

Dat sighed for the thirteenth time today as he reread the statistics for his circus over and over again, silently hoping the headline would miraculously change into something more positive. As logic would have it, the headline remained the same, causing the black wolf to sigh for the fourteenth time today. "What could we be doing wrong?" Dat mutely asked himself, clenching and unclenching the newspaper, crinkling the paper. "What do we need to fix this...?"

Dation "Dat" Panigin was the proud owner of his popular circus *Dat Freak Show*. The name, Dat always told anybody who would listen, was his favorite thing about the circus, considering it used his nickname as well as an informal way of saying "that". When he first started his show, Dat was amazed at how quickly his little circus show grew into an international phenomenon! Furs from all over the world to see such bizarre and bewildering feats, including live cannonballs, insane acrobatics, and swallowing live swords and regurgitating them later on (that one was always a crowd favorite). While *Dat Freak Show* enjoyed great reviews and better profits, a small problem probably started to reoccur. At first no one seemed to notice, but as time went on, more and more furs discovered that this circus only used the same stunts repetitively! Soon, *Dat Freak Show*'s audience started to dwindle, the vast crowds of fur slowly being replaced with a small gathering. Profits started to decrease, resulting in a lower budget, which only fueled the audience's lack of interest. All Dat could do was sit and watch as his business, his life's work, slowly dissipated.

A sudden rapping on the door caused Dat to stir from his dwelling. "Come in!" He replied loudly, sitting up higher and straightening his tie. No matter how depressed he was feeling, Dat would always try to look his best to encourage his performers to do the same. The door slowly opened, revealing a tall, black draolf standing in the doorway. "What can I do for you, Spikes?" Dat asked, faking a smile. Spikes was a large, muscular draolf, standing at 7 feet tall and over 375 pounds of pure muscle. His role in the circus was the iron man, always lifting incredibly heavy objects and other amazing feats of strengths. Despite his intimidating exterior, however, Spikes had a very soft heart. Sighing softly, the muscular draolf returned the smile, although with less enthusiasm. "You don't have to fake it, Dat." Spikes replied softly, "Everyone knows something is wrong. We're really worried for you". The black circus leader's smile faltered, avoiding eye contact. "It's really that obvious, huh?" Spikes nodded in reply, scratching his wing tips awkwardly. "Is there anything we can do to help?" the muscular draolf asked. Dat smiled weakly again before slowly standing up. "It's fine, Spikes. I really appreciate you and your fellow co-workers' efforts lately. I think I'll go out and walk to Burger King to think it over, though. You want anything?" The hybrid shakes his head gently before speaking softly "No thanks. I'm trying to watch what I eat." Dat chuckled and patted his muscular friend's shoulder before walking out the door. "You work yourself too hard, you know that? One day I'll get some junk food into you whether you like it or not!"

Lightning flashed across the dark, dreary sky; the resounding thunder causing a small squeak to emanate from within a small cardboard box. No one else seemed to mind, however, as every fur continued on walking, each with a destination set in heart, not minding the little box with the smaller fox in it. The little feral fox pup lay curled on the floor of his cardboard home, his head resting on his soft tail. From inside his meager shelter, the pink pup whimpered as he watched several pairs of feet walk by, hearing an occasional splash as someone clumsily stepped into a large puddle, as well as swearing once the clumsy fur realized he just soaked his favorite pair of socks. With his small stomach growling, he edged away from entrance as another clap of thunder boomed ahead, followed by a fresh shower of rain. If he wants food, he'll have to wait until after the rain subsided and every fur went into their safe and warm houses, something the poor fox kit wanted more than anything...

The young fox suddenly became alert when a pair of black shoes stopped right in front of his box! Trembling with terror but itching with curiosity, he tentatively poked his furry head out and looked up, wondering who was standing in front of his home. Due to his smell, the pink kit knew right away it was an anthro wolf, but the black fur, coat, bow tie, cane, top hat, and white undershirt, as well as a generous midsection, could have fooled anyone from a distance into believing he was some sort of penguin. Looking down, the strange wolf smiled brightly. "Well hello down there! It's not too often we see ferals so far into this city, let alone pink baby foxes!" As soon as the large figure spoke, the young fox instantly ducked his head inside the box again, unused to anyone talking directly to him, before peaking out again. "Poor little guy," Dat thought to himself, never seeing such a young, gaunt fox before, especially one so horrified by anthros.

