

Raf's Filling Day: Part II

By: IndigoRho

Raf's heavy steps echoed through the nearly empty corridors of Edmonds Hall as he headed towards his last tutoring session of the day. The Hall housed most of the classrooms for the culinary arts degree, but no classes ran this late into the afternoon, leaving the building desolate besides a few students refining their work in the kitchens. A wonderful mixture of aromas lingered in the halls, though, taunting the hyena's nostrils and causing his stomach to growl slightly. He glanced down at his large belly for a quick moment simply to glare at it. Thanks to his obnoxious tendency to overindulge, Raf had managed to stuff himself silly by complete accident while tutoring a classmate earlier in the day, eating so much junk food he'd popped most of the buttons of his plaid shirt. The shirt was fully opened now, revealing a white dress shirt beneath that tightly clung to his flabby gut, a strip of tan fur left exposed no matter how hard he tried to adjust his clothes. At least his pink tie did a decent job of disguising the slight gaps between the buttons.

The troublesome clothing was only a minor irritation when compared to the hinting return of his hunger, though. Raf's belly still felt heavy from all he'd gorged on, he had no reason to actually be hungry again yet. Of course, the hyena was also about to begin the worst tutoring session for someone with poor appetite control. The blue cheetah he was working with—Ryan—was an outright glutton, having chosen Edmonds Hall for their sessions entirely because of the easy access to free leftover pastries. He tended to spend about as much time snacking as reading, and Raf hated the fact that he sometimes had to eat the food himself just to get the cheetah to concentrate properly. Hopefully Ryan would behave today so Raf could leave with at least one shirt still intact.

Finally arriving at the agreed upon classroom, Raf entered the room to see a curious and frustrating sight. While the room was mainly ovens and prep tables, there was also some larger machinery for mass producing pastries, and Ryan was currently laying atop the conveyor belt of the biggest. The cheetah looked absolutely massive, pinned underneath the large dome of his midnight-blue belly and missing most of his clothing. As Raf approached, he noticed Ryan shifting slightly and letting out pained moans, seemingly out of it. Raf sighed. He considered the possibility that the cheetah had gone on an absolutely ridiculous binge, but something about the scenario didn't seem right. A more likely answer came to him seconds before a barrage of pellets hit his face, exploding into a cloud of gas that quickly sent the hyena into a deep sleep.

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Raf's eyes sluggishly opened, and he stared blankly at the ceiling panels as they readjusted to the light. Mumbling under his breath, Raf attempted to rub his head, only to feel his wrists lashed to something. He sighed as he looked down and saw the bindings securing his arms to those of an office chair. A brief scan of the room turned up no one, including the suspicious absence of Ryan from the conveyor belt. The hyena overlooked the fact that a previously empty tank on the other end of the machine was now filled with something blue. Raf felt his chair lean back a tad, before he was spun around and brought face-to-face with a grinning, slim lime-green eastern dragon.

"Well, well, well, it's just my lucky day, isn't it?" the eastern dragon asked, grabbing a solid clawful of Raf's belly and giving it a good squeeze. Raf growled in response, gritting his teeth in an effort not to blush. "Such delightful pudge."

Raf rolled his eyes, already guessing the potential motives of his captor. "You're free to take some if you want, I'm sure you could use the padding."

The dragon laughed. "Aw, you've got a sense of humor, adorable. I just love how wonderfully round your belly is, though." He grasped a flap of Raf's plaid shirt, feeling over the bumps where the buttons had popped off. "And you seem to enjoy it being round, too, considering the damage you've

done here.”

“Accidents happen,” Raf replied, bluntly.

“Hmm, and by the looks of it, you're very accident prone.” The dragon slid a claw beneath Raf's tie and through a gap in the dress shirt, digging into the hyena's belly button with enough force to make him grunt. He slowly rotated the claw, Raf's snout twitching from time to time as he started blushing. “I guess you were just fated to be stuffed.”

