

Lockout Tagout

A storyboard for a Cyl stuffing comic

Written by Bodbloat

Nothing but the low hum of a quiet factory filled the air of the dark warehouse. Pale streetlights filtered through windows near the ceiling before glimmering off the looming shadows of tanks and vats hidden in the darkness. The atmosphere could be considered sinister if someone was unaware of what the warehouse actually held. Barely visible in the murky darkness, the logo of the 'Glacie-Ice' ice cream company could be seen plastered across the vats.

Of course that silence could only last so long. A small electronic beep briefly sounded before a service entrance door unlocked on a far wall. Silhouetted in the streetlights, a slender figure could be seen reaching for a wall switch. With a click the warehouse lighting burst into life. Lowering their hand from the light switch, a Sylveon stood in the warehouse entrance, illuminated by the buzzing fluorescent lights.

Toting a rather slim androgynous build, Cyl slowly walked into the chilled warehouse. Wearing a pair of high waisted denim shorts over some black midhigh compression leggings and nothing but a sleeveless compression racerback under an oversized open hoodie, the Sylveon wasn't exactly dressed for the temperatures in the room. A quickly growing blush across their snout and a wide grin hinted that they could care less about the cool temperature.

Briefly glancing at a phone held in their left paw, Cyl quickly scanned an open text chat one final time.

>>Torta: Alright Fine!! The password to the back door should be 937819. No one will be there after 12AM, so you're free to sample to your heart's content.

>>Cyl: Yeeeeees! You're the best! I'm going to eat it all >:3!!!

>>Torta: Trust me, not even that bottomless stomach of yours can hold everything. Going to be mopping you off the floor in the morning...

>>Cyl: Then it will be the perfect way to go out ;P

>>Torta: whatever dude, just please don't make a mess....

Pocketing the phone Cyl could only grin before muttering "no promises Torta, no promises..."

Letting out a shaky and excited breath, Cyl finally took a step further into the warehouse. They brushed an open hand against the chilled vats of creams and liquids as they sauntered down the open walkways. Each of the vast tanks held hundreds of gallons of cooled heavy cream ready to be used as an ingredient. Popping open a tank hatch, they peered inside. Reflected in the white cream, Cyl's grinning face bounced back at them. A finger was quickly dipped into the cream and brought straight to their muzzle. With a single lick, the dense cream



disappeared into the sugar fiend's maw. Like a spark of electricity, their white fur stood on end as the shock of the rich cream raced through their taste buds.

It was saccharine ecstasy to the sugar gremlin of a Pokemon. Without even a moment's hesitation, they plunged their muzzle into the vat, sucking down as much as they could. The rich fluid filled Cyl's mouth momentarily before flowing down their throat. Greedily they gulped down the cream for a handful of seconds before pulling up with a gasp for air. It was *too good*.

But despite the shivers of pleasure flooding their system, the Sylveon stepped away from the open vat. "Ooooh you are good, way too good. But I need to add some flavor to the mix. I'll come back to you once I've drained the rest~" they whispered seductively. As if leaving a lover at the airport, they looked longingly before turning away and continuing their exploration of the warehouse. Tanks of flavor extracts, crates of sugar, palettes of chocolate pods: just about every possible ingredient littered the place in droves.

None of it was what they wanted though. They could easily fill up on any of the ingredients outside of the warehouse. Heck, just a quick jot down to the local Delibird Wholesale would give them all the sugar they could want. No, what they needed was a finished product. I mean, why go for cream when you could have ice cream. Finally spotting what they wanted, Cyl's pace quickened as they approached a chilled chamber. A new batch of chocolate ice cream slowly churned within. Musing to himself, Cyl figured that the company kept the cooled churn running 24/7 for that "slow churned" tag they like to promote.

As with the cream vat, a quick access lid for sampling the product was easy to find. Using a testing spoon sitting on a kiosk next to the hatch, Cyl excitedly dipped it in and pulled out a fresh scoop. Without a moment's hesitation the ravenous Sylveon popped the spoon into their mouth. It was perfect. The delicate mix of chocolate, cream, and sugar bombarded Cyl's tongue. Scooping out another chunk they easily gobbled that down also.

