

Title: Husker's Bomber Jacket

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The halls of the shopping mall were filled with a quiet bustle which suggested the gentle flow that was standard for mid-week. A grey wolf bobbed past the shop windows. Holding himself like Audrey Hepburn perusing the fancy items she aspired to buy one day, he was dressed head to toe in well-fitting shades of blue - none of which clashed with his lightning blue nose - except for his brown leather sheepskin jacket which he had picked up in a vintage shop, and a crisp white shirt. He sat down on the edge of a fountain and sighed. This place drained him. Maybe it was the amount of people and the slow pace of walking. Maybe but was the social anxiety of having to keep up appearances in public. If he didn't look well put together people would definitely look at him strangely because these places made him very nervous.

He reached into his bag and pulled out a tupperware box, opening it to eat the salad he had prepared at home. It was an Asian prawn salad and he'd left the prawns to steep overnight in soy sauce and lime juice, so he was excited. He sat up and crossed his legs as he picked at it; it was fresh and zesty but the avocado balanced out the sharp flavours, and he munched happily until it was gone and he packed the box away before uncrossing his legs and slouching a little. He sat for a while, watching people drift by, and sighed, bored. That employee earlier seemed a little put off, he thought to himself. I hope I didn't go on too much of a ramble. He really didn't need to know that much about correct fit and complementing your silhouette. God, I'm such a dork.

He sighed again, getting a bit down from this social faux pas. He'd made the employee go and check in the back for an extra small version of the navy bomber jacket he'd eventually bought, even though he knew The Back wasn't this endless land of bountiful supplies and was most likely made up of barren shelves with the odd dusty sale item. When he had come back empty-handed Husker had grumbled that it's alright, he'd get the regular small, and when he remembered that detail he groaned. I wasn't trying to be rude, I was just getting hungry and the fluorescent lights were giving me a headache!

He tried not to think about it, there was nothing he could do about it now anyway. He sat for another moment and then slipped his sheepskin jacket off, folding it as neatly as the thick layers of fabric and wool would allow, putting it into the paper bag and taking out the bomber jacket. He took it by the collar and let it fall open in front of him. It was so lovely and supple and shimmered so mischievously that Husker couldn't help but smile to himself. Maybe this jacket plus his jeans and nose would make for an overdose of deep blue but he reasoned that the white shirt and brown leather loafers would balance it out. Besides, he was impatient and really wanted to wear it. He slipped it on and sighed with satisfaction. It didn't graze his silhouette as much as he would have liked but it was a great fit, with a collar and sleeves that revealed the perfect couple centimetres of collar and the hem which hugged his sides even as he sat. He knew it would make for a crisp outline and he felt content. His stomach felt a bit hollow after that salad though, so he took out a small box of nuts, unclipped it and slipped some cashews on to his blue tongue and chewed slowly. This wasn't hunger as much as just feeling snacky. It happened sometimes, as his meals were sometimes a bit too minimal to satisfy, but he usually rectified that the next time he made the meal by upping the portion size a bit. After all, he was trying to be healthy and preserve his figure, not starve himself. That fad diet stuff wasn't really his bag.

He made his way through the first layer of cashews and then the second of pistachios before putting the box away and sitting still, trying to gauge if he was still snacky enough to eat the muesli bar he'd brought. He decided yes, but as he tapped his pockets he remembered that the bar was in the pocket of the sheepskin jacket which was folded semi-neatly in the bag, and the thought of taking it out again dissuaded him. He harrumphed gently in annoyance; he'd just have to do without. He rested his cheek on his paw and looked around. A kid was crying at his mother because he'd been given the egg-shaped balloon when he wanted his sister's big round blue one. Husker smiled and his eyes drifted past them to focus on the little ice-cream stall sandwiched between two men's suit shops he'd always wanted to get a blazer or something from. He tried to remember the last time he'd had a cone. Summer? Last winter? That one sounded right. He

grinned, remembering all the times his friends had scolded him for eating ice-cream in the dead of winter. He just loved to punish himself, it seemed. A thought then occurred to him that he should maybe get an ice-cream. He blinked at this idea. He'd only had a cheat meal earlier in the week, but the thought of ice-cream was enticing. He sat for a bit and really considered the pros and cons of getting a cone, as he usually did to flex his willpower muscle, but his mind kept picturing the crispy waffle cone and the deliciously soft and smooth flavours contrasting with the lines of rich hardened dark chocolate. Okay, he thought, I'm gonna get one. It's my decision.

