

The odor of burnt coffee hung heavily in the air, and the tip-tapping of keyboards made up the background noise for the scene.

It was a somewhat small room, in which three furs worked. A weasel, named Tommy, who sat up right in his chair, taking great inhales of his brew every other second. A bunny, named Marry, who leaned slightly forward in her seat, typing out lines of code much faster than the rest. And, the one who was technically the leader, an orange cat named Frankie. The cat repetitively rubbed his brow, grunting softly as a headache grew from his downright abusive screen usage.

The three had been typing away for what felt like two days now. About a week prior, the team had gotten word that a feeding company was looking for ways to feed their stock fully automatically. The only thing a furry would have to do is set the system up, and the animals would be continually fed from that point forward. The company had made an announcement, saying they would pay a hefty sum to whoever could make the first functioning prototype for such a system.

And ever since that announcement had come out, Tommy, Marry, and Frankie had been diligently at work, preparing their own version of a fully automatic feed system. The hardware was easy enough to figure out. The three had settled on a feeding bag design, to which a tube was connected at the end to supply the animals with their food. Though, for their tests, the three had settled on just hooking their feed bag to one of the many water supplies in their lab.

The thing that was stumping them, the thing that had been stumping everyone who had gone after the idea actually, was programming the system. How to detect when the animals were hungry, the force needed to pump the food into the feedbag, how much of the feed needed to be pumped at a given time, how to detect when the animal is full, etc. The list of things to account for with the automatic system was almost as endless as the lines of code that the three were writing.

“AUUuwaAAagghha!” Tommy yawned, leaning hard into his chair as he stretched his arms far above his head. The weasel had a light brown fur coat, with faint white rings encircling his figure from head to toe. He took another long sip of his coffee, in a vain hope of feeling less tired. “I can’t even remember what all we’ve done.” He grunted, “We’ve been at it for days now.”

“It’ll all be worth it in the end, my friend.” Frankie said with a smile. He paused for a moment to look at his screen, scrolling up to see all that they had typed.

Marry looked over to a notebook she had by her side. She flipped back a few pages, to look at sentences she had written, and then later marked out. “I think we have everything we mentioned so far.” She said, still intensely staring through her notes.

“Really?” Tommy asked, surprised to hear that they were so close to the end. “Hah, guess Hell isn’t for eternity after all.” He chuckled, closing his eyes, as he dragged on his coffee yet again.

Frankie scrolled back up to the top of their line of code, softly raising his mouth up and down as he checked and double checked it all. “Did we make sure to add in all the signs of hunger that the feeder would detect?” He asked, his eyes going a bit too blurry for him to see if it was there or not.

“Yes.” Marry quickly spat out, as she scrolled to the middle of their shared page. “The signs of hunger, that we agreed on. If the animal is showing signs of weakness or faintness, the system will start. If the animal’s belly lets out any audible gurgling sounds, the microphone we placed on the feedbag will pick that out, and then it will start.” She spoke in an almost robotic monotone, though signs of her excitement showed through.

“And if it’s been more than ten hours since the last feeding, the system will start up even without any hunger signs.” Tommy spat out, looking through the code on his monitor. He said in a far more rushed voice, almost as if he hurried the words out so that he could take another long sip of his favorite brew.

“After five minutes have elapsed, the system will shut off, and stay off until any further signs of hunger.” Frankie said, now catching up to where the others were. He nodded his head, smiling as he looked down to all of the code. He quickly got out of his chair. “I think It’s time to test this sucker out.”

Marry snapped her head up from her notebook. “Sir! I think It’s a bit soon to try it out now. You know as well as I do how easy it is for a mistake to slip under your nose.” She moaned, looking down to the floor slightly. “I think we need to let this sit for a day or two, and come back to it after our minds have had some time to rest.”

“Most of the time, I would agree with you.” Frankie spat out, as he rushed over to the feeding bag, which was just dangling down from a gate valve attached to the ceiling, which led to one of the many water pipes throughout the building. “But there must be hundreds of other people like us, trying to develop this idea for the big payout. We can’t sit idle for a few hours, let alone a few days.” He said, as he rushed back over to his main monitor.

“Ehhh...I’m so done with this program.” Tommy whined out, sounding like a spoiled middle-schooler. “I’m not sure if we’re forgetting something either, but I say the only way to find out is to give it a proper test.” He said, somehow sounding more disinterested by the second, as he finished off his cup.