"You are even better, my chocolatey friend. Now, how do I get more of you in my mouth..." Cyl said out loud as another scoop disappeared into their muzzle. Looking all around the vat, they failed to spot anything that could help them increase their intake. All the main piping seemed to trail off into the far depths of the warehouse. They could probably follow it off into the packaging area and see if they could jury-rig something, but that seemed like too much of a hassle.

Pondering aloud, Cyl started working through the process from what their husband had told them. The chilling and churning part was always the final step before you finished it, but you did get to make a delicious custard that was used for the chilling step. That was pretty much just liquid ice cream right? Looking at the churning vat once more, Cyl spotted another pipe that ran into the top of the sealed vat. Their eyes traced the piping into the support rack and over the walkway, before coming upon a sight that nearly stopped their heart in excitement.

Towering over the Pokemon on the far side of the walkway were four massive tanks labeled "custard". All seemed to contain their own unique flavor: vanilla, chocolate, mint, and cookies n cream. It was almost too much for the Sylveon. In a heartbeat, Cyl was standing at the base of the towering vessels, placing a hand on the cool side of the chocolate tank. "Ooooooh you are all mine. I'm gonna enjoy every last drop of you," Cyl exclaimed with a seductive lilt. But first they needed to figure out how to get it out.

Once more peering at the pipe that led them there, Cyl could see that it trailed into the top of a larger skid placed in the middle of all four tanks. A closer inspection revealed that it was



labeled as the “Custard Lift Station”. A transparent door on the front showed a pair of small pumps built into a maze of piping interconnects. Although not exactly an engineer, Cyl was able to quickly piece together the general route the custard would have to take to make it to the churning vats. A gleam sparked in their eyes as they spotted the exact thing they needed to make it all work.

On the downstream side of the pumps, a set of diversion valves connected to a smaller hose. Spooled up and hung from the side of the lift station door, the tubing was stored with a locking clamp meant to secure the discharge end to another container. A quick turn of this valve here, and the closing of that one there would allow the flow to divert right down the hose. Perfect for filling a furry, elastic, and most importantly hungry new container.

Switching over the valves, Cyl quickly grabbed the hose and clamp before unspooling it across the floor. Tucking the hose and clamp under their arm, the Pokemon walked back to the center console with the hose in tow. A faint glow could be seen from the screen on the control panel. “Now let’s see, how do I get you running...” Cyl puzzled as they pressed a finger to the touch screen. With a quick flash it awoke from the sleep mode it had been set to, controls lighting up the screen.

There wasn’t much to it. The top row of icons had a number for all four tanks, followed by a fifth icon saying “ALL”. It didn’t take Cyl much thought before selecting the final icon. Next followed a flow rate slider under it that was marked with percentages running in 10 percent increments. As much as Cyl wanted to just push that to 100% as a twin to the first selection, they wanted to make sure they actually got to taste the custard. “A simple 25% flow rate for the pumps should be good right?” They thought to themselves aloud.

That left one pair of remaining icons. The first and largest was an obvious “Start” button that sat smack dab at the bottom of the panel. Next to it was a smaller rectangle with a gear suggesting advanced options. Out of curiosity, Cyl tapped the second one to see what else was available. Most was either too technical or pretty standard. Scrolling past tabs such as “diagnostic” and “sanitation”, their eyes widened at one in particular that caught their eye. “Lockout tagout”. What exactly did that mean?

Intrigued, Cyl tapped the little question mark next to it. With a blip a little popup appeared explaining the option.

>>Lockout tagout<<

>>Set a password to lock-out all controls for safety reasons upon starting or stopping current operations. Upon entering password, the system will require said password to change settings following the next startup or shutdown.<<

Quickly darting over the information, a mischievous gleam appeared in the Sylveon’s eyes. Clicking the button, a ten digit number block popped up for the code. Looking away from the panel, Cyl could only grin as their hands randomly pressed at the buttons to create a randomized code. Small chimes and beeps sounded to every press as the fingers danced across the screen. Finally satisfied, they turned back to the console to see a 20+ line of asterisks.

