

Shinden walks towards the large, metallic structure, the svelte sabertooth wolf's flight helmet in hand, his uniform already tightly buttoned. He was going to go for a little flight today, nothing special, akin to a family's Sunday drive. As he approached the ominous hangar, the building dominated his field of vision, obscuring the Sun behind its roof.

Shinden was a lithe wolf with dark grey fur, his belly fur a little lighter. His brown pilot jacket fitted the sabertooth wolf perfectly, clinging onto his skinny form comfortably. Normally, one would mistake Shinden for a normal wolf, but upon closer inspection, one could also find three main differences, such as his two inch canine teeth, his long, fluffy tail that's nearly as long as he is tall, and the fact that he never seems to go a week without being fattened or inflated to ridiculous proportions. "This week is going to be different," Shinden muttered under his breath as the sabertooth wolf headed towards the door.

He opened the small, metal door, and stepped inside, the following footsteps and door slam echoing throughout the building, as there was no furniture, save for a small pre-flight room and his jet fighter. This meant that sound traveled freely, and was amplified five-fold. He ignored the small room adjacent to the door, as he had already suited up and gotten clearance, and continued toward his plane: The Kyushu *J7W1*, or *J7* for short.

It was a beautiful machine; shiny, silver paint gleamed in the artificial light, the various gun barrels, missiles, and fuel tanks shining in their own deadly light. His footsteps got louder as he approached the biggest thing in the room, and climbed the small, steel steps up into the cockpit. Shinden kicked it away as he leaped into the front seat, the small sabertooth wolf easily fitting into the tiny seat. He started the engines, the cockpit lowering with a hissing sound as the control panel lit up, the dizzying amount of switches and buttons and lights glowing with their own unique colors.

As the turbines roared to life, small, blue flames shot out of the back, and he put on his helmet, attaching his oxygen tube, and click shut the straps. With loud alarm to signal others to be cautious, the hangar door opened, the bright, piercing afternoon sunlight bouncing off of the aircraft's wings as he taxied to the runway. With no one in front of him, Shinden pulled on the throttle, quickly accelerating on the runway, the sudden G-force not affecting the experienced pilot at all. The plane picked up speed, the speedometer nearing 100 mph. Taking note of this, Shinden casually pulled on the control stick, the plane's front wheel lifting off the ground before the plane started hovering all together.

Taking off was always Shinden's least favorite part, ever since day one. He knew the sturdy machine beneath him has never failed him, his countless previous flights going off without a hitch, but there is always the fear that one mistake could bring him crashing back to earth. Nevertheless, the wolf ignored his past fear as he soared through the air, the trees and roads below him quickly diminishing in size, growing smaller and smaller as he flew higher. Shinden smirked as he flipped the occasional dial and pressed a few buttons, reminding himself how simple it is for him to fly a plane. If he wanted to, he could do it with his eyes closed, but that might not be such a good idea! With a flick of a switch, Shinden activated the oxygen, allowing the tasteless air to flow into his helmet easily. Smiling to himself, the slim wolf looked out the window, the earth below him a giant green and grey blur. Right now, he is miles above all those furs that unnecessarily fattened him up like a pig, or forced him to inflate like a balloon, or make him drink more than the daily recommended amount of water, or..."Uh oh...."

Shinden was looking down, not at the ground, but at his middle. The sabertooth wolf's white furred stomach was growing! Not much, but it was definitely visible. Shinden gulped as his belly, for some reason, poked out of his shirt, making it ride up to his thickening chest. All around he felt himself get bigger, his arms and cheeks plumping up, his pants starting to get tight around his thighs. As Shinden continued to fatten up, a horrible realization struck him: the oxygen must have been swapped with a gas that fills its victim with blubber! Unfortunately for the now 250 pound sabertooth wolf, if he tried to remove the mask pumping that gas into his helmet, he would suffocate! With only one alternative left, Shinden quickly aimed his plane down, trying to land before it was too late...

As he flew, the wolf continued to pack on the pounds, his small paunch turning into a sizable gut, resting on his chunky lap. Shinden swore as he found himself pressing multiple unwanted buttons from his sausage-like fingers, his widening shoulders now making the small cock-pit feel extremely tight. Sweat beaded the plumped up wolf's forehead as he drove his plane down, watching from the corner of his eye his belly continuing to crawl, hiding his legs from view.