He stood up and walked over to the stall and joined the queue. It was long so he occupied his mind by thinking about the jacket - the hem sat perfectly above his hip standing up! Yes! - and what flavour he would get, deciding on mint chocolate, but also having a desire for Nutella, and by the time he got to the desk and ordered and paid he found himself gingerly pointing out three flavours and having to opt for the bigger waffle cone that was more like a bowl than a cone. He walked back to the fountain and sat down, using the little plastic spoon to make his way through the ice cream. After he'd finished the last bite of the cone he wiped his muzzle with the napkin and sat still, realising that he hadn't even enjoyed it; he just devoured it too quickly, like it was just a flavourless lump. Damn my sweet tooth, he thought. This is like the churro incident in France all over again. At least it had filled a hole, but he'd eaten it so fast he had a touch of indigestion. He prodded his abdomen and, like he thought, it was bloated. Great. You just had to get an ice-cream, and now you're suffering for it. Ugh.

He continued strolling around the halls of the shopping centre, distractedly letting his eyes drift from game shop to clothes shop to other game shop... He had let out a couple of silent burps with his paw firmly to his muzzle and the indigestion had thankfully stopped. He still felt a bit bloated, and he reached down to absent-mindedly prod his abdomen and stopped in his tracks, staring down at his middle. He frowned, confused, and poked it again. He gasped; it was soft. Why is it soft? Bloating usually made it a bit firm and then it went down again, why is it soft? Husker looked around, and then back down at his middle, and he realised that he wasn't imagining things as he now noticed the vague bump. In fact, he felt it; his shirt was brushing against it. It was definitely just fluff, he reasoned; he hadn't trimmed his belly fur in a few weeks now and he was getting a bit unruly down there. He stuck a finger through his shirt to feel the length of his fur but his finger accidentally grazed his middle, making him gasp softly. It wasn't fluff. His face went bright red. Jesus, have I put on a few pounds without even noticing?

Still blushing he scratched his head, looking around to make sure no one had seen- seen what? There was nothing to see, he was still just a slim wolf stopping to, I don't know, fix his shirt or something. I'm being paranoid. I haven't been eating differently, so how could this happen? He guiltily thought of the ice-cream before scoffing at himself; one ice-cream eaten ten minutes ago is gonna make you fat, yeah, well done Husker. God, I guess I'm just annoyed that I could let this happen. He put his paw on his hip and furrowed his brow, cycling through his meals for the past couple of weeks and the snacks he'd had before concluding that he'd been perfectly good and he was most likely just fluctuating. It's just annoying, though, he thought. I know I shouldn't complain about being fat when there are people worse off than me but this is embarrassing. The blushing caused an itch on his face and as he raised his arm to scratch it his paw bumped off his side, startling him. Wait, how? That doesn't make sense! He twisted himself and looked down and realised that there was now a tiny love handle protruding ever so slightly over the waistband of his jeans.

"Oh my God," he whispered to himself, mouth agape. His head was spinning even as his gaze shifted to his stomach and his eyes widened; how could it look bigger than a minute ago?

Husker stopped himself from panicking and said to himself that there's no way this can be real, it could be an allergic reaction or perhaps he was only realising the extent of his gradual weight gain but there was no way he was just gaining weight on the spot. He stared down at his new, distended little paunch and resolved not to look away until he had proof. He stood there stock still, his gaze getting more intense and more unsure. He could be growing, but how would he know by staring at it? The saying about the watched pot comes to mind, except this is like watching dough rising in

the oven to try and find out if you put in too much yeast. After a while he shuddered, and felt a little jiggle in his new paunch and gasped; he was growing. He was definitely growing. He realised that he couldn't see it but he could feel it; every movement sent a quick little ripple through his middle.