>>*****<<



>>CONTINUE Y/N?<<

“Don’t mind if I do,” Cyl boldly exclaimed as they pressed the Y. Now even they couldn’t stop the system once it started up; Cyl was going to drain those tanks of every last delicious drop.

Backing out into the start screen again, they were once again greeted with the gleaming red start button. It was almost time, but first they needed to actually get the hose in place.

Shifting slightly, Cyl pulled the hose and clamp out from under their arm. A small jingle brought their attention to the clamp. Dangling from the edge of it sat a simple key keeping the clamp shut. With a bit of fiddling, Cyl quickly opened it and pulled the key free. Giving the now keyless clamp a test close, they heard the tell tale click of it locking in place. Possibilities began to flood their mind as they quickly opened the clamp once more with the key and examined its size. It was slightly larger than the hose width which was already large enough to easily fill their mouth. Testing the fit around their snout, Cyl confirmed that it could fit snugly without discomfort. The final puzzle piece to the Sylveon’s puzzle had just been found.

“Enough is enough! It’s time I stopped fiddling around with you and started eating you!” Cyl proclaimed loudly to the silent tanks. Moving fast enough that they couldn’t begin to second guess the forthcoming terrible decision, Cyl placed the key to the clamp within the open end of the hose before sticking the hose into their mouth. With a resounding click that echoed through the warehouse, Cyl closed the clamp across the bridge of their snout. Firmly sealed around all edges, a few test tugs confirmed that the hose wasn’t going to move for anything thanks to the industrial grade lock now around their muzzle.

Without a moment’s hesitation or reflection the Pokemon jabbed the start button on the console. There was no going back now, and they were going to make sure that they enjoyed every last drop. Within seconds of pressing the button, a pump started up in the lift station. Working with a rhythmic hydraulic beat, Cyl could feel a slow vibration building up through the length of the hose watching as almost comical bulges of the thick custard began to work their way through the hose towards the eagerly waiting Sylveon. Inch by inch it marched down the hose, adding weight and heft as it moved up the curve and into their snout.

Finally with an explosion of vanilla, the custard pushed out of the hose end. Swirling into Cyl’s mouth cavity it took but a split second to overfill it and force the Sylveon to swallow the semi-solid slug of custard. Visibly bulging thanks to the sheer volume flowing through the line, Cyl’s throat pushed out ever so slightly as the custard treated them like another extension of the hose. Barely noticeable amongst the surge of vanilla was the hard edge of a key being pushed down into the depths of the hungry Pokemon. A very flustered blush filled Cyl’s face as they shattered the only escape from the onslaught of vanilla.

But that was okay, Cyl wanted it. *No. Needed it.*

The second surge of custard pushed through before Cyl could even finish the thought. A rich blend of creamy vanilla paste swirled across their tongue, filling every nook and cranny in their mouth before forcing its way down their throat. It was too good, decadent even. The blend was perfect, and had every bit of the richness without the fluffed feel that churned ice cream had. It was like taking a pure shot of concentrated gelato with every mouthful.

Greedily sucking at the hose, the third slug of custard hit, followed shortly by a fourth. Each one might as well have been an entire bowl of ice cream getting forced down their throat. Delicately placing a hand upon their throat, each pulse of custard bulged out, pressing against



their fingers. Their opposite hand slowly drifted down to their sensitive belly, feeling their stomach as each surge filled it more and more, just like a balloon.

It didn't take long before it started to have an effect on the slender Pokemon's physique. Already, the sheer quantity of custard filling was starting to make it bulge, pushing it out further and further, their belly beginning to press and crease around the waistband of their shorts as more and more flowed in. Normally settled against Cyl's rail thin waist, their shorts quickly started to show they were on the front line of this losing battle. Straining to hold back against the Pokemon's swelling midriff, a bit of discomfort twitched at Cyl's eye at the garment's resilience. "Come on, just a little more and that button will pop!" The Sylveon thought as the barrage of custard continued to pour down their throat.

