

Your ears perk up at the sound of a door opening, the tender ache in your wrists. The gentle click clack of feet walking against the cobblestone under you filled your ears, the sound growing closer and closer by the second. Your eyes completely useless, the blindfold obscuring your vision perfectly and leaving you in complete darkness, your track of time and day completely gone at this point. The all too familiar ache and pain returning to you now, your arms bound above you and multiple bonds over your body

“And hows my favorite person in the world doing?” spoke an all too familiar voice, their tone oozing with a sort of fake compassion. Yea, you were their favorite person in the world. It's exactly how you ended up here all that time long ago. Bound and gagged in someplace you never even got to look at. You flail as best as you could, but your strength was just so far gone at this point that it barely mattered. “I'm glad to see you too sug.” came the voice again, a fuzzy paw caressing under your chin, firm, yet gentle. This person never really meant to do you harm, no in fact they really loved you from what you could jumble together from your fragmented memories. Their brand of love though was something different, something you had never imagined in your wildest dreams. It was so physical that it was much more pain than pleasure, but the two eventually melded into one for you. Pain slowly merging into pleasure, and vice-versa had created this odd set of circumstances, your struggle to not escape but to for once, see. See your lover again and to see what had happened to you. You let out a muffled moan, your mouth gagged by some sort of cloth that was wrapped around the back of your head.

“Does my big beautiful love want some me time?” came the voice again. They sounded closer, like they were kneeling closer to you, their voice right next to your ear. You felt the paw under your chin scratch at your neck, their other paw coming into contact with your belly. At one point in time this would have been a different sensation. You were fairly average, a life-time of mindless work or just regular exercises had kept you fit and trim, nothing to gloat about and certainly nothing compared to some of the body builder furs you had seen on the internet, hell if one were to compare you to one of those walking mounds of rock and muscle you'd never fit their frame. Regardless, the trim and fit you was gone now, your lover's love was physical, many pokes, prods, grabs, scratches, scars were always true, but there was one more aspect of your love. Eating. Maybe that's how you really ended up here. Your love had a strong passion to cooking, making sure that anyone they food got a good meal. That every bite was succulent, every morsel was savory, and every crumb was eaten. Back before this, before darkness fell over you, you could visibly remember the meals they would make, how good they were. Those thoughts making you drool as the memories invoked your taste buds. Yea, your love for good food was most certainly the reason you were in the position you were in. Your lover coo'd out in love, watching drool slip from muzzle, leaning in and removing the cloth from your mouth, the first breath from your mouth in who knows how long. You inhaled deeply, taking in the fresh air through.

“W-” Was all you got out before you felt your lover's muzzle smush against yours, their tongue dancing around your mouth as they kissed you deeply. You couldn't help but moan as they rested against you, your belly squishing against their much thinner frame, feeling their hands slowly move down, tracing a line down to your body before stopping right at the curve of your stomach. You could feel them heft it up softly, feeling it's weight as they kissed you deeper, one hand coming back up to tilt your chin up as the kiss grew more passionate. This was very reminiscent to all the other times your lover had ever shown you affection, even before all of this. They would always show just how much they cared and loved you this way, usually ending up with one of the greatest orgasm's you would ever experience. They had such a sensual talent that you had never managed to come across with someone else. Your lover always knew how to make you feel loved, feel ecstatic, feel cared for whenever their hands roamed your body that it never took much to really get sex started, a quick hug, a quick grope,

hell there had been far too many times when the two of you had been out and about, mingling with friends or strangers and one to many kisses had led to some in the closet make-outs. You moaned into their muzzle, face fluttering as they let their hand move to your side, using their thumb to gently brush against one of your love handles. It was such a gentle rub, but the care that went into it was something much more. You felt your lover pull away from your lips as they gripped at the love-handle tenderly, jiggling it and causing your belly to jostle some. You panted ever so slightly, fully turned on at this point.

“Oh baby...” your lover growled out lustfully. You whimpered ever so softly as the kiss broke out, but gasped as they gripped your side a bit rougher. The moment you opened your mouth to moan out your muzzle was quickly stuffed with something sweet, something rich. Chocolate. You munched quietly as they continued to rub at your side, their free hand come down to your other side, rubbing across the gentle and soft folds on that side of your wobbling gut. The chocolate was thick, thicker than normal, sticking to the roof of your mouth. You smacked your lips, the faint traces of peanut butter mixing in well with the richness of the chocolate. They continued to tenderly squeeze and rub at your sides, leaning in closer to nuzzle and nibble at your neck as they sunk deeper against your pillowy folds. You licked in between your teeth, getting the rest of the treat cleaned from your mouth, only to open your muzzle once more and have it filled with another sticky treat.

