

Portions by Numbers

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21-06-04

A Commission for Tach

Tach belongs to Tach

Unhappy with his regulated meal size, Tach finds a way to trick the spaceship's nutritional AI into giving him larger meals more often. He enjoys the fruits of his efforts at first, but things get out of hand when the AI becomes convinced he's critically under weight.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Male, Lynx, Sci-fi, Space, Chubby, Overeating, Weight Gain, Rapid Weight Gain, Feeding, Force Feeding, Feeding Hose, AI, Machine, Getting Stuck, Immobility

The soft hum of several fans filled the cramped chamber, venting the heat of high computation directly onto Tach. The cooling unit of his form-fitting suit worked overtime to keep him comfortable, though there was only so much it could do. The lynx backed from one of the many server cabinets, careful to avoid bumping anything on his withdraw. When the relatively cool air of the AI server pod graced his face, he wiped his brow and stood to his full height. A hand on his lower back eased the strain of his prolonged search, and he let loose an annoyed sigh. As an AI tech, Tach understood the importance of security. It made sense to require a manual connection to the ship's many brains to service them, though the lynx wished the port in question was in a slightly more accessible space. He shrugged that thought away and connected the extension cable to his maintenance module.

A stream of data flew across the small screen, a wall of encrypted information that meant nothing to the untrained eye. A series of pings from Tach's small computer confirmed that the most basic systems of the AI were operational, and the screen transitioned to a more meaningful display once it passed basic diagnostics. A crude layout of the starship generated shortly after, subdivided into the segments based on which AI controlled that area. The lynx started from the back of the craft and worked his way forward, running checks on the propulsion and navigation systems first. Life support followed when those systems came back clean, and Tach gradually worked his way through the rest of the ship. He cleared a few irregularities in the residential manager, manually updating some minor records that had become outdated. The technician sailed smoothly through the rest of the AIs, installing the odd security patch, until he reached the culinary and gastric health core. The lynx scowled to himself, fished a card from his tool bag, then slotted it into his computer.

Where the vast majority of the ship's AI cores came from the same company and thus ran on similar frameworks, the cafeteria's management system stood out. Forced into the ship by executives who knew nothing of the delicate work involved, it required a litany of compatibility patches and special classes to use and service. The lynx grumbled to

himself as every single one drifted by his mind's eye, and he cursed the software under his breath as it loaded up. As with most packages of that caliber, the user interface proved miserable. Tach slogged through sluggish menus and scrolled through arcane options, until he finally reached the diagnostic mode at the end of it all. His maintenance module bogged down when he set it to run, and it warmed his palm while it embarked on his own adventure. A resigned sigh crossed his lips while his computer's progress bar trudged across the screen, and a hand drifted to his middle as his stomach complained.

A scowl crossed his muzzle with the waking of his appetite. Under any other circumstances, Tach could overlook the clunky program and ignore how far the industry would go to save a dollar. The nature of the AI made the problem personal, however. Ever since its installation, the eternally wise computer cut his portion sizes down to a pitiful fraction and cursed him with a lingering hunger. The lynx tried to shake those thoughts from his head, and at first he succeeded, but the glacial pace of the diagnostics gave them many more chances to return. All the while his hunger bloomed, chipping away at his patience. Tach's resolve faltered at the half-way mark, convinced this would be his only opportunity to find a solution for the next several months. With the AI's hood already opened, he peered into its inner workings and began solving out its logic. It didn't take long for him to discover the AI was cheaply built all the way through.

For all its power and authority over the ship's residents, the dietary AI ran off a glorified spread-sheet. All of its decisions and calculations stemmed from a basic table of data, unencrypted and vulnerable to anyone with the knowledge to reach it. It featured the full name and cabin number of everyone aboard, combined with a set of very personal health data. The lynx could understand gathering the height and weight of the crew, but the data sets continued well beyond that with increasingly egregious violations of privacy. He did his best to avert his eyes while he scrolled for his name, a simple task made excruciating by the lack of a search function. When he found his file, adjusting it proved worryingly simple. In a simplistic bid to promote health, the AI calculated an ideal weight based on size and species, then adjusted the person's diet to get them there. Rather than

adjust the computer's programming and potentially cause a multitude of problems, Tach simply changed how it read his weight. Instead of updating it hourly, it would remain an unchanging value less than the target.