Marry scowled at Tommy, to which the weasel only shrugged back at her. “Well, Guess I’m out voted here.” She mumbled under her breath, still knowing it was not the right thing to do.” She stood behind Frankie’s shoulder, watching as the cat downloaded the program into the processor they had wired the feedbag to.

“Okay, It’s ready to run.” Frankie said, fully standing back up. He looked back to the feedbag suspended in the air. He turned to Marry, and gave her a pat on the back. “Okay, test it out now.”

Marry did a double take, “Um...no.” He spat out, immediately taking a step back.

“Come on...we need to test this thing out now and-”

“Then you test it out, Frankie. If you’re so sure it’ll work.” She said, tilting her head to the side. “Look, I’m all for getting this thing running as well as you, but I’m not testing this thing on myself unless I’m sure with the program. And I won’t be sure till it’s had a few days to marinate.” She pushed through her words, nearly falling over a few as she made her point clear. Frankie nearly said something else, but she quickly spat out, “If you’re so sure of it, how come you’re not willing to be the guinea pig.”

The orange cat stiffened up from Marry’s words, he tried to act calm, but small signs of nervousness showed his true feelings well enough. “Well...I have to-”

“Uggghh...Please!” Tommy grunted out, as he got up from his chair in a huff. “I’ll try it out. The best way to see if anything is wrong is to test it anyway.” He said, picking the feedbag up from its suspension.

“Oh-okay.” Frankie said, happy to see he wasn’t the one who was going to be the test subject. He quickly walked back to his monitor, and put the program in run mode.

The weasel struggled a bit, getting the feed bag over his head. Marry, at least happy to see she wasn't the one being tested on, happily helped him secure the device to his face. The black bag snugly held onto his snout, securing his mouth directly to the base of the feeding hose.

Marry, after a few seconds of hesitation, made sure to tighten the straps around Tommy’s face, so that the bag held on tight. She gave it a light tug back to check, and it didn’t budge an inch.

“Mmufff.” Tommy said, his words being muffled by the ‘muzzle’.

Marry turned back just in time to see Frankie hitting the last buttons to start the test.

“Now, seeing how we’re setting this one up for the first time, I’ll most likely just...urm...feed Tommy for five minutes, and then shut off.” The cat said, as he started to press the run button.

Marry watched as Frankie clicked her last button. Looked back over to Tommy who, even with the feeding bag covering most of his snout, still had a mostly disinterested look on his face. Oh how she wished she could be as calm as the others, but she couldn’t shake the feeling that they were forgetting something.

With one last keystroke, the system sprung to life. Tommy looked up, feeling the feedbag softly vibrate back and forth against his snout. The end of the hose ever so slightly grew wider, as the water rushed through its insides. The weasel jerked slightly, as the water splashed inside of his mouth. He started gulping, taking in big chugs of the, surprisingly cold, water as it continued to flow into his snout.

Tommy let out an odd sigh. He rubbed his belly, as he felt the water splash down into his stomach. The flow wasn't an issue, it was actually moving at a very manageable pace. But all of the cold water splashed down, and mixed with all of the hot, steaming coffee still in his tummy. The two opposing temperatures collided. Almost making an odd sort of battle ground inside of his stomach. He couldn't help but let out a soft groan, as he felt the first signs of what he feared was gonna be a rotten tummy ache.

Marry watched with growing interest. Despite all of her reservations, it was still great seeing their project in operation. Tommy's cheeks softly bowed out on the sides of his face. The weasel slightly rocked back and forth, as he gulped all of the water down. All of it continuing to mix with all of the hot coffee from earlier.

"Okay. It appears to be running well." Frankie mumbled. He had pulled up one of the timers they had put in the program. He could watch as the timer accumulated in value, growing closer to the five minute shut off time. "Two minutes down, three more to go. How ya' hanging in there, Tom." He called back with a little humor, knowing how much the weasel hated having his name shortened down.

Tommy scowled at Frankie, giving him the one finger salute, as he gulped away on the water. He put his paws to the sides of his belly, feeling as the water softly sloshed back and forth, making his tummy wobble ever so slightly. The front of his belly started to slightly stick outwards, as if he had a small pillow stuck under his shirt right below his chest. He didn't mind the slight growth, after all it was only water, not like he would gain any weight after this was all over.

The weasel did let out a few grunts though. All of the icy water continued to collide with the warm coffee in his belly. A soft groaning sound started to play, almost as if the walls of his belly were being tested by the drastically different temperatures now inside of the weasel's tummy. Tommy groaned a bit more, unable to hide his growing discomfort.