Kneeling down, Dat held his arm out for the young fox to sniff, trying to ignore his knee getting soaked by a puddle. "C'mon little guy, let's get you out of here. I'm starting to get pretty wet," the black wolf said with a smirk. The fox cautiously sniffed his paw, identifying himself with his scent, before slowly walking towards the wolf. Grinning wider now, Dat gently grabbed the pink fox around his bony waist and picked him up. Immediately, the skinny kit squealed and squirmed, not expecting the black wolf to suddenly lift him up, before seeing the most beautiful, wonderful object that he's ever seen! "Ah, I see you have a fine taste in food," Dat said, noticing the kit's eyes focusing on the half eaten cheeseburger in his other paw.

The pink pup craned his neck out as far as possible, sticking his tongue out, trying to get at least a taste of that delectable cheeseburger. Two thick, beefy patties, smothered in half melted American cheese, oozing with grease and topped with two fluffy wheat buns. It may have been an average quarter pounder cheese burger to anyone else, but for the young feral fox, it was a meal made from heaven compared to the half-rotten garbage he'd been living off of ever since he could remember. Sensing the kit's obvious hunger, Dat held his half eaten cheeseburger closer to him. Seizing his chance, the young fox lunged his face into the burger, completely bypassing the buns and gobbled on the inch-thick patties.

Dat chuckled, trying to pull the sandwich back. "Careful there, bud! Eat like that and you'll get a tummy ache!" Before he finished his sentence, however, the tiny fox had already consumed the rest of his burger...

"Back already, sir?" Spikes asked as his boss walked into their warehouse, knowing his walks tend to last much longer than usual. "I'm afraid so," Dat responded, placing his top hat on the hat stand by the door, shaking his wet hair. "It's raining cats and dogs out there, didn't want this little guy getting soaked." Before Spikes could ask what Dat meant, the circus owner reached into his coat and produced the pink kit from his pocket, who was barely half awake due to his recent heavy meal. Seeing the muscular draolf, however, he immediately woke up and tried backing away, feeling threatened by such a powerful fur, almost falling out of Dat's grasp. "Heeheehee, ain't he a cutie? I think I'm gonna give him a name just as cute, like Dolby!" Dat chuckled, repositioning the quivering kit. "Don't worry, Spikes. I'm sure you two will become fast friends." The brawny draolf chuckled softly. "I sure hope so. I don't know why everyone tries to hide like that when they first meet me."

Several hours later

Dolby sat back on his haunches, watching as Spikes knelt down beside him, holding a small hula hoop in front of him. "Jump... jump through the hoop, Dolby," The tall draolf asked kindly, slowly moving his paw through the hoop to demonstrate. Instead of hopping through the hoop, like Spikes wished he would, the young fox just sat and watched, occasionally scratching at his ear with his hind leg. "C'mon, Dolby. All you have to do is jump through the hoop, like this." Spikes held the hoop up with one paw while scooping up the thin fox with another, carrying him through the hoop several times in hope that he will learn. Instead, however, Dolby chose to remain still, except for occasionally licking Spike's palm cutely. "Well, at least it's hard to stay mad at you," Spikes said with a defeated grin.

"How's little Dolby doing?" Dat asked as he walked into the private training room, munching on a large pepperoni pizza. "He isn't listening to me, I'm afraid. I've tried several methods of teaching him, but he just sits there and refuses to budge unless it's to walk over and lick my face," Spikes said with a sigh. "Also, didn't you just eat at Burger King a few hours ago? All that junk food can't be healthy sir," Spikes added, noticing how Dat's shirt buttons were starting to strain against his belly. "It's only a slice," Dat retorted, "besides, that little bugger over there ate half of my cheese burger," Dat said, pointing towards Dolby, who was staring at the circus leader's pizza slice as if in a trance. Noticing the young fox, Dat sat down and placed the plate of pizza on his lap, whistling softly. "C'mere, Dolby! Jump through the ho-" He never finished his sentence. As soon as the black wolf sat down, Dolby immediately sprinted towards him, diving through the exact center of the loop and slid to a halt in front of Dat, digging his muzzle into the warm, gooey pizza. Dat yelped in shock as the young fox charged at his lap and stared as

he ate his pizza. Grinning ear to ear, the circus leader looked up at his muscular assistant. "I think we just found his motivation."

