

It wasn't meant to be a big heist, but Sheero felt his heart pounding in his chest regardless. The extra adrenaline pumping through his lithe frame helped him to dash from shadow to shadow under the dark moonlit night, even if he was trembling the entire time. The vulpine wasn't very confident of himself, even more so as he quickly clambered over the fence leading to the manor's front yard. Just as he stuck close to the shadow of the large building, he had lived in the shadow of his mentor for quite some time, silently observing his tactics and skill while never finding the opportunity to make them into something of his own. This was his chance now, to prove that he was just as capable of pulling off a great heist.

But before he even entered the manor, Sheero pulled off his black ski mask, his spikey red and grey hair spilling past his waist. "Man...it's so stuffy in that thing," the fox hybrid groaned, smoothing over his hair as best as he could. His face was glowing from his perspiration, both due to nerves and the unusually warm weather outside. He shook his head, shaking off the little beads of sweat that had accumulated on his brow. This wasn't the time to be so nervous and paranoid; he's supposed to be an edgy, hardcore thief that doesn't shy away from anything.

Sighing deeply, the fox stuffed his hair back into the mask and threw it back on, ignoring his pounding heart as he approached the back window and pulled out a long metal wire from his pocket. He fitted the instrument through the bottom of the window, wiggling it at precise intervals until finally "*Click*" he was in! Allowing himself a satisfied smirk, Sheero lifted the window and vaulted inside, his feet making the softest of thuds as he stepped inside. This was going to be a piece of cake.

The interior of the large home was impressively spacious, the walls bearing decorative paintings and tapestries at regular intervals, the low lighting make it hard to make out exactly what the art depicted. Shelves were mounted between the artistic works, bearing a variety of glittering knick knacks or heavy tomes. Some of the oddities gave off a soft glow, while others were decorated with shimmering crystals of various colors. From where Sheero stood, he could see into a large living room, complete with a hearth that glowed softly with the coals of a dying fire, the light casting slowly-shifting shadows along the walls. It was clear to see that there was a good variety of valuables just in this single room, plenty to pawn off for the thief.

Casting his gaze to either side revealed a pair of hallways that lead off from the living room, as well as a staircase that lead up into the second floor of the manor, and down to a basement that gave off an odd, pale glow. An elevator sat beside the staircase, with doors that were oddly wide and tall for the use of a single anthro. There were also a pair of doors that lead off from the living room, the faint smell of food coming from both of these doors.

Being the overly analytical type, Sheero paused to take into account all of his options. His stomach growled softly when he smelled the food, having skipped dinner due to nerves, but he didn't want to distract himself when he had a heist to carry out. The basement, while intriguing, would mean sacrificing all of his possible escape routes, seeing as how the only way

out of there would be back the way he came. Looking at the hearth gave him a brief pang of anxiety; it was likely the homeowner was close to that room. And while the elevator was certainly intriguing (“this guy must be richer *and* fatter than Zero!”), Sheero knew better than to start the potentially-noisy contraption.

Sticking to the final option, Sheero padded towards the flight of stairs, ignoring the pricy babbles for now. He was athletic enough to hop out the second floor window and roll away if he needed to, and there was surely more expensive trinkets hidden about the master bedroom, right?

The upstairs looked much the same as the living room, with a balcony overlooking the central chamber of the home. There were two hallways to either side of the staircase, the right leading down towards a pair of doorways, one of which had gold and silver trim around the edge, while the other was more simple, with a sign that read “My home is your home” tacked to the center. The left hallway had a trio of doorways, though it was difficult to make out the further two; the closer door was wide-open, and covered from floor to ceiling with thick, dense cobwebs. It looked like that door hadn’t been touched in years, and an odd chittering, clicking sound could be heard from within.

Sheero’s heart stopped in his chest as he gazed upon the webbed door, his eyes as wide as saucers. It was like walking into a fake haunted house from halloween, except this was actually real, even though the fake ones were enough to make him scream. Taking a deep, shuddering breath, the fox skipped that one and went right towards the gold and silver edged door. There *had* to be something valuable behind those doors, something a little less ominous than that *other* door.