Tach hesitated for just an instant and considered the ramifications of his actions, until a demanding rumble from his stomach clenched the decision. He saved the changes and closed out the document, then returned to his work. His diagnostics finished up shortly after, and a sigh of relief tumbled from his muzzle. The absence of problems granted his freedom, and he swiftly packed up his tools. The lynx briefly wondered if his alteration took hold, though a small ping at his wrist alleviated his concerns. A notification from his digital nemesis alerted him to the completion of his afternoon snack, which waited for him in the ship's cafeteria. Eager to leave the cramped compartment, he tossed his bag over his shoulder and closed the server cabinets in his wake, then returned to the maintenance hall and sealed the AI pod behind him. The lynx stretched in the slightly less cramped crew tunnel, then made his way back to the public areas of the ship.

While his trek through the restricted tunnel was short, it was long enough to plant the seeds of regret. Tach had no qualms about his actions in themselves, though he hadn't fully considered the AI's reaction. Three duplicate notifications beeped on his wrist by the time he reached the open corridors, and he searched for a way to silence them while he floated toward the cafeteria. He found only temporary solutions however, and his adversarial outlook on the computer began to shift. Still, he withheld full judgment until he reached the many food stations of the dining area. Each one featured a different selection and theme, mirroring the food courts of ancient malls, though in reality each restaurant could serve anything. Tach strode to the nearest one and waved his wristband before its scanner, redeeming the generously offered snack. Its weight shocked Tach when it plopped down on his plate.

The "snack" was just short of a three course meal, complete with entree and sides. What puzzled Tach more was its absence on the daily menu, meaning the AI broke ship

protocol to create it. The lynx eyed the dish with suspicion and debated reporting the issue, but he shook that thought from his head. He knew better than to look a gift horse in the mouth, and he happily dug into his dish of desserts. His appetite propelled his feasting with ease, and he tore through the first of the sides with the speed of a starving cat. His pace slowed as he chewed through the second side, and a weak sense of fullness suffused him by the time he reached his towering sundae. His better judgment told him to leave it be, but that day was not the day for good decisions. The lynx fetched a spoon and carved off a slice of ice cream, then held it up to the light and stuffed it in his muzzle. A sweetness not known since he boarded the ship washed over his tongue, taking with it his misgivings about his choice. Tach inhaled the rest of his snack with renewed vigor, filling himself to the threshold of discomfort. He leaned back in his seat and basked in greedy relief for a moment, then returned to his work.

He unclipped his laptop from his hip and set it on the table, then pushed his dish away and unfolded the keyboard. The clicks of keys filled the air as he browsed the rest of the ship's systems, completing the last of his routines remotely. A cafeteria drone kept his drink topped off all the while, but withheld food until dinner. Tach hardly noticed the time pass until an offered plate clicked against his table, bringing with it several enticing scents. His stomach rumbled despite a lingering fullness, and with a shrug to himself, he dug in without question. One hand stayed with his work while the other carried bites to his muzzle, and by the time he finished his main course, the lynx finished his work for the day. He leaned back in his seat and relished a job well done, then casually finished off his increased meal. Comfortably full by the half-way mark, Tach pushed through and cleaned his dish, giving in to indulgence so often pushed to the side. His stomach drew his jump suit tight by the time he licked the last dish clean, then set it aside and let out a hedonistic sigh. His hands explored the soft dome for a moment before he eventually rose to his feet, and he waddled back to his quarters to enjoy a full evening.

A content grin spared across Tach's muzzle and stayed there as he lumbered home, content with the results of his day. His hands never left the swell of his stomach, and he

openly relished the warm fullness it brought. Indulgent daydreams filled his thoughts as he teetered on the sweet-sport boarding on overfilled, until another ping at his wrist drew him back to reality. The dread of an after-hours call welled in his chest, only to dissipate when he checked the alert. His brow arched when the cafeteria's AI notified him of his waiting dessert, and his pace slowed as he considered the offer. A significant portion of him considered going back and abandoning moderation, but an equally persuasive voice advised against it. When the lynx considered how far he had already walked, the choice was made for him. Rather than waddle halfway back to the cafe and then all the way to his room again, Tach let the offer sit. He silenced the message and returned to his room without further distraction, then flopped into bed and let his food coma take him.

