

It wasn't much, but it was breakfast; at least, that's what he kept trying to tell himself.

JT sighed as he bit into his whole wheat bagel, suppressing a shudder as he heard a rather unsatisfying crunch. The added seeds and grains gave the ring-shaped disk a sandpapery texture, which didn't do much to disguise its incredibly bland taste. It was almost like he had bitten into a block of wood, but even then, at least the wood wouldn't have left behind a crumbly mess on his grey jacket. Even so, JT quickly pushed back the abominable chunk of stale bagel down his throat and took another bite, a look of pure disgust spreading across his face as he walked down the sidewalk. He was really starting to regret not asking the baker to add cream cheese to his meal, but he knew he had a figure to maintain... even if it wasn't much of a figure to begin with.

The red wolf was unnaturally skinny, to the point where he almost looked unhealthy. Six foot tall and barely 140 pounds, the lanky lupine hardly contained an ounce of muscle or fat. Fortunately, his exposed ribs and boney limbs were safely concealed beneath his grey hooded jacket and blue jeans, both of which were rather baggy for him, but then again the hipster look was somewhat trendy lately. Besides, it wasn't like he was starving; he didn't have hollow cheekbones or boney arms or anything of the sort. He just wanted to keep his weight in check, a concept that was shockingly rare where he lived.

For instance, JT had to sidestep as an incredibly rotund rhino waddled right past him, seemingly unaware of his own tremendous size. Perhaps if he wasn't glued to his phone, he would have seen he was taking up the entirety of the sidewalk, but JT wasn't the kind of wolf to call out others like that. He stepped back onto the sidewalk once the rhino had passed, taking another crunchy bite of the stale bagel as he went.

To distract himself of the horrible taste (as well as to avoid almost walking head-first into another person's gut), JT averted his head from the stale bagel to observe his surroundings better, but there wasn't anything interesting to look at. The sky was a dreary grey with clouds thick enough to hint at a rainy afternoon, causing the building's colors to all look washed out and drab. It wasn't a depressing day or anything; the bustling town was just as active as ever, but the monochromatic scenery didn't help take the wolf's mind off of his stale sandwich.

What *did* grab his attention was the city's civilians; specifically, how wide they were looking lately.

JT's attention was pulled to the various wide furs that waddled down the sidewalks, drawn to them as if they had a gravitational pull. The rhino from earlier was merely the tip of the iceberg of fat furs, such as a voluptuous hippo angrily clutching two airplane tickets in her fist, or a Large-sized badger wearing Medium-sized clothing. Even the lion walking right in front of him wasn't aware of how tight his button-up shirt was until one of the buttons sprang loose and struck the red wolf's snout. What's even more odd, the feline didn't bother stopping to apologize;

he simply scratched at his now-exposed navel before waddling on with a confused expression as to why the canine in front of him was glaring at him.

“Something’s not right,” JT muttered quietly to himself, discarding his bagel to instead rub his chin in a stoic manner. The city had an obesity problem, to be sure, but the odds of encountering so many hefty furs one after another was slim at best, no pun intended. What’s even weirder was the reactions the furs had about their hefty weight, or rather a lack thereof. No one seemed the slightest bit embarrassed that they were showing off a bit more of their excess flab than usual, there wasn’t a single pair of chubby cheeks blushing or generally-timid body language; similarly, no one was exactly flaunting or showing off their sagging bellies and bulbous butts, so it was safe to say none of them were gainers either. Was the city’s obesity issue really more severe than JT anticipated? Or were there other forces at work here?

He would soon get his answer in the form of a phone call, but not just any phone call. JT knew the call was urgent due to the ringtone that played: the superman theme played in reverse. Ducking into the nearby side ally, the rust-colored canine checked to make sure no one could overhear him before answering. “I’m here, Mayor Denya. What’s happening?”

“Oh, it’s terrible, JT! I’m afraid this poor town has been hit by an unprecedented catastrophe!” The draolf on the other end cried with fear, which caused the red wolf to roll his eyes. When was the last time the mayor had called him without panicking about some major disaster? It wouldn’t hurt to say hi once in a while, would it?

Still, the lithe lupine knew to remain calm and professional, considering there evidently was an emergency on their hands. “What is it this time, sir? Have aliens invaded again? Or a group of exiled mutants living underground coming to reclaim our city? You don’t need me to help you climb out of Bronze in Overwatch again, do you?”