“Stay here for a moment love.” came your lover's voice again, their body moving backwards as they moved away from you. You could hear their footsteps, not leaving, back moving to some other portion of the room. Your ears could pick up faint sounds, a few clicks and nozzle turns. Where the hell were you? If only they had removed the blindfold from your eyes. The only thing you knew about this room was that it had cobblestone floors, and that you were seated in a chair, most likely love-seat, but with your arms bound above you you had no way of knowing. What you did know is that your filling frame was now starting to overflow whatever it was you were seated in, the feeling of your love-handles rolling over to what you believed to be the arms of the chair, your ass firmly stuck. Your legs weren't bound however, but your ankles were. You couldn't get up, but you could struggle around, thrashing your thighs if you felt the need to, but with the added weight you had put on them you felt at this point it would have done little good. You could hear the lasts of the faint sounds, the returning footsteps of your lover growing more present. You had been mindlessly chewing on the gooey treat in your muzzle as your thoughts ran through, swallowing it down so that it would become more pudge added to your frame. You could feel your lover standing before you, taking in the sight of your changed body and loving the results, a hoarse moan escaping their lips. Your lover leaned against you once more, sinking into your belly, mumbling something before you felt something brush past your lips and into your mouth. You instinctively bit down on the object, taking it for food, but stopped as you felt it press back into a shape, rubber. What was this for?

“I know those new treats are quite the mouth filler.” said your lover. “Don't worry though hun, I've got just the thing to help you out.” and with that you could hear a button be pressed. Immediately a fluid rushed through from the opening of the rubber, filling your mouth with a sweet taste that reminded you of honey. It was fluffy, yet rich and hearty, rather thick, but not as thick as a milkshake, making it easy to swallow down less you choke. You sucked down the fluid, enjoying the change in antics. Normally your lover would stuff you silly, starting with light snacks and then going to much heavier meals, but this was a welcomed change of pace. The fluid may have been the best drink you had ever had, the taste of honey on your lips as you sucked it down with gusto. In your ears you could hear the slight buzz and whiz of a machine, most likely the thing that was pumping this good stuff into you. You let loose a gentle rumble, smiling around the tub as you sucked down the liquid, your doughy belly slowly inflating and growing more taut. It began to fill up, overflowing past your lap as you could

hear the chair creak under you, no doubt that it wouldn't be long before you broke the chair if you had to guess. Time passed in silence, you swallowing down gallon after gallon of the drink and your lover looking on in a lust fueled gaze, drooling at your blissful state. You could hear them walk closer, hands rubbing and squeezing at your slowly expanding belly, lost in it's size, shape and glory. They kissed and licked at the fuzzy dome, admiring it's heft and weight as you were trapped there in binds, partaking in a wonderful drink that would no doubtfully pack even more weight onto you, not that you mined though. It's not like you would see it anyways. Your lovers groping and fondling started to become more aggressive, their gentle squeezes turning into forceful grabs, claws sinking against the expanding flesh. You could feel yourself growing closer and closer to your limit, a tightness filling the bottom of your gut as the liquid never stopped, pushing your belly forward a bit more as the dome of flesh wobbled with the rich liquid inside. You tried to move, but with the bindings it was all but useless as all you did was flail around, sending your body shaking. Your lover was pulled to your belly like a magnet, gripping harder and tighter, squeezing at your sounds as they panted, imagining just how much bigger you would be soon. You whimpered softly, the pain of your belly expanding still and the physical love doing to much for you, but at the same time you could feel yourself getting more turned on. Imagining that you would one day break whatever you were sitting in, expanding out of it and letting your body be free from it's tight prison was exhilarating, your body heat rising as your lust grew. You could hear the machines start to die down, your belly far past it's maximum containment, or what was once it's max. Red marks appearing up and down the sides of your sloshing tummy, stretched out to a fullness you knew you would only feel again later. Your lover pulled the tub from your mouth, a bit of the liquid running down your cheek as you let loose a mighty belch.

“I love you so much babe.”