The lynx's night passed in a haze of dreams, and he woke to the delectable scents of waiting meals. Tach rubbed the sleepiness from his eyes and stretched out of his blankets, but paused when the presence of food followed him into wakefulness. His brow furrowed when he found the source, a pair of brimming plates resting on his nightstand. One overflowed with the dessert declined the night before, while the other struggled under the weight of a continental breakfast. His stomach grumbled and groaned as his appetite awoke, and after a weak inner conflict, Tach reached out and collected the plates. Opting to stuff himself instead of wasting so much good food, he delved into his meals with a greedy hunger. He bit down on light pancakes and chomped through fluffy eggs, happily eating his fill until only puddles of syrup remained. The lynx let loose his gluttony and continued on to his skipped dessert, slurping the half-melted ice cream from its dish. A shiver ran through his frame as the chilly mix settled in his belly, a sharp contrast to the steaming pancakes. A satisfied groan softly resonated in his chest when he finished, a sound that turned to one of a choked surprise when he glanced at his clock. The lynx slept in and ate half his morning away, leaving little time to prepare for work.

Fortunately for the lynx, he needed little time to prepare and his work for the day proved to be light. Tach rolled himself from bed and brushed the crumbs from his jumpsuit, then fetched his work computer and bolted for the door. His first stride faltered

with an unexpected sway of his belly however, swinging his balance to the side and sending him stumbling. Fortunately he recovered quickly. Once out in the ship proper, his pace slowed and he donned a transparent visor. Most of his tasks involved paperwork generated by his maintenance the day before, and he idly attached readouts to reports as he wandered the ship. The advanced lenses tracked the movement of his eyes and interpreted his intent, and in a few short minutes, the technician was back on schedule. He signed off and validated the reports for the AI pods, simply skimming and verifying all but the dietary AI's system. For that, he made his way to the cafeteria and shifted his attention to his work laptop. Out of an abundance of concern, only some of which brought on by his own actions, he took a closer look at that computer's logs.

A plate clacked down by his side shortly after sitting down, stacked tall with a midmorning snack. His brow furrowed when there wasn't a notification to accompany it, and it raised in interest when he realized one was never sent. He made a mental note to investigate it while he double checked the AI, then reached for the provided food while his workstation loaded. One hand carried calories to his muzzle while the other logged in, and after a few clicks and bites, the AI's overview spread out before him. While complete in its display, most functions could not be accessed remotely. Still, he freely browsed most of its processes, and he navigated his way to the resident health records. Tach bit into a sandwich and scrolled down the locked list, deftly keeping crumbs out of his keyboard until he found the test file. A meal log opened along with it, and Tach compared its entries to a key in the AI's manual. He filled his cheeks with a hand-filling muffin as he went through the entires, and after confirming they matched, backed out.

Tach let out a breath of relief, which caught in his throat when another unannounced platter landed at his side. It bore a towering lunch and appealed to his hedonism, but an abundance of caution stayed his fork. The drone that dropped the meal off hovered and watched with an expressionless camera, apparently daring him to eat. Tach maintained eye contact and cut a chunk from the delivered pizza, then popped it into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed. Apparently satisfied, the drone gave a buzz and floated away,

granting Tach a moment of peace. His stomach protested the stuffing as he chipped away at the rest of his meal, dividing his attention between the plate and his laptop. Tach's focus lapsed each time the service drone drifted by however, slowing its travel as it neared. It stopped entirely the one time he turned and glared into its camera, earning a sharp buzz in response. Whether from a sense of cautiousness or paranoia, Tach finished his lunch as quickly as his overstuffed stomach allowed. The threads of his jumpsuit stretched and popped in protest as his belly filled it to capacity, but fortunately held together by the time he finished. The lynx groaned and stood from his seat, only for the drone to plop down another plate.

An empty moment hung in the air while Tach stared the drone down, until a ding at his wrist drew his attention away. What he read made his heavy stomach drop.

"For the sake of your health, I insist you eat everything you're given. It is imperative that you reach a healthy weight before your situation becomes dire. If you cannot accomplish this yourself, I will be forced to take drastic measures."

Tach wasn't sure if he had imagined the message until the serving drone picked his plate up and slammed it to the table. The resulting clatter echoed through the cafeteria and drew the attention of all present, adding to the AI's threat. Tach sheepishly took the platter as the curious looks diverted, pacifying the computer for a moment. The lynx popped a slice of fruit into his muzzle and lazily chewed it to keep the illusion of compliance, buying himself time to formulate a plan. It didn't take him long to decide his quarters would be a better place to plot, and he gathered his belongings to leave. The AI's digital glare burned on the back of his neck before he made it out of the door however, and he doubled back to collect the rest of his fruit. Satisfied with the false effort, the drone let him leave without further harassment. Once free from the AI's immediate attention, Tach broke into a sprint.