Second by excruciating second passed. Shinden growled in frustration as his stomach started to now push against the throttle, forcing him to dive steeper. The saber tooth wolf's thickening shoulders and back were now starting to squeeze against the small cockpit, his massive white stomach and thick chest were preventing his plump sausage fingers to reach the buttons, no matter how hard he tried. All Shinden managed to do was bunch up his belly rolls and force the plane into a steeper dive. The obese wolf's pants were starting to rip along the sides, exposing his grey-furred flab. Shinden's brown uniform continued to ride up over his swelling belly, stopped only by his humongous moobs. The lardy wolf groaned, today just wasn't his day...

A light suddenly flared up, reporting that the J7 finally passed atmospheric level, thus making it safe to remove the mask. Shinden reached for it with his pudgy paws, his arm fat jiggling in the process, and plopped the mask off of his chubby head, revealing a pair of rotund cheeks on the butterball-of-a-sabertooth-wolf. The fattening may have ended, but the damage had been done. The obese wolf now took up nearly 100% of the cock-pit space, his massive stomach pressing heavily against not only the throttle, but the entire front window. His pants still held together, however several holes exposed much of Shinden's squishy blubber. All in all, he was well over 800 pounds of sabertooth wolf flab, and that wasn't even his biggest concern...

The J7 was in an out of control nose dive, the front of the plane glowing a bright red from the intense heat and speed, pits and pieces of the paint were crumbling off and breaking away. The altimeter showed the plane was only a few thousand feet above the ground...and closing the distance fast! Shinden tried looking for the eject button, looking around frantically, jiggling his chubby cheeks and chins before realizing that it was most likely buried behind several feet of wolf belly. "Drat! Of all the places to be fattened, why in a small cock pit? Why not a freaking submarine? At least I'd float back up."

3,000 feet. There wasn't much time! Thinking quickly, Shinden leaned forward, smooshing his ginormous belly against the several buttons. At first nothing happened, but suddenly an alarm blared, signaling that the eject button had been pressed. The overhead door slowly opened, the sound of the wind nearly deafening for poor Shinden. The pilot's chair started whirring, shaking slightly before suddenly shooting up, trying to force the overweight wolf out.

2,000 feet. *ziiiiiing...WHUMP!* "Oh, for the love of-" Shinden, the skilled and prideful sabertooth wolf pilot, the same one who has conquered impossible tasks, was now too fat to leave the cockpit. Despite the terrifying plummet towards the earth, the lardaceous wolf couldn't help but groan and face-paw at his situation. "Great, my only chance to escape, and I'm too big. It's definitely gonna take a few months of Diet Coke to get rid of this flab. Maybe if I can get to a gym..."

1,000 feet. "Hold that thought, gotta escape first!" Shinden pressed his chubby paws against the outside edges of the J7 and pushed, groaning, as the metal creaked beneath him, but barely moving another inch as his flab took up every inch of the cockpit.

800 feet. With each push, the tubby sabertooth wolf managed to squeeze another fold of his tremendous belly out of the seat, already panting from the effort it took to yank the blubber out. The ground was still racing towards him.

600 feet. He was nearly there! The majority of his gut flopped out over the top, and all Shinden needed was to get his hips and chunky legs out, and he'd be home free. The heavy wolf pushed harder on the wings of the plane, the force of the wind making it harder to get a grip and push. Even the wings started to groan and crack.

400 feet. Shinden could clearly see the ground, now, and he was sweating heavily, panicking as his incredibly thick hips couldn't make it past the metal siding, the meaty sides bouncing with each shove as he whimpered louder.

200 feet. With the Earth getting even closer, the persistent wolf was near victory, and, with a loud 'pop', he got his massive hips through the cockpit, leaving only his lard-filled legs, which are more like a tree trunk than a limb.

100 feet. At last, Shinden popped out of his seat, flying into the air as his parachute automatically deployed, surprisingly able to slow the descent of the obese wolf, as he watched his favorite plane crash into the forest, smashing into millions of tiny pieces and catch fire. Shinden sighed, and looked down. He could get another plane, but what was he going to do about *this*? He thought as he squeezed a roll on his belly.

