

The Stuffing of Reid

By: IndigoRho

Reid had regretted eating the pot brownie almost the second he took his first bite, but there was little he could do about it now. The mint-green tiger was hiding on the couch and feeling considerably mellow. Standing up felt like an effort, so instead he just chilled. The three friends with him were faring significantly better, which was about to prove unfortunate for Reid.

"It's his turn, don't you think?"

The voice of August drew Reid's lazy attention. The gray-and-white goat was staring at him, a devious grin on his face. Reid's gaze momentarily drifted towards his friend's round belly, which he still hadn't quite gotten use to yet. Normally August was merely plump, but recently he'd gluttoned his way to a solid three hundred pounds, probably more.

"Hmm, maybe you've got a point. He's always been the smallest."

Kai, to the left of August. The blue-and-white koi dragon was even more unrecognizable to Reid than August. Kai had been an avid swimmer, about as slim as him. His new job had been rather sedentary, though, and the dragon had ballooned in size. He was a bit fatter than August, and only a few pounds shy of needing to update his whole wardrobe again.

"Ha! Acting as if either of you weren't shrimps yourself a while ago!"

To August's right was his boyfriend, Rho. The orange-striped zebra had been on the pudgy side for as long as Kai could remember, his waistline perpetually increasing. He'd reached four hundred pounds recently, a fact he was quite boastful about.

"Then that settles it!" August declared. "It's time to fatten up Reid!"

Reid stared at his three friends, thoroughly confused. "Wh-what?"

"Ready to finally join the big leagues, Reid?" Kai asked, giving his belly a playful shake to show off how jiggly it was.

Rho nodded. "Tigers aren't called big cats for nothing, Reid! You've got a reputation to uphold, and blimping up is the only solution."

"Really funny, guys," Reid chuckled, nervously. "Being thin is nice."

"Oh, but being enormous is even nicer!" August insisted.

The trio of hefty troublemakers had slowly blocked off any avenues of escape Reid had available, not that he was sober enough to take them.

"It'll be great, Reid!"

"Just think of how much warmer you'll be now that Winter's coming."

"You can eat anything you want!"

"You would actually have some weight to throw around."

Reid's head darted from one friend to another, barraged on all sides by questionable claims. He couldn't get a single word in himself, and was gradually worn down. Eventually he almost believed what they were saying was true for him.

"I...uh, I g-guess putting on a few pounds wouldn't hurt?" Reid relented.

The tiger was rewarded by smiles—and then a large cookie shoved into his open mouth. Reid twitched as he forced himself to swallow the unexpected treat. As soon as he was finished there were more to take its place, August having apparently kept a whole bag nearby.

"Don't worry, Reid, just eat," August said, keeping the flow of cookies steady. "I bet you were hungry, weren't you? The munchies can hit you pretty hard, and that strain you had apparently intensifies them more than most. Think of it as jump-starting that appetite of yours."

Reid *had* been feeling the first tingles of hunger pains. He welcomed the cookies more and more as time passed, though it was begrudgingly. Once he'd finished the cookies he was certain his friends would be satisfied and move on to other things.

Eventually the cookies stopped entering Reid's mouth, the tiger belching a sigh of relief. "Well

that's probably, probably enough for tonight guys”

“Nonsense! You gotta wash all that food down with something, and nothing goes better with cookies than milk,” Kai said.

At some point the koi dragon had snuck into the kitchen and retrieved two full gallons of whole milk. Reid gulped as he stared at them, unable to imagine his stomach holding so much.

“W-wait, that's too—*mmmmph!*”

Reid's head was gently tilted back and the first jug pressed against his lips. A cascade of cold milk rushed down his throat and into his stomach, causing it to swell slightly. The more Reid resisted the more milk trickled from his lips, until he once again gave in and accepted the inevitable. His flat middle was beginning to gain a curve, peeking out from beneath his shirt. While Kai continued to pour August started rubbing the tiger's middle, teasing him.

“This is only the beginning, Reid. You're only gonna get bigger and bigger and bigger, until you jiggle whenever you walk and can't stop idly thinking about food,” August said in a tone that was less threatening and more excited. “Once your appetite increases it never *decreases*. You'll be going for seconds more often, outgrowing clothes in months rather than years, suddenly realizing how many things can get knocked over by a poorly-maneuvered gut.”