“One time! I called you one time for that, and you *still* won’t let it go!” JT tried not to snicker as he heard an indignant snort from the other line. “I’m afraid it’s much more serious than that, JT. You see, I was relaxing in my office, casually sipping on a cup of tea while watching *Gray’s Anatomy*, when suddenly this strange leopard woman barges in, introduces herself as Gemie, and upright takes the television!”

“Shouldn’t...uh, don’t you have security for things like that?”

“This isn’t the time for wisecracks!” The mayor retorted. For the first time since their call started, J.T noticed Denya’s voice sounded somewhat strained, as if he was struggling to hold back a tidal wave. “This leopard is a witch! A sorceress! With a wave of her paw, Gemie turned my highly-trained bodyguards into a pair of unfit blobs too bloated to squeeze through the doors after her, then laughed at their faces! It was awful, JT, real awful!” Denya panted.

JT listened closely the entire time, his mind drifting back to the crowd of rotund furs he had encountered earlier. "Where is she now, mayor? I might still be able to catch her before she does anymore damage."

The red canine's ears folded as he heard the mayor take in several fast, shallow breaths. "She's...she's still here, outside...city hall. She said something about... building a device to...amplify her powers... Please, JT, you must stop her before...before it's too...too..."

JT flinched as he heard the sound of buttons popping, followed by a series of infuriated swearing. "Ah, damnit! My favorite suit!"

"I need to act quickly," JT thought to himself as he stowed his cell phone away, giving one more look around to make sure the coast was clear. Satisfied, the red wolf threw off his baggy grey jacket and blue jeans, leaving him standing in his underwear. Most, if not all, furs would be horrified to attempt such a quick wardrobe change outside, but JT wasn't like most furs.

How, you may ask? Well, for starters, he moved faster than the naked eye could perceive.

Indeed, in less than a fraction of a second, JT disrobed himself, magically produced a black belt out of thin air, and wrapped it around his skinny waist. From there, all he had to do was touch the gold belt buckle to send threads cross-stitching themselves over one another at a faster rate than the world's most efficient sewing machine. Faster than a fly can beat its wings, JT went from wearing a typical clothes to his specialized superhero outfit: a teal one-piece suit with mustard-colored sleeves that covered him from head to thighs...wait a minute.

"Aw, crapbaskets, the stupid belt's malfunctioning again!" JT frowned as he felt a breeze blowing along his exposed legs. Superheros got a lot of flack for wearing revealing suits, so naturally the canine was horrified to find the lower half of his pants hadn't even formed, leaving him with a pair of skin-tight shorts that didn't even reach halfway to his knees. At the very least his matching boots appeared; he was supposed to be a superhero after all, not a damn fetishist.

Groaning inwardly, the red wolf snapped his fingers, his signature goggles materializing on his face, adding a bright orange overlay to his annoyed gaze. "Whatever, let's just get this done," JT muttered as he spread his legs and squatted, giving them each a good stretch. With his warmup complete, the canine started off with a light jog, traveling somewhere upwards of, I dunno, 200 miles an hour.

Fortunately, anyone glancing towards JT wouldn't be able to see the canine, let alone the fact that he was missing the bottom half of his costume; all they could discern was a sudden streak of blue and orange, followed by a very strong gust of wind. He had received complaints before that his speed contributed to the city's litter problem, considering he'd knock over cans

and send trash flying throughout the street, but he figured he could get away with it this time in order to cover up a bit of his shame. The mayor did say this was an emergency, after all.

In record time, JT had made it onto the city hall's lawn, leaving behind two blazing trails as he skid to a halt. His dramatic entrance went unnoticed, however, for the only person nearby had their attention on a large metallic spire resting right next to the building, their yellow, black-spotted back turned towards him.

"That's gotta be her," JT mumbled quietly while frowning. He had just arrived at nearly the speed of sound, and the leopard girl hardly raised an ear in his direction. Was it possible she was partially deaf? Or did she really not see him as a threat.

Clearing his throat, the red wolf decided to test that theory. "You know, I understand how it feels to be insecure about your weight, but I don't think fattening up an entire town is a proper coping mechanism."