He started panicking as he felt more of his swelling abdomen brushing against more of his shirt and thought; toilets. He started walking briskly, looking down to avoid meeting eyes with anyone, looking up after a while to realise he'd missed the sign for the toilets while he had been looking down. He spun on his heel and walked back and took a turn, increasingly aware of the jiggles that renewed with every bouncy step he took. He got into a cubicle and slammed the door behind him, panting. He took a moment to gather himself, and to build up the courage to look, and then slowly opened his shirt button by button. He stood there for a while, looking down in confusion at the small, round protrusion, beyond which he couldn't see his waistband anymore. This was happening. He poked it, shuddering, and then pinched the mysterious new fat between his digits. He could actually pinch a roll of his stomach, how crazy was that? He remembered the freshman twenty he'd put on in his first year of college and took a deep breath. This was normal. It may have come from nowhere, but it was normal. But if it was normal, why did it feel like it was growing by the minute? The mental acrobatics made his head hurt, or it could have been the fluorescent lights. Curious, he wanted a fuller view, so he gingerly opened the cubicle door and, when he was sure no one was there, let it fall open and stood in the full length mirror.

The first thing he thought was, well, there's years of ab work gone, and that if he'd thought his stomach protruded out, the change was more evident in his width. His stomach was soft with new fat, and his love handles pushed out from the top of his jeans. A muffin top. He surveyed himself incisively, his shrewd gaze more a product of disbelief, turning and looking over his shoulder at his fairly normal butt and noodle arms. He sat down on the closed toilet seat and watched incredulously as his thighs spread out, his little furry gut spilling over the waistband. His chest was softer but not too prominent, but when his eyes drifted up to his face they stopped there for a while. There was the slightest difference, almost imperceptible, but he caught it nonetheless in the way the sharp angles had softened ever so slightly. He nodded to himself. He wasn't even chubby, this was more of a dad bod kind of situation; his general shape remained the same. His gut wouldn't even be seen if he dressed accordingly. This reassurance calmed him down, and he began to button his shirt. Okay, plan time. All he had to do was stay in this cubicle until closing time, a few hours from now, and try not to get bigger. He laughed weakly to himself at this thought, before doubling over as his stomach growled. God, he was hungry. He held his stomach with both paws nervously. He definitely couldn't stay here for hours. His stomach growled again. Okay, he couldn't stay here at all. He had to get something to eat. He vaguely made the link; if he ate, this might affect this weird condition. His stomach growled again, gurgling now as well, and he harrumphed. To hell with this, I need food, badly. It's not like I'll be stuffing myself enough to gain weight, with how hungry I am I'll just be fulfilling my calorie needs. It'll be fine. He thought to himself that it was probably the stress and it had been a while since lunch anyway, despite it having been only half an hour. He stood up, resolved, and his shirt didn't look good pushed out by a bump so he tucked it in (a fashion no-no but desperate times) before leaving the bathroom.

He bought a tuna and sweetcorn sandwich from a gourmet sandwich place and stood outside the shop while he ate it. He wiped his mouth in the sleeve of the bomber jacket and realised he was still hungry. He frowned. No. I should be full by now, I'm probably just thirsty. He went back into the shop and bought a bottle of water and a cookie, which he washed down with the full bottle of water. That was better, but he still felt hollow, and after a minute his stomach gurgled urgently. This is ridiculous, he thought, in denial but with an alarm going off in the back of his head that told him that this hunger was not normal. Each growl drowned out this alarm until he grudgingly bought another sandwich and devoured it, hoping desperately that this would finally fill him. The answer was, yet again, no. It was like his stomach was laughing at him. At the same time he felt a sudden tightness as his waistband began to dig into his sides, making his love handles more pronounced. He looked down and whimpered as he saw that his gut had gotten perceptibly bigger. It was clear to him now that everything he ate was somehow making him a little bit fatter, and he could not fill himself no matter what he did; in fact, he felt like he was getting hungrier as he ate. It was less like putting out

a fire than stoking it with coal. This was a slippery slope, and Husker was growing more desperate. I just need to eat enough that this finally goes away, he thought to himself, his mind such a jumble that he reasoned that however much food it would take, he would eat it. It's the only way, he said to himself, pushing the alarm to one side, I've got to do it. It has to stop eventually.

