

Multitasking: Writing Fuel

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 Four stared at the small screen of his laptop, trying to will himself to type. A handful of words click-clacked to life before the backspace key eagerly wiped them out. Despite his best efforts, he wasn't having any luck progressing the vore-centric romance story he'd been toying with for weeks now. He'd assumed the concept would be a simple challenge, overcome with just a little more effort and thought than usual, knocked out in a few days of frenzied effort. Then the rough outline had taken a week alone. Dialogue kept feeling forced, the characters felt one-dimensional, and he'd changed the setting four or five times at this point. To make matters worse, he was suffering from hunger pains in addition to writer's block.

With a frustrated sigh he closed the laptop shut and tucked it under his arm. Maybe if he grabbed a quick snack he'd become more inspired, or at least feel better. Leaving the unusual quiet of the Tau Tau Psi frat house's game room, Ryan made his way towards the kitchen. He didn't actually belong to the frat—his boyfriend, Jordan, did—but he knew there was a leftover omelet in the fridge that rightfully belonged to him. Thoughts of stuffing himself with the fluffy egg and cheese monstrosity filled his head as he strolled into the kitchen, but his dreams were dashed in an instant. Sitting at the

kitchen table was Kyler, the orange and white rabbit raising a spoonful of egg to his open mouth, an empty plate before him.

Ryan glared at Kyler and sat his laptop on the counter, already tempted to flip the green bandana off the rabbit's head. "Dude, that was mine!"

"I don't remember seeing your name on it," Kyler replied, finishing the last bite of omelet and giving his chubby belly an exaggerated pat.

"The box literally had my name on it!" Ryan said.

Kyler looked down and shrugged. "Well I found this happy little feast sitting all alone on a plate here, not in any box."

"Man, that was the only thing I could actually eat in this place," Ryan mumbled.

"Just order a pizza ya big baby," Kyler said, increasingly amused he had accidentally stolen someone's lunch.

"You'd eat the delivery guy, someone always does!" Ryan said. "I've never seen a delivery guy leave this place uneaten."

Kyler leaned back in his chair and smiled, reminiscing. "Damn, now I'm in the mood for delivery. Want to split an order, you get the pizza I get the bro?"

"I don't want pizza, I want that awesome omelet! I only got a small bite of it yesterday," Ryan lamented, his stomach growling again.

"Well tough luck," Kyler said, rising from the chair to face Ryan and giving his small bit of pudge a jiggle. "Of course, if you really want a taste of that omelet, you're free to dive right in and..."

Ryan lunged, one step ahead of the rabbit. Kyler didn't have time to react as his muzzle was abruptly engulfed by the cheetah's mouth, a blue paw forcing the rest of his head in after it. He thrashed about in a desperate attempt to free himself, but Ryan quickly wrapped his arms around him in a tight embrace and pushed him against the table to hinder his movement even more. The rabbit winced within the muggy confines of the maw as a coarse tongue ran under his chin and saliva soaked his fur, his head lurching into the throat as he felt Ryan's lips stretch over his shoulders. A few wild attempts to kick his attacker away failed miserably, his footpaws slamming into the table and chair legs more often than cheetah.

Deep purring soon began to reverberate around Kyler's body as he was pushed into the dark, thankfully empty stomach. His muffled curses and shouts were drowned out further by the purrs, to the point that Ryan could barely hear them himself. With great joy Ryan swallowed Kyler's belly, subjecting it to a couple gentle, playful chews, blocked from thoroughly tasting it by an obnoxious shirt. The rabbit wiggled more in disapproval, and Ryan answered with a strong gulp that shoved Kyler's face hard into the stomach walls, leaving a delightful imprint on the surface of his belly. As more and more of Kyler's troublesome legs disappeared into Ryan's mouth, the cheetah moved his paws to his rapidly ballooning belly, its soft blue surface marked by shifting bulges.

Ryan purred and moaned as his gut sagged more and more with each new swallow—the weight beneath his paws increasing—driven to a state of pure bliss as Kyler's struggles gave him a wonderful internal massage. His mouth inevitably closed around Kyler's footpaws and he gulped, feeling them slowly make their way down his gullet and past the sphincter, their arrival in the stomach causing his belly to bounce. Kyler kicked and elbowed the stomach walls in anger, not that Ryan seemed to mind. The cheetah was lost in the admiration of his own bloated blue gut, loving every curve and bulge his meal added. His hunger pains gone, Ryan happily patted his middle and stretched, recovering from the strain of devouring another fur whole.