Cyl lifted their arms away from their belly, giving themselves a clear view of the swollen orb in all its glory. It was much easier to focus on the growth with an unobstructed view, rather than just feel it. Steadily swelling, the midsection lurched out in incremental surges. Relaxing their body as much as they could, the Sylveon felt their ab muscles give up on trying to hold back the ballooning stomach. Almost as if they had been sucking in the gut, the globular midsection pushed out to strain against the struggling shorts.

Creaking like an old ship hull against the tide, the shorts could only last so long against the cresting wave of fur and custard. With a **pop**, the button finally burst off, the little metal clasp ricocheting off the ground and pinging against one of the nearby tanks before finally coming to rest. Free of the short's pressure, the Sylveon's overfilled stomach surged outwards, pushing their zipper down and filling the gap. Lurching with the shift in weight, Cyl had to steady their stance to accommodate the growing orb of a middle, the growing mass of it starting to cause a serious arch to the Pokemon's back.

With slow, deliberate steps they awkwardly rotated themselves to look at their reflection on the stainless steel tank containing the vanilla custard. The reflection stared back, looking as if it was overdue with a child. Slipping their arms out of the hoodie, Cyl let it drop to the floor so that they could see their full body without anything obscuring it.

"Well to be honest I'm sort of growing a food baby~" Cyl pointed out in their head. Turning this way and that, the Sylveon watched their orb of midsection sway with every ponderous movement. Reaching down they pressed their hands into the soft fur, noting how it was slightly cool to the touch thanks to the chilled custard inside. It was like sinking a hand into a thick waterbed, and although the custard didn't flow and slosh like water, it still had a dense and ponderous ripple to its motions. Cupping the underside, Cyl lifted it ever so slightly to feel the full weight upon their hands.

It was already so heavy. Cyl felt like a gelatinous beach ball was steadily growing within their stomach, and releasing it to drop down freely the furry orb almost pulled them from their feet.

"Okay okay... I get it." Cyl thought as they took steady steps back towards the console. With no intention of even trying to stop it, Cyl gently leaned against the small interface, shifting and settling their plush backside across the screen top to get a better seat. To say the console wasn't meant to fit a rear like that was an understatement, as the curvy hips easily enveloped the poor display. Instant relief flooded Cyl's straining legs as the control panel took the brunt of the growing weight.



Cyl was able to finally focus on the consumption once again rather than keeping upright thanks to the distended midsection now filling their lap. Still pumping at a steady pace, the rich custard pushed into the growing Sylveon. Closing their eyes to fully experience the sensation, Cyl drifted off into a haze of perpetual feeding. With small pulses you could actually watch the growing stomach push out with every second. Practically filling their lap when they first sat down, their stomach was now looking to push past the knees with its growth.

Likewise, Cyl could feel every bit of it as they reveled in the expansion. With every creeping centimeter that the fuzzy orb expanded, the angle of Cyl's back shrunk as their body attempted to accommodate the swelling midsection. Even with the forceful pressure of the pump helping with the swallowing, Cyl found their throat loosening and opening to better help the swallowing. "Just fill me, turn me into a living storage tank with all of your delicious self," they lazily thought as the flood of custard continued.

Groaning with lust, the Sylveon's middle steadily transitioned from yoga ball sized to beanbag sized within minutes. Heck, to call it minutes was an exaggeration for the gluttonous Sylveon. Stuck in the dreamlike trance that occupied their existence, it felt like it was happening in slow motion. Cyl might as well have been cut off from the world with how oblivious they had become, which became very apparent when they missed the building sounds of stress coming from their impromptu seat.