Gemie stopped her work on the strange device: a hodgepodge of TVs, DVDs, antennas, and satellite dishes all wrapped up into a strange tower of sorts. Heaving a sigh, she slowly drew herself onto her feet and turned around, crossing her arms as he glared at the canine. "Right, and I'm supposed to take life advice from a school mascot?"

"Well, you're one to talk!" was the comeback in JT's mind, but his mind turned to mush when he got a better look at his enemy. Simply put, the snow leopard was a bombshell of a babe! Her shoulderlength blue hair fluttered softly in the wind JT had created when he arrived, her simple yet striking purple crop top that did very little to conceal her impressive bust, paired with matching low-cut jeans that did a wonderful job showing off her curvy hips and thighs. Needless to say, JT had to wipe his nose a few times to make sure it wasn't bleeding.

Unfortunately, Gemie didn't seem to share similar feelings for the lupine, her upper lip twitching in disgust at the lupine's gaudy outfit. "Seriously, what school mascot are you? I passed like three elementary schools on the way here and I'm certain I saw your face on at least one of them."

"Erh, I'm the city mascot...no wait, I-I mean I'm the city hero!" JT grimaced, shaking his head. "Get it together, man. She's a villain, not the girl of your dreams." Taking a deep breath and puffing out his chest, the wolf started reciting the same speech he'd practiced in the shower just that morning, this time dropping his voice as deep as it can go. "You see, evil doer, I am the hope of the hopeless! I am the light in the darkness! I am the bacon in the fridge for all those who cry out in hunger! I am the-"

"Oh my god, stop talking!" Gemie suddenly cried out, causing the wolf to flinch in shock. "I don't have time to play with some sorta superhero wannabe, got it? I don't know how you managed to avoid gaining weight like everyone else in this stupid little town, but frankly I don't

care, so if you know what's best for you, you'd run back home before I figure out a way to beach you on your gut!" She spat at the costumed canine, who looked too startled to even think of a retort. Satisfied, Gemie turned back to her project, but instead of a tower of metal, she came face to face with none other than JT himself. "Ma'am, I take my job very seriously, so when you interrupt me like that-"

JT was interrupted like that once again, this time by Gemie grabbing the hero's clothes and, with surprising strength, throwing him over her shoulder. The red wolf twisted effortlessly in midair to land on his feet, just in time to look up and see his enemy's brown eyes glow a faint red. "Alright, creep, I tried being nice! If you're so desperate to leave here in a stretcher, then be my guest!"

The sorceress raised a spotted paw above her head, the air around them starting to pick up as unseen arcana swirled around her palm. JT braced himself for whatever spell his foe was preparing, narrowing his eyes as he spotted a faint glow above the leopard's paw. It was faint at first, like a small candle, before gradually glowing brighter and large, a large luminescent ball. Much to the wolf's surprise, the ball started to take shape, forming a cylindrical shape at the bottom with a round, bumpy top. As the mass of magic finished forming, the light started to fade away, revealing not a dangerous spell, but rather a simple cupcake.

A simple cupcake nearly as large as a wedding cake, complete with tiny arms, legs, and a face etched into the frosting that glared wickedly at the canine.

"Hey, that's actually kinda cute," JT couldn't help but chuckled at the pink pastry. "And you were saying I look like a school mascot. I've been to quite a few bakeries and I'm pretty I've seen this little guy on the storefront somewhere."

Gemie casually snickered back, placing her paws on her hips. "Well aren't you the comedian? Don't you worry that pretty little head of yours, my creations are far more deadly than anything you've faced before!"

"Wait, did she call me pretty just now?" The canine mused to himself briefly, but before he could really ponder that thought, the cupcake let out a squeaky roar and lunged itself at him. JT gasped and leapt back, the pastry landing right where he stood a fraction of a second ago. "She wasn't kidding, that thing's quicker than it looks," the wolf thought, a grin spreading along his muzzle. Fast, but not fast enough. When the creepy cupcake leapt again, JT was prepared this time with an attack of his own: a devastating punch that obliterated the treat into millions of bitesize bits.

"I gotta say, I'm impressed. That thing almost caught me off guard," JT couldn't help but remark in a snarky manner, blowing the stream off of his fist. He would have followed his comment with another insult (in typical fashion of a true superhero) had he not noticed Gemie's smirk hadn't changed at all. By the time he figured out why, however, it was too late.