He was enormous; his cheeks puffed out onto his shoulders, round and bouncy, his triple-chin beneath his face rested on his belly. His gut melded with his chest, puffing out into a huge, wobbling orb that his arms rested on. The titanic sabertooth wolf huffed as he eventually landed, the first contact with the ground throwing him forward onto his soft belly. He wasn't used to being so huge, not even from the many past experiences of being stuffed and inflated. He flailed like a turtle on its back for a few minutes, before he finally managed to struggle to his feet. The obese wolf gazed at the trail in front of him, happy he had landed somewhere pretty, even if it did mean he had to waddle. His first, heavy step was announced by a loud squishing sound. He peered down, and bent forward, eventually clearing enough of his belly away to see the source of the sound. It was a large, stuffed doughnut. "What in the world...?" He looked up the trail, following the path, noticing small doughnuts placed a few feet apart on the way.

Shinden looked up, and snapped off a nearby tree limb, long enough to prod the sticky pastries and bring them up for inspection, because, let's face it, there was NO way he was leaning over THAT many times. He began to slowly waddle down the trail, grunting a little as he jiggled, picking up each sticky, sweet doughnut and shoving it into his mouth. "Mfff, this is really not *urp* helping my figure, but I'm *hic* starving for some reason. Besides, a few donuts wont *pant pant* hurt too much" He sighed at this flimsy justification, but continued to eat all the same.

Several hours later, Shinden could still be seen lifting donuts from the ground into his maw, looking even fatter than before! His belly, once content with sagging only to his knees, was now nearly a foot wider, making the obese wolf as wide as he is tall. Shinden's muzzle now looked even smaller compared to his large, round cheeks. Even his long tail felt fatter, looking exceptionally wider than

before and being held closer to the ground. Despite the surprising weight gain, however, the morbidly obese wolf continued to toss donuts into his maw, seemingly unaware that he put on even more pounds. “*munch munch* that’s 234 *urp* donuts there...but 235 won’t *hic* change anything *munch munch*” Shinden probably would have kept eating for who knows long, had it not been for what he saw in front of him.

A portly dragon, around 5’ 10” with green scales and a large red belly, was slowly waddling along the dusty path, his fat tail wagging happily while his pudgy foot paws kicked up dirt. In his chubby hand, the wide colorful dragon was holding a large sack that was continuously leaking out jelly filled donuts. Somehow, those donuts managed to fall in a straight line, as if a magical influence was making it so. However, the heavyset dragon didn’t seem to notice the pastries that fell from his sack. Instead, he seemed more focused on devouring a 12” sub sandwich.

At first, Shinden was about to call and ask what he was doing in the forest alone with a bunch of food, but his round, heavy stomach gave a loud deep gurgle, clearly still wanting more. Shinden sighed and squeezed a roll on his gut. “Well belly, you win this round. However, as soon as we get home, we’re gonna stick to a Diet Coke regime.” With no further words, the lardy sabertooth wolf picked up another donut with his stick (which was getting pretty hard with all that fat brushing against his arm and belly) and flung it in the air, catching it perfectly with his wide maw. Unbeknownst to Shinden, however, the dragon in front of him grinned...

Two more hours had passed since then. The green and red dragon, munching on a new sandwich now, continued to waddle on, unaware of the behemoth following him. Shinden had turned into an already obese wolf into a walking wall of blubber. His stomach, which sticks out over 6 feet, could literally touch the ground now, forcing the massive wolf to have to dig his three foot wide thighs into the squishy underside of his tummy. The sabertooth wolf’s thick, blubbery arms could easily blend in with his round, bunched up sides if he rested them against it. By this point, Shinden’s extra chins just kind of blended together, covering his wide neck completely. Shinden was more than fat; he was a hulking, morbidly obese leviathan of a sabertooth wolf! He was so fat, that his whopping stomach prevented the long stick from reaching the donuts, forcing him to awkwardly shuffle sideways to reach the pastries with the stick. Even with the weird stride, however, Shinden manage to shake the ground with every step he took, raising up even more dust.

