

It was early in the morning... or rather noon – for the coyote had slept in. He was feeling very comfortable in bed and, since not needing to do any errands that day, wanted to stay there, yet forced himself to get up. While sitting on top of his mattress, the canine found himself yawning loudly. Even with the extra hours of sleep, he felt if he had little to no rest. The coyote shouldn't have ran so late last night. Still, nothing was going to stop him from doing his warm-up jog.

Leaving the bed, he couldn't help but see a good-looking canine in the corner of his eye. He approached the fellow, who was staring back at him with a big toothy grin on their face. He admired their wide muscular shoulders, and below it a bare powerful chest with big pecs, and further down an exposed six-pack, and then – the coyote paused. He stared at his reflection with slight embarrassment, for he had clearly forgotten to do something right after getting up.

After lazily putting on some underwear, he slowly staggered to the kitchen to get a glass of water. Filling the cup up felt like an eternal task, and when the cold liquid entered his mouth, it seemed to wake him up a bit. However the gushing water came to a stop, and the tiredness returned. In an attempt to place his finished drink, the coyote miscalculated where the counter was and almost dropped the glass. His eyes were half-closed the entire time since waking up. As usual, he delayed breakfast until he got back from his walk. It didn't mean he would leave on a empty stomach, and what wouldn't be better than eating a piece of fruit?

He approached the table that had a bowl brimming with produce. Normally he would've chosen an orange, but he was still too tired to take all that time to peel all of the skin off. The canine wanted something that was ready to eat and without any hassle. He spotted something bright and fat that seemed to have fallen off the bowl. This was what he was looking for. As he washed the red sphere clean, he briefly thought, "Was that apple always there?" Afterwards he swiftly shook off any remaining droplets.

Finally, the coyote aimed his mouth to take out a large piece out of it. The crunch was loud and juicy, the flavor was all appley. However he felt something was off, but didn't know why. He eventually ignored this feeling and continued munching. In his immense tiredness, he didn't notice that he was putting on weight.

When he took that first bite, his flat stomach vanished and a chubby belly took its place. As he continued biting into the fruit, his developed muscles were covered up by a ever-growing layer of flab. His cheeks rounded out, then a few extra chins formed. The entire body softening and getting wider by the moment. His rear grew larger, and larger, and in just one bite ripped his poor underwear to shreds. Towards the end you couldn't tell he was the same person earlier. He was overwhelmingly rotund, his huge stomach now reaching below the knees.

After he finished eating the fruit-like object, the canine tossed the remains into the trash bin. While slowly walking back to his room to get dressed, he felt a chill near his upper legs. Getting ready to head out, he couldn't understand why his workout clothes didn't fit him all of a sudden. This minor setback wouldn't stop him, though, and pretty soon he went outside.

To say his jog went without any trouble would be a massive lie. Not even before reaching the corner of his street, he was already out of breath. The coyote simply blamed it on his sleepiness. It didn't help that he was receiving several stares from passers-by. The sight of his attempt at fast movement couldn't be avoided. "Maybe they're jealous with how great in shape I am?" the canine mumbled, his massive

gut rocking back and forth. Eventually the "exertion" was too much for him and he had to plop down on a park bench to regain his energy.

It was there that a sudden realization popped in his head. "Know what? This fitness thing isn't for me." he remarked, "I'd rather lounge all day at home, getting fat off junk food...". An uncaring smile formed on his face and he quickly got up, thinking "Yeah, that's a good idea!".

Not having a single problem with gaining weight, he thought about what he wanted to eat for breakfast. "Screw cereal!" he exclaimed, never liking that soggy mush one bit. "I want to eat a whole chocolate cake, and then some!" With that in mind he waddled to the nearest bakery, hoping to find all sorts of fattening pastries and desserts there...