Jt turned around to see the countless crumbs swirl in the air before rushing towards him like a swarm of angry flies. The canine gasped in shock, which inevitably proved to be his biggest mistake. The chunks of dough and frosting pelted the inside of his maw, forcing their way into his his mouth and down his throat without any input on JT's part. In fact, by the time he had managed to close his muzzle, he had already eaten the remainder of the monster cupcake, save for a few specks of pink frosting on his lips.

From behind, the hero could hear Gemie casually clap her paws together. "Well done, well done indeed. You're not just an average fox if you can beat a two foot tall pastry."

"Oh yeah?" JT snarled as he turned to face Gemie once again, his belly wobbling softly. "Well, for starters I'm not a fox you ignorant jerk! Yes, I have red and white fur, but if you'd pay closer attention to my..." wait a moment, why was his belly wobbling just now?

Looking down, JT's jaw dropped as he saw his middle, his lanky midsection was now covered with several layers of pudge. That single cupcake had somehow sent nearly 50 pounds onto the lupine's once-slender figure, and while he was by no means fat, he had certainly passed the chubby threshold. His stomach stood out several inches now, resting on top of his black belt. From his vantage point, JT could see his chest had grown somewhat softer as well, and while he couldn't see it, he could feel his thighs and rear had also garnered a few extra inches.

The red wolf's ears wilted as he heard a piercing laugh from the sorceress, who went so far as to throw her head back and point at him dramatically. "Aahahahah! Oh, you should see the look on your face! Looks like Mr. Rough-And-Tough superhero has eaten one too many sweets, literally! I'm gonna level with ya, big guy, if one cupcake's enough to make you lose your composure, you have no hope of defeating me!" Still grinning mischievously, Gemie raised her arm once again, this time summoning an enormous glazed donut with teeth inside the hole. "Of course, I wouldn't spare you your punishment even if you gave up now. And as you're most likely aware, I'm not above fattening the innocent."

JT made to glare at the evil leopard, but with the help of his special goggles, his advanced eyesight told him that something was off about his foe. It was extremely subtle, to the point where an average fur most likely wouldn't have noticed, but the superhero could see that summoning the two highly-fattening treats had left Gemie somewhat winded. With a sigh, the chubby wolf stood tall against the villain and smirked, crossing his arms against his padded chest. An idea was forming in his head, one that was crazy enough to work. "Are you sure you're up for it? I mean, if just summoning junk food makes you drowsy, then I say you should quit now while you're ahead."

Success! JT noticed Gemie's eyes widened briefly, the leopard's smile fading. "Of course this isn't normal junkfood, you dolt! It takes a lot of care and magic to make these babies

as fattening as they are! I'll admit, I expected the first one to make you into a helpless ball of lard, but that just means we need to up the dosage!"

"And can your body handle that much strain? I mean, my own body is really something else; it'd take a lot to get me to even feel the extra weight!" The canine snorted. To his delight, Gemie's brow furrowed with concern, the feline possibly doubting her own abilities. Time to set his plan into action. "Let's have a friendly wager then. You summon as much of your little snacks as you can at once and I'll eat every last one of them, no complaints. The first one to tap out or be immobilized will go along with the other's wishes; in your case, you turn yourself into the authorities without any more tricks."

It was a carefully thought out plan, to be sure. He wasn't certain what other abilities Gemie had up her arsenal, but he felt how unnaturally strong the leopard was when she threw him over her head with ease. For all he knew, she was saving some devastating and violent attack for later as a last resort, something that could cause a lot of collateral damage. If she tired out using her magic just to fatten him up, he could safely apprehend her in the end. Besides, he was sure his body could handle the extra weight...right?

Gemie seemed to have read his mind, for she quickly regained her composure and scoffed. "Is this your attempt at trying to be chivalrous? Or do you actually think you can eat away at my magic until nothing's left?" She chuckled again, but there was a hint of nervousness in her laughter, something JT picked up all too easily. "Very well, we'll play your game. And when you submit, I will gladly make you my pudgy servant!"