The cheetah let out a small belch. "Damn, almost forgot I enjoy bunny more than omelets!" he said, giggling as his gut wobbled in complaint.

"Let me out dude, I was just joking!" Kyler yelled, hoping his voice could even be heard through the layers of fat and persistent, rumbling purrs.

"I want to, I really do, but you just feel so wonderful wiggling around in my tum!" Ryan said.

Kyler's struggles stopped momentarily, as if that would change his fate. "C'mon man, I wanted to spend the day relaxing, go stuff yourself with someone else!"

Ryan waddled over to the counter and grabbed his laptop before slowly leaving the kitchen. "Oh trust me, my stomach's very relaxing Kyler. Warmer and softer than any boring bed or couch."

"If I end up as cat fat I swear I'm gunning for you the moment I re-form!" Kyler replied.

"Thanks for the heads-up," Ryan said, approaching the foot of the stairs. "I'll make sure to eat a light breakfast; don't want to spoil my rabbit lunch tomorrow."

Ryan carefully ascended the staircase, his heavy gut swaying with each step. He chose Kyler's room as his new office—seeing as the rabbit was thoroughly preoccupied for the foreseeable future—and settled down in front of the desk, the chair creaking a tad under his weight. The existing keyboard was brushed aside and his laptop set up in its place, its screen shining brightly with the impossible romance story. A particularly difficult post-vore scene continued to taunt him, his various attempts to conquer it thwarted again and again. While Ryan had plenty of personal experience eating furs of all shapes and sizes—not to mention being eaten himself more often than he cared to remember—describing it in a dramatic sense was proving frustratingly impossible. He always felt he was leaving something important out, or focusing too much on his own interests at the expense of the narrative. If he could just find the right inspiration...

Kyler shifted in Ryan's stomach, grumbling as he was pressed against the desk. Ryan pushed down on the rabbit's bulge with a paw. "Settle down in there, I'm trying to concentrate."

Ryan's meal responded by stretching out a little, inconveniencing his captor as best he could. The cheetah was about to chastise him again when a thought suddenly came to him. He prodded his stuffed gut again, and directed his full attention to the resulting squirms, attempting to memorize the exact feeling, sound, and look. Actually analyzing a prey's struggles had never occurred to him. With a strange sense of determination Ryan began typing, transferring the experience Kyler had given him into his story, making a few necessary tweaks here and there. After a few inspired minutes Ryan found himself staring at the dreaded scene's conclusion.

The cheetah couldn't believe it. All of his previous attempts to overcome the literary obstacle had been miserable failures, but this time he'd somehow succeeded almost effortlessly. Was writing with an active stomach actually that beneficial? "Wow, thanks Kyler, you're as a good a muse as you are a meal!" Ryan said, giving his belly a congratulatory slap.

Expecting a new round of annoyed squirming, Ryan was concerned to feel only the slightest gentle twitch in response; Kyler must be on the verge of passing out. In danger of losing his newfound writing aide, Ryan greedily gulped down fresh air, his stomach swelling slightly in the process. A couple tense minutes passed before Kyler began stirring actively again, and Ryan breathed a sigh of relief at the close call. Air wouldn't be enough to stave off the eventual digestion, but Kyler likely had something to solve that problem hiding nearby. Ryan dug through the desk's drawers, pushing aside a mess of old cables and forgotten flash drives until he found a nearly empty bottle of digestion inhibitor.

Ryan popped the lid open and tossed a couple pills in his mouth, quickly sending them down to join Kyler. As long as he was punctual with the doses the acids in his stomach would stay dormant, and the rabbit would be nice and safe for as long as Ryan desired. Kyler seemed at least vaguely aware of the situation, gradually renewing his struggles as he recovered and cursing up a storm. All Ryan heard was the start of the next scene.

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With a triumphant grin Ryan finished the final sentence, hitting save and leaning back, belly wiggling slightly. Against all odds he'd completed a story he was convinced would always be a shameful little tumor in his "In Progress" folder, and all he'd needed was a belly full of miffed rabbit. He'd definitely have to consider writing with an audience more often. Closing the laptop, Ryan heaved

himself back to his feet, almost losing his balance as he readjusted to his heavy, sagging gut. Kyler was far too exhausted from his prolonged captivity to offer substantial resistance anymore, shifting just enough to prove he wasn't being digested. With his mission a surprising success, Ryan decided to check in with Ryan Prime. He could only imagine the look on his face when he strolled into Jordan's room, grinning smugly, having tamed the impossible story he was burdened with.