There didn’t seem to be any sound coming from beyond the fanciful door, not even the sound of breathing that accompanied a sleeping anthro. After a moment, it was safe to assume the room was unoccupied, and cracking open the door revealed the interior to the fox. The walls within this room were covered floor to ceiling with books, scrolls, and carved stone tablets, an impressive collection of clearly-old, and well-maintained knowledge. The back wall held a desk that was covered in more of the tomes, yet it was something under the desk that was far more interesting for the thief; an old-looking chest with an aged, tarnished lock holding it closed.

Sheero was no librarian or scholar, so he couldn’t gauge from a glance how much he could sell the books at. However, the chest certainly caught his eye as he bent down to inspect the locked container more carefully. His curiosity sent into overdrive, the teenaged vulpine set to work searching the room for a possible key, looking behind the bookshelves and tablets. Surely, he could find it fast enough to steal the chest’s contents and escape. That’s what a real master thief would do, right?

After a while of investigating the shelves, the thief had no luck finding the key, though a quick glance elsewhere was all it took to locate it; there was a ring of keys simply hung from the

foot of a large, covered bed, a spider-shaped keychain accompanying the keys as they hung from a small hook.

Sheero sighed and mentally face-palmed. He was getting too nervous, missing the obvious that was right in front of him. Scolding himself silently, the fox snatched the keys and started inserting them one by one into the chest, hoping that the shape of the keychain had nothing to do with the webbed door down the hall.

The fifth key the thief tried resulted in the lock giving a satisfying *click*, before falling open. Without the lock in place, the lid of the chest slowly creaked up on its spring hinges, revealing its contents to the fox; glittering, glowing gemstones the size of an anthro's fist, along with an old photo album, and a smaller, open box that held military-style badges and a thin, stick-like object.

"Jackpot!" Sheero muttered to himself, grinning ear to ear. He could make a fortune with those gems if they were real! He didn't have time to check their authenticity though, the vulpine grabbing as many of the beautiful rocks as he could to fill up his bag. He hesitated when he looked at the photo album, wondering if he was stealing something a little too personal. Feeling a pang of guilt, the fox left behind a single gem before closing up the box, relocking it, and setting the keys back to where they were before. Hopefully the owner of the manor wouldn't notice his gems were missing until years later, long after the trail had gone cold. Clutching the sack tightly in his sweaty palms, the vulpine tiptoed his way out the door and-

*GROOOOOWL!*

The fox's grey face turned snow-white, his fur and hair standing on end, enough for his black mask to fly right off his face! Did the creature behind the webbed door notice him sneaking off with their treasure?! Sheero shakily turned towards the door, before another loud grumble echoed throughout the hallway, this time emanating from the fox's hollow stomach.

Both relief and panic flooded through the vulpine. Thankfully the creature wasn't about to try and dismember him, but if he made it back towards the hearth room with his middle growling like that, he'd surely alert the owner! With a noisy gulp, the vulpine moved as fast as possible down the stairs towards the source of the food, sneaking his way inside the door and shutting it just as his gut let out another nasty grumble. Just in time, had he tried making a run for it, he surely would have notified the owner! Allowing himself a sigh of relief, Sheero looked around the room curiously.

The kitchen was nearly as huge as the living room, and looked stocked to be staffed by a whole team of gourmet chefs, judging by how many different forms of pots, pans, and utensils lined the walls. The scent of food came from an odd machine just inside the kitchen door; it looked like a refrigerator, but held several different dispensers and hoses on its front and sides, and a sound like muffled clockworks could be heard within.

Curiously, Sheero picked up the hose and looked inside it, confused as to what kind of instrument this was. As soon as he did so, his ears folded back as he heard his stomach cry out once again, smelling the strong scent of pudding and ice cream deep inside. This only confirmed his thoughts that the owner of the manor was a massive glutton, something that caused the fox to snicker. He was gonna have no problem outrunning him for sure. Setting the hose down, Sheero grabbed the fridge-like handle and opened the device, hungrier than ever.