If it weren’t for the corpulent canine’s strong, resilient body, he would have stopped at 1100 pounds, but Shinden managed to keep going, now well over 1600 pounds of lard. The extra poundage didn’t seem to slow down the bulky wolf; In fact, he was moving even faster now! “*gulp* why *chomp

chomp* am *gulp* I *munch munch* so *chew chew* hungry!?” he said out loud to himself as he skewered 3 donuts in a row, quickly eating them. In front of the ravenous Shinden, the red and green dragon suddenly stopped and look back, just as Shinden walked straight into him, sinking the smaller dragon into a sea of lard.

“Mmmfph!!” came the dragon’s muffled yelp. The dragon was so small Shinden didn’t notice his struggling until he removed his snout from the fat, taking a deep breath of air. The large wolf noticed his new passenger and stopped, his fat soon following. The dragon scrambled off of his belly and peered up, the tubby wolf looking down bashfully with his bright yellow eyes at the green and red dragon. “URRRP. Uh, hello...”, the wolf shyly looked at him, a bit embarrassed over his immense girth. “Hello!”, the dragon replied in a friendly tone, lightly patting the wolf’s gut. “How did you find yourself all the way out here?” Shinden belched, and pointed to the plume of smoke in the distance, still rising and visible on this windless day. “I-URRP- crashed. My oxygen tank was...defective.” He made a grimace, and patted his belly, hinting that that was the cause of his predicament. The dragon smiled, “Oh, I’m sorry about that! Come, I have a cabin not far from here, what’s your name, big guy?” “S-Shinden.”, he replied nervously. “I’m Toon! Nice to meet you. I’d shake your paw, but, uh...”, he stared up, the wolf’s fat paws out on either side of him, his sausage-like fingers wriggling. Shinden giggled, and anxiously asks, “How far is your cabin from here?”. “Not too far, just a few more minutes down the path.” Shinden whined at the word “minutes”, and sighed in agreement. “alrighty, then, let’s go.”

The dragon turned, and they began to waddle together. Toon was slower than normal, taking in the pretty sight of the green, leafy trees in the bright afternoon sun. Shinden, however, was obviously slower due to his immense girth, his legs so wide and heavy he had to actually make an effort to lift them, slamming them back down with a ‘boom’, making a small indent in the shape of his foot paws. When he lifted his leg, it bounced against the bottom of his belly, causing shockwaves through his gut and rear that threw off his balance, causing him to grunt as he did so. The wolf panted with the exercise, wishing to get there as soon as possible, his suit barely keeping him clothed.

After around 10 minutes, they finally arrived, Toon not bothered by the short walk, but the sabertooth wolf very tired, sweating, and huffing as he stared at the small doorway, blinking in disbelief. The chubby dragon waddled inside, his hips brushing the side of the wall before stopping and whirling around, looking to the sides and then up at the wolf, chuckling to himself. “Um, yeah, you want the side door...”, he said, pointing to his left down the house. Shinden sighed and waddled over, finding that literally, the entire side of the house was a door, seemingly made for massively fat furs such as himself. He grunted, leaning over and opening the door, surprisingly fitting inside the massive frame.

The massive wolf looked around the cabin and immediately gulped. The house was very well furnished, chairs and porcelain dishes and tables everywhere. It was very extravagant, looking much like a vacation house, which it probably was. That was the problem. The corpulent wolf was far too wide to navigate it safely, but, in the interest of repaying the hospitality shown by Toon, he tried.

He took a deep breath and sucked in his gut, waddling forward a few steps, the immediate crashes and smashes around him making his ears droop. The spherical wolf felt his huge hips knock everything they came into contact with down, the flab encasing the object before throwing it out, like some sort of slingshot.

After breaking multiple things, causing hundreds of dollars in damage, the blushing wolf made it into the kitchen, which was more openly spaced. He turned to face the giggling dragon, jumping slightly as his massive tail knocked over the dinner table, flipping plates and the like against the wall and smashing them.

Shinden nervously chuckled, his stomach growling yet again. The titanic wolf angrily sighed before looking at the dragon and asking, "Do you have anything *filling*? I can't **possibly** be hungry again." Toon replied that, yes, he does have something just for that, and turned around, opening the fridge and rummaging around for something. Shinden sighed in relief, happy that he'd be able to get rid of this gnawing hunger.

