

## The Filling Shipment

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“Uh, there were supposed to be ten pallets of the brand new Cubetrients, but only nine were offloaded from your ship.”

The dragon on the display screen was constantly shifting their attention between their datapad and the camera, obviously triple checking their information. Borusa offered a quizzical look in response.

“Well we were only handed nine of them at the distribution station,” Borusa said. The striped, orange-brown kobold was sitting in the cockpit of his ship, for once wishing his green spacesuit didn't show off his round belly so much. “Just shows nine pallets on the shipping manifest I'm sending your way, too.”

The dragon on the other end quickly skimmed the manifest once it was delivered, and frowned in confusion. “But they made such a huge deal about ten, I don't understand,” he mumbled to himself. “Are you sure nothing was left on your ship by mistake?”

Borusa snorted. “Trust me, it's not easy to lose a pallet that huge. My cargo hold is as empty as it was the day the ship was bought. Either they sent you the wrong number ahead of time or they simply forgot to give me ten back at the station. Sorry.” He offered a sympathetic shrug.

The dragon scratched his head and stared some more at his datapad before finally giving up. “Ugh, it wouldn't be the first time. Sorry for bothering you and thanks again.”

“Anytime.”

As soon as the display screen went blank Borusa finally allowed himself a wide grin. He stood up from his seat and stretched, giving his gut an idle scratch as he headed towards the back. A brief journey later he was at the cargo hold, the door sliding open before him.

Within the hold was his fellow space trucker Delta, a blue-and-yellow kobold in a brown spacesuit similar to Borusa's own. There was also a very large pallet clearly marked “Cubetrients”.

“So, was the pallet officially lost in transit?” Delta asked with a snicker.

“Pretty much.” Borusa smiled. “Just another shipping oversight that'll be forgotten about in a day or two.”

“Good thing no one's noticed we always seem to get fatter after cargo goes missing!” Delta gave his own belly a hearty slap, causing it to jiggle.

The two kobolds had rather hearty appetites, and weren't afraid to indulge on every new food they came across while transporting stuff from one system to another. Being space truckers had expanded their tastes even more than their waistlines. Aside from hitting up the usual markets and diners, they'd also gotten a knack for taste-testing brand new food products before they officially hit the shelves, which was why they'd “borrowed” the pallet of Cubetrients.

“Well after this haul we may need to take a little vacation, because I'm planning on outgrowing my spacesuit with this meal!” Borusa declared.

“Hah, not before I do!” Delta countered.

While most food pallets tended to consist of multiple boxes of the product bound together, the Cubetrients one reminded the kobolds of a wide fridge. Borusa pressed a button on the front, and with a loud hiss the box split open, revealing shelf upon shelf of colorful cubes. Each shelf was labeled, the kobolds spotting the names of individual ingredients, food, and even a few full-blown meals. Though the labels and colors were all different, the size of the cubes didn't differ in the slightest.

“Cubetrients: the latest in condensed nutrient cubes,” Borusa said, licking his lips. “They already make the tastiest condensed rations I've ever had, but the crew at the station seemed to think this was on a whole different level, like visiting a five-star restaurant!”

The kobolds scanned the bounty before them for a couple minutes in awe, before each finally chose a cube to try out first. They popped the cubes into their mouths, and after a couple chews looks

of pure elation came upon their faces.

“Oh wow it actually tastes like a burger with all the fixings!” Delta said. “And fresh too, like it just came off the grill!”

Borusa nodded in agreement. “I went with chocolate and it tasted like a candy bar had melted in my mouth! I can't believe they managed to pack so much taste into such a tiny cube!”

The wonderful tastes still lingered in their mouths as they eagerly moved on to the next sample. Their expectations were met in full, incredible flavors once again barraging their taste buds.

“I tried one of the meal ones, 'Country Breakfast', and it lived up to the name,” Delta said. “The taste shifted flawlessly from hashbrowns to eggs to sausage to toast, and then in the end they all blended together!”

Borusa couldn't resist seeing for himself, and soon he was enjoying a cubed breakfast as well.

The pair continued selected individual cubes until they'd each had one of everything. Their bellies bulged out slightly from the mass of cubes within, though neither were the least bit full. At that point they gradually ceased showing restraint.

Two cubes were grabbed at a time, then three, then four. The addition only seemed to enhance the flavor, giving the kobolds the illusion of having had a small feast. Inevitably they grew curious enough to mix and match the cubes, creating their own unique “meals” and even daring each other to try odd combinations that normally would've been questionable. Somehow the quality of the Cubetrients made any mixture a success. That meant it was easier for Borusa and Delta to start grabbing whole handfuls of the cubes at a time.

In the beginning the two had commented frequently on the exciting new tastes, but over time their chatter became rarer and rarer. They were simply too busy eating to talk. Smiles and content moans were all either needed to know, along with excited pointing to new combinations they'd found to be particularly delicious.

As the feeding frenzy went on, the kobold's bellies swelled in response. The changes were subtle at first, unnoticed as they gorged to their hearts' content. Regular big eaters like Borusa and Delta didn't get full quickly, so it was easy for them to unintentionally gorge. Their spacesuits were also designed to stretch a good deal, ensuring there wouldn't be an uncomfortable sensation of tautness any time soon. Of course even when they did realize how much bigger their middles were they didn't mind. If anything it only encouraged them to eat more.

In between mouthfuls of food cubes they'd toy with their bellies, rubbing and squeezing them to get a feel for how much they'd managed to cram within.

Borusa eyed his friend's middle and gave it a teasing poke. “Hope you're not slowing down Delta, otherwise I may start eating your half of the pallet!”