Because of Dat's new training method, Spikes was able to train Dolby much more effectively, teaching him tricks faster than any other circus animal before! Within a few weeks, the young kit could dance, jump, and flip all on command. Each time Dolby performed a task successfully, he would be rewarded with a small bite of whatever Dat was eating at the time, such as a bite off a hotdog. After a long day of training (and eating), Dolby would then be carried by a staff member to a small bath, where he would be hand washed with expensive soap and shampoo until he was squeaky clean and his fur shone radiantly. After his fur was blown dried and combed, the sleepy fox would then be carried to a luxuriously soft pillow next to Dat, where he would sleep right away and begin the cycle anew.

Dolby's weeks of pampering started to change him physically, however. One by one, his bony ribs slowly vanished from sight, replaced with a thicker chest and an overall healthier fox. Dolby even grew a few inches taller after finally earning the nutrition his body needs to grow. "I think he should start to lay off the fattier food now, Dat. If he eats anymore, he might start to get heavy." Spikes would warn his boss, afraid the little fox won't be little at this rate. "Nonsense! He's looking happier than ever. Besides, we need something to get the little guy to respond to us, right?" The circus leader would always respond with a chuckle. "Now if I can just get this stupid coat to fit me, I'll be golden. I keep telling those idiots it's dry clean only, now the darn thing barely fits anymore!" Dat would complain, struggling to wrap the black coat around his generous waist. Unbeknownst to him, however, Spike's prediction was slowly becoming a reality. As the days melted away, Dolby's stomach started to expand ever so slightly, his haunches thickening out as well. Even his limbs looked a little chunkier than normal. Despite Spike's ever growing protests, Dat would wave it off, saying: "I think he looks even softer and cuter than before. The audience loves cute, fluffy ferals, remember? Just make sure his training keeps going along well, we have a big show coming soon!"

"Welcome! Welcome! Gather 'round, everybody, for the grand reopening of *Dat Freak Show!*" A piercing cheer arose from the audience, much to Dat's excitement. A side door opened from one of the decorated walls, revealing a black, bowling pin-shaped figure walking out into the middle of the stadium, a stadium light following him. "I'm your host, Dat Panigin, but you can just refer to me as Dat Penguin." He said with a grin, lightly patting his round middle to the amusement of the crowd. "We've got a great show for you folks! From the tallest, strongest behemoths to the smallest, defenseless critters, everyone gathered here is primed and ready to show *you* what it's like to be not just a freak, but a talented

figure... Nah, just kidding, they're total weirdos!" Again, the audience laughed loudly to Dat's playful tease, knowing the portly wolf wouldn't purposely insult his entire crew. "Well, without further ado, let's get this show on the road!!" Dat raised his arms high, inciting a powerful response from the audience as he suddenly flew high into the air, a wire-thin rope suspending him high in the air and into a small booth.

And thus, the show began! Acrobats dropped from the ceiling, surprising the entire crowd as they effortlessly landed on a trampoline disguised as a carpet floor. Again, they bounced through the air, performing incredible flips and twists, showing off their incredible athleticism. Several dexterous performers, wearing red and white stripes, tossed large flaming hoops with each other, all while balancing on individual yoga balls! Lanky athletes suddenly swung through the flaming hoops, spinning elegantly through the blazing circles as if they'd been doing it their whole life. Spikes could even be seen joining the scene, walking across the stage on his hands while lifting 200 pounds with his legs! From amongst the spectacle, however, a familiar face slowly started walking towards the middle of the room.

