Funnel-Fed
by Holo

Russ awoke with a fading headache and a stiff back. The chocolate-colored dog couldn't remember what he had done last night, or the entire day for that matter, but he was very aware that he had just woken up on the floor, belly-up. His ears flicked and his tail flopped against the ground as he roused to full wakefulness, and he noticed that he was still dressed, if a bit disheveled. His button-up had the sleeves rolled up and the collar was popped up on one side, and his pant legs were bunched up near his knees.

He tried to groan, and only then noticed that the end of a plastic funnel was jammed into his muzzle. He furrowed his brow and tried to spit it out, but it was stuck fast. His jaw strained to open, but a belt was wrapped fast around them, keeping his mouth shut around the end of the oversized funnel.

He gulped and started to struggle, only to find that his mouth wasn't the only thing tied up. Leather cuffs clung to his wrists and ankles, and they were attached with steel cables to heavy bolts on the floor. He tried to reach for his face to undo the buckle, but the cords stopped his hands just inches short. His fingers stretched, trying to reach, but he couldn't quite get there.

He let his hands fall to the floor at his sides, and his eyes wandered around the room, trying to survey his surroundings. It wasn't an uncomfortable-looking place. The walls were covered in a tacky but new-looking wallpaper, and the floor beneath him was hardwood aside from the concrete pegs that his bindings were fastened to. The light in the room came from a tall lamp with a fabric shade that softened the glow so it wasn't blinding.

Russ crossed his eyes to get a better look at what was above him now. A metal support stuck out of the wall, and the funnel in his mouth was balanced in a hole cut in the beam. The top of the funnel was wider than his head, making it hard to see past, but he could just barely make out a large metal pipe that stuck out of the ceiling and descended to somewhere near the opening of the funnel. He pulled against his restraints again and whined.

His ears perked up at the sound of a soft beep from above, followed by a click like an electronic lock disengaging. The big, metal pipe rattled for a moment before foodstuff began to pour out of the end and into the funnel. It was all mashed and blended together into an easily-swallowed but still tasty paste. Russ clumsily pressed his tongue against the opening of the funnel to try and keep the food from piling into his mouth, but as the funnel filled, the weight of the food got to be more than he could hold back. His tongue slipped, and food filled his cheeks and pushed at the back of his throat.

He swallowed reflexively; one gulp was all it took. He couldn't stop chugging as gravity worked against him, pulling food down his throat and into his stomach. He felt like he was drinking a thick shake, but it was comfortably warm instead of brain-freezingly cold. It was a bit of an effort to swallow because of its viscosity, and it was also filling as it settled into his stomach and made it start to bulge.

Russ's stomach swelled under his clothes, straining the buttons on his dress shirt. His pants squeezed at his waist as his stomach grew, and the leather of his belt creaked as it was stretched. His arms strained again, trying to reach the buttons of his pants and shirt so he could undo them and relieve some of the pressure his clothing exerted as it squeezed his body. It was
getting tough to breathe, but he forced it, sucking in as deep a breath as he could. His stomach swelled extra big for a moment, just large enough to get one of the buttons of his shirt to pop off. It flew up into the air in a small arc, and landed back on his stomach before bouncing off it and onto the floor beside him.

The rest of his shirt buttons followed suit, snapping off with gentle pings and soaring through the air before falling to the floor, scattered around him. His stomach bulged between the widening gap created by the freed buttons, until finally his shit fell open and drifted down to his sides, letting his stomach free. It had a nice, round swell to it now, a curve of a few inches at the widest. It still wasn’t enough to break his pants off yet, but it was getting close.

He stared at his stomach with worry. The buttons had been easy enough to burst, but he was concerned that his stomach might soon share the same fate. Even though he was no longer dealing with the pain of his shirt squeezing his middle, he now had to contend with a growing pressure and tightness in his stomach.

He realized now why his arm restraints were on cords that allowed him some limited movement; he was able to reach his growing sides and rub and squeeze at them. He did so, testing the way his stomach felt. It was still mostly soft, but there was a slight firmness underneath the skin which he knew was his food-filled innards. His stomach squished between his fingers, and he could feel his skin stretching slowly.

Russ wiggled his legs and pulled against the restraints that held his ankles. His waistband was biting into the lowest part of his growing stomach, but his belt was tougher than his buttons, and it refused to give. He shifted as much as he could, trying to find a weak point in the leather to try and make it break. It creaked as he shifted, and the pressure on it increased. It started to tear at the buckle; the metal was ripping right through the worn out leather. Russ could feel the tension slowly giving, and so he thrust his hips forward to try and give it a last little push.

The buckle snapped open as the last of the leather was torn, and without the belt to hold back Russ’s growing stomach, the button on his pants snapped off with enough force to hit the ceiling. The zipper sitting under the button nearly exploded as it opened, and Russ sighed with the rush of relief from the strain of his clothing vanishing. His stomach bulged out an extra inch now that it was free, before settling back into its slower, more steady growth.

No longer distracted by the feeling of his clothing constricting his body, he was able to focus more on the problem at hand: the stream of food that was pouring into his mouth and down his throat. His stomach now had a considerable curve to it, and it was only bulging out more with every mouthful of food he swallowed. The feeling of fullness intensified with every swallow until it started to send stings of pain through the entire food-filled mass.

Russ’s stomach swelled into a chocolate-colored sphere, now too tall and wide to see past when he tried to. His chest was even getting bloated, and it pressed up against his neck and chin. He drew in his legs, and his calves and knees pushed into the lower sides of his stomach, pushing it up towards his chest and making his growing mass wobble. The lowest part of his belly spilled between his legs, half pinning his tail under it. Not seeing any options for escape, Russ took to massaging his own taut and expanding sides as his body was filled.

His skin got tighter, and his stomach began to creak. He was feeling full, overfull, but he couldn’t stop. His stomach was ballooned out to almost half his height; the crest of it was above
the top of the funnel now, which was at least two or three feet above his head. He was starting to sweat as he continued to chug and glug, packing more into his stomach than he knew he should be. He tried once more to pull himself free, but couldn’t. He had no idea how he hadn’t already exploded. He felt ripe to blow at any moment.

Miraculously, and perhaps intentionally, the flow of food from the pipe halted after another small beep and electronic clunk. Russ chugged the last of the food out of the funnel, and then sighed, belched, and moaned out through it. He was panting, breathing shallow from the tightness of his middle, and all the weight pressing down on his body. He tried his best to relax, despite his steadfast bindings and overblown middle. The room was quiet now, aside from his own occasional whimpering, and the sloshing, churning, gurgling sounds of his stomach trying to process the huge mass of food now swirling within it. He had no idea what was in store for him next, but he had a feeling that it would be more feeding.