"Hell, I'll spit shine your boots clean if you win! That's just how confident I am," JT chuckled, playfully licking his lips as the evil donut slowly drew closer to his muzzle. It was a good thing his super suit could stretch to fit any size, he had a hunch he was about to go up a few.

Fortunately, the donut didn't try forcing its way into the wolf's maw, allowing JT to eat at his leisure. Showing no hesitation, he took one enormous bite after another, ravenously chowing down on the treat as if he hadn't eaten in weeks. Once the devil donut was reduced to crumbs, the canine allowed himself a quiet burp, smiling smugly as he patted his noticeably wider belly. "Urf, now that was delish. Hurry up and send another one over, babe, I'm practically withering away here!"

"Babe?" Gemie repeated with indignation, her brow furrowing in anger. "If you're in that much of a hurry to lose, then so be it! I can keep this up all day!" The leopard's eyes glowed brighter as she summoned a monster brownie covered in whipped cream and caramel. Followed by a batch of evil cookies. Which preceded the wicked wedding cake. And with every sweet treat she made, JT was quick to shovel it down his gaping maw, happily playing the part of the mindless glutton even if it meant destroying his waistline. After every snack, he'd burp lazily and pat the end of his stomach, demanding something bigger and tastier to satisfy his

intense hunger, something that flustered the feline to no end. "It's working," JT thought to himself as he swallowed an ice cream sandwich whole, crumbs falling onto his shelf-like moobs. "She's letting her pride get the better of her. She's so determined on making me a blob, she's not even considering attacking me or the city, and with every treat she makes, her magic reserves deplete! I can win this!" So proud the canine was with his plan that he almost forgot about the sacrifice he was making. Almost.

He had closed his eyes to try and appear as if he were savoring every bite, but in reality he was trying to avoid looking down at himself. However, even if he couldn't see it, he could feel himself swelling and growing with every bite. JT could feel his apron of a belly started to rest against his thighs, or how said thighs squished and bulged against each other like two over-stuffed sausages, forcing him to widen his gait. While his heavier arms had no impact on the superhero's super strength, they certainly wobbled and jiggled considerably as he stuffed himself, occasionally bouncing against his rising moobs when he wasn't paying attention. He could feel his cheeks growing thicker with him, or his jowls quivering as he chewed, or his exposed cankles wobbling whenever he shuffled his feet. JT could even feel how his tail was starting to ride up along the growing curve of his rear: two thick bulbous masses of flab that were sure to take up more than one seat each.

Fortunately, as JT grew, Gemie's treats shrank, now mere bite-sized normal variants of the monster meals from earlier. Allowing himself a peak, the canine ignored how his gut had risen into his peripheral risen to celebrate just how red in the face his adversary was. Feeling a brief moment of triumph, the hero gulped down the floating eclair and belched. Once he finished licking his muzzle clean, he hefted both of his doughy arms beneath his gut, watching them vanish from view from under his stomach, and proceeded to heft the wobbling yoga ball-sized mound of lard in the air, his skintight suit revealing every fold, knock, and valley there was to see. "Awww yeah, that's one happy tummy. I gotta hand it to ya, sweetie, your baked goods are out of this world! You should seriously open up a bakery once you're out of prison, I'd visit you everyday!"

The leopard's faced flushed even further, too busy staring at the sloshing, glorping belly to respond or even her foe. Once she stopped undressing the canine in her mind, the feline growled and set the neck cookie hurtling at JT, which bounced harmlessly against his pudgy white cheek. "Sure, why not?! I thought a superhero was supposed to be concerned about their looks, not stuffing their fat face at every possible second!"

JT noticed the pressure was really getting to her, triumphantly swallowing the cookie that rested in between the folds on his neck. "Oh, all this isn't permanent. I have quite the heroic metabolism, you know. Why else would I be as skinny as a rake when I have the appetite I do? Don't worry, a few trips jogging around the country and I'll be back down to my slender self in a day or two," JT responded with a huge lie. While it's true his heroic body made it difficult for him to pile on weight, it also made it next to impossible to lose it. He had gone through the freshman fifteen earlier, something that took him years of rigorous dieting and exercising to get

rid of. With the amount of pudge he was currently packing, he would need to starve himself for a decade to even lose a fraction of his weight, something he really wasn't looking forward to. But, this was what it meant to be a hero, right? To do the greater good, no matter the price.