"Bring your paws together, folks," Dat yelled into the microphone enthusiastically. "For the newest member in our family!" A hush suddenly fell over the crowd as the lights dimmed, the only source of light coming from the EXIT sign. Without warning, a spotlight suddenly turned on, lighting up the area around Dolby. The crowd immediately "dawwww'd" as the round little pink fox perked his ears up, looking around the room. Despite Spike's concerns, the extra pudge on Dolby made him appear even cuter than before, with an adorable round belly and a jolly face. Instinctively feeling his queue, the young fox suddenly hopped forward, causing his chunky body to jiggle slightly. Closing his eyes, Dolby suddenly hopped to the left, balancing on his left legs. In a feat of pure strength and mental concentration, he slowly leaned forward, balancing on his fore paw completely, his flab flowing forward slightly. The audience erupted in cheer and laughter when they realized what was happening: the cute chubby fox was dancing!

"They're loving this!" Dat exclaimed happily as he nudged Spike's ribs with his elbow, laughing hysterically at how focused the crowd appeared on the little fox he found several weeks ago.

"I must admit, sir, he's doing a splendid performance," Spikes quietly agreed, nodding approvingly as Dolby expertly dove between two large hoops, erupting a large cheer from the audience. "Looks like we got our money's worth... but I'm afraid we might be feeding him a little too much."

"Oh, nonsense!" Dat guffawed, his eyes still glued on his little money maker. "He's doing perfect! In fact, let's double his meals as a reward! I'm sure that will get him to practice even harder!"

And double his meals they did. Dolby soon found himself enjoying larger snacks as he performed seemingly simple tasks. Jump to a specified location? Donut for Dolby. Walk two steps forward? Cake for Dolby. Sit and make an adorable puppy face at a fake audience? Pie for Dolby. Despite the young fox's spoiled treatment, the other cast members were never envious; In fact, quite a few of them took a liking to Dolby. Even Spikes could be seen sneaking extra scraps of food to the lovable little ball of chub and fox. Even Dat noticed Spikes' extra affection for Dolby as he pulled him aside one evening.

"I see you and Dolby are getting along very well," Dat commented in his office, leaning back in his swivel chair as he munched on a thick burrito, one of his buttons already popped off and exposing the bottom of his dark belly.

"I suppose you could say that, sir." The muscular Draolf calmly replied, his cheeks reddening a shade.

"Heheh, thought so. He's quite the lovable little fur ball, isn't he?" Dat chuckled, watching Dolby play growl as he pounced on a large steak before trying to eat it. "Well, I just called you in to congratulate you on a job well done! I couldn't have gotten my show back up if it weren't for you two!"

"It's my pleasure sir, I wou-" Spikes tried to respond, but was cut off.

"Too reward you, I went across town to the best burger joint on this planet and got you this!" To Spike's horror, Dat produced the largest, thickest, greasiest hamburger he has ever seen before! There wasn't a shred of lettuce on it, just meat, cheese, sauce, and buns. Hell, even the buns themselves were moist from the sheer amount of grease!

"Uh, sir? You know I'm on a very strict diet," The buff draolf responded in an almost inaudible tone, feeling like he was already losing his perfect six pack just by looking at the artery-clogging behemoth. Spikes slowly started to back away, but a stern look from the smaller, fatter wolf told him that would be a very unwise decision.

"Pffft, you've told me you've been on diets since you were a cub, Spikes! Can't you afford to live a little? Tell you what: if you just take one bite of this sandwich, I'll never try and feed you anything again."

Realizing there was no way out of it, Spikes sighed and grab the thick sandwich, wincing as he felt it squish in his large paws. Just inhaling the fumes was enough to make the brawny draolf feel full, but he knew that wasn't enough. Closing his eyes, he opened his maw and chomped down on the burger, chewing on it as if it were poison. Dat smiled calmly as the strong draolf finally swallowed the bite. "See? I told you you've been missing o-" Dat paused, watching in shock as Spikes took another bite from the sandwich, this one much larger. In no time at all, he polished off the burger, stuffing the rest of it into his maw while licking his fingers. "Thank you for that," Spikes grinned wolfishly, licking his stained muzzle. "You wouldn't happen to have anymore now, would you?"