Much to the fox's surprise, the interior of the machine was much, much different than what would usually be found in a refrigerator. Instead, there were several stacked conveyor belts that rotated slowly, the source of the clockwork sound he had heard, each of the slowly spinning shelves holding its own variety of food, from whole meals covered in clear chafing dishes, to ingredients waiting to be turned into such meals, and most of all, enough different pastries to put a bakery to shame. Even stranger, as he got a closer look, Sheero noticed something outright mind-boggling; the machine was bigger on the inside. Looking between the rotating carousels, he could see them extending far back into the device, farther back than the wall behind it should have logically allowed.

Sheero's maw dropped at the sight before him. What sort of sorcery was this?! The tiny fridge was big enough to fit himself in several times, and still have room for another fridge! He couldn't believe his eyes, even as he reached forward to grab at a buttery croissant. It felt real, so much so that the fox didn't even think before taking a bite out of it. Soft and flakey, just like a real croissant. This wasn't just an illusion, there really was an near-infinite amount of food in this tiny machine!

Which mean the owner wouldn't mind if a few pieces go missing, of course.

Cramming the rest of the croissant into his muzzle, Sheero started reaching for more and more of the sweets, moaning as their enticing flavors danced around his tongue. They were all so good, he couldn't stop himself from eating even if he wanted to! In a matter of minutes, he had demolished more calories than he would have if he had eaten a regular dinner, all without slowing down for a moment. In his excited eating frenzy, however, the vulpine failed to notice a certain change going on with himself.

His black sweater slowly rose higher as his meal progressed, revealing a slimmer of a grey-furred belly beneath it. Being as thin as he is, Sheero's weight gain was easily noticeable to anyone, besides himself of course. He was too busy sampling from the thirteen different kinds of donuts to feel a cool draft wash over his exposed stomach, or how his sweater and shorts were starting to cling to his hips and waist a little more than usual. The fox was practically starving after all, and surely the manor's proprietor wouldn't mind a few morsels disappearing. From what he could deduct, the owner must be a real pile of blubber if he needs a specialized elevator just to haul himself up a flight of stairs anyways!

Bending down to reach another slice of pie, Sheero gasped as he felt the button on his pants suddenly fly off, his gut surging forward to bounce against the side of the machine. Blinking, the vulpine gulped the cupcake he had in his maw to look down and squeeze his belly, watching as his fingers dug into the squishy, malleable blubber. In what he only assumed was a few short minutes, the fox had gone from rail thin to rather chubby, his belly hanging over his waistline by a few inches, lifting his shirt high enough to expose his navel. Similarly, his pants were also squeezed tight against his thighs, his chest had softened up enough to form a pair of moobs visible behind his tight sweater, and his angular chin had rounded out, with a very slight second chin hanging from his muzzle.

"H-how did this happen?" He squeaked, holding his lengthy hair in his arms nervously. He must have weighed close to 300 pounds, more than double his starting weight! No wonder the owner of the manor was so fat! With a whine, he turned towards the door...then back at the fridge, noticing a wedge of pie still uneaten. Maybe one more slice couldn't hurt before he left... or two...make that three...

Five entire pies later, Sheero swaggered out from the kitchen, carrying with him an armful of sweets to nibble on. In that time, his shirt had ridden even further, revealing a rather impressive pot-belly. Silently chewing on a cookie, the 300+ pound fox clutched his bag of gems tightly as he made his way back to the window he had opened, a little worried that it might be a tighter squeeze than before. But just then, a thought struck. He had just stolen some incredibly pricey gems and walked back to his spot all too easily, even taking a snack break in between! This was all too easy, he could surely fit some time to find some more artifacts to snatch, right? Besides, he was a little chubby, but surely no where near as hefty as the homeowner, he could totally outrun him if he got caught! Grinning proudly, the tubby vulpine skipped the window and waddled towards the basement, wondering if the dim glow was something valuable.

The trip down to the basement was significantly longer than up to the second floor, involving several flights of stairs that spiraled down into the ground. The white glow intensified the further down the fox went, his footsteps echoing hollowly against walls that transitioned from painted wood to metal, giving the feeling of some sort of bunker or laboratory. An electrical hum rang through the air, accompanied by the portly fox's deepening breaths, left panting heavily by the time he reached the bottom of the stairs.