He knew that gourmet sandwiches weren't a financially sustainable option so he opted to try the food court, where he could get as much as he'd need for cheap. He got to the counter, subconsciously re-tucking his shirt, and ordered a meal deal; burger, fries, a drink. Standard. Unsatisfying. He knew even as he was eating that this food wouldn't fill him even on a normal day and he sighed. What could he do, then? Buy more. The thought was sudden and loud and it scared him but it seemed to make sense; fast food was awful but it was cheaper, and it was naturally not filling so he just had to get more. It was logical. He went back up to the counter and decided he'd get five cheeseburgers, but under the cashier's judgemental gaze he shrank and decided he'd rather not keep coming back up (because somewhere in his mind he had decided that five burgers wouldn't be enough anyway) so he got eight. He sat down with his tray piled high, nervous and breathing heavily in anticipation as his shaky paws unwrapped the first burger and began a non-stop chow session. He barely even paused between burgers- I have to get them into me, he thought, punching the alarm away- and when he was finished he started to whine as he realised he was still hungry but the whine accidentally turned into a deep, guttural belch. He clapped his paws to his muzzle, eyes wide. What the actual hell was that? He looked down at the tray, paws still firmly on his muzzle. He was eating like a pig. He'd been obsessed with filling himself and it was clear it wasn't working so it was time to stop, he nodded to himself, especially when he knew the effects it would have. Oh God, he thought, I just ate eight cheeseburgers in a row and didn't even feel gross. If a sandwich can make me gain a couple of pounds and a layer of fat...

He was suddenly aware of how tight his shirt felt, and how much his gut was spilling over his jeans. Oh no. He looked down and he could see his fur between the buttons of his straining shirt- not my fur, my belly, my furry little belly oh my God- and realised that it didn't look that little anymore. His heart skipped a beat. It's okay, he thought, I'm sitting down so it's just spreading out more, I just need to stand up and leave. He stopped himself from reaching down and touching it. Stand up. Maybe I should get another burger- no. Stand up, and leave. He slowly stood up, made sure no one was staring, and took off from the plastic table, the chair breathing a sigh of relief, taking off at a fast walk. After a few steps his still-straining shirt untucked and his belly flopped unceremoniously over his waistband. He stopped dead, looking down in shock. "What the hell?" he squeaked, "a-an overhang?" He raised his paws and took a pawful of his gut with both. His mouth hanging open, he realised that not only could he now hold his own belly, he could take it in both paws with plenty to spare. He'd need another pair of paws to hold his whole gut. He was legitimately chubby. His gut was plainly visible; he could no longer hide it.

On top of all this, he was starving. Maybe it was from holding his own gut in his paws as it continued to swell but he became aware that this part of his body now held complete sway over him and had its own centre of gravity. Its demands had to be met, and it was impossible to please, but that didn't stop it from taking control of Husker's mind to fulfil this impossible task. Memories of every single fast food joint he'd ever walked past, every extra helping he'd turned down assaulted his mind with ferocity; missed opportunities. He wanted to go to them all and eat until he could no longer stand. No, stop it, he thought. I don't want that! My diet is healthy, it's normal and sustainable and delicious and I love cooking, I don't want this! I shouldn't want this! What's happening to me?!

He was staggering through the quietly glimmering halls of the shopping centre, completely consumed by the painful signal his fat belly was sending to his dull brain to "EAT." His tongue was lolling, saliva dripping onto his chin, and he vaguely caught his reflection and the prominent double chin he sported. His shirt was slowly riding up his middle and tightening around his chest, exposing an inch of doughy torso. He was in his most base, primal form, the fattest feral wolf to ever roam

the consumerist jungle in search of a supply of junk food so large that it didn't yet exist. How far from salads he had come.