Raf would've sighed if he weren't too busy trying to hide the fact that the dragon's navel teasing was somewhat pleasurable. Considering his captor's obsessive attention to his belly, the hyena was fairly certain he was dealing with a rampant feeder. This wasn't the first time Raf had been forced to “entertain” one.

Still toying with the navel, the dragon slipped his other claw into Raf's back pocket and retrieved his wallet, flipping it open to look over his I.D. His grin grew. “Ohoho wow, you have been a very, very hungry hyena, haven't you? No way are you still only two hundred twenty pounds now, and your cheeks have gotten so much rounder!”

“I've got a slow metabolism, so sue me,” Raf said. “And before you start bugging me about it, I'm two hundred sixty two right now.”

“A good start,” the dragon said, before something on the I.D. caused his eyes to light up. “Oh my God you've got the most adorable name, too!”

Raf glared hard. “Raf. My name is Raf.”

“Cute, but that's not what your license says,” the dragon smirked.

“We already learned you can't trust it about my weight, same goes with my name,” Raf growled.

The dragon tossed aside the wallet before giving the hyena a gentle belly rub. “Well then, this is one lie I'll just have to believe...Rafael.”

Raf quietly fumed at the mention of his birth name. His mother was an artist, and had convinced his father to name their twin sons after famous artists. While they'd been content to shorten his brother's name to Michael, Raf had been stuck with the longer, far less common name. He'd learned to shorten it to Raf before he'd even left elementary school.

“You shouldn't pout, I used to go by Ryan until learned to embrace my real name, Rai,” the dragon mused. “Besides, your name is the least of your worries. When I'm through with you, you're gonna be the fattest hyena on campus, a gorgeous tan and brown butterball whose butt wrecks chairs and waddles shake the halls.”

“Sorry to break it to ya, but my twin already holds the 'spottiest fatass' title,” Raf replied. “Why aren't you off fingering his gut instead?”

Rai's ears perked up. “You have a twin?” he asked, practically giddy. “If I had the time I'd love to hunt him down so he could join you. I'm sure a joint stuffing would be quite the bonding experience.”

“No thanks,” Raf said. “Just feed me his share, I'd rather be immobile than deal with his bullshit.”

“Enjoy joking about your impending fattening while you still can, because I'm planning on feeding you until you're too stuffed to beg for mercy.” Rai gave the hyena's gut a good jiggle. “You caught a glimpse of what I did to Indi, right? Dude loves being fat and I still had him pleading for me to stop as I shoved donut after donut into his maw, prodding his belly as it grew bigger and bigger. Pastry cat didn't even know where he was by the time I was through with him.”

Raf assumed “Indi” was a nickname for the classmate he'd come here to tutor. “Oh my God I don't care, seriously. Just start packing me full of food or whatever it is you need to do so I can go home and fucking relax.”

Rai obviously hadn't expected the response. He finally stopped teasing the hyena's navel and took a step back, his persistent grin fading till he appeared nearly as annoyed as Raf. “Alright smartass, let's see how cocky you are once you're so stuffed you feel like you're about to burst!”

The dragon shoved Raf hard, sending the hyena rolling in his chair towards the large vats by the back wall. Rai followed after, smiling again when Raf bumped into the freshly filled vat with just enough force to shake his gut. He picked a muzzle up off the ground nearby, one with an attached tube that led straight back to a spigot on the vat. Still irritated by his captive's stubbornness, Rai roughly strapped the muzzle onto Raf's face, having to pry open the hyena's jaws to ensure the tube reached all the way to the throat. Raf struggled against his bindings and growled a little during the ordeal, growing even more pissed off with the eastern dragon.

The hyena's brief outburst was good enough for Rai. "Reality finally setting in for ya yet?" he said, giving Raf a demeaning pat on the snout. "You should really considered yourself honored, you know? I've made an experimental new pudding just for you, it's...blueberry flavored."