Paranoid that the sorceress was about to see through his life, JT grabbed the front of his bulbous belly, which to his horror was only barely within his reach. "Wow, you can still see my navel even though my suit. Damn, that thing's deep, it could swallow an apple I bet. Hey, check it out, I can make it talk my squeezing around the end of it like this: *Thank you for the treats, Gemie! There were super yummy!*"

JT almost lost it when he saw Gemie's head glow a brighter red than her eyes, which were currently locked on the quivering belly button as if it really had developed sentience. "Y-you're a pig!" She muttered breathlessly, looking ready to collapse at any moment.

"Then maybe it's time you upgraded me to a whale!" JT suddenly called out, pushing away his doubts. This was it, his chance to finally deplete Gemie's magic reserves once and for all. "Give me something really big, juicy, and ready to explode with calories! Make me rip out of these magic clothes, turn me into a waddling ball of blubber who couldn't outrun a snail, let alone a jet! Make me into your helplessly fattened servant, who lives to do as you please while begging for more food! But if I can make a request, please make this one something meaty instead. Any more sugar and I'll get a headache."

JT watched as the sorceress wiped a bead of sweat from her brow, before raising both of her arms to call upon the most fattening ingredient she could muster: plump sausage links that coiled and hissed like an angry cobra, even if its size more closely resembled an enormous boa. "Kiss your mobility goodbye," was all the withered Gemie managed to say before sending it hurling towards her obese adversary.

The canine's eyes widened at the same time his maw did, his mouth opened as wide as possible to allow the train of meat to enter. Briefly forgetting that he was supposed to be enjoying this, JT moaned as he hefted his belly into his arms, only to feel his heart sink in his chest as he realized that was suddenly a bit more difficult. His gut overflowed his doughy arms, spilling past like a waterfall of blubber, his fingers (which were looking more and more like the very sausages he was eating) losing themselves in the tonnage. JT was seriously about to call it quits; he couldn't even reach his belt buckle anymore and his cheeks were starting to rise in his peripheral vision, but as soon as it had started, the stuffing ceased.

JT panted a little to regain his bearings, shocked to find himself pushing past the 7 or 8 hundred pound threshold. His moobs were nearly as big as his head, jostling melons of lard that would make even the busty Gemie jealous. When he lowered his belly, he felt it sag on top of his thighs nearly to his knees, jiggling furiously even though it's contained by his suit. He was no longer chubby or even fat; he was one obese superhero. And he made sure to flaunt.

“Thaaaaat’s more like it!” JT beamed, wincing as he felt creases form on his face when he did that. Ignoring the humiliation, the rotund canine hefted his gut one more time, surprised at how supple the sagging bag of flesh was. “Phew, guess it’ll take a bit longer than a few days to work this out. Ah well, maybe I can start my new exercise routine by hauling you to the precinct,” he chuckled as he took a lumbering step towards Gemie, grateful that his suit prevented part of him jiggling at least.

Gemie was helpless. She had used the last of her power in one last-ditch effort and as a result collapsed onto her hands and knees. She was powerless, her flushed face now pale with exhausted as she struggled to simply regain her breath. She was finished, ready to admit surrender.

At least, that’s how it appeared at first.

“You fat, stupid fool,” Gemie snarled, miraculously recovering her breath in an instant. Before JT even noticed the sudden change, he felt his wrists and ankles bound tightly by four pairs of sausage links, which served to double as chained cuffs. JT gasped and tried reaching for them, but found himself powerless to the meat as it somehow, miraculously lifted his tonnage into the air, his lard drooping down until he was thrown against the city hall wall.

The impact didn’t so much injure the superhero’s body as it did his pride, for he was forced into a spread eagle position against the bricks, revealing every inch of his impressive girth. Even his tail, which was practically invisible due to his squished rear taking up a shocking amount of space, was chained against the wall. Clearly, Gemie meant business this time.

Speaking of which, the voluptuous feline cackled once more as she rose to her feet, eyeing her captured prey intently. “Well well, I believe the winner was whoever made their opponent immobile first? I suppose I must declare myself the winner then, unless I need to tighten those chains of yours,” Gemie purred, licking her lips as she strode over to lightly caress the edge of the lupine’s soft belly. “Mmmm, soft, yet so puffy and round. You remind me a lot of the last fur I personally fattened: a green skunk who wouldn’t stop hitting on me.”