"Hello sir! Would you like a free sample?"

Husker looked down at the tray of canapés with suspicion and apprehension. A few minutes ago he would have been sure that he could walk on, but his ability to trust himself was feeling fragile.

"Uh, no thanks. I shouldn't..."

"Sir? Are you okay?" Thank God no one could see the cogs desperately turning in Husker's head, but his battle didn't stay internal for long. His stomach was kicking up a stink, growling mischievously, loud enough to elicit stares from passers-by.

"Just one?"

"What?"

He had no idea who he was asking when he realised that it had been a question. The salesperson? His gut? The unstoppable force that had worked its way into his bones that screamed "YOU NEED TO EAT"?

"Just one..." It was in his hand before he'd finished the sentence, the words more of a reflexive assurance than anything. "Just one..." He said again through a mouthful of two canapés, crumbs spraying everywhere. I can stop, he thought. I can stop whenever I want. I just don't want to yet.

"Uh... Sir?"

"One more..."

The server smiled apologetically. "Sorry, I didn't catch that, did you say more?"

"Yeah, just... Just one more." He was struggling to appear normal. He felt a burp rising and quickly raised his paw to his muzzle to stifle it, noticing that this aggravated him. He returned his attention to the trays, nervously making a show of deciding which one to eat with his paws hovering over them in a way that suggested he would sooner grab a fistful than choose just one. His lust showed involuntarily in the way his ample bottom wriggled subconsciously before he lost control and dived back in. He finished the first tray of samples and moved on to the second one, his paws moving in a mechanical circle from tray to mouth, over and over, lazy yet urgent. His poised stature began to unravel as his shoulders slouched, every part of his brain devoted to his task as the server stood stiffly, watching in muted bemusement. Whatever was in Husker's system joyously kicked into high gear. He grew wider, doubling over due to the weight of his new gut, making its roundness even more pronounced. His jeans creaked as his ample bottom filled every last available unit of space.

When he awoke from his stupor he had eaten every sample on the cart. He found himself looking down at the spotless tray he was catching in his paws- had he licked it clean? His eyes widened as he saw his face. He barely recognised himself, this must be a different wolf with the perfect round moon-shaped head, the thick double chin that buried his once-defined jawline and the crumb-stained muzzle squished between two huge, chubby cheeks. He felt a breeze on his belly and he looked down to find the bottom button of his shirt had popped off, revealing a good two inches of new fat. In front of everyone. He quickly put down the tray, blushing intensely, licked his lips and slowly fixing himself upright.

"Sorry, I... I don't know what came over me," he said sluggishly. The server snapped out of his own trance to wipe a crumb from his own face.

"You... cleared us out," the server said as he surveyed the empty trays.

"Uh, yeah," Husker said. What had just happened hung in the air awkwardly. Neither of them knew how to address the situation.

"I'm sorry, I just... I haven't eaten today." The server looked Husker up and down. Husker blushed angrily.

"Well, I have eaten but I have a... uh... I have a condition, um..."

"Listen," the server said, gently, gauging the wolf's distress "I really don't care. I'm glad you liked them but the thing is we have none left for anyone else, like what am I gonna tell my boss? I'm not even an hour into my shift and all the fresh samples have been eaten by a-" he promptly stopped himself. Husker's stomach sank.

"I'm so sorry," he said, "is there anything I can do to help?" The server sighed, thinking.

"Well, we can't give samples to anyone else, but I guess you really liked them", Husker nodded despite knowing he hadn't tasted a single one, "and they were just samples, so I guess you could

help me out by buying the actual product?" Husker's stomach fell through the floor. He gulped. He had to play ball.

"Uh... what's in the actual product?" The server looked at him blankly.