Kai tossed aside the emptied jug and swiftly started Reid on the second one. “I didn't care for the extra weight at first, Reid, but it really grows on ya. August and Rho really helped me adjust, too. They introduced me to the best buffets in town!”

Chugging milk wasn't making Reid any more cognizant, but Kai's revelation worried him. Had August and Rho played an active role in the koi dragon getting fatter, more than simply his job? Had it all started with Rho tempting August? Maybe they wouldn't just be content with a one-night feeding, maybe they were going to keep stuffing him silly until he was willing stuffing himself. While he was just high enough to believe the conspiracy, and too high to do anything to stop it.

Once the milk was gone Rho waddled up with a stack of pizza boxes, which had been delivered shortly before. Reid hadn't given a second thought to the amount they'd ordered that night—the other three were more than capable of glutting on pizza. Perhaps he should have.

August, Rho, and Kai took turns stuffing their helpless friend. If they weren't feeding him they were rubbing his swelling belly, or describing how fat and blubbery he'd be getting. As the night passed on Reid grew complacent, dutifully chewing and swallowing everything he was fed. He was running on automatic. His gut grew rounder and rounder, its weight pinning him further into the couch. It was fully exposed, and looked as if the tiger had swallowed a beach ball.

High and stuffed, Reid didn't clearly remember when he passed out.

When morning arrived Reid groaned awake. As he tried to sit up on the couch he found himself struggling, as if something heavy was sitting on him. His eyes slowly opened, and once they'd adjusted to the light he realized with dismay he was sporting a pot belly. Vague memories of the night before came rushing back to him, of the feeding and teasing and threats of more to come. He already felt chubbier, but was thankful the damage hadn't been much. He'd just need to avoid his friends for awhile until they abandoned their ridiculous ploy.

“Good, the starving tiger is awake!”

Reid jumped a little as August announced his presence. To the tiger's horror his friend was pushing a cart loaded with omelets, pancakes, and bacon.

“I-I really gotta get going, lots of stuff to do this weekend!”

Before Reid could slide off the couch he felt a brownie getting eased into his mouth, the tiger forced to chew. The distinct taste revealed it was a pot brownie right away.

“Relax, Reid. You deserve a little vacation, and the others and I are eager to pamper you like you've never been pampered before,” August said. “Now just sit back and enjoy the food. You'll thank us later.”

Reid let out a short whimper right before the first pancake was fed to him.

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Reid's days quickly became a blur. At first his friends kept him almost perpetually high, leading to a hunger daze that ensured the tiger would glut well beyond his usual norm. Every meal left him a little bit softer, and it didn't take long for the pounds to start piling on. A chubby belly formed, growing wider and doughier with each passing day. He started to grow moobs and a double chin, and his cheeks were rounder as well.

The tiger's appetite only increased, until he learned to look forward to his feeding sessions. If he wasn't eating he was sleeping off his meals, and Reid soon lost track of time. Any time he claimed he was heading home his friends would coax him into staying, the tiger unable to resist the peer pressure. He admittedly enjoyed the lavish attention they were piling on him, even if it was solely with the intent of making him massive. After a whole week of eating and sleeping, the now plump tiger was allowed to go home—where he immediately ordered a mountain of take out.

For months Reid told himself he was just about to get a gym membership and start counting his calories to undo the “gift” his friends had given him, and for months he did the exact opposite. He didn't notice the day he passed August and stopped being the “thinnest” of the group. By the time he was fatter than Kai he was simply ignoring his weight, not trying to actively gain but not trying to actively lose either. When he eventually tipped the scales at four hundred and fifty pounds, though, his friends made sure he knew he was officially the fattest.

The blubbery tiger had blushed and tried to ignore the teasing and prods, but he couldn't deny how huge he was. The first stuffing seemed so long ago, back when he'd been slim and somewhat active. Back when he didn't take up half the couch or make chairs creak in protest. Back when he didn't eat as much as four in a single sitting. Maybe he'd hit the gym next year. At the moment, though, all Reid could think about was ordering a few pizzas...