Raf hadn't found anything the dragon said comforting, but his hint of indecision on the pudding's flavor stood out as particularly concerning. A clicking sound and the whirring of heavy machinery coming to life merely caused the hyena to sigh. Though he wasn't facing the vat itself, Raf could still see the blue pudding race through the clear tube leading to his muzzle, twitching involuntarily once he felt the cold substance gush against the back of his throat and down into his stomach. He tried his hardest to resist struggling, even as he watched his already round belly begin to expand, his dress shirt feeling tighter and tighter. Any outward sign of panic or anger would likely just make Rai happier.

Rai looked on with sheer joy. His captive's dress shirt was struggling to contain his swelling gut, the buttons holding on so tightly they actually dug into it's smooth surface, creating gentle valleys in the pudge. The buttons couldn't hold on forever, and soon the first one was shooting off the dress shirt and across the room with a delightful *Pop!* and clatter, Raf's belly wobbling in its wake. A second and third failed soon after, though the top-most buttons were spared, simply clinging tightly to the hyena's moobs. Raf's flabby tan belly was now completely exposed, his pink tie resting to one side. Another unseen click brought the machinery to a standstill.

"Of course your gut looks even more adorable when it's getting fresh air," Rai teased, pushing his claws into the hyena's stuffed belly and rubbing it, delighted at how soft his toy already was.

Raf mumbled a few curses under his breath, hoping more than anything the muzzle would disguise the obvious blushing that betrayed how much he enjoyed the belly rub.

After a couple short minutes of adoration Rai strolled out of sight once more, the machinery soon lurching back to life. Free of the flimsy confines of Raf's clothes, the hyena's belly was rapidly ballooning outwards from the influx of the mysterious pudding, its sides spreading into the arms of the chair and his own fidgeting wrists. He could feel the weight of his gut increasing, the chair creaking sporadically beneath him as it was forced to handle the growing hyena. While Raf wasn't very fearful of the seat breaking from his heft—there wasn't a chair on campus that wasn't reinforced in some manner—the noises it made still served as another reminder of his obnoxious predicament, an extra bit of taunting that was probably making his captor *very* happy.

The pressure within the hyena's stomach was building, his body yelling at him to stop eating, that he was far fuller than he should be. While the feeling wasn't necessarily painful, it was incredibly irritating and threatened to grow worse the larger he got. He was slowly beginning to sweat, despite how cool the pudding felt in his gut, and the exhaustion of overindulging on an enormous meal was starting to kick in. The hyena's swollen belly was encroaching on his knees, having completely oozed over and engulfed his bound paws.

Leaning against the swiftly emptying vat, Rai simply smiled and watched his newest masterpiece grow, recording the entire session on his phone. Rai was an unabashed admirer of fat, as long as it was safely on the blubbery waistlines and chubby faces of others. When he was younger, the dragon had been significantly overweight, notorious as one of the fattest students in school. While the obese bears, hippos, and elephants in class were all given a pass on their sizes, Rai was relentlessly mocked for being the exact opposite of his traditionally slimmer species. The taunts only became worse

once his attraction to fatter furs was found out. He stress ate early on in high school due to the teasing, gaining even more weight and often losing his temper.

Eventually he'd had enough and adopted a terribly strict exercise and eating routine, managing to slim down considerably over the course of high school. Of course, the dragon had also sought revenge on classmates he'd deemed to be his worst tormenters. The track star who'd openly mocked him in gym class was found overstuffed with pasta the morning before the biggest track meet of the year. A fellow eastern dragon who'd gotten him stuck with the nickname "stuffed noodle" was the victim of mysterious prop accident during a play, when a tank of marshmallow he was hooked up to ended up being real. Then there was the swimmer, who'd pranked Rai countless times by ordering multiple pizzas in his name and having them delivered during lunch. His parents had returned from their week-long vacation to find him tied to the dining room table and nearly doubled in weight, a mountain of empty pizza boxes nearby.

While Rai's force-feeding escapades had begun originally as revenge, he'd gradually gained a passion for it after each successful feeding, and moved on to targeting anyone he felt could use a rounder belly. Friends were not immune from his fun, either. Ryan, the blue cheetah Raf was supposed to be tutoring, was actually a good friend of Rai's, and the dragon had stuffed him that day merely to cheer himself up. His friend had growled, hissed, and cursed throughout, but this hadn't been the first time Rai had fattened him up, and it obviously wouldn't be the last. The surprise appearance of the hefty hyena had simply made the day better.