Marry noticed the troubled look on his face. She turned back to Frankie, who was still watching the timer tick closer to the shut off time. "Hey, he seems to be under some distress."

The cat flicked his head up, only to immediately dart it back down. "I'm sure that's fine. Probably just a result of the load being designed for bigger species, I'm sure he's just having some trouble swallowing it all."

"Maybe." Marry said. Her feet softly thumped against the base of the floor, as she waited for the timer to go off, so that they could conclude with the first test.

Tommy closed his eyes. The discomfort in his belly was growing to a downright critical level. The walls of his stomach groaned, the sides of his tummy noticeably wobbling now, as all of the cold water flooded his insides. He couldn't help but let out a few muffled whimpers, as he gently rubbed his sides in hope of relieving some of the pain. Though as the discomfort grew, his midsection did as well. Safely having a few liters of water in his stomach, his belly stuck out a

few inches in front of him, making his shirt bow out as if he had an inflating beach ball tucked away underneath.

“Okay, less than a minute to go, everything should be-” But before Frankie could even finish the sentence, Tommy’s belly let out a disgruntled growl.

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Tommy seemed to relax, as his stomach’s loud complaint seemed to ease some of the pain. He looked up at the gate valve, still sending ounces down his maw every second. Mindlessly gulping as he now waited for it to be over.

“Wait...the timer just reset itself.” Frankie said, nearly whispering as he leaned closer to look at his monitor. Marry snapped her head back to see that, sure enough, their timer had jumped back to zero, and was now counting up to five minutes from the top. The water never slowing down for a second.

Tommy shot his eyes over to the other two. Concern washed over his face, as his cheeks continued to bow out even more.

“I don’t get it, why did it re-”

“Oh gosh,” Marry mumbled to herself, as she raised a paw to her forehead, “Tommy’s belly rumbling.”

“Hmm?” Frankie hummed, as he looked over his shoulder to the bunny.

“We had set one of the parameters so that the system would start up whenever the livestock’s belly rumbled, that being a fairly obvious sign of hunger for the feedbag to pick up.” She spoke with a low grunt, feeling her heart pound in her chest, as she was already thinking of ways to rewrite the code so that it wouldn’t be a problem in the future.

Frankie’s head dropped as soon as he understood what Marry was saying. “Even though it’s probably just some indigestion on Tommy’s part.” He sighed. “But the microphone isn’t able to tell indigestion sounds from hunger cries, so it just reset itself, thinking the ‘animal’ needed more to eat.” He said, kicking himself for not thinking of that bug before they started the test.

Tommy let out a low moan, as he waved one of his paws to the others, motioning for them to stop. Although his pain was gone, he was now faced with the growing problem that was his growing belly. Every second brought another gulp of water past his lips, down his throat, and into his enlarging stomach. His shirt bowed out in front of him, sticking a good five inches from his figure. He grabbed at the underside of his belly, now forced to lift it up as it sagged further down. It felt odd to Tommy, hefting up his own tummy as if it were a water balloon. He started to have some serious regrets about doing the test.

“Turn it off.” Marry said, leaning over to grab at Frankie's mouse. “No need to keep pumping water into him.”

She started to click on a button on the top of the screen, taking the program from run mode back to test mode. But all it did was make a dull clicking sound, as it refused to let her stop it.

“What the?” She asked.

The weasel started to whine, feeling the water rush down his throat at the same rate. It had been over seven minutes now, and he was absolutely full of water. All of the coffee that was in his stomach had long since been effectively diluted. His belly now stood out in front of him like three bed pillows pushed against the other. His shirt was no longer big enough to contain it all, the bottom of his tummy sagged down over his belt, a good seven inches of it now visible, with an additional inch every other second. His legs started to strain underneath all of the water weight. His tummy noticeably started to wobble, with all of the sloshing water now inside of him. His cheeks, which puffed out by at least six inches, wobbled in sync with his belly, as each fresh gulp sent another light shock wave that jiggled his figure.

“Press the ‘x’ icon.” Frankie said in a huff.

“I tried that but it's not letting me. Is this some sort of bug with the software?” Marry spat out. She looked back up to Tommy, which only made her jump. “Okay, you try to fix it, I’m taking the bag off him, and I don’t care if I get water on the floor.”

She darted across the floor. Tommy couldn’t help but show some genuine joy on his face as he saw the bunny rush to his aid. She pulled on the straps to his feeding bag, to find that they wouldn’t move an inch. She started to get a little worried, which led to a grave look washing over the weasel’s face.