"Seriously? Okay, there's smoked salmon, varieties of crackers including saltines and digestives, our own butter-"

He had to stop because he was interrupted by the loudest roar he had ever heard. He blanched and stepped back, looking all around before realising where it had come from. He slowly looked up into the round, petrified face of the wolf in front of him, mouth opening and closing in sheer awe. He'd never known stomachs could make that kind of noise. With a belly making that kind of overt demand, how were the wolf's thoughts not drowned out? Husker didn't know why he sucked his belly in- maybe because the server was now staring at it like a boulder that chased Indiana Jones or something- especially seeing as he looked like a seriously out of proportion bodybuilder, but he subconsciously tugged his shirt towards his navel and, tired of the effort, let his gut surge forward. Another button popped off, sending a slow ripple through Husker's blob of a gut and hitting the server in the face. He gasped and stumbled back into the cart.

Husker had to get out of here.

He turned without saying anything and walked as fast as he could, sharply aware of the stabbing hunger pangs that were racking his frame, becoming so frequent they bled into one, consistent, roiling pain. He could feel himself getting bigger still and he thought of the scene in the Incredibles where the villain Syndrome's defences fired sticky, rapidly inflating balls at Mr Incredible, blowing up until he couldn't move. He wondered if he would blow up so big that he would be unable to reach the exit, or fit through it if he could. He noticed that his gain was slowing down. He was hugely fat and sweating profusely from the hunger and effort, but he was no longer being incapacitated with new heft. He slowed down his walk accordingly, partly from a lessening sense of panic but mostly out of necessity and an inability to heft himself around any longer. He drew to a halt and paused and looked up at the ceiling. He was near one of the exits and felt the cool winter breeze on the exposed couple inches of his middle. He sniffed the air and felt calm and almost content. It was akin to the elation he felt whenever a bad headache finally lifted, and he felt strangely hopeful. I lost weight before, I can do it again. Not this amount, sure, and I still have no idea how it happened, but it's doable. It was getting dark, so the windows had gone from bright, vibrant blue to a rich navy, the same colour as...

"Hey!"

Husker's head whipped around to find the source of the sound. The employee from the clothes shop was sitting at a table in a nearby restaurant, grinning and waving at him. Husker cautiously went over, stumbling slightly as he got closer. The employee smiled gently.

"Husker, you're late for dinner. Hasn't your mother ever told you that skipping meals is unhealthy?"

Husker was trying to listen, but he was struggling not to stare at what was laid out on the table. There wasn't an inch of space left for all the plates; fried chicken, piles of mashed potato, fries, garlic bread. I'm describing the food for your benefit, but in that moment Husker couldn't remember the names of any foodstuffs no matter how hard he tried. He just knew the smell. He knew how good it would feel in his belly. He knew that he needed it in his mouth.

He suddenly felt the stares of the waiting staff as they stood around the table. There were about five of them stood there holding three plates each, gawping at the hefty wolf in the stylish but ill-fitting clothes. He automatically straightened up, his gut bulging out all the farther as he remembered the basics of social etiquette. Get it together.

"S-scuse me," he said quietly. The words hung awkwardly in the air. One of the wait staff was trying to get the employee's attention.

"Sir, I said would you like a bigger table for the others?" The employee just grinned wider.

"There are no others," he said, turning to look at Husker. "Just him."

Husker shrank into himself as he realised what would happen if he couldn't keep it together. He had to fight this. Remember the calm, the hope. He breathed deeply, through his mouth, but his senses were heightened so that he could just about taste the grease hanging in the air. The cool breeze had gone, replaced by the oppressive heat of an overworked kitchen. This isn't fair, he

thought. He wanted to cry. Saliva gathered in his muzzle involuntarily. He felt betrayed by his own body. The odds were stacked against him as high as the - what were they, pancakes? He didn't know this place did an all-day breakfast. What a grotesque mix of food.

"I'm not eating that."