His heavy footfalls echoed down wide corridors as he moved with all the speed he

could muster, bringing jiggly attention to the consequences of his gluttony. Tach's packed stomach bounced and jostled with every stride, dropping its considerable weight onto his hips over and over again. The lynx's rear stretched the material of his suit tightly around his curves, leaving little of his hips and thighs to the imagination. Soft rolls of flab padded his arms and bounced in time with his stride as well, a motion mimicked even by his cheeks. The lynx's excess weight drained his stamina, but not as quickly as the pressure in his middle. His stuffed stomach winded him well before he reached his destination, forcing him to slog through the last half of his trek. Fortunately, his artificial feeder did not see fit to give chase, and the only gazes he felt on his back were those of concerned passengers. Tach shrugged them off and slunk into his cabin, swiftly sealing his door in his wake.

In the sanctum of his room, Tach laid his laptop on his desk and delved to the root of the problem. His eyelids grew heavy as his adrenaline rush gave way to a sluggish food coma, though he battled valiantly for consciousness. An occasional slap to his chubby cheek kept him alert enough to focus, allowing him to devote his full attention to the AI's logic. The fact only its feeding interest applied only to him narrowed the scope of his analysis considerably, and on a hunch, he tranced it back to his unauthorized modification. Like the rest of the AI, its logic proved simple, and he found an answer to his question in minutes. Unfortunately, the ease with which he found that answer did not reduce its gravity. Tach's heart skipped a beat when he realized locking his weight changed it retroactively as well, leading the AI to think he had been underweight since he boarded the ship. That apparent urgency caused several escalations at once, bringing the computer to the cusp of its most drastic measures. The lynx switched back to the resident data page with the intent to fix his mistake, only to find himself predictably locked out.

The information could only be changed with a hard wired connection, a fact that forced him to return to the AI pod.

Tach debated hauling himself from his quarters and sprinting to the front of the ship that instant, but his body had other ideas. While he gathered the willpower to make the

trip, he lacked the strength to bring it into reality. His legs smoldered with the effort of retreating to his room, and his pulse had yet to calm completely. More importantly, his stomach decided it was time for a nap. Soft burbles and churns filled the small room, flooding the lynx with an influx of processed calories and the desire to sleep his meal off. The feline stood from his desk and softly slapped his face to ward that sleepiness off, though it had already sunk its lethargic fangs too deep. Tach offered a compromise with himself and slipped into bed, promising to rest for only a few minutes and recover some energy. His dreams took him the instant he reached his pillow however, pulling him into a deep slumber before he could set his alarm.

Fortunately, the lynx did not sleep the rest of the day away. Unfortunately, that was because something woke him. A low, half-conscious grumble resonated in his chest when a chilled point prodded his lips, which turned to a groan when his unknown assailant persisted. Tach rolled onto his side, a motion that sent his softened form rolling and wobbling. His middle flopped over his form and spilled across the mattress, carrying a momentum that tried to turn him further. The lynx's plush chest squished against his flabby arms as he curled around himself, struggling to return to restful sleep. Another curious prod sent him wiggling back across the bed, earning creaks and groans in protest. He only succeeded in backing into a corner, however. The nozzle tapped his muzzle a final time, then lost patience and lunged at the small gap between his lips. The sensations and flavors of cold metal overwhelmed his senses, jolting him awake.

The lynx scrambled and jumped out of bed, only to leap into the embrace of mechanical hoses. They coiled around his arms and legs, sinking into his soft rolls of flab and lifted him aloft. That was the plan, though their controller vastly overestimated the hose's strength. Pops and snaps tore through the air after just a few inches of lift, followed by the heavy boom of Tach dropping to the ground. His belly brushed the floor as he picked himself up and darted for the door, only to be stopped by realization. The lynx caught a glimpse of the serving drone when he doubled back for his laptop, snatching it from the shadows before the machine recovered. He didn't give it time to reel in its

hoses or pause to guess what was in its attached tanks, and instead finished his dash for his door. Tach slammed it shut in his wake just in time for the robot to crash into it, no doubt leaving a mechanical mess on the other side. He didn't pause to think about that either.

Tach didn't have time to celebrate that victory. A small swarm of similar serving drones buzzed about him in a half-circle, pinning him to the wall with their presence. A notification dinged at his wrist and tugged his attention, though he resisted the reflex to read it. The lynx likely knew what it said anyway. He stood frozen in a stand-off with the food-laden drones for an empty moment, each considering the other's actions, until Tach made the first move. He ducked low and shoved off the wall at his back, darting beneath the floating wall of machines. Angry buzzes assaulted his ears as he stumbled and staggered away, but despite their digital rage, the serving drones struggled to catch up. Loaded with thousands of calories in heavy cream, they lumbered through the air as their engines kicked into overdrive, giving a slow chase that gradually accelerated. Despite the lynx's own difficulties, they couldn't hope to close that gap, a fact he savored until another drone lunged from around a corner and caught him off guard.

