leaving Ryan marginally softer all over. Ryan was sad to see his temporarily larger belly vanish, but at least his hunger remained satiated.

Xander, meanwhile, had been busy messing around with some machinery on Ryan's right. While the holding chair in the Feeding Room *could* be used for mundane stuffing, its real purpose was for the large cobbled-together monstrosity of kegs and tubes called simply, the Feeding Machine. The Tau Tau Psi frat kept the kegs of the machine well-stocked, and Ryan had seen it in action many times before—even used it himself on one occasion to stuff his jaguar boyfriend, Jordan. Ryan desperately attempted to suppress his purring as he became aware of Xander's Plan B. He had no clue as to why the grumpy otter thought feeding the fat-loving cheetah was suitable vengeance, but he didn't want the fun to end early.

“Uh, wait Xander, let's, um, talk this through, yeah!” Ryan said, attempting to act again.

“Quiet you! Obviously I overestimated your love of cream puffs, I'll accept the blame for that one, but let's see how long you remain happy when you're denied any taste at all as you turn into a butterball!” Xander said, flipping a few final switches and pulling out a wide clear tube with a muzzle strap attached to the end.

Ryan had to bite his lip to prevent a giddy grin from growing on his face. “No, anything but that!”

Xander held Ryan's mouth open with one paw while he forced the tube muzzle onto his captive, the cheetah offering a little bit of half-hearted resistance for show. “Hope you like chocolate pudding, Ryan, cause not a single drop will touch your tongue!”

Xander raised a small remote and pressed its largest button, the Feeding Machine whirring to life in response. The tube swayed back and forth as a thick stream of pudding quickly flowed through from a holding keg. Ryan watched in joyful anticipation as the tube changed from clear to delicious dark brown, his eyes following the journey till the very moment it began flooding down his throat. He winced when the cold gusher of dessert first arrived, but was soon distracted by the constant need to swallow. The pudding emptied into Ryan's stomach so fast his belly actually swelled a little again before the Insta-gest had a chance to kick in, giving the cheetah the wonderful feeling of being lightly bloated.

Of course, Ryan was experiencing far more than simple bloating. Every new gulp caused his body to fatten slightly as the pudding was converted into flab. Ryan's shirt gradually grew tighter and tighter around his middle, the creases smoothing out and the seams straining. His pants were becoming uncomfortably small, till the force of his expanding butt became too great and shot off the button, providing Ryan with momentary relief. He could actually feel his double chin filling out with each swallow, too. Xander watched the spectacle in triumph—already congratulating himself on the impending success of Plan B—chuckling as Ryan's gut grew larger and softer, tears beginning to form in the cheetah's clothing. The eventual sound of fabric ripping apart was music to the otter's ears.

Content, Xander pressed a different button on his remote, and the Feeding Machine slowly chugged to a halt, a few last globs of chocolate pudding sputtering into Ryan's mouth. Xander stepped forwards, grinning. “Heh, you've gotta be at least three hundred pounds now, Ryan. Three hundred pounds of roly poly, waddle-cat!” He poked Ryan's flabby belly with his paw, intending to taunt him. “How does it feel to know you'll get tired doing the most mundane things, that none of your clothes will fit you anymore, that...Why are you still purring!”

Ryan had tried his hardest, but the belly pokes had sent him over the edge, and the purring

returned, even louder than before. His muffled attempt at an excuse proved fairly ineffective.

“Arg, why isn't this working! You should be cowering in despair, not enjoying this!” Xander yelled, visibly shaking in rage. “Plan C! Plan C! You've got a limit, I just need to find it!”

The remote was pressed, and the Feeding Machine roared back to life. Ryan closed his eyes and moaned as the pudding flood returned to him and bloated his belly. He adored the idea of being larger, softer, squishier. He wanted a massive gut that jiggled at the slightest provocation and wobbled as he walked—no waddled! His middle should be a pillow, better than any memory foam money could buy. Chairs should creak whenever he sat in them and cheetah pudge should spill out onto counters and desks and shoulders. If he were on a couch, anyone lucky enough to be beside him should be half-pressed into his flab. The leather straps were growing tighter, on the verge of coming undone. Why hadn't he considered putting himself through the Feeding Machine like this before?

Xander stared at the ever-fattening Ryan, far less happy than before. He could actually hear the cheetah's purrs over the rumbling machinery, but was still convinced they'd fade in time. More tears marked the total failure of Ryan's clothing, which flopped to the floor in tatters. Any minute now Ryan should be realizing how dire his situation was, that the machine wasn't stopping, that he'd practically doubled in size. Any minute now. Now. Now! The otter squeaked in annoyance as his victim refused to express even the slightest hint of anguish, turning the machine off again in a huff.

No longer content to simply purr, Ryan began moaning in pleasure as the pudding stream ceased, the straps holding him down finally snapping off as the last of his stomach's contents transformed into fat. Xander pulled the tube muzzle from Ryan's face, revealing a dopey grin of pure elation.

“Oh c'mon, you're like four hundred pounds now, why are you even happier!” Xander ranted. “You're just a big blob of blue, you could probably smother someone with that gut of yours!”

Ryan's purrs increased with each word, enraging Xander further. “So...soft,” the cheetah mumbled.

“This isn't fair, revenge was supposed to be mine! Maybe being half-a-ton will finally snap you back to reality!” Xander's threat was received by a giddy moan. “Aaaaaaaahhhhhhh!”

Xander threw the remote to the ground. Days of planning, wasted! Ryan continued happily purring in front of him, having begun to rub his incredibly soft belly.

“I give up! Are you proud of yourself, Ryan, you win!” Xander turned away in a huff, heading for the door. “Stupid, crazy cheetah. I'm the only sane one in this damn place!”

Ryan ignored the otter's rant as he left the room, intent on giving his blubbery belly the adoration it deserved. This wasn't the first time he'd been so heavy—in fact he'd actually hit the half-ton mark a couple times before due to various circumstances—but he felt like it'd been forever. He lifted the overhang of his gut, feeling its weight ooze around his paws as he jiggled it to and fro. Of course, his middle wasn't the only fatter part of him. Ryan squeezed his round cheeks and the rolls of his double chin, prodded his much softer arms, even ogled his chunkier paws. His purrs echoed around the room, uncontrollable. Though Ryan wanted nothing more than to hunt down his boyfriend and show off his ridiculous gain, the entire experience had left him rather exhausted. He stretched and yawned, his eyelids slowly lowering. Perhaps a quick cat-nap was in order, first. There'd be plenty...of time...to...write....

The cheetah's purring slowed to a low rumble as he passed out, dreams destined to be filled with nothing but belly jiggling. While Ryan slept, though, the door creaked open, and an overweight puma shuffled through clumsily. His eyes were glazed over and his nose twitched, sniffing the air deeply. “Blueberries?” he mumbled quietly...