

Alstor breathed in heavily, watching his chest, gut, all of *this* rise and fall with each motion. Yep, this was definitely all him.

Much of the river otter's characteristics weren't entirely abnormal; if a photo of him was taken from the shoulders up, he would seem like a normal otter. Maybe his face would seem a bit puffier, and maybe the feet he was dangling off the couch he was lounging on would look a bit more rounded.

But if there was anything that could be used to identify Alstor, it was the massive, brown sphere attached to him that was his belly. The giant thing pressed into the couch and even spilled out over the open end of the couch and his feet. It sat on top of him like a soft, pliable beanbag that rich people would put in their homes to replace their furniture. And any sort of motion sent it wobbling, from a grab as Alstor desperately tried to reach his own belly button to the simple act of breathing. It almost seemed impossible how such an enormous mound of fat could engulf what seemed to be an otherwise slim river otter.

Alstor had only been in his new apartment for six months, and he now had serious doubts if he would be able to leave it. He had originally moved in with a blue-and-cream-colored sea otter, oddly enough also named Alstor. Before the river otter could even ask any questions, the sea otter more or less disappeared, not coming back even though all of his things were still in the apartment. The only thing Alstor the river otter could find out about Alstor the sea otter's whereabouts were a bunch of very-active social media.

The river otter didn't have much to do in the new place he lived other than eat. Luckily for him, he didn't have to go far to find good food. He lived directly above a family-owned donut shop, a sushi shop right next door and an excellent seafood place on the same block. He almost always got a box of donuts for breakfast, sushi for lunch and seafood for dinner, and he'd never get tired of it. If he wanted to change things up, he could always order a few large pizzas or get some fast food delivered.

Not surprisingly, Alstor's new appetite led to some major changes in his midsection. It started with a round, taut gut that boldly stood out from his usually slim body. Even as it looked tight and full (it usually was full of good food,) it still wobbled and sagged whenever he hefted it with his small paws. It was definitely a cause for concern, but whenever he tried to create a workout plan, his stomach would complain loud enough that only another seafood binge could calm it down.

After enough time, it became too much of a hassle to walk to his favorite restaurants. He couldn't even go down the stairs to the donut shop without having to lift up his gut in order to move forward. He only tried buying new clothes for a small while until he realized that his exponential growth would make it useless. He only wore underwear now, which barely held on as his massive overhang pressed on top of the elastic waistband. It wasn't the worst thing in the world, though, since all the fat kept him warm..

Alstor did nothing but watch his gigantic belly rise and fall with his breathing, not even bothering to turn on the TV or check his phone. He more or less dropped off the face of the Earth while the sea otter Alstor seemed to become more and more popular. If he even wanted to lose some of his new weight, he figured that he would never lose enough weight to be recognizable as

his old, slim self. He didn't even know where he'd be starting from; even if he could read the number on his bathroom scale, he was sure he'd break it as soon as he put pressure on it.

Alstor heard a knock on the door; it was the only thing that motivated him to swing himself off the couch. It was strange that he forgot about *him*, even for a second. He was basically the only one that knew he existed at this point.

A "heyyyyyyy" floated out of the doorway as Alstor opened his front door, unintentionally exposing the stoat guest to a gut that took up most of the doorway. All the boxes of food the grinning stoat was holding countered it. Although his view was slightly obscured by his chubby cheeks, he could still make out all the logos of all the fast food places and restaurants he'd come to love in this town. It was even more relieving to see that some of the boxes had "CATERING" printed on them.

"Hope you slept well! I knew you'd be hungry; I could hear this beast all the way from the first floor!" the stoat said, inviting himself into Alstor's apartment to set down all the food. "I'll also have the unsold donuts and pastries by nine tonight, so you better not be in a food coma at that time, big guy!"

The river otter wasn't able to say anything before he scurried out. He was the friendliest worker in the donut shop, so they had some sort of a friendship. Although given that it seemed like the stoat was "accidentally" rubbing and pressing his hands into his pillow-like gut more and more with each visit, he didn't know what to call it exactly.

Right now, the point was moot. It was an unspoken rule now that he's allowed in his apartment at any time. At this point, all he really cared about his filling his mouth and stomach with all the delicious flavors and foods he had been missing out on for hours now. Even if it meant disappearing from public life and becoming unrecognizably fat, all of this gave him pure happiness.