Leaning over with his hands on his knees, Sheero wheezed softly as he tried to catch his breath, the elevator he'd seen before suddenly making more sense. Feeling his paunch rippling against his thighs with his hunched position, the fox cringed slightly to himself as he glanced forward, seeing a large, submarine-style door with a wheel in the center that locked it in place. Curiosity growing, along with a sense of unease at the eerie glow that came from the clouded window at the top of the door, the thief reached out with a shaky hand and started to turn the wheel, hearing gears ratcheting into place, before a soft hiss as the door swung open under its own weight.

Stepping in through the portal, Sheero squinted into the bright light, his eyes taking several seconds to adjust to the brilliant illumination. When they finally focused, however, the fox felt his stomach drop as his eyes widened.

The basement was enormous; easily five or six times the size of the entire house above it. Pods of varying sizes lined the walls and formed tall aisles throughout the chamber, filled with glowing green fluid that held something he couldn't quite make out from his spot at the door. The entire room was almost unnaturally clean and white, the machinery humming and bubbling like a mad scientist's lab. Movement caught the fox's eye, and he felt a moment of panic at potentially being caught, only to furrow his brow in confusion as he saw a mechanical arm on a rail sliding between the pods, tending to their mysterious contents autonomously. It was something straight out of a science-fiction film, the obscured contents of the pods filling Sheero with equal measures of curiosity and nervousness.

Considering turning back and forgetting what he'd seen, the fox felt conflicted as he thought about the potential for expensive electronics to fetch a good price. Glancing between the pristine chamber and the stairs, Sheero cringed at the thought of climbing back up without something to make the trip worth it. Squaring his shoulders, the fox stepped cautiously into the bunker, avoiding the robotic arms that tapped at controls on the sides of the pods, making adjustments that the thief couldn't quite decipher. Glancing side to side, Sheero felt his heart pounding in his chest; it felt like he was being watched, almost like every glowing pod he passed had a pair of eyes boring into him on the way by.

Finally, after several minutes of uncertainty, Sheero turned and faced the nearest pod, his curiosity swelling up in his chest more than he could resist any longer. It had to be something valuable, considering all the machinery used to keep whatever was inside in good condition. As he stepped closer, it was easier to see into the strange fluid, though he still couldn't quite tell what was floating in the fluid. Pressing his face up against the glass, Sheero squinted into the glass, tapping the surface inquisitively. There was a soft beep from the pod at his touch, causing the fox to gasp and step back as the glass lit up with a display of information for a brief moment, before the fluid inside shifted and cleared up, revealing the mystery within.

Bringing him face to face with the floating figure of a wolf anthro, staring blankly ahead as it held itself in a fetal position within its pod.

The fox let out a silent screech as he jumped back, collapsing onto his plush rump as he stared back at the lifeless lupine. This was nuts! The owner has some messed up body collection growing in his own basement! Sheero's overactive mind already gave him visions of the obese owner of the manor growing an army of slaves to do his bidding, like taking over the world! He had to bring this news to the police, even if it meant admitting to his B&E, but he didn't have a camera on hand.

Shivering uncontrollably, the frightened fox looked at the tank once more, searching for a way to take something back to prove its existence. His eyes settled on the amethyst-studded collars that sat on each side of the tanks, which were the only things he could see that he could carry back. Besides, they looked genuine enough, he was sure he might be able to sell a few of them for quite a bit of money as well.

Sheero shook his head. Why was he thinking about money at a time like this? That would be just as ridiculous as thinking about the food back in the kitchen, like the thick and creamy Key Lime Pie or the various assortment of cakes and chocolates and

*Guuuuuurgle!*

With a blush, the fox decided it was best not to dwell too much of his situation as he started grabbing at the collars, stashing them in his gem sack.

The thief made his way back after acquiring plenty of “evidence”, the trip back up the stairs even harder than the one down. By the time he’d stepped heavily up the last steps, the only thing on Sheero’s mind was how much his lungs and thighs were burning, nearly collapsing from the effort of hauling his expanded weight up the countless stairs.