With the recent surplus in revenue thanks to Dolby's performance, as well as Dolby's and Spike's new desire for junk food, Dat started treating his two star performers for lunch every day! The two black canines would sit together and converse while Dolby would lay under their table like a pet, munching on anything Dat would drop for him. At first, no real change happened to the three performers, but as the months rolled by, it became apparent that neither of them were as lithe as they used to be. Dat's fancy jacket started to lose its buttons one by one, fighting a losing battle against the black wolf's growing belly fat. Spike's abs were starting to disappear one by one, getting replaced with several thick coatings of flab. However, other than his growing belly, chest, and rear (which gets the audience *extra* excited every time he flaunts it around), the heavy draolf didn't look too much different. Dolby, on the other hand, almost completely changed!

As stated earlier, Dolby's portions increased dramatically, causing the pink fox to literally wash his stomach with unneeded calories. Because of such an unhealthy diet, the little fox grew in more ways than one! While Dolby grew taller, his belly drooped lower until it would swing in between his legs whenever he walked. His head and neck also swelled up with pudge, forcing Dat to find several replacements with his too-small collars. His back started to round out as well, adding to the imagine that his body is just one giant sphere. Even his normally thin legs began to bulk out, turning them into round, squishy cylinders. Despite most foxes growing only 20 inches high and weighing 30 pounds, Dolby managed to grow over 30 inches high and weighed a whopping 100 pounds! The young pink fox grew to over three times his normal weight, and he wasn't slowing down. In fact, at the rate Dat likes to feed him, Dolby is growing even faster!

"Sir, I really think Dolby needs a diet before our next big performance!" Spikes urged his manager as he scoffed down entire chicken legs, rubbing his round muscle-gut.

"Nonsense! Our little foxy is looking cuter than ever!" Dat responded as he bit into his third éclair, the third button down on his shirt getting ready to pop any moment now. "Besides, look how happy the little guy is?" The overweight circus owner pointed down to the 'little guy' watching happily as Dolby went face-first into half a pound of chocolate cake, getting frosting all over his thick cheeks and muzzle, wagging his shrinking tail happily.

"As cute as Dolby is," Spikes interjected before belching loudly, grabbing another fried chicken wing "I'm certain he's got to the point where performing could be a bit of a ... hindrance. Besides, he looks completely unnoticeable since last time!"

"That's preposterous! He's still the same lovable *UUUURP!* pink ball of fluff that I've found all those months ago!" Dat retorted, stuffing an éclair whole into his maw this time, the third button ricocheting off his ponderous waist, embedding itself into Dolby's thick belly flab, causing the obese fox to yip. "I'm almost certain that anyone will even notice his little weight gain. Hey waiter! Two more chocolate cakes over here on the double! I accidentally hit my fox with my button!" Spikes groaned and face palmed hard enough to send ripples throughout his soft body. "This can't end well..."

"Harrharrharr! Is this a joke? Look at the size of that thing!" A slightly intoxicated bear roared out from the audience, pointing and laughing towards the middle of the stage at the bright pink vulpine. Dolby looked around confused and afraid as several insults were thrown at him from all around. Dolby quickly looked left to right at the random voices, bunching up his thick neck rolls as he did so. Whimpering slightly, the obese fox started to shiver in fear, causing thin ripples of fat to wiggle across his round body. "Dolby, don't worry!" Dat called from his special booth with Spikes, the wide-bellied wolf's fingers clinging to the edges of his seat. "You can do it! Just do what we practice and they'll go from laughing to cheering!" Spurred on by his owner's request, Dolby straightened himself up and began his dance. At first it went well for the heavy fox: a few steps here, lift one paw there, etc. However, as the movements began to speed up, so did his wobbly body. Dolby's mass started shifting and jiggling more and more violently as the dance went on, making it impossible for the large fox to find his center of gravity. Instead of calming down like Dat predicted, the audience went into a massive uproar, shouts and jeers exploding from the stands.

"Look! His fat belly is wobbling! I'm surprised the momentum hasn't made him fall yet!"

"There's no way those little legs could hold up such an impossibly fat fox!"

"He can barely even walk! His belly is pressing against all four of his legs at once, see?"

"This should be a fattening zoo, not a circus. Even the owner and his assistant look outrageously chubby!"

"Hahaha! It looks like you swallowed a medicine ball, Spikes!"