Husker tried to maintain his posture as the employee stared into his eyes, expression unchanged. As he struggled to focus, the fog over his mind lifted just enough for a ream of fevered thoughts to flow; damnit, you should've sounded more convincing. You're a charismatic guy, why did that come out really quiet and squeaky? Jesus, I'm falling apart at the seams. I'm huge. He wondered if it was this employee he had to convince. He may have started this somehow, but now it was up to Husker completely, and he was suddenly acutely aware of this, and that whatever strange thing had been happening would only be completed if he lost control and sealed his fate. He was also aware of the weight of his gut as he'd drawn himself to his full height, causing him to sweat even more, giving his fur a slick look. He had almost forgotten he was so fat, as his skin prickled under the gaze of everyone gathered.

"Sir," one of the waiters persisted, "there aren't any chairs. You asked us to put the rest of the dishes on them."

The employee addressed him without averting his intense stare away from Husker, who shrank into himself more and more with each second of probing, knowing gaze. The employee didn't have to do a thing. It was all Husker. He felt the last recesses of willpower recede from his mind. He was a time bomb and he was terrified. What would he do? Could he regain control if he lost it?

"Yes, that will do fine." The words hazily washed over him. He felt a heat taking him over, a propulsion, kinetic energy building up...

"Will I pull up another chair?" The waiter was trying to please. A glob of drool hit the floor. Husker was panting heavily now.

"He's not going to sit. Are you, Husker, honey? God, you're looking hungry. What was it you said about buying clothes to flatter your silhouette? I could really benefit from some style advice.

Husker grunted.

"Okay, here's an idea big guy, why don't you look at all this yummy food I had prepared just for you and say the first word that pops into yo-"

"HUNGRY!"

The word echoed as he lunged forward and collapsed onto the pile of food.

Potato wedges dripping with cheese. A half chicken, dry as hell. Pizza with too little tomato sauce. A slice of New York-style cheesecake a foot tall, followed by the rest of the cheesecake when he finished that. God, it was all so awful. He ate it all by the sloppy pawful, effectively ruining his pristine shirt as half of it slipped from between his fingers and down his chin. This definitely wasn't the most efficient way to get the food into him but he didn't care; he was consumed with the act of consumption. He usually wouldn't eat any of this even if he hadn't had a cheat day in a month, but he needed it right now more than anything else in the world. Whatever was put in front of him he knew he would guzzle like a greedy mutt without a second thought. It wasn't about taste; it was about filling this desperate, churning need.

He was dimly aware that he had begun to grow again. His meaty paws were all he could see. The pressure of his swelling, gargantuan gut was forcing his pearl shirt buttons to pop open one at a time, clattering heavily to the floor, no easy feat when the quality of the fabric is so high, slowly drawing back the cotton curtains on a window of roiling, rippling fat. His thigh burst the seam of his jeans with a dull crack, erupting out of the rapidly widening gash, and his meaty calves did the same until his whole legs were thick, undefined trunks and the ripped seams joined together as his jeans finally fell apart completely, held up by his monstrous overhang which rapidly swelled forth towards his knees.

As the last morsel of food was sucked up, Husker came to. His head was fuzzy, and he looked around. There was no one left in the shopping centre, except for a small group of well-dressed observers holding glasses of wine and watching him with a mixture of awe, disgust and disinterest. The shopping centre was closed. How long had he been here? He realised he was sitting on the floor and he realised too that he was unable to move. He tried to focus his foggy brain to find out

why; drugged? No, he felt heavy and ... stuffed. Saturated with food. Soaked with sweat. It dawned on him, and he looked down.

The bomber jacket was now comically too small. The ribbed elastic of the hem, usually meant to wrap around the waist and accentuate the curve of the hips, was accentuating the curves of his juicy love handles as it now hovered just under his huge, flabby breasts. His shirt had torn to pieces, the rags hanging exhaustedly in tatters around his waist having given up their fight with the force of nature that was his enormous barrel gut, which now hung completely exposed as it jutted forward two whole feet from between the sordid curtains of chafing zips. The jacket had stretched to accommodate, at least what it could still cover; his broad shoulders between which a billboard could comfortably hang, his newly thigh-sized arms, without so much as a creak in the fabric. He slowly moved his paws to his massive belly, trying to quell the overfull screams. It was soft to the touch yet firm, solid, and heavy as hell. He lifted it with a sense of dull wonder and this shift caused the waistband of his jeans to finally fall down before being promptly stopped by his thick, cellulite-dimpled thighs, which each measured as wide as his waist had been before being utterly destroyed.