There was no way he could make it home now, carrying so many heavy gems as well as his own heavy body. He’d need a break before he could continue, perhaps a chance to fill up his energy (and stomach) with a quick trip to the kitchen? Surely, he could make the trip home after a few snacks.

Waddling back to the kitchen and the magic fridge, Sheero didn’t stop at just a few snacks. Rather, the plump fox stuffed himself with over 50 different kinds of cookies before taking a break. By that point, the entirety of his belly was visible from his shirt, which now served as a bra for him. He would have continued eating too were it not for his pants ripping at the seams, revealing chunks of fox flab pouring through. Still, the vulpine couldn’t help but smile as he patted his gelatinous gut, watching it ripple beneath his touch. What he saw in that basement was incredibly messed up, so being able to binge on comfort food and hug his soft hair (and stomach) helped to relax him immensely.

No longer scared out of his mind, the vulpine decided once more to not abandon his heist early, instead continuing down the downstairs hallway. Realizing that his footsteps were no longer as light as they used to be, the fat fox made sure to quicken his pace as he stepped into the first door on the left, prepared for anything supernatural or spooky.

Imagine his relief when he found himself in the most normal room so far.

The fox let out a sigh he didn’t know he was holding, before wincing as his expanded stomach ripped his shirt just the slightest. It was like he wandered into a geek’s paradise!

Bookshelves lined the cozy room, but instead of strange books and slabs they contained nothing but comic books, movies, and videogames. They were even organized properly based on issue, publisher, and superhero! Filling the empty spaces of the room were tables for foosball, ping pong, and a few empty ones possibly meant for board games (he noticed a few DnD posters on the wall), but what really blew the vulpine away was the back half of the room, which was a personal home theater!

"Woah!" Sheero gasped as he waddled towards the enormous screen, noticing the dozens of consoles and DvD players hooked up to it. Several large Laz E Boy chairs were lined up before the screen, their supple cushioning all too alluring for the weary out-of-shape fox. Grabbing a handful of comics from the nearby shelf, Sheero plopped his thick rear onto the cushion and fell back, blushing a bit as he realized he took up a significant amount of space on it. "I really should try and lose weight after this," the fat fox mumbled before pulling open one of the comics, sighing as he lifted his thick legs to rest. He deserved a rest, right?

The distracted thief lost track of time as he lazed in the entertainment room, blissfully unaware of the source behind his sudden sloth and gluttony. In the back of his mind, far beyond his logical thoughts' reach, something told him that there was something off about what he was doing. Yet those instinctual suspicions were held at bay by an unseen, intangible pressure, which served to reassure him that he was just fine, doing what he pleased. And the glow of the crystals within his satchel grew as he succumbed to those temptations.

Throughout Sheero's journey into the world of comics, he could swear he felt his pants tightening or his shirt rising even further, but whenever he stopped to look down at himself, he was still the same fatty fox he always was, right? It wasn't like he was gaining weight just from reading comic books, that'd be silly! Still, he couldn't help but feel a little confused when he looked at his bulbous stomach resting on his lap. Had he always been this big?

With a hefty shrug, Sheero just laid back and continued reading, forgetting about his heist to instead focus on the wonderful stories this room held. Soon, his eyelids started to feel particularly heavy, to the point where keeping them awake was starting to become difficult. Sheero didn't even finish through his current issue before slumping back into a deep slumber, his great belly rising and falling with every loud snore he made.

It seemed like only an instant before the fox's sleep was interrupted; not by an angry shout, or a violent jostling, but by a gentle nudge to his side, and the smell of a freshly-cooked breakfast. "Psst, hey," a voice came through Sheero's dreams, "You're going to wake up the whole neighborhood with your stomach's growling if you don't have some breakfast, friend."

The foxed sniffed at the air, both in his dreams and in reality, and was meant with a truly out of this world smell. Pancakes, waffles, eggs, bacon, sausages, and more filled his dreams, causing the vulpine to purr and smirk. His dimpled grin persisted even when he woke up as he spied a tray full of the previously-mentioned food resting right on his ample stomach!

