

Coffee Machine Test

By: Indi

“Alright, we’ve gone over the new menu and the small schedule changes, so you should be just about caught up,” August said. The plump gray lion was all smiles as he strolled through the dining hall, one of many on campus. Beside him was an equally-plump, cream-colored horse. “Amazing what can change after just a week-long absence, right Clyde?”

The horse nodded, a hoof instinctively lowering to adjust his uniform. He hoped August hadn’t noticed his button-up was looking tighter. “Yeah. Pretty sure I’ve got it all down, though.”

“Just one thing left to go over: the new coffee machine!” August brought Clyde over to a counter, which was dominated by a bulky machine that reminded the horse of a soda dispenser. “It’s got a lot of options, but thankfully it’s easy to get the hang of. All touchscreen.” He pressed the central screen, causing it to light up. The top showed possible drink sizes, while the rest was dedicated to pictures of various drinks, most of which Clyde only knew of in passing from his work at the dining hall cafe. “All you really need to do is place your cup below the nozzle, select your size, and then select what you want.”

August grabbed the largest cup and placed it down before selecting mocha on the touchscreen. Sure enough, the machine began to prepare the drink, filling the whole cup up in a matter of seconds.

“Why don’t you try it?” August asked, gesturing towards the drink.

“Sure.” Clyde was pretty sure he liked mochas, and felt like he could use the caffeine. He picked the cup up and blew on it, taking a careful sip after. It was good. *Really* good. He took another, larger gulp. Normally he took forever to finish coffee, until the last few sips were cold. But with the mocha he couldn’t stop drinking—didn’t *want* to stop. To his own surprise he finished the entire cup on the spot. There was a soothing warmth in his belly, and he let out a happy sigh. Once he remembered he was with August, though, he blushed slightly in embarrassment.

“They’re great, aren’t they?” August said.

“Yeah!” Clyde hadn’t meant to be so enthusiastic. “Might be the best I’ve ever had.”

“That’s how I felt, too! Ooh, try the latte next, it’s just as good.”

Clyde was caught off-guard. After guzzling the mocha, drinking anything else seemed excessive. And yet the horse found himself very tempted. He wanted to know if the lattes really were just as delicious. Besides, August was giving him permission. He nodded, and

soon another drink was poured. After the first sip, he knew August was telling the truth. Clyde swiftly downed the entire cup, with barely any break in between gulps. His gaze was already on the machine again as he tossed the empty cup in the garbage.

August grinned. "Want to try something else?"

The nod of agreement from Clyde was fast and eager.

Another large cup of coffee was poured and guzzled. Then another. And another. And another. It didn't matter what it was, or how much he'd drunk, Clyde simply couldn't get enough. The horse's belly slowly began to swell as he chugged the drinks. The last couple wrinkles of his dress shirt smoothed away, until it clung tightly to his middle. His black vest rose up a little, nearly as tight. Gradually the shirt began to untuck as buttons strained. Six drinks in and Clyde's belly was peeking out, exposed.

Clyde was vaguely aware of how round his belly had become from drinking so much, that it sloshed and wobbled as he chugged, but he couldn't stop. And August wasn't discouraging him, either. No, the lion was still happily watching the horse drink away, his eyes rarely off Clyde's middle.

Shirt and vest gently rode up Clyde's ballooning belly, the buttons of both barely avoiding bursting off. He'd been soft before, but the bounty of coffee had made his middle taut and round. At last he finished sampling the final drink the machine had to offer. The caffeine made him alert, but the excessive drinking made him feel sluggish, and the horse found himself swinging in between the two feelings. He nervously grasped his bloated belly in his hooves, blushing at the consequences of his indulgence.

Suddenly August's paw joined them, pressing against his belly. "Feels so nice and warm, doesn't it?"

"Y-Yeah." Clyde blushed harder.

"And I bet you wouldn't mind having even more, right?"

August was right. It didn't make sense, but his thirst for coffee hadn't been quenched, not in the slightest. He almost couldn't think of anything else but drinking. He nodded, sheepishly.

"Then have more. We get unlimited refills now. And I'll let you in on a little secret: the nozzle can extend outward since it's actually a hose." August pulled the nozzle out with a click, proving the feature to Clyde. "Makes getting a hearty drink easier."

August handed the nozzle to Clyde, who grabbed it without hesitation. He placed it in his mouth, and then selected a drink at random, not caring what it was. As he felt the warm coffee pour down his throat he smiled. Meanwhile, August quietly tapped a few more selections, along with a few options Clyde hadn't learned about. The flow of coffee suddenly

became a torrent, Clyde's eyes widening momentarily in surprise before narrowing in satisfaction.

The horse's belly was now swelling outward, growing rounder with each passing second. It pressed up against the counter, creeping a bit over it. The pressure was kind of nice, but Clyde still slowly shifted his position until his back was to the counter, belly sloshing and bouncing the whole while. He gulped down a bit of the hose so he no longer had to hold it in place, instead moving his hooves back down to his gut to hold it up.

It was hard for August not to cackle with glee. He'd always wanted to see Clyde swell, and getting the new coffee machine with its addicting brew had given him the perfect opportunity. Now the horse was ballooning before his very eyes, helplessly obsessed with chugging as much coffee as he could. If given the chance he might even drink until he popped—though from the looks of it Clyde would outgrow the dining hall long before that ever happened.

The sheer weight of the gallons and gallons of coffee became too much for Clyde to handle. He began to slide down the edge of the counter, the nozzle's hose thankfully extending further so he could still drink. As he slid to the ground his massive belly wobbled and sloshed, spilling out over his lap and pinning him to the floor.

For a few minutes longer the greedy horse chugged and swelled, utterly insatiable. One-by-one the options on the coffee machine's touchscreen blacked out, the coffee beginning to run dry. Finally it sputtered to a stop, a small alert popping up informing the machine was in need of a refill. The hose retracted, slipping from Clyde's mouth. He was too full to mourn its absence, though he still felt the coffee cravings.

"You can always count on a horse to have a high-capacity barrel belly," August said. He gave Clyde's enormous middle a firm pat, grinning as he heard the sloshing from within. He couldn't help but toy with it a bit more, nudging and wobbling it, the horse moaning in response. Clyde's face was flush red, flustered yet clearly enjoying the attention. August had always wondered if he desired to grow larger. "And just remember, Clyde, you'll be able to have as much coffee as you want from now on. You can *try* to hold back, but I get the feeling you'll always be waddling a bit around the dining hall. Might be smart to invest in a stretchy work uniform, big guy~"

Clyde groaned and burped, but said nothing more.

"Well, I should really get going. I've got some studying to do." August gave Clyde's blimpy belly another slap. "It'll be fun seeing the results of your coffee binge tomorrow." The lion strolled away, leaving the beached horse all alone in the dining hall, too full to stay awake but too caffeinated to sleep, trapped in a blissful daze of overindulgence.