Creaking and struggling under the weight of the Sylveon, the stanchion supporting the tablet was starting to buckle. Where once a light Sylveon weighing around a hundred and forty pounds had stepped into a warehouse, the console was now trying to handle a three hundred pound custard balloon that was quickly pushing four hundred. As with all things, everything was looking fine till the moment it all decided to fail. A metallic ping sounded from the base signaling the failure of a small bolt. With a metallic crumple, the center of gravity lurched before bending and crumpling the support pedestal like a flimsy straw.

Completely lost in the sauce, Cyl was unprepared to be spilled to the floor. Landing with a hefty thud, the sheer quantity of thick goop within the Sylveon was sent wobbling. Suddenly back in the real world once more, Cyl did their best to sit up and survey the damage. Lost in the consumption of the custard, they hadn't seen just how big they were becoming. Grunts filled the air as Cyl attempted to reach a hand around the massive displaced sphere of a middle. Which of course was quickly becoming an impossible task. At its widest it easily could have been over two feet wide and it wasn't getting any smaller...

In fact, it was doing the opposite. Already it looked like it had surged out another inch or two in the few seconds Cyl had been watching. Pressing hands against the growing middle, the Pokemon could feel it pushing back and actively growing by the second. With a start they finally realized the change that had occurred since they were dumped on the ground. The flowrate had increased. Where once it had been a slow pulse of custard forcing its way into the mouth, now it was a steady stream. Chugging away in the background, the pump pistons were working double time to drain the tanks faster.

Like a furry balloon tied to a faucet, the Sylveon was finding themselves quickly growing out of control. "I need to get out from under this belly if I don't want to get smothered," Cyl thought to themselves with a growing sense of urgency. Once more trying to sit up, they were once again blocked by their increasingly heavy middle. It was long past the point where arm strength



or a strong core could lift the overfilled Pokemon. Snapping out to grab on to any pipe or sturdy thing possible, Cyl's ribbons attempted to help leverage the ballooning Cyl.

Rocking with momentum, the mass of custard trapped inside the Sylveon began to roll over itself with the shifting. If Cyl couldn't sit up, they were sure as hell going to try and roll over. Pushing with all they had against the side while pressing against the sugar filled sphere, the Sylveon ever so slowly orbited around the heavy middle. Finally exposed under all the bulk, the now crushed console was unearthed as the Sylveon rolled into their belly. The poor thing had seen better days, sparks popping left and right out of the fizzing device.

Cyl would have let out a sigh of relief at finally getting settled onto their belly if it wasn't for the continually pumping hose stuck in their maw. At least now there was no worry of a premature smothering under their own body. Gently touching a finger to the ground, the Sylveon steadied themselves on their furry orb of a middle. As they had noticed before, it didn't exactly slosh and move like other liquids but it did still displace. Bulging out from under the weight of their body, the belly sat like a slightly squashed sphere against the ground.

For the moment both of the Sylveon's feet could still touch the ground in addition to the steadying hand. But ever so slightly they could feel the firm contact with the concrete start to lessen as the belly grew. Churning and filling with the increased load, gallon after gallon of the vanilla custard was forcing itself into the overstretched stomach. As it spread across the ground, so too did it push Cyl further up into the air. Stepping up onto their tiptoes, Cyl felt their grip finally give away as they were fully lifted off the ground.

They were utterly trapped at this point. Relaxing against the groaning orb of a middle, Cyl began to gently press their hands into the furry sphere. There was more than enough give still left in the skin judging by how far their hand sunk in. Each finger squishing in to create creases and divots across the surface of the belly. Pulling a hand pulled away, the shape would slowly return to its original shape thanks to the slow moving substance inside.

Relaxing into the impromptu belly bed that their body was forming, Cyl's hands moved into making slow circles across the body. Joining in on the fun, the spindly ribbons began to poke and prod across the surface as if testing it for ripeness. With every touch, little shivers danced across their hide, reminding Cyl of just how much they had consumed. It was just too *good*. Cyl could literally eat till they were splitting at the seams. With the immobility they now faced, that was going to become a very real possibility.

