

Process Overflow

By Victor Waite

A Patreon vignette for Lore

Owner of Fendyn

While scavenging a forgotten space station for wealth and supplies, Fendyn reactivates a corrupt and buggy AI that registers him as storage container. Will he be able to escape an automated stuffing? Probably not.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Dragonfly, Force-Feeding, Rapid Weight Gain, and Immobility

A sharp crack echoed through the spacious room, reverberating off dusty panels and broken electronics. A heavy thump followed when Fendyn tossed a crate lid aside, revealing a container brimming Mooon Cow brand powdered milk. The dragonfly let out a heavy sigh and shoved the metallic box aside, adding it to his pile of pilfered containers. His flashlight followed his gaze across the darkened space and gleamed over countless shelves as he reached for the next of many, but paused before wedging his crowbar under the lid. Hoping to spare himself the Sisyphean chore of opening another disappointment, he peered at the crate's sides, hoping to spot a label or other designating feature. He spun the box effortlessly and scanned each of its sides, which were equally bare and featureless as the others. The only exception was a letter and a number that lacked meaning without the station's cargo log. Expecting nothing, he pried the container open and threw its lid to the side, unveiling yet more of the same. Fendyn threw his head back in frustration and kicked the box over, resolving to ease his daunting, mindless task before it drove him crazy. A soft clunk sounded through the silent station as he disabled his magnetic boots, followed by rhythmic beats of his wings as he float-flew deeper into the derelict den.

The dragonfly hummed to himself as he drifted through the seemingly endless storage bay, hugging its walls in the hope of finding an office or control room. Relief welled in his chest when he found a room resembling the latter, brimming with consoles and levers and switches. He looked around until he found the dulled main terminal, and his tune faded into silence while he solved the puzzle of its dusty buttons and broken lights. Realization hit him like a truck, and he reached for the bright red power button. Sparks flew and sputtered at his touch, but after a moment of panic, the station's systems lethargically cycled up. An illuminating wave washed over the storage bay beyond, and bright holographic displays sprung from the cracked and dented terminals. Walls of diagnostic information rolled across the flickering screens, occasionally flashing red, and eventually reached a log in screen. Fendyn's hope dwindled as he struggled to conjure up some likely credentials, though the warehouse's AI thankfully spared him the trouble. The screens scrambled before he hit the first key, and a distorted voice announced its displeasure over static-laced speakers.

UNEXPECTED CONTAINER IN CONTROL AREA

The outburst confused Fendyn more than anything else, leaving to wonder the extent of the computer's corruption until a mechanical tendril lanced from its cabinet. The rubber-coated hose wound around his ankle and snapped him to the floor, leaving him vulnerable to the others. The AI bound him tight and dragged him into scanning range, where it looked him over with a single, glowing sensor. The dragonfly struggled and failed to loosen its grasp, until it let go of him on its own. He flopped onto his back while it processed whatever data it gathered, and it crackled out a meaningless letter and number. Rather than stay and solve its meaning, he picked himself up and bolted for the door. Fendyn spread his wings and leapt for the exit, only for a rubbery hose to catch his ankles and snatch him from the air. His world tumbled as it whipped him around the room and flung him through an inspection hatch, where mechanical arms and conveyor belts prodded and slid him through dark and unused passages. His sense of time and direction blurred together in the maze of

chutes and tubes while he received the shipping crate experience, until he eventually landed in a new wing of the station. Tall tanks flanked him on either side while he clutched his head and rubbed the disorientation from his temples, though a dreadfully familiar hose interrupted his recovery.

Apprehension welled in chest as he eyed the tendril's shining nozzle, attempting to divine its motivation until it revealed it on its own. The hose struck like a viper and delved into his mouth, then unleashed a tide of delicious fluid. Fendyn briefly forgot his concerns when the chilled drink swelled his cheeks, reminiscent of the richest milk he'd ever tasted. It pooled in his middle and infused him with a blissful warmth, testing his capacity as the AI filled him at full speed. The dragonfly's stomach bloated and stretched his suit as the unseen pumps persisted, and what little enthusiasm he gathered waned when it showed no signs of stopping. Discomfort crossed his face as the pressure in his belly reached discomforting levels, spurring him to reach up extract the nozzle from his lips. The AI thwarted his attempted escape, however, slapping his hand away with a tendril shot from the shadows. The newcomer joined its peer in his mouth, and Fendyn left out a muffled moan as his stomach audibly splashed and sloshed. His middle swelled well beyond the limits of his protective suit and tore it to shreds, leaving him fully exposed while his belly spilled over his knees. A strained and ominous gurgle rumbled from the churning dome as it crept toward his toes, and his expression twisted in a mixture of surprise and pleasure as his metabolism adjusted.

Whether due to the mixture or a strange act biology, his body reacted to the influx of calories and rapidly metabolized it. The dragonfly hugged the upper roll of his belly as it softened with flab, weighing down on the rest of the taught dome and adding to the pressure. His bare thighs thickened and spread across the cool floor, oozing out in a slow avalanche of doughy fat. Heavy rolls sagged from his arms and squished around his elbows, compromising what little mobility he retained. A second and third chin bloomed below his chubby cheeks, and his figure slipped toward androgyny as his chest rounded and swelled. A faint blush warmed his face as he wobbled against his own bulk, a vain gesture that only drove his immobile reality home. His cheeks blazed with mixed arousal and embarrassment when rivulets of milk dribbled from the soft peaks of his newly grown breasts, and intensified as the flows developed to modest fountains. Their ivory output mixed with what leaked from the corners of his mouth and flowed through the valleys of his figure, until the AI finally ended its caloric assault. Fendyn panted and wheezed when the hoses finally retreated, sending ripples and wobbles through every inch of his flabby figure. He recovered just in time to catch the AI's next announcement.

NEW SOURCE OF DAIRY DETECTED. RELOCATING SOURCE TO MILKING QUARTER