"Oh, sweet!" Sheero exclaimed, picking up a fork and knife to dig into the greasy meal. Everything tasted so rich and filling, each mouthful having a noticeable impact as it traveled into his stomach. As he ate, he could feel the tray rising oh so slightly beneath his growing gut, or his sides pressing against the armrests of the chair more. The fox knew he should probably take it easy, but decided to instead see how many sausage links he could scoop up in his fork instead. He'd always been on the heavy side after all, what more could a few pounds do to his frame.

He was so focused on stuffing his greedy face, the fat fox barely even questioned where the food came from until he was almost finished. Letting loose a hearty belch, Sheero patted his doughy, jiggling chest before smiling and turning to his feeder. "Thank you so much misterrrr..." he froze, letting that word hang in the air as he stared at the creature before him.

The fox was met with the sight of a massive serpent, the snake almost half as wide as he was long! And that was quite the state, considering the obese ophidian must have been at least fifty feet from nose to tail. The flabby serpent's golden eyes met the vulpine's gaze with a soft, amiable smile that dimpled his doughy cheeks, nodding his head to Sheero in a friendly manner and setting his numerous, green-scaled neck rolls wobbling. "Good morning," he greeted, coiling up as much as his fattened frame would allow beside the thief's seat, "Mors, by the way. Mister Mors, or Aaron, if you prefer. And you are?"

It took Sheero a few moments to think of a proper response, given he was still trying to take in the sight before him. He knew the owner of the manor was fat, but this snake was downright massive! Sheero could see the serpent jiggling from his neck, all the way down to his tail, then back to his neck again! No wonder he needed an elevator to move around.

That thought, mixed with the bag of gems sitting next to the couch (and Aaron) brought with it the realization that Sheero really, really shouldn't be here right now. His eyes widening, the tubby fox folded his ears and bowed, not wanting to stand up seeing as how there was still food on his belly. "I-I'm so sorry, Mister Mors. I hope I d-didn't scare you! Please forgive me, I-I'll never step foot in your house again!" Sheero whined, avoiding eye contact with the pudgy serpent. He didn't dare mention what he saw in the basement, for fear of ending up trapped in one of those glass containers as well. Although Aaron would know full well he went there, Sheero realized with a shudder, due to the amethyst braces he snatched.

Much to the fox's surprise, the serpent simply chuckled as she shook his head slowly, sending more of those sluggish, flabby undulations through his figure. "It's quite alright, don't worry about it," Aaron assured the vulpine, giving another of those friendly smiles, "I just wasn't expecting company, but that's okay. Everything is okay." There was an odd quality in the snake's tone that made his words seem to have an unusual weight to them, the last statement almost seeming to echo into the recesses of Sheero's mind, their warmth and friendliness assuaging the fox's nerves to great effect.

The vulpine's mind started to grow a bit foggy as he listened, his eyes looking a little more cloudy than usual. He slowly eased his tense hold on the armrest and sighed, leaning back a little further. Soon, Sheero started looking around, not searching for an escape, but rather to appreciate the room better. "You have a really nice house, Aaron. Is it ok if I come back again sometime?" The fat fox's smile mirrored the serpent's, down to the dimple placement.

Aaron smiled as he nodded, looking into Sheero's eyes. The fox could nearly feel himself falling into the golden pools, and the serpent's voice felt like the gentle surf against a distant shore in his ears. "Of course, whenever you'd like," the snake affirmed, his words like warm honey caressing the vulpine's very thoughts, "You're free to relax as you please, enjoy what my home has to offer. Perhaps a second course of breakfast? Such a big, strong fox surely needs more than a small snack like this to sate his big, strong appetite." Sheero felt like his mind was being swaddled in the softest of blankets, worry and fear floating away on the wind as Aaron's words formed a reassuring hammock of support, leaving only pleasure and contentedness in the fox's mind.