Toon turned around, a large sub sandwich in his claws, the same type he was seen eating earlier. Before Shinden could ask, or even blink, the dragon pounced on him, shoving the sandwich in his mouth. The massive wolf fell over onto his back, a resounding 'BOOM' shaking the house and nearby forest, multiple crashing and thumping sounds coming from around the house as objects fell over or broke.

"MMMPHH!!", the muffled yells came from the wolf as he was forced to swallow the sandwich, the dragon sitting on his chest with his magic sack. It no longer spilled doughnuts, but still appeared bottomless, as the dragon reached into his sack, at arms' length, and pulled out an entire cake. "Heheh, I don't think I've ever seen a wolf as greedy and gluttonous as you bef-" Toon taunted before being interrupted. "Um, actually, I kinda blame the oxygen tank for doing tha-" Toon shoved the entire cake into the wolf's chubby maw. "Shush, I wasn't finished! As I was saying, I've never seen anyone follow me and eat THAT many donuts before! You're literally a walking talking blubber ball who doesn't know when to stop eating! Being the curious type, however, I want to find out just how much you can fit in there!"

Shinden stared at the red and green dragon in horror while still struggling to swallow the entire cake. Whatever the cake was made out of appeared to be laden with calories. As soon as the obese wolf managed to gulp it down, another layer of fat spread all the way across his body, looking puffier and rounder than before, now truly immobile. "W-Wait! I-I don't-" Shinden was cut off again as the chubby dragon shoved a large cupcake straight into the wolf's gullet. "Forget it, tubby, you ain't leaving until you finish off my endless supply of food!"

Once again, Shinden felt himself at the mercy of his enemy as several high calorie edibles made their way into his fat maw. Every hotdog he devoured, every hamburger he swallowed, added to his already copious amount of blubber. Shinden held his flabby arms out in defense, trying to slow down his oppressor's feeding. Toon didn't slow down in the slightest, however, as he stuffed the lard laden wolf with half a dozen muffins at once. Shinden's belly rose higher and higher, making Toon rise higher and seek deeper into the plush, squishy fat at the same time. The morbidly obese wolf now struggled to keep his fattening arms up, watching before his eyes as they swell up wider and wider, now as thick as his legs just were. With a gasp, Shinden let his arms drop to his flabby sides, jiggling his entire fat filled frame.

"Mmf! Mm mm mmmmf!" Shinden still tried to speak between mouthfuls of hotdogs, but couldn't make out a single intelligible word. "What's that? You want to try pizzas now? Why didn't you say so?" Toon now pulled out large wedges of pizza filled with sausages and pepperonis, shoving them hastily into the massive wolf's maw. Shinden's wide, yellow eyes slowly lowered as he felt himself get fuller and fuller, almost lulling him into a sleep. Seizing this opportunity, Toon smiled wickedly and pulled out an entire pizza. "Heheh, now we can begin the real fun."

The next several minutes consisted of nothing but stuffing, stuffing, and more stuffing for the poor, immense wolf. Toon relentlessly crammed entire pizzas into Shinden's chubby, gaping maw, giving up on his struggle to preserve his form. Shinden's stomach rose from 6 feet wide to 7 feet... 8 feet... 10 feet of pure lard! His thick, blobby arms and legs were soon hidden underneath the literal dome of a tummy, his uniform finally tearing off. It didn't take long before the entire kitchen was dominated by white fur and flab as the 5 ton wolf continued to be force fed, groaning from the lack of space. Toon didn't seem affected by the sudden tightness; in fact, it seemed to make him pick up the pace as food literally flew from the bottomless bag straight into the titanic wolf's fat maw. Rolls quickly formed around Shinden's sides, his chins and neck finally blending together, making it look like his neck was just a big round flabby bubble that connected his tubby face with his corpulent body.