Creeping ever so slowly across the concrete, Cyl's belly was eating up spare room at a pace only matched by their own appetite. Disappearing under the bulk of the belly, the destroyed control console was the first thing to be smothered. Next came a cart of spare tools and spoons. Brushing against the side of the furry orb, locked wheels began to slowly slide across the floor as the belly pushed against it. Rattling along, odds and ends started to fall off, slipping under the encroaching bulk before finally the cart tipped over.

Similar scenes were starting to happen all around Cyl as they continued to fill. To say they had become vast was an understatement. Easily spread eagle on top of the belly, the sugar drunk Pokemon was starting to zone out once more. Despite the lethargic stupor, they were still very cognizant of any changes that might disrupt their intake. Such as the constant flow of vanilla custard growing sluggish. Quizzically picking up the hose, Cyl felt that it had grown lifeless in their hand. Where before a constant hypnotic hum could be felt traveling down it, now it just sat there completely filled but unmoving.



A sharp click of a hydraulic valve brought the Sylveon back to attention. Craning to look in the direction of the tanks, Cyl was suddenly reminded that there was more than one tank present. Had the vanilla tank finally been drained? If so, that meant a new flavor might be coming through the pipe shortly. As if to confirm those thoughts, the pumps started up once more. The flow of vanilla started pushing down the tubing again as a new custard was forced in behind it.

“I really hope this one is going to be the chocolate! Probably got enough vanilla in me to make a thousand king sized sundaes at this point. Need something new to top it off~” Cyl excitedly thought. Right on queue the new flavor exploded into their mouth as if reading their mind. It was mint.

Cyl might have been bummed out by getting mint instead of chocolate but when you’ve been gulping down gallons of vanilla for the last thirty minutes, any change is better. The powerful minty taste mixed with a hint of chocolate chunks inside was a welcome changeup for the swelling Pokemon. Cyl settled back into the plush belly, content once more to take in every drop they could.

Meanwhile, cutting back to the tipped cart from earlier, it was still continuing its slide across the ground thanks to the swelling Sylveon. It had easily been pushed a few feet across the floor at this point by the growing belly. Pushing into a vat with a dull clunk, the cart finally stopped. Now stuck between a metallic and organic tank, the helpless trolley could only sit there as more and more of the belly pressed against it. Creeping up the side, curling over the lip, and finally advancing once more over the top; the swelling midsection barely even noticed that it had now submerged the cart under its bulk.

Likewise Cyl was completely oblivious to just how big they were getting. None of the Sylveon’s previous binges had gotten them to even a quarter of this size. Cyl was easily pushing three feet wide at this point. Where once a spacious walk path had separated the various equipment in the warehouse, now it was becoming blocked due to the steadily growing boulder of creaking fur. Blushing and groaning under the deluge of mint custard, Cyl was quickly starting to overheat from the sugar induced arousal.

There was just so *much*. Cyl felt like they were burning up as every inch of their swelling midsection got more and more sensitive. All across the globular middle, equipment began to press into the sides of the belly as it encroached upon them. With every touch causing ecstatic tingles of pleasure to shoot across the tightening skin. Practically trapped on top of the belly, Cyl could only wiggle in enjoyment. Every hand press sinking into the groaning middle added to the enjoyment. Even slight leg shifts or hip tilts causing the belly to squish and bulge around the sensitive pressure points.

They had become more belly than Pokemon at this point. Completely pulled taut, the curve of the belly tapered into the small of the back. Despite having some semblance of a torso, the curve of the belly was so prevalent that it practically hid away the chest under the squish of their belly. All Cyl could do was let the sugar addled head sink into the plush fur, consuming the endless flow of mint. At least semi endless.

Unlike the confusion of the first flavor switch, Cyl completely missed the following changeover of flavors. That is until the chocolate exploded into their mouth. Cyl would have sat up in shock as the rich custard pushed down their throat if it wasn’t for the self made belly prison



they had created. Pushing as best as they could against the stomach, Cyl eagerly drank in the new flavor. At last the chocolate had arrived.