“Oh shit.” She gasped to herself, as she immediately rushed back to her notebook, leaving Tommy to whine and wobble by himself. His belly continued to grow outwards. His shirt now covered up less than twenty percent of his belly, leaving most of it sticking out. His light brown tummy, with white stripes running down, looked like a big furry ball, growing wider by the second. He pulled up hard against the base of his tummy, still trying to hold it up, with most of it spilling out of his paws like an overinflated water balloon.

“Shit!” Marry cursed at herself, flipping through her pages.

“Wh-”

“I forgot, oh shit I forgot. We had set it up so that no changes could be made when the thing was running.” She went frantic, rubbing her brow with her paw. “It’s why we can’t shut the program down. And we had made it where the feedbag would automatically tighten around the animal’s neck, so that no feed would spill. I can’t even start to undo the damn thing.” She grunted, going frantic as she looked back over to Tommy.

Frankie scrolled back down to the timer, to see that the thing had less than a minute left to go again. "Well the timer's almost out again, we can just wait the next few second and-"

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"-nevermind." Frankie said, as he rested his forehead into his paws.

Tommy looked over at the two with a horror stuck look on his face. He started to say something, begging for them to find a way to stop it, but the constant, never ending influx of water killed any mumble before it could even start up his throat. He leered at his own belly, snarling at it as it let out another loud sound. Even from his view, he could see as the timer restarted for a second time.

His belly ballooned out in front of him, now seeming to half the size he was. He leaned forward, as the weight of all the water threatened to pull him to the floor. He grunted, as he pulled hard against his expanding tummy, pulling against it with all of his might to keep it from falling on the ground. His paws were buried underneath his brown and white belly, as the doughy corners of his tummy sloshed and gurgled their way out of his grip. He closed his eyes, his bloated cheeks flushed red, as he finally lost his grip on his mammoth belly.

SSSSsrrbBGGGGSSoOOOLLLOOossshHHSS!

Frankie and Marry snapped their heads back, to now see Tommy resting fully on top of his growing belly. The weasel groaned even more, as he pushed his paws and feet against his tummy, trying to prevent his body from sinking into his sloshy, doughy midsection, which was now getting to be a downright comical size.

"And the timer just reset again." Frankie said, nodding to himself disappointedly. He dragged his face in his paws, trying to think of some way to stop Tommy's inflation.

Marry looked back over to the weasel. His belly was filled with what must have been hundreds of gallons of water. She didn't know how it was possible, there must have been another bug in the system that upped the amount of feed over time or something. But she didn't have the patience to go over all of her notes from the past few days.

The bunny ran to the other end of the room, where they had kept all of their unused stuff. When they had rented out the space, it had come pre-furnished with a few pieces of office supplies. Paper clips, hole punchers, sticky notes, staple removers, overall just stuff they didn't need for programming, so they had shoved it in the corner. Marry frantically dug through it all, knowing she had seen something earlier that would help them now. She cursed herself for the third time that day, wishing they had kept all of the office supplies a bit more organized.

Gulp...Gulp...Gulp....Gulp...Gulp...

Tommy almost felt nauseous from all of the water now. He tried not swallowing, but the water rushed down his throat just the same. He rested on top of his belly as if it were a colossal sized water balloon. It raised his figure a good three feet up in the air, softly wobbling back and forth as all the water sloshed and gurgled inside of his stomach. Deep lines started to etch their way into his hips, as the rest of his body was stretched out to keep his tummy intact. He groaned, pressing his paws even harder into his belly to hold himself up. He kicked his legs against the base of his massive belly, trying to kick his way to the top, as his body slowly started to be engulfed by his tummy. His belly stood below him like a massive, overinflated weather balloon, brown with stretched out white stripes running across it. He closed his eyes, groaning as he wished for some way out of it.

“Okay...Um....the timers back down to two minutes,” Frankie started, feeling some sweat run down his brow, “maybe if we put something over the microphone we could-”

“I FOUND IT!” Marry screamed out, jumping for joy. After pushing aside another unused stack of loose-leaf, she had finally found what she was after, a pair of scissors. She grabbed them, and quickly rushed back over to Tommy.

The weasel greeted her with a defeated happy look. His tummy let out sloshing and gurgling sounds every other second. His cheeks inflated out on his face by at least a foot, nearly burying his other features underneath. The bunny stopped for a moment. The weasel was so stuffed with water now, his belly sat higher than she was tall. She reached up, leaned hard against Tommy’s figure, as she tried to reach the hose. Her finger just barely scraped the edge of the feeding tube.

“What are you doing?” Frankie asked, standing up from his chair.