"So ... heh ... heavy," he managed to say, slurring, words feeling alien.

"Wuh ... warm." He tried to see past the endless curve of flesh stretching out in front of him, his moon-shaped face glowing with heat and pleasure.

"M-more."

He did not need it. Hot, heavy, and slaked, his hunger had subsided and in its place was dumb, primal addiction; not to flavour, to salt or sugar, but to the simple act of eating, chewing, swallowing, feeling his belly grow fuller and warmer, the strangely satisfying power of being able to ingest so much and the naked need coursing through his lard-narrowed veins. He didn't need to eat anymore; he desperately wanted to. In no way did this mean that his huge meal would keep him sated for long. His stretched stomach could now accommodate four times the food it had been able to.

The employee noticed Husker's slow awakening and came over to help the wolf to his feet, the dazed wolf whose paws hovered innocently around his bloated chest like the biggest, roundest baby ever seen, or a dog begging for food on its hind legs having already gorged itself on swindled leftovers. Husker felt an arm struggle to reach around his broad shoulders and pull him close in a side-hug, squeezing his breasts together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he beamed, "Thanks for coming to this special event. This is our new model, our brand ambassador, Husker!" He gently patted the huge, swollen belly, sending ripples through it, and said something like "he's in here somewhere," which got a snicker from the audience.

"He's wearing our new industrial bomber jacket, able to accommodate men from sizes S," a CCTV still of Husker in the shop earlier flashed up on one of the giant screens usually reserved for film trailers, "to M", a picture of a perceptibly thicker wolf, "to L," another picture of his large gut hanging over his waistband, the desperation evident in his round face, "to XXXL, the size this young wolf has ballooned to in a short time. Yes, it is the same jacket in every picture. See how his clothes ripped; the 100% cotton Best button-down shirt, the Levi 511s, everything but our brand new bomber. Maybe his underwear survived too but I don't think we can-"

"He doesn't look very comfortable."

"It's made with a cotton-silk mix for a luxurious feel on the skin, but if you mean fit-wise I see what you mean. However..."

The word hung in the air for longer than anticipated as he hurried to walk around Husker, taking the two sides of the zip and tugging them down, from his jostling moobs to his waist, fumbling to close the zip around the round protrusion. He zipped the jacket up, straight to the top against all odds, the sudden pressure causing the drowsy beast to belch loudly.

"See? It zips up, and still fits well, even with all this," he unzipped the jacket again, letting the mass of fat spill forward (Husker belched again), "trying to get out!" He stopped unzipping just before the bottom, and with a glint in his eye he tucked it under the apron of Husker's belly where it promptly

disappeared, holding the two sides of the jacket in place as a frame around the grey-furred blob; as if he hadn't been humiliated enough.

"X...S..."

The employee turned to him and leaned in to Husker's muzzle.

"What was that, big guy?"

"I'm... urrrrp... XS... not S..."

"Well, you're not wrong about the excess, my friend! Eating that much is an example of your commitment to this campaign and we appreciate you."

Beaming, he turned back to the small crowd.

"The jackets are available now in our store, and thank you Husker for the emphatic demonstration. It was quite a show. We can't wait to keep working with you."

As Husker sat across two chairs and the crowd slowly filtered out, he tried to think of something. His interests, hobbies, things that made him feel like himself, trying to see what was underneath all this, whether he was the same person. He couldn't think of anything. His mind was foggy and dull, and he eventually stopped trying. He might have been into style, but that felt like forever ago. He wasn't really interested in that stuff right now. Except this bomber jacket, it's really comfortable. He looked down at it. Maybe this is the reason I got fat, he mused. This thought was brushed aside instantly; who cares, honestly. I'm hungry. He said we can stop for food on the way home.