“Unhand me, you villain!” JT’s fluffy white cheeks turned a soft shade of pink as he realized that, even his one of his arms were free, he still couldn’t reach over the swell of his middle to stop the leopard from toying with his lard. “T-this isn’t part of the deal!”

“Oh, yes it was! You’re simply too dense to understand that my magical powers outweigh anything you’ve ever experienced before, even yourself! You thought that I would eventually wear myself out, leaving you with an easy victory. However, as you can see, that won’t be the case.” The leopard summoned a single chocolate bar with a wink, making JT realize that the feline’s exaggerated summoning rituals from earlier were also all a ploy. He kept his muzzle shut, even the sugary treat bouncing against his nose, but was forced to relent when two pieces of string cheese attached themselves to the bottom of JT’s squishy jaw like tape, forcing his

maw open. From there, it was smooth sailing for the chocolate bar to casually slide into the canine's mouth as if floating on a river, but once it dropped into the canine's stomach the effects were instant!

JT bloated out even further in a blink of an eye, an extra hundred pounds depositing themselves onto his increasingly-obese figure. His belly bulged further past his knees, his cheeks rose like dough in an oven, his moobs surpassing the size of his head. The wolf's ears folded (oh god, even those felt fatter too) as he looked helplessly down at his captor, reduced to pathetic whimpering now that his jaw was stuck open.

Something that Gemie found hilarious! "Aaahahahah! The proud and noble superhero, now a fat husk of his former self begging his nemesis for food! Don't worry pup, I always take good care of my slaves, but at the rate you're growing you'll be far too large to take orders! No, you'll be my new pet, and my personal King-sized bed!" Cackling wickedly, the wicked woman conjured up dozens of smaller treats, each of them bearing fanged grins, glaring eyes, and wiggling limbs. With evil intentions, the sugary treats flung towards the fattened captive, giggling and bouncing along his tampoline-like belly, squeezing his triple chins, rubbed themselves along his tongue, and other nefarious deeds before diving down the canine's gullet. JT didn't have to open his eyes to know that he was expanding even faster than before, taking up a larger and larger chunk of the wall with his own flab while his middle puffed out further and further, pressing itself against the leopard.

Said leopard purred softly, wrapping her arms around as much of the surging flab as she could reach while digging her claws into the rolls. "I wasn't lying earlier when I said I could do this all day. Would you like an example of how powerful I really am?"

Not expecting an answer, Gemie chuckled and turned around, leaning her back against the doughy wall of pudge as she felt it rise around her. "That metal contraption you saw me building earlier? That's a little device I made to amplify my already-impressive powers until they can reach the farthest corners of the Earth. From there, no one is safe from my fattening abilities! All I'd need to do is channel my magic into this spire and let the electrons transmit them at light speed. The world will be overrun with blobs and fatsos who'd get winded just from waddling across their living room! From there, everything my heart desires would be within reach of me, and whoever resists can spend the rest of their lives eating twinkies on their backs!"

Allowing herself another dramatic, evil laugh, the sorceress turned around to observe her progress. Her eyes lit up at seeing the canine start to squint due to his swelling cheeks that pushed past his muzzle; she could hardly even make out the wolf's face due to just how absolutely massive his gut was. Even with JT's paws off the ground, his belly rested on the ground, his squished rear quickly following suit. Licking her lips, Gemie started groping at the wolf's exposed lower leg, squeezing the plump appendage that was twice as wide as her own waistline. "Hmmmm, your body is so soft, it's a shame most of it's covered up by your costume.

Don't worry, pup, I can tell it's starting to get a little tight on you, I betcha it'd rip right off in another hour or two."

JT was helpless, stuck watching himself grow right before his own eyes. Every suicidal treat that forced its way down his maw made him swell wider than before, covering a significant portion of the wall with his hide. His raised arms were started to press against his cheeks, said arms now roughly as wide as his head at their base. Soon, he would be reduced, or rather augmented, into a useless pile of pudge dependant on the witch, too fat to even be considered a slave, just an enormous immobile cushion.

At least, that's how it appeared at first.

