

Plumping Raf

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When Raf had awoken from his unexpected nap the first thing he'd done was sighed. Straps held the massive hyena's legs and arms down to a rather uncomfortable table of some sort. Above him were a series of incredibly suspicious chutes, whose purpose he expected to learn soon enough. He frowned as he tried to remember where he'd been before waking, but his memories were too much of a blur to bother sifting through. All that mattered was that he was doubtful to like whatever was to come.

As if on cue a nearly identical hyena suddenly loomed into view, differentiated only by the frosted tips of his mohawk and cheerful grin, stark contrasts to Raf's own pink mohawk and dedicated scowl.

"Don't you have anything better to do, Leon?" Raf grumbled.

Leon laughed. "Keeping a close eye on you is always my number one priority bro! I was worried you weren't eating properly and decided an intervention was in order. Did you know you actually dipped a pound under five hundred? That's practically emaciated for you!"

"I'd probably still be only three hundred if you weren't so *helpful*," Raf growled back under his breath. "Just let me go and find someone else to bother!"

"Just as I feared, wasting away has left you grumpy. Good thing you've got such a caring twin brother to fix you right up," Leon snickered, giving Raf's doughy belly a teasing pat. "Once you've had a solid round on my industrial Raf Stuffer you'll be all smiles! Mainly because your cheeks will be so round frowning will be impossible."

Before Raf could snip at Leon the distant sounds of machinery humming to life caught his attention. One of the metal chutes lowered till its end was directly above Raf's snout, and the captive hyena's eyes widened as he saw a stream of donut holes racing down towards him. The first few practically shot down Raf's throat. He chewed as best he could just to make sure he didn't choke on the forced feast of pastries, pudgy cheeks wobbling as he did. He squirmed a little in frustration but didn't think for a second he'd be able to break free.

The donut holes kept coming. Raf's already-huge belly began to swell, straining the buttons of his overlapping dress shirts. Leon watched the blubbery mound grow, prodding and squeezing his brother's sides with glee. Had Raf's mouth not been full of pastries he would've growled.

"Looking better already bro!" Leon said with obvious sarcasm. "Though obviously we're not going to stop until your clothes have been reduced to tatters at the very least."

Raf blushed and glared simultaneously—and ate, of course. He could feel his shirts getting tighter and tighter, their seams being pushed to their limits. The middle button of his outer plaid shirt was the first to go, shooting off into the distance and causing his whole gut to jiggle wildly. Two more followed in rapid succession, along with one from the white shirt underneath. Leon snuck a poke at the soft tan fur that peeked out from the new gap, causing Raf to fidget.

"There's that signature blubber you're always so eager to hide. Honestly bro you should be embracing your girth, cause with an appetite like yours you're only gonna get more and more of it as the years go on," Leon mused. "I bet you'll be six hundred pounds this time next year!"

Even imagining that weight for a second was enough to make Raf's frustration turn into genuine worry, though he quickly hid it. Giving Leon the satisfaction of seeing him panic would be worse than the actual weight gain.

The remainder of Raf's buttons burst off in short order, and his shirts spread open to expose his gut completely. It was a constantly swelling hill of wobbling tan, more rounded than usual thanks to the ongoing stuffing. Raf hoped Leon would be content with just that, along with an hour or so of obnoxiously repetitive teasing or showing him pictures of when they used to actually resemble one another. Unfortunately the flow of donut holes didn't slow down at all.

"A good start, but you've got so much potential." Leon kneaded Raf's belly, snickering the

whole time. “Maybe I should keep the machine running until you've literally been stuffed silly, until you're so full of pastries you're incapable of coherent thought. Maybe after you pass out and wake up from a deep food coma we should do it all over again!”

Raf struggled extra hard at his brother's threat, wishing he would burst out of his straps just so he could roll over and flatten the annoying twin. Leon's claims of making him too full to think were starting to become reality, though.

The growing weight within his stomach was getting harder and harder to ignore, causing the table to creak and groan in protest. His belly was spreading up against his arms and over his legs, blocking his view little by little beyond the feeding chute. He couldn't even begin to fathom just how many donut holes he'd consumed, nor their calories. How many new layers of pudge would they add to his belly? To his butt? To his face? Nothing in his current wardrobe was exactly loose, and for all he knew the current stuffing would leave them too small to wear in public without being embarrassed. Leon would certainly *love* that.

Fortunately for the engorged hyena, worrying was starting to get difficult. He focused all his attention on eating. Raf didn't squirm or struggle anymore, or shoot angry glares at Leon. He just glugged and let out the occasional muffled moan. His hill of a belly was now a mountain, and Leon teased it mercilessly. He slowly circled the table, prodding and slapping and jiggling his twin's gut. He felt Raf's hide grow taut as it stretched to handle his forced gluttony, though from experience Leon knew his twin could hold so much more.

Eventually the donut holes stopped rolling down the chute, which retreated back into the air and away from Raf. The dazed hyena continued chewing on instinct for a minute or so after, swallowing nothing but air. A rough pat on the gut from Leon stopped his futile action, along with forcing out a loud *braaap*.

“See Raf, a good stuffing was the perfect remedy to calm you down, as always,” Leon chuckled as he looked upon his work. “I'm sure you'll be fat enough once this is all digested, but fortunately I've got plenty more pastries in case your plumping isn't to my exacting standards.”

Raf groaned in response, barely conscious.

“Why of course Raf, you're welcome!” Leon said. “You know I'm always willing to help you out when you're in a bind.”

With that Leon walked away from his massive brother, laughing as he imagined just how grumpy Raf would be later on...