

Technical Misstep

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A Commission for Rioku

Tein Belongs to Rioku

Tein learns the importance of sticking to protocol when servicing food replicators

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Male, Red Panda, Sci-Fi, Feeding, Hose Feeding, Force Feeding, Weight Gain, Rapid Weight Gain, Wardrobe Malfunction, Blob, Immobile

Tein drew in a deep, weary breath and slowly let it out. The red panda slid the tablet from his belt and double checked the work order. Once committed to memory, he checked it against the food replicator before him. The numbers matched perfectly, exactly as they had the past ten times he checked. The technician looked around the room and checked for hidden cameras, certain that someone was playing a cruel joke. A cursory glance revealed nothing however, and irritation welled in his chest while he prepared to confront reality. Tein produced another tool from his belt, a small diagnostic computer, then plugged it into the side of the machine. He clicked through a few menus and set the check in motion, then turned his attention back to his tablet while it ran.

Soft beeps of confirmation filled the air while Tein scrolled through the device's maintenance history. Starting several weeks ago, at least once a day, the automated scanner created a service ticket for the replicator. Each one carried a different error code, and they never matched. More importantly to Tein, nothing he did prevented it from happening again. He ruminated on the last weeks of his work while the diagnostic tool ran, until a sharp sound announced its completion. The red panda uttered a short prayer and checked the log, then let out a dreadful groan. Every single test came back clean, which could mean a few things for the tech. Regardless of the details, all of them meant taking the machine apart and examining every component. Tein checked his watch, then let out another sigh. A few hours remained in his shift, and he admitted to himself the rebuild could be done in that time frame. The tech steeled his resolve and delved into his toolbox.

Fortunately for the experienced tech, dismantling the device was a simple matter. Tein opened it up with little more than a screwdriver and skill, and after removing it from the wall, took it apart proper. He inspected every component for damage and found none. All the connections appeared to be tight, and there was little to no corrosion to be found. As minutes turned to hours, the red panda determined beyond a shadow of a doubt that there were no mechanical problems with the machine. His gaze turned toward its mount in the wall while he considered the remaining options, and a notion took root in the back of his mind. He reached for his tool box and dug through its contents, unable to find his

pressure gage. Tein briefly considered returning to his shop to fetch it, but leaving the replicator disassembled and unattended seemed like a less than stellar idea.

Instead, the red panda improvised.

He reached into the wall mount and blindly searched for the replicator's supply line. A spool unwound as he drew it out, and he checked the metallic line for damage. There was nothing wrong with the portion Tein could inspect, leaving him to question the rest of it. Luckily, he knew of an unofficial method to test its pressure. The red panda glanced from side to side, ensuring he was alone before he stuck the end of the line in his muzzle. He worked the valve at its end with his tongue, playing with the fitting until he broke its seal. A burst of high-calorie ooze flowed from its end filled his mouth, swelling his cheeks with enough pressure to feel right. Tein flicked his tongue to the side to close the fitting, though it didn't respond. Confusion crossed his brow and he tried again, only to meet the same result. The red panda weighed the options of making a mess, then yanked it away from his muzzle.

Despite his efforts, the tube remained stuck to his face. More worryingly, the flow of calories strengthened. Tein's cheeks swelled with an influx of flavorless paste, building pressure until it forced a swallow. The red panda squeezed his eyes shut and gulped as much as he could, sending a swell down his throat that only briefly cleared his muzzle. More calories rushed in to replace what he ate, presenting the same problem once more. He reached back for his tablet in the hopes of activating the supply's safety override, only for its beveled edge to slip from his finger tips. The hose pulled tight when Tein leaned over to extend his reach, and a sharp, digital laugh rang out from the disassembled replicator. Several thoughts flooded the technician's mind in that instant, but the most pressing was his closing window of escape. Before he became some hacker's or AI's toy, he set his grip on the hose. With both hands and all of his strength he tugged, but he couldn't hope to break it loose from its internal fixture. His captor redoubled their efforts in retaliation, and thousands of calories surged into his stomach.

Tein's uniform pulled tight around his stomach as it swelled and sloshed, testing the limits of the unfortunate garment. His shirt parted from his waist band and exposed the black and red of his hide, which stretched tighter and tighter over his swelling stomach. The dome of his belly sagged over his belt until its own tension supported it, tightening the curve to a gravid globe. A wave of nausea ran up his spine when he reached his limit, spurring a number of worrying fantasies to spring to mind. For better or worse, none of them came to fruition. Instead, the red panda's captor introduced their own special ingredient to the stream. A metallic flavor cut through the paste for a brief instant, hinting at a robotic addition. That notion was proven true mere seconds later, when the tiny robots seeped into his metabolism and tinkered with his anatomy.

The effects of the program's meddling was instant. A deep, needy grumble thundered from the red panda's stuffed belly, a sound accompanied by a muffled groan of relief. The pressure in Tein's stomach melted away as his digestion kicked into overdrive, melting the high-calorie goo into pounds of flab. His shirt stayed stuffed beneath his chest, exposing the softening rolls of his middle and stretching across his growing bosom. The red panda's ass swelled with enough speed to disrupt his balance, sending him reeling back until he fell. Tein's work pants vanished under the avalanche of his middle, a flow of flab that muffled the pops of failing threads. His rolls preserved his modesty as it spilled over his fattening thighs, rooting him in place far more effectively than the hose sealed to his maw. The bulge of his stomach remained constantly firm while he grew outwards, fueling his expansion until the station's own overrides kicked in. The red panda's digital feeder let loose another cackle before blipping away, leaving him suspended in his own flab.

While Tein's feast had ended, its consequences continued onward. His stuffed stomach gurgled and churned around the last of his meal, swiftly distributing it across his figure. He sank into the roll of fat his neck had become, and the hose popped loose from his muzzle. Without hesitation, the red panda licked the remaining paste from his lips, then

reached out for the end of the hose. His mountainous size briefly registered in the back of his mind as the nozzle tumbled down his rolls, well beyond his limited reach. The red panda rocked and rolled on his haunches as well as he could, but no amount of momentum brought it closer to his grasp. A needy whine resonated in his chest and his appetite raged, a process that gradually honed his thoughts to a single point.

"I'm still hungry!"

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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