After forcing the sabertooth wolf's stomach's diameter to over 15 feet, Toon finally bumped his head on the ceiling. "Awww, now look what you made me do? I got a bruise now!" The chubby dragon complained as he rubbed a spot on his head. Shinden rolled his eyes and grumbled the simple act of talking making his puffy cheeks jiggle. "You're not the one with random kitchen appliances stuck in your folds, are you?" Toon looked down at Shinden indignantly, his chubby face turning bright red, which Shinden found amusing that he wasn't the only one suffering from this after all. "Oh, yeah? After I'm done with you, there will be more than just kitchen stuff stuck there!" With those words, Toon's magic sack suddenly became encased in a blue aura, food popping out all by itself. "I'm not gonna even bother feeding you myself, I'll let this handy dandy piece of magic do its trick" The blubbery wolf's eyes shot wide open in awe as he saw dozens of cupcakes racing straight for him!

"No, please! I'm really quite fu- mmmf!!" Shinden was caught mid-sentence as the first of the barrage struck his maw, traveling down his throat before Shinden could even swallow properly. As expected, the wolf shot up in weight, his stomach swelling up faster than ever before! The edges of the enormous wolf's gut now started to press against the walls and ceiling, running out of space entirely. Toon, completely lost within one of Shinden's enumerable rolls, disregarded that completely, forcing the poor sabertooth wolf to deal with the tightening feeling. Every second caused Shinden greater discomfort, his stomach being pressed heavily in all directions, every second meaning more force. Not even the house was able to handle so much wolf blubber at once as the windows shattered, letting bits of Shinden's lard hang freely. The outside walls started to creak and groan, cracks appearing everywhere like spider webs, unable to contain that entire wolf belly. Finally, in a loud explosion that caused debris to fly miles and miles away, Shinden blimped outward, showing off his new size.

Shinden was truly massive, bigger than most houses! His stomach groaned and gurgled, desperately turning all that food into pure lard. Even digesting seemed to make the blob of a wolf's stomach send miniature waves of fat around his entire body, his thick, wide arms stayed by his chubby head, despite being too massive to lift, being wider than a normal fur. Things were certainly not good for the poor sabertooth wolf.

Toon suddenly poked his head out of Shinden's gut, grinning wickedly. "This is a nice start, but we aren't NEARLY finished yet!" From out of nowhere, the magic bag reappeared and now hurtled entire cakes into the massive wolf's maw (a task proven quite difficult, given how his large, squishy cheeks got in the way.) Shinden was yet again forced into eating, his face wide with terror as he continued to blimp out even more! His stomach covered more and more land, his head peeking out from the tops of the trees. Unable to keep up with the feeding, the sabertooth wolf lazily kept his maw wide open, allowing the steady stream of cake to flow into him like a fattening river filling up an obese ocean of lard. Soon, the smaller trees were pushed over and smooshed underneath Shinden's several

thousand ton figure. Wider and wider he got, the sabertooth wolf growing fatter and fatter, bigger than two houses...three houses...an apartment.... Shinden allowed his eyes to close

Shinden woke up with a start, panting heavily. He had the craziest dream, first of his plane being hijacked, then following a path of fattening donuts, and finally meeting a new friend who ends up turning him into a mountain of flab! "Phew, glad it was only a...dream...oh boy" What caught Shinden's attention first was his voice, how it went from loud and commanding to deep and bubbly, like chocolate syrup. Of course, the next part that took him by surprise was how he saw himself as the new horizon. The blobified wolf finally finished the never-ending feast, but at the cost of transforming his body into a massive, flabby, soft, furry, flabby dome of fat. Part of the forest was stuck underneath his airplane-hanger-sized body, random tree trunks appearing from his back rolls. Shinden's stomach still noisily grumbled in complaint, each sending waves of fat nearly 3 feet tall to roll all around his round body. He was, almost literally, adrift in a sea of fat.

Shinden leaned his massive back and saw a small figure flying towards him in the shape of a plane. The small object flew lower and lower until it was at head level with the ginormous wolf. Rolling down the window, a chubby black and grey head poked out, blushing embarrassingly while still managing to fly the plane around Shinden's head. "Hey boss!" Denya shouted. "Remember that plan we had to fatten that one guy, Jac or whatever his name was, using the fake oxygen that made you gain? I accidentally put it in the wrong plane... I'm glad I told you before you flew, who knows what would have happened because of it!"