“Fat chance!” Delta laughed and gave Borusa a friendly belly bump in return. “I'm just savoring the flavor. I've got enough room to eat *two* whole pallets all on my own!”

“We'll have to test that out next shipment, as long as we're not too fat to fit in the cockpit!”

The two engorged kobolds' bellies bounced as they laughed and ate. Their middles were finally starting to interfere with their eating somewhat, pressing against the shelves of the Cubetrients container—and each other. They competed for space, jokingly nudging one another, guts swaying from side to side. Both were sporting bellies three times wider than normal, yet they showed no signs of stopping until they had consumed every last cube.

Pile after pile after pile of Cubetrients vanished into the two kobolds' maws. Neither could remember the last time they'd indulged in such a spectacular feast—both in terms of quantity and quality. If given the opportunity they would've made the grandiose meal a daily occurrence. The inevitability of ending up immobile didn't really cross their minds—or at least didn't bother them.

Their spacesuits were stretching less easily than before, seams along the front finally starting to strain thanks to their gorging. Taking the suits to their limits enhanced the feast in the kobolds' minds, more proof of the sheer amount they'd consumed. Still, they held off on unzipping them, eager to

experience the additional sensation related to their gluttony. Both also silently wondered how it'd feel to eat so much they burst out of them.

As amazing as the meal had been, it had to end eventually. With only two cubes left Borusa and Delta took one apiece, finishing off their prize simultaneously.

Borusa cradled his massive belly, feeling its heft as he let out a happy sigh. "Now *that's* a filling meal! Though a second helping still would've been nice."

"Agreed!" Delta said as he carefully lowered himself to the floor, his gut spilling out over his lap. He slowly unzipped his spacesuit, allowing his taut middle to wobble out, free and fully exposed. The faint creaking of the suit's seams abated some. "Hmm, I might need to look into a bigger suit if this one can barely handle a hearty meal."

"I know I'll need a bigger one, cause one day I'm always gonna be this big," Borusa grinned as he shook his belly, admiring its temporary girth. Being so stuffed made him feel bolder, and he adored the thought of all eyes immediately venturing towards his giant middle whenever he waddled into a room.

"We'll have to widen the cockpit chairs, then!" Delta smiled, imagining himself just as big as well. "And probably the doors and beds, too!"

Borusa seemed encouraged by the prospect. "I'd say expanding the business is always a good thing."

As Borusa continued to play with his belly he began to get the oddest feeling that it was getting heavier, softer. His suspicions only grew, the kobold eventually looking down in confusion. Sure enough, his gut was expanding all on its own.

"Um, Delta, I think I might be having an allergic—" Borusa was silenced as soon as he turned to Delta.

Delta was definitely wider than before, but that wasn't all Borusa noticed. The other kobold's face looked rounder than usual, his cheeks chubbier. He'd gotten noticeably fatter. No—he was *still* getting fatter. Delta saw Borusa's obvious bafflement, his eyes slowly widening as he saw what was happening to his friend.

"Ok this is probably not allergies," Borusa said, feeling his softer face. He wasn't panicking, merely—curious.

"Well, if the Cubetrients managed to condense the taste of all that food into cubes, what if they condensed all the calories in, too?" Delta suggested.

"Then we'll be buying those new chairs a lot sooner than expected," Borusa chuckled.

Confusion faded, replaced by excitement. Delta made a small effort to stand back up, but he merely managed to rock back and forth a little. His swelling belly had him thoroughly grounded.

Borusa, meanwhile, was trying his best to remain standing for as long as possible. He widened his stance and held onto his gut, a perpetual grin on his face. He couldn't show off forever, though, and by then he was forced to crouch down and lean against his own middle as if it were an expanding bean bag chair. His spacesuit was showing further signs of struggling to handle his heft and actually feeling tight, so he unzipped it to match Delta.

It wasn't long before the two gluttonous kobolds were both immobilized. Their bellies spread in all directions, rising masses of blubber that constantly jiggled from their own growth. The Cubetrients pallet got caught in the out of control expansion, Delta's gut gradually pushing it towards the wall before it was completely engulfed. When Borusa and Delta's bellies inevitably touched they cheered.

While the pair had wanted to get big they hadn't dreamed of getting even remotely as massive as they'd become, and the growth was still ongoing. The floor steadily vanished and their sides swelled against the walls as the cargo bay filled with kobold. Their arms and legs were getting thicker, chunkier, and they gained multiple chins, too. Not once did they stop smiling.

By the time Borusa and Delta finally ceased fattening they were filling almost the entire room, a sea of fat.

“Guess it's a good thing we only had one pallet of that stuff,” Borusa said, glancing first across the orange-brown mass of himself and then the yellow-blue mass of Delta. “Doubt there would've been even an inch unfilled by us otherwise!”

“Doesn't mean we can't aim for 'cargo hold size' later on,” Delta smirked. “Not that this isn't a respectable start. Too bad we don't have a scale big enough to see who ended up fatter.”

Borusa attempted to shrug, but that proved impossible at his immense size. “When your weight's measured in tons I'm not sure a few pounds' difference really matters. Though I'm sure we can still roll onto a freight scale when we reach the next station.”

Delta laughed in response, but his laughter suddenly died down as an odd look came upon his face. “Uh, Borusa, how exactly are we gonna fly the ship there?”

The other kobold's smile disappeared. “Um...oh.”

The pair had been so overjoyed by their ridiculous gains that they hadn't considered the difficulties involved with being immobile blobs. They could barely wobble let alone walk, and reaching the cockpit was simply impossible. Borusa and Delta were stuck. With no real options available the gluttonous kobolds could only sit and wait, having finally learned it actually *was* possible to eat too much...