Raf felt a hint of relief once he spotted the blue pudding in the feeding tube fading as the vat was finally emptied completely. The machinery was turned off, and Rai happily pulled the muzzle off his captive. He couldn't have been more overjoyed by the results. Raf let out the occasional groan, his head moving around sluggishly as he desperately tried to resist being overcome by his immense fullness. His chair creaked as Rai leaned into him, embracing the hyena's massive belly and rubbing his snout in it, delighting in how soft it had become. The dragon groped and kneaded his handiwork, causing Raf to grimace and blush as his overstuffed gut was toyed with.

After taking a couple minutes to recover, Raf went back to glaring at his captor. "You done yet?"

Rai seemed flustered, releasing his hold on the belly to get in Raf's face. "Seriously? I blimp you up against your will and you're still acting snarky?"

Raf replied with a loud, sloppy belch aimed point blank at Rai.

The dragon became livid. "You know what, I was perfectly content to leave you at this size, but now you've pissed me off! By the time I'm through with you, you'll have to spend a week digesting everything I've..."

Rai's threat was abruptly cut-off as a pair of arms wrapped around his back, pulling him tight against the stuffed hyena. He squirmed and struggled desperately, but couldn't gain traction as he sank into the pillowy gut he'd been so fond of. With considerable effort, Raf inched forwards and pulled himself up off the chair and onto his paws, his whole body wobbling as he adjusted to his temporarily increased bulk. The hyena continued staring at Rai in disdain.

"You should really use thicker rope next time," Raf said. "The shitty clothesline you used was pretty easy to cut with my claws, even while bound."

The dragon wiggled futilely and whimpered. "D-don't do anything drastic, let's talk this through!"

Raf rolled his eyes. "I haven't even done anything to ya yet and you're already begging for mercy? Whatever, you were pretty damn eager to see a big belly, so I'm gonna give you all the belly you can handle."

Raf lumbered over to the closest full vat and shoved Rai against it, before slowly pinning him with his huge gut. The dragon's entire head was engulfed by hyena flab, and he frantically squirmed as he tried to free himself, claws pushing deep into Raf's soft middle. His muffled pleas and fidgeting

caused Raf's belly to wobble dramatically, annoying the hyena far more than amusing him. Rai's struggles soon weakened, his shouts ceasing and his flails reduced to gentle slaps to Raf's belly. Eventually the dragon stopped moving altogether, his arms falling limp to his sides. Content, Raf took a few careful steps back and released Rai, who slid down the vat and onto the ground, unconscious. The hyena wanted to just walk away and go home so he could deal with his forced meal, but Rai's stunt had left him particularly annoyed. Revenge was in order.

As Rai lay helpless, Raf transferred the feeding tube muzzle from the empty vat to the completely full one beside it. Strapping the muzzle to Rai took a bit of effort—especially with his bloated gut—but Raf managed not only to secure it in place, but also force the tube deep down the dragon's throat and directly into his stomach. Raf hit a button on the new vat's panel, and soon the familiar whirring of machinery filled the room. He allowed himself a short grunt of approval as he watched the slim dragon's middle rapidly begin to round out and expand, pushing out from under his small shirt almost immediately.

Raf looked down at himself, prodding his enormous, exposed belly in frustration. Lugging the monstrosity back to his apartment was going to be a huge pain, and he knew he was going to get stared at the entire trip home. Not to mention the fact that he'd likely still be digesting its contents tomorrow, so he'd have to find some way to cover up during class. Looking slightly more irritated than usual, Raf grabbed his messenger bag and waddled towards the exit, feeling himself jiggle with every step. He growled when he had to squeeze himself through the door, his pudgy sides brushing against the frame. Behind him, Rai was fattening up nicely, his gut already as large as Raf's and swelling more, the vat still half full.