Now at this moment I think Cyl might have struggled to run the numbers on how much had been consumed. Even at the best of times the gremlin was not the best with numbers, let alone while actively being bombarded by a sugar high. So here is a small number breakdown to help frame just how much the sugar addled Sylveon had consumed.

Each of the custard tanks typically had a working volume of around eight hundred gallons of custard. There is always a chance for different volumes to be stored in each one, so for the sake of simple math we'll consider them to all have that flat 800 gallons.

With eight hundred gallons of vanilla custard followed by another eight hundred gallons of mint custard, the little Sylveon was now sitting at nearly sixteen hundred gallons of combined custard packed into that tiny little frame. Now turning those gallons into cubic feet we get roughly two hundred and fourteen cubic feet of calorie dense custard. This would make a solid cube that is just a little under six feet on all sides, or almost be a 7 and a half foot wide perfect sphere.

Taking said sphere and placing it into Cyl's stomach was the equivalent of consuming nearly 51 thousand servings of ultra dense gelato. Cyl was practically a living calorie bomb at this point.

Which of course was having way too much of an effect on their thoughts. Under the best of circumstances, the Sylveon could barely handle high amounts of sugar before a crash set in. In this case it was a guarantee. What little rational thought Cyl possessed had been thrown out upon sticking the hose in their mouth. All that remained was some wispy sugar laden suggestions, most of which consisted of phrasing such as "*more*".

Cyl of course wouldn't have it any other way. Despite slowly rising higher as they continued to fill out, the Sylveon couldn't help but chug more of the custard. Already they were beginning to press against the surrounding tanks and vats. The soft malleability of the ultra dense liquid allowed the massive stomach to displace around most of the surrounding obstacles. But with each one, pressure began to build in the ever growing middle.

It was only a matter of time before the first warning signs began to show. First a gurgling groan here, followed by a worrying creak there. The elasticity of the Sylveon's stomach and hide was getting put to the ultimate test. One it was destined to fail against. Cyl's sleepy eyes struggled to see past the curve of their belly as it grew to obscure their view.

What little give the stretchy hide possessed was quickly dwindling. The casually poking and prodding ribbons confirmed this, as they started to notice how little they were sinking in. Those pleasurable squishes and squeezes were becoming more and more resistant, yet at the same time all the more enjoyable. Almost casually the white furred orb began to press against another tank as if it was completely dismissing its own warning signs.

A metallic screech filled the air as one of the smaller tanks under the advancing belly. Buckling along the sides it burst like a roll of toothpaste. Launched from the ruptured vessel, the partially mixed contents of the tank painted half the warehouse. Cyl was quickly outgrowing the little space that was left. That wasn't exactly a problem for Cyl, but the surrounding victims might have had differing opinions....



Pipe racks full of various tubing and wires bowed and buckled as the distending belly pushed against them. Most support racks like this are meant to handle plenty of weight being carried through them. But once you start pushing them a bit in the wrong direction....

Critical failures were starting up left and right under the globular onslaught. Buckling racks twisted tubes carrying vanilla concentrate wrong, rupturing piping as if twisting a straw. A handful of wires getting pulled from their equipment shorted a mixer halfway across the warehouse floor. Spinning out of control, said mixer attempted a Jackson Pollock across the surrounding equipment. Mayhem was occurring everywhere to compensate for a furry spacemaker growing in the middle of the cramped warehouse.

A final hydraulic clunk signaled the switch over to the final custard tank. Already churning and complaining from the previous 3 tanks, Cyl's overstretched stomach could only groan in protest as cookies and cream attempted to shove its way in. Barely even recognizing that a switch had happened, the oblivious Cyl merrily chugged it down despite their bodies' complaints. That nearly 10 foot wide balloon of custard anchored to the Sylveon was at its limit.

A miserable groan filled the air as the surging growth of the belly began to slow. Despite the constant flow going into the Pokemon, their taut hide was struggling to find any remaining space. The growing pressure finally managed to send a signal of distress through the sugar fog that was clouding Cyl's head. Although this warning may have come late, as the incoming custard flow struggled to fit into a container with no more give. Cyl's stomach had run out of space. For one terrible moment Cyl could feel their neck bulge ever as the custard backup looked for a place to go.