*CHOMP!*

In one swift bite, JT destroyed the sausage links covering his squishy jaw, gobbling up the meaty chains while Gemie leapt back in shock. Even the demonic treats squeaked with fear now that their captive was no longer as helpless as he first appeared, scattering in several directions. Allowing himself a pleased smirk, JT looked down at startled feline, at least as much of her as he could see beyond his stomach. "Alright, I think I've had my fill. I'd say it's about time we wrap things up."

One by one, the superhero ripped through the bindings on his limbs, landing on a ground with a deafening thud that caused the building's window panes to shudder. That wasn't the only thing that shuddered, however, as Gemie backed away in horror at the blob of a wolf who hardly looked phased by his new figure. "H-h-how is this possible? Those sausages, they're stronger than steel!"

"Huh, well no wonder they tasted a little stale," JT snickered, scooping up the shredded remains of the meat into his maw, licking his plump fingers afterwards. "Hey, next time you tie me down with meat, would you mind also summoning a bottle of steak sauce afterwards?"

Gemie hadn't stopped staring at the quivering mass before her, the powerful leopard now a trembling kitten as she slowly squeaked out a single word. "How...?"

"Well, with your powers of course...Oh, you mean how am I still standing?" The canine grinned, golf-ball sized dimples forming in his cheeks. "You see, your powers are fueled by magic, but mine come from science! I'm able to utilize every single cell in my body to the max, including fat cells. Basically, every pound of stored energy I gain just gives me more fuel to use, more than enough to offset the extra weight. Honestly, I don't feel the slightest bit heavier, and I'm like, what, over a ton now?" JT sneered, gently rubbing the top of his belly.

Any normal fur that was close to his size would be out of breath just from sitting up, yet here he was standing firm and proud with hardly any effort. Of course, part of that could be

contributed to how his stomach rested on the floor, but considering it also rose up to his chest, there was clearly more to it than that. His ass, on the other hand, completely defied gravity and jutted out nearly as far as his stomach did. The wolf's tail was long gone in the avalanche of blubber behind him, his cascading back rolls attributing to that. In short, JT had went from tip top shape to a shapeless blob in record time, especially for superhero standards, and he was loving every moment of it.

And so was Gemie, by the look of it, for even if he couldn't see it, JT could feel the leopard groping at his literal wall of a gut, seemingly bewildered that something so huge could still move. "Ooh, scratch a little lower please? I can't quite reach down-"

He was interrupted by a very unpleasant growl from the feline, who pushed against the quivering belly to propel herself back. Leaping half the length of a football field in a single stride, the cat's eyes glowed a blinding crimson red as she raised both arms above her head. "How dare you make a fool of me! Do you think this is some funny game?!"

"...I mean, kinda?" JT heaved his couch-length shoulders in what could be assumed to be a shrug. "You did it to me first, so-"

"Silence!" She lowered her voice to a dangerous whisper, muttering some powerful incantation, a flashing red sphere growing larger and larger, cackling with electricity that scorched the very earth around her.

Until it faded.

Gemie looked up to see JT grabbing her wrist, his doughy mitts enveloping her dainty paws. A half second later and a strong gust of air blew past her, ruffling her hair. "You're...fast..."

"And now she believes me." The hero dropped the villain's hand and stood back so as to not smother her with his bulk. "I sent a signal to the cops as well. Of course, I couldn't quite reach my stomach where the transponder on my belt, so I had to run inside the City Hall to get Mayor Denya to reach it for me. I'm sure he's wondering what just happened as well...hopefully he doesn't mind the holes I made," JT muttered sheepishly, brushing off debris from his chest. If only there were doors wider than doublewide.

The canine anticipated another attack at any minute from the sorceress, or at least another insult, but it appeared as if Gemie's spirit was finally broken. She looked down and remained silent all the way until the police arrived to cuff her, the two german shepherd's looking quite pleased to apprehend the criminal responsible for their ill-fitting uniforms. As she was being led away, however, the feline turned her towards the hero and hissed. "Don't think this is over for a moment, you lardy lupine! You've merely delayed the inevitable!"

Those words were meant to send chills down the obese canine's spine, meant to leave him paranoid of another attack in the future, but rather than dwell too hard on what evil intentions Gemie might have, JT chose to ponder something else instead. "Lardy Lupine, huh? You know, I actually kinda like the ring of that!"