With all of his anxiety and nervousness gone, Sheero gladly nodded back and slowly hauled himself onto his feet, making sure to set the tray aside so as to not spill any food. Instead, the vulpine made a different kind of mess as his pants and sweater exploded off of his body, leaving the flabby vulpine in his underwear. The Sheero anyone knew would have died from embarrassment, stuck in his undies in the house of the person he was trying to rob after gaining several hundred pounds, but instead of reacting to it he simply chuckled and waddled by the snake. "Heh, I-I am pretty big now, aren't I?" He asked in a dreamily, drunken voice, jiggling his impressive belly.

Wrapping his tubby arm around the fat serpent's shoulder as if he were a good friend, Sheero grinned and gave Aaron an affectionate squeeze. "Thanks for offering food, but I have to warn you I'm preeeetty hungry," the canine snickered, leaving behind the bag of gems.

The snake laughed heartily, feeling himself rippling against the fox's embrace. "Oh, no doubt!" Aaron agreed a subtle degree of impishness edging into his smile as he continued in his mesmerizing tone, "Why, I bet you're simply starving, aren't you? A fox your size must be able to clear out a whole feast and still have room for more, wouldn't you agree?" There was no denying it; those words were met quickly by an eager growl from Sheero's stomach, the snake chuckling as he nudged his "guest's" side, "Come now, have a seat by the fire, let me fetch you a more fitting meal."

"Of course," Sheero responded as if he had been planning to do that all this time, waddling closer to the fire. He noticed the couch closer to the door, but disregarded it almost immediately; he was told to sit close to the fire after all, and he was feeling rather obedient. Spying several large cushions on the ground, the obese vulpine settled himself down next to it before leaning back, spreading his arms out to either side as his head and shoulders were supported. He sighed, the absolute picture of content as he looked past his hill-shaped gut towards the fireplace, seemingly mesmerized by it.

With the fox's back turned, Aaron allowed himself a sly grin, before sluggishly slithering his way into his kitchen. With so many pre-made meals to choose from, it only took a few minutes for the jiggly snake to return with several platters balanced on his rolled back, gently sidling up against the resting fox and curling the broadest portion of his coils around Sheero's shoulders, granting him a luxuriously-soft pillow to rest against while the first of the heavily-laden platters was rested atop the fox's broad belly.

"Theeere we are," Aaron cooed quietly into the thief's ear, nuzzling the flickering ear lightly, "Go ahead, dig in, you're feeling sooo hungry, aren't you~?"

Sheero didn't need to reply, his growling stomach did all the talking for him. Instead, the tubby fox sighed and leaned back against his new cushy rest, feeling himself engulfed in the serpent's thick lard. Surprisingly enough, the vulpine hesitated when he glanced at the tray on his stomach, looking worried for only the briefest of moments. "I'm gonna get soooooo fat," Sheero muttered, grinning as he dug into his second course, murring as he noticed the food tasting far richer than before.

The snake gave another quiet chuckle, leaning closer to whisper his sweet words into the fox's ear. "Doesn't it feel wonderful?" Aaron sighed in mutual comfort, his tender voice caressing the thief's subconscious like comforting rays of sunshine, filling Sheero with a sense of warmth and peace, "Feeling all that soft heft around you, so comfortable to simply rest into. And all that wonderful softness will grow as you eat; oh yesss, as you eat and eat and eat~"

Even while Sheero was stuffing himself, his stomach continued to growl and demand more food. Although the serpent's words relaxed the fox's mind, they had the opposite effect on his stomach it seems. The fat fox's paws ran on auto pilot, hand feeding pawfuls of delicious

fattening cuisine straight into his pudgy muzzle, ignoring the occasional crumb falling onto his thick chins. Aaron's hypnotic words continued to swirl around Sheero's mind, repeating themselves as he ate and ate. When he inevitably lost his vision of the fireplace due to his rising belly, or noticed how chunky his arms were getting, the fox let out a dimpled grin, which slowly faded once his pudgy paws came up empty. Had he really finished the first tray already?