With an audible gulp, Cyl forced the slug of custard down into the protesting stomach. No longer able to casually flow down the throat, every last drop was going to need to be forcibly swallowed. Which of course is easier said than done when you've already pushed your body to the limit of what it can hold. A warning groan sounded from their stomach as the forced swallows pushed more custard into a container that had long since stopped stretching.

It was the fifteenth or maybe even the sixteenth forced swallow that finally caused something to snap. A small pop could be heard from the straining belly before it jerkily surged out another inch in all directions. Pushing right back up the throat, the overpressurized custard ran straight into the incoming flow from the hose and had nowhere to go.

The stomach had been pushed past the point of no return.

"Wait! No no **No!** More, I can fit... **more in!**" Cyl's racing thoughts exclaimed as they struggled to swallow against the building pressure. Trembling under the strain to hold it all in, Cyl's cheeks bulged around the clamp. Finally breaking the seal around the hose, custard began to dribble and spill through the smallest of gaps between the clenching teeth. That custard was looking for any possible opening it could find. Shooting out to wrap around the clamp, Cyl's ribbons attempted a last ditch effort to stem the leak. Despite this, spurts of increasingly larger globs of custard continued to spill forth. Cyl could only desperately clamp a hand down upon the muzzle in a final effort to stem the leaking custard.

Still pushing out in jerky spasms of growth, Cyl's midsection continued to expand as the last remnants of resistance failed. The one remaining free hand could only press against the taut hide as the trembling growth continued. With custard spilling from the mouth and through the grasping fingers, Cyl only seconds left to spare.



“Ergh, come on, **hold on**. I can fit it in. Just another drop. Let me have just a little more. Cmon, cmon, **CMON.... FIT!** Just let me squeeze a bit more in. **Please, I can hold it!** I can hold it.... I can.....”

Outside, dawn was finally starting to creep over the surrounding hills. Warm morning light slowly filled the air, creeping across nearby tree tops. Normally dark during this hour, lights could still be seen peeking through the windows of the ice cream warehouse. It felt and looked like a perfectly quiet and serene morning.

PAMPH!

The quiet air was suddenly interrupted by a liquid detonation. All the windows across the factory simultaneously blacked out as an explosive discharge of custard coated every square inch inside the warehouse. Spraying in sheets out of the cracks on doors, a perfect fan of custard stretched out from every opening. Silence once again followed before the steady pitter patter of droplets hitting the ground started up. Like an oozing tidal wave of multicolored goop, a flow of custard started to seep out from under the doors. Carried along in the stream, small clumps of custard stained white and pink fur drifted in the muck.....

“URGH!!”

Sitting bolt upright from their cozy spot on the couch, Cyl woke from a sugar induced snooze with a jolt. Catapulting through the air, an empty bowl of ice cream was launched by the sudden wake up. The momentary panic quickly faded as Cyl moved their hands to their still intact midsection. Well more than just intact, in fact it was rather bloated.

Running a hand across the soft middle, Cyl vaguely remembered powering through a few pints of ice cream during their movie night with the husband. Said husband was of course sitting there with a bemused grin across their snout. Leif was thankfully still fully awake despite the rather mediocre movie. The mumbling and fidgety Sylveon snuggled into their side had provided more than enough entertainment.

“You have a good nap there hun? Been murmuring about ice cream and custard in your sleep for a bit now,” said Leif with a smile. “Pretty sure that ice cream belly of yours was giving you sweet dreams,” Leif finished with a playful poke to the soft bloated midsection.

“Yeaaaah, you could say that....” responded Cyl as they squirmed back into their favorite comfy position against the husband. “Speaking of which, I think we may be out of ice cream. Think you could make me some more tomorrow?” Cyl added as some of their ribbons began to softly rub and knead at the sweet stuffed midsection. Nestling into Leif’s neck Cyl finished with, “like.... *A lot more~*,” before settling into the warmth of the husband’s arms.