... Suddenly, Dat's ears perked up, a light bulb shining inside of his brain. "Did you hear what he just said Spikes? He just gave me an idea!" "I really wish I didn't hear that, sir." Groaned the poor draolf as he held his pudgy stomach and hid behind his large wings, muttering something about wishing his little brother didn't say that last comment. "No, not that, (although, I'll have to admit you do look a little 'bulkier',) I'm talking about a zoo! And not just any zoo..."

"Step right up, folks! Come and see for yourself the World's Fattest Fox!" The obese black wolf called from atop of a large, wooden crate. Dat smiled brightly as a large line of furs formed in front of him, depositing \$1 just to satisfy their curiosity. The fee was certainly small, especially when compared to the large fines needed to enter *Dat Freak Show*, but ever since Dat sold his circus and moved over to the state fair, he could afford to take a few budget cuts. While working as a sideshow attraction at a state fair wasn't as grand as being a successful circus owner, it definitely beat having no job, and it *certainly* beat being the laughing stock of the whole town! While reminiscing about that time, several months ago when Dolby's *grand* appearance shocked the town, Dat chomped into his cheese burger as he collected the administration fee from his customers, folding his ears in fear as the wooden crate started to groan noisily under his intense weight. "Phew, I really need to diet sometime soon," muttered Dat as he swallowed the rest of the burger whole while simultaneously producing another thick, meaty treat from his pocket. As he took another large bite, Dat's seventh and final shirt button popped off, revealing his massive, black stomach. The pot-bellied wolf meeped and nearly fell forward from the sudden tidal wave of flab before chuckling, rubbing his foot-wide tummy. "I can always diet later, I suppose, right now I need a bigger shirt..."

Once inside the tent, the audience would walk into several stands which made a square-shape around the center stage, very much like *Dat Freak Show*. In there, the crowd was treated with two amazing sights. One was Spikes as he walked around in circles, pushing a trolley around labeled "Feed the pig-fox! 50 cents!" Many previous fans of Spikes and his numerous feats of strength were especially surprised at the sudden transformation he went over in the past two months. Because of Spike's addiction to junk food and his complete inability to put down the fork, what were once meaty abs and muscular pecs quickly turned into a round, bouncy belly and two sandbag-shaped moobs! When he wasn't careful, the 900 pound draolf would carelessly bump his yoga ball sized stomach into the edge of his cart, embarrassingly resting his thick moobs on the container. With a groan of embarrassment, he reached behind to scratch his padded rear, feeling his gargantuan arse under his specially tailored jeans.

A young female tiger cub suddenly ran towards Spikes, smiling cutely and blushing as she held her paws behind her back. "Um.. Mr. Spikes, sir? Is it ok if I, um, rub Dolby's belly? He looks so cute!" She asked in her adorable, squeaky voice. Smiling happily, Spikes bent down closer to the little tiger. "How about something even better?" Without another word, the overweight draolf scooped up the young tiger with his still-muscular arms, resting her onto Dolby's immense belly, causing her to squeal and play around happily in his thick belly, and why shouldn't she? Dolby was *huge*! The words "chubby" and "fat" don't even begin to describe him. In fact, even going out of the way and saying "morbidly obese" would still not accurately describe the fox's current state. Dolby laid perpetually on his wide back, having grown nearly 8 feet from head to toe with his belly sticking up over 12 feet high! His pink rolls folded over each other, giving him the appearance of a spherical pile of Jell-O covered in folds. His chubby limbs were mostly concealed by the ball of lard that was his belly, only his tubby black paws sticking out from the mountain of Fox. Even Dolby's cheeks looked as puffy as Dat's moobs!

On the inside, Dolby smiled as fur after fur bought the treats from Spikes, wanting eagerly to be fed by these new people. It sure has been a wild ride, he thought, going from a boney outcast to a pampered pet. Now, instead of eating out of rotten trash bags, the overfed fox can eat a trashbag's worth of food within an hour, and still have room! Wiggling his invisible fat tail, Dolby opened his maw wide as the avalanche of food entered his maw, traveling straight to his stretched out stomach to be converted into pure lard. "So," Dolby thought to himself as he devoured 10,000 calories of food in 10 seconds, "Fresh food, a place to sleep, and two owners who put your priorities over themselves. This must be what it's like to have a family!"