The walk was a short one—fortunately—though Ryan found plenty of time to tease his bulging belly along the way. When he pushed open the door to Jordan's room, a far different scenario played out than the one he'd envisioned. Instead of seeing Ryan Prime typing away at the computer, he found himself staring at the wobbling form of a nearly spherical, gray furry dragon. The dragon's head and claws were barely visible poking out from his over-inflated body, a look of distress on his face and the tattered shreds of his clothing forming a ring around him. Ryan couldn't help but notice a few scraps of fur scattered here and there also, a mix of midnight blue and spotted orange. He sighed.

The dragon—Vann—spotted Ryan, and a confused glimmer of hope came over him. “Ryan? Shouldn't you be popped?” he asked. “Never mind, I need your help! I don't know how long I've been stuck here, I feel like I'm about to burst, deflate me!”

Ryan didn't want anything to do with whatever had happened in his boyfriend's room, and slowly closed the door, Vann pleading for his assistance as the cheetah waddled away. He made his way down the staircase once more, curious if Ryan Prime had actually managed to get any writing done before apparently exploding with Jordan. The other two Ryans would likely be as amused by the situation as he was, and Ryan couldn't wait to share the news with them. There was just an odd sense of satisfaction at being able to feel more superior than yourself. His gut shook as he descended the final stair, and Ryan spotted two of his friends hanging out on the couch, playing video games. Perhaps they knew where his clones were hiding.

Ryan's approach was initially unnoticed, giving him a chance to quietly watch their game from the sidelines as they grunted and taunted each other. Xander—a white and dark-brown otter—appeared to be winning, boasting incessantly in between the rare, overexcited squeak. Of course, his opponent—a puma named Ryder—was fairly hindered. The puma was leaning forwards, controller held awkwardly above the massive, lumpy orb of his gently squirming belly, almost unable to see the television screen. Few furs could have played effectively in that state.

When the round finally ended and the scores popped up, Xander raised his paws in the air and whooped. “Ha! Wrecked you again Ryder!”

Ryan decided to make his presence known. “Dude, you barely beat him, and he's having to play with a boulder gut in his way.”

Both Xander and Ryder turned suddenly to face Ryan, each looking like they'd seen a ghost.

“What the?” Xander said, glaring at the cheetah. “Shouldn't you still be a butterball? I fattened the Hell out of you, how'd you lose the weight!”

Ryder looked down at his belly and back up to Ryan. “S-shouldn't you be in here?” he asked sheepishly.

“Well, I guess the others fared about as well as Ryan Prime did,” Ryan said, laughing. “I don't know whether to feel ashamed of myself or smug.”

Before anyone could demand a further explanation from Ryan, Xander's belly began to shake. The otter watched in horror as his slim middle rapidly expanded, it's bulging mass pushing out from beneath his shirt and spilling into his lap. He squeaked in dismay as something grew and writhed within him, frantically pushing at his swelling gut with his paws in a desperate attempt to stop the inevitable, Ryan and Ryder looking on with confusion in their eyes. At first Xander feared he was either having a bizarre allergic reaction or being pranked again by his friends. As the bulges became clearer, though, the cause became obvious: someone was unshrinking within his stomach. Xander whined, waiting for the expansion to end, more concerned about how fat his unintentional meal had been than *who* it was. When the growth finally ceased Xander let out a wet belch, his bloated belly nearly as large as Ryder's.

A familiar, muffled voice grumbled from within.

Ryan simply laughed and waddled over to the front of the couch, squeezing in-between the pair and letting himself relax. The trio's stuffed bellies rubbed against each other, and Ryan could feel the struggling forms of his two fellow clones pressing into his gut. Kyler felt their presence too, squirming actively again as his fleshy prison became more cramped, much to Ryan's delight. When he re-formed next he'd awake with the memories of his less fortunate brethren and learn all the details of their misadventures. For now, though, he'd finally get around to digesting his extended lunch and enjoy the rest of the day. Ryan gave the bellies of his friends a playful slap each, smiling as his clones pushed back against him. No harm in making those future memories a little more unique.