Before the tech realized it, a hose snaked into his muzzle and filled his cheeks with half-melted ice cream. His stride faltered and his mind blanked with overpowering flavor, spurring him to gulp reflexively and drink his fill. Where Tach's stomach easily accepted the feeding, his jumpsuit did not. The lynx's softened rolls stretched the garment on their own, and the inflow of calories truly tested its limits. The volume carried by the drone amounted to slightly more than one of his increased meals, though it felt as little more than an appetizer. The effect on his figure was immediate, however. His rolls thickened and his valleys deepened as he drank, leaving only a fraction of the fluid to fill his middle. The feline regained control after the dessert ran dry, then shoved the drone away and resumed his run toward the front of the ship. While not stuffed to the brim, the sloshing weight in his belly hindered him considerably. Tach rested a hand on its soft curve and held his middle steady, but that did nothing to stop the fluid within from sloshing about. It

was a distraction that rose with every stride, a lapse in focus that allowed the drones on his heels to catch up. He looked over his shoulder just in time to swat a hose from the air, a gesture that left him open to the unnoticed nozzle at his side. Tach's breath caught in his throat when it invaded his muzzle and flooded it with pudding, building pressure until he was forced to swallow.

Once his shock wore off, Tach fought through hedonistic temptations and wrenched the hose from his mouth, avoiding most of the feeding. The calories he consumed counteracted that victory however, sitting heavily in his stomach and further straining his jumpsuit. Still, he powered toward the AI pod, determined to escape the computer's confused clutches while he could still move. His cycles of feeding and freedom grew closer and closer together as he advanced, driven by both the drones' low capacity and his decreasing mobility. His jumpsuit popped and snapped around his swelling rolls, but what survived provided the support he needed to keep moving. Tach only just crammed himself through the maintenance hall's hatch when he reached it, squishing his rolls and curves as he passed. The passage beyond proved slightly wider than its entrance, though his love handles still brushed its walls. Turning to the side only slightly alleviated the issue, squishing his stuffed stomach and softened rear to the metal instead. Tach took in a breath and sucked in his belly, then inched his way forward.

His glacial pace did little to help his situation, and before long, he heard the buzz of drones echo down the passage. Adrenaline surged through his muscles and sharpened his senses, speeding his side waddle slightly, but not enough to outrun the determined machines. Urgency swelled as the hovering menaces closed in, and hope welled in his chest when crept around the AI pod's corner. Everything fell apart when he reached its door, however. Tach swiped his badge at the sealed entryway and waited for validation, cursing the seconds as they ticked by. A subtle ding announced his authorization, and he dove into the chamber to dodge the hoses lunging for him. The lynx's broad hips wedged in the doorway and snagged him in the air, stalling him just long enough for those hoses to coil around his ankle. He did his best to swat at the other drones as they closed in, each

swing sending his arm jiggling, but the tight confines did little to help his accuracy. The group of drones maneuvered to his sides and popped him free, suspending him in a makeshift net between them. Navigating out of the maintenance hall proved tricky for them, but after much squishing and squeezing, they hauled him back into the ship's public space.

As a crowd gathered to watch the spectacle of Tach's feeding, one of the drones found its voice while the others pumped him full. "Crewmate Tach has been critically underweight for several weeks."

The bystanders eyed the machine with skepticism, especially when his suit began to pop and fail. Some started to reach out and try to help, only to earn the angry attention of his hovering drones. While they could only produce mechanical buzzes, the threat behind them came through clearly.

The primary drone continued its speech, granting Tach a moment to shake the feed hose from his mouth. "Hey," he called to anyone listening. "Get the captain to reset the crew database before this thing makes me too fat to move. All they need to do i-" A swiftly-restored feeding hose muffled the words that followed.

"Since he is not interested in taking this matter seriously, I have done that for him. Until he puts on five pounds, he will be taking leave in the back of the cafeteria, where I can closely monitor his progress."

His growing audience parted and let the drones carrying him path without resistance, though some followed in a mixture of awe or jealousy.

"Please, do not neglect your nutrition, or it could be you in this situation next."

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker/>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>

<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>

<https://furrylife.online/profile/12672-victor-waite/>

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