Once the first platter was cleared, the snake took it in his muzzle and cleared it away, setting the next on Sheero's risen paunch next. "Look at how much you can eat! These trays are little more than light snacks to you," Aaron hummed hypnotically into the fox's ears, giving playful nuzzles and nibbles to the flickering limbs, "But you're still sooo hungry, it feels like you haven't eaten in days. You need more, oh yes; much more~" The serpent no longer bothered hiding the mischievous smirk or the impish tinge in his voice; he had the fox where he wanted him!

If Sheero noticed the subtle change in Aaron's demeanour, he certainly didn't act on it. He was more than content to stuff himself silly, a dorky grin plastered on his face as if he had eaten a few edibles and was undergoing a serious case of the munchies. His eyes were hardly even open, merely observing the big grey mass before him growing larger. The fox was on cloud 9, his piling weight feeling like a big cozy blanket of blubber! As he grew fatter, he also became lazier, slowing down his rampant eating until he finally stopped at the third try, too lazy to attempt to reach his doughy arms past his sofa-sized paunch.

Noticing that his guest had reached the peak of sloth, the serpent gave another soft chuckle as he cleared away the trays, nuzzling the fox's ears gently. "Now, we can't have you enjoy a nice, hearty meal without a bit of dessert," the snake crooned to the gluttonous vulpine, turning his gaze back towards the kitchen door and feeling his neck bunching into softly undulating rolls. Beckoning with his head, the sound of clockworks came from the kitchen, before a sweet-smelling hose snaked through the air towards the pair, the hovering dispenser slithering around to gently nudge at the thief's muzzle.

"Open up, you're still so hungry~" Aaron purred to the would-be burglar, his doughy coils ever-so-gently rockring Sheero side to side.

He didn't need to be told twice. The voluptuous vulpine opened wide as the hose came to his muzzle, not questioning how it got there in the first place. Deep with his altered mind, Sheero recognized the hose as the one from the strange fridge, complete with the strong scent of vanilla and ice cream. To his delight, a combination of the two poured into the fox's maw, causing him to curl his tail in delight (at least as much of it as he could). With his pudgy paws free, Sheero could rub and squeeze at as much of his belly as he could reach, eagerly watching it swell even higher with pure lard.

Aaron felt his grin broadening in tune with his all-too-willing captive, gingerly nuzzling over Sheero's ears. "That's it, drink it aaaall down," the soothing voice of the fox's "caretaker"

resonated through his mind, so that it was difficult to tell whether he was hearing the words at all or if they were simply his own thoughts, "This weight is good. The fullness is good. Wrapped in warmth, growing ever more; this is good." The fox felt like puddy against the snake's coils, a thought which brought a satisfied smirk to the impish serpent's face, and he gave the fox's doughy cheek an affectionate nibble as Sheero guzzled down gallons of sugary calories. The vulpine's swelling figure was becoming even more grandiose than his host's, blossoming into a blubbery blob without the slightest chance of moving on his own.

Finally, after unknowable time had passed, Sheero felt the flow of feed slow to a stop and the hose was gently slipped from his maw. "There now," Aaron crooned to the former thief, his tail dabbing a napkin over the fox's muzzle, "Isn't that so much better?"

It was fortunate for the snake that he covered Sheero's mouth with a napkin; that action caused him to muffle part of the vulpine's impressive belch. Once finished, the fox panted happily and nodded, barely able to move his flabby head at all. He was a blimp, a shapeless mass of grey flab. His limbs were indistinguishable from the rest of him, his enumerable folds blending in with each other. His cheeks spilled onto his broad shoulders, his waist-length hair barely reaching halfway down his back. Heck, even the end of his belly felt warm considering how much closer it was to the fire than the rest of him!

Unsurprisingly, Sheero didn't seem to mind at all.

"I'm huuuuuuuge!" The vulpine giggled giddily as he shoved his belly, wobbling enough to send the platter flying off of him. Smirking at his impressive girth, the fat fox leaned back into his comfy snake bed and beamed at his host. "Let's do this again sometime!"

The serpent couldn't help giving a soft giggle as he nodded affirmatively, nuzzling the fox's brow tenderly. "Of course we will," he affirmed, before giving a broad, mischievous grin, "After all, lunch is just a few hours away~"