Marry didn’t bother to answer the cat. She dug her right foot into Tommy’s sides. Due to how doughy his belly was, her foot sank right in, allowing her to get a good step forward. With a smile, she started to climb up the weasel’s belly, carrying the scissors between her teeth, as she crawled on her hands and knees to the top.

Tommy’s eyes opened wide, and a small blush colored his massive cheeks, as he felt Marry’s body press into his. He let out a soft moan, which, for his sake, was thankfully covered up by all of his loud gulping. The bunny’s limbs sunk a few inches into his belly, her feet and paws completely sinking into the weasel’s doughy belly at some points. But she pressed on, knowing she had to stop Tommy’s inflation, before something bad happened. Before too long, she reached his head, grabbing on his shoulder to steady herself, which only made him blush even more.

The orange cat walked up to Tommy’s belly, which now took up at least five feet of the available floor space. He craned his head up to watch as Marry grabbed onto the feeding hose. He held his paws to the edge of the weasel’s belly, shuddering as he felt the gallons and gallons of water surge behind Tommy’s stretched out hide. He quickly stepped back to his computer, trying to get

as far away from the action as possible, fearing that he might be crushed underneath the gargantuan belly if not careful.

Marry groaned, as she tried her best to find some balance up there. Tommy's entire belly wobbled back and forth like the biggest serving of jelly in the world. She tried every way she could to steady herself, but even her slight movement sent another shock wave through Tommy's body, that caused another mini tidal wave inside of his stomach. Realizing she wasn't going to get anywhere with that, she leaned against the weasel's head instead. Pressing her chest hard into Tommy's head. A bright red blush exploded across his face, and (even though it was covered up by the feeding bag) a small smile spread across his lips, as he felt Marry's breast press into his ears.

The bunny reached up, and grabbed a hold of the feeding tube. She yanked it towards her, accidentally pulling Tommy's head to the side in the process. She started attacking it with the scissors, cutting and slashing all along the rubber hose. A few scratches and tears formed in its sides. She tried for seconds on end, even more gallons of water floating down Tommy in the process. Though, eventually, her hard work paid off. A stream of water started to sip from a deep cut she was able to make. She dug the ends of her scissors deep into the incision, able to easily cut the rest away, after she had a nice starting point. After that, she did the rest in less than three seconds, the hose uselessly dangled down from the ceiling, still pumping away liters of water to the floor.

Tommy's face eased up, as he spat out all of the water still inside of his maw, his cheeks rapidly deflated, as the liquid splashed out the end of the cut hose. He reached up, giving Marry a pat on the back.

Frankie jumped, seeing the water splash down to the floor. He started to race after it, but then the water stopped. "What the..?" He gasped, as he turned back to the computer. He saw some error signs flash on the screen as the system did an emergency shut off. "Hffm...need to remember to set up an emergency stop so that it can be manually accessed." He grunted, as he walked back over to Tommy, knowing that there was no danger of the belly growing over to crush him.

The straps of the feedbag, sensing that the hose was cut, instantly eased up on the weasel's snout. Marry reached over and easily pulled the bag off of Tommy's face, letting it fall to the side.

"Huff...BBBBBWWWWOOOOooooRRRRuuuuGGGRRrOOoUUUUUGRGRHhhhuUUURrppGGGGGwaaBBBBBBUuRrFUUUurrrppp...nuff...thank...BBBoooowwrRPPP...you, Marry" Tommy gasped out, giving the bunny the best hug he could muster at the moment, which was really nothing more than him wrapping his paw around her shoulder.

"Oh I'm just glad you're not seriously hurt." Marry said, softly petting the weasel's head, as she looked down to Frankie. "Glad we rushed the tests now?"

The cat just raised his paws in the air. “Hey now, I stand by the fact we needed to run tests. Besides, now we know of some of the things to fix. I’ll get started-”

“Get started by-BB0000WwwwbooorrbWwowowbbbb-showing that hose-UUUUrruUUUrrBBBWWOOOOOORrbbbUURRRRGGhhhhh-up your bum.” Tommy groaned out, clearly salty at the cat.

Marry couldn't help but snicker, as she held onto Tommy's head, deciding to stay up there for a little bit.

“Um...Okay.” Frankie said, a little unsure of what to do. The weasel’s belly stood in front of him like one massive, twenty foot round water ball, softly wobbling and jiggling with every second. It was clear that the feeding system would have to wait, as Tommy let out an even longer, water induced belch, which made the sides of his belly ripple out yet again.