

Reggie's Sleeping Aide:

By: IndigoRho

The morning sun lit up a cozy living room on what should have been a rather delightful Saturday. No cheerful humming or even a smile accompanied the hefty fox who soon trudged into the warm room that awaited him, though. He squinted and glared at the sunlight breaching his curtains, grumbled about the not-so-distant bird songs and faint sounds of the rest of the neighborhood going about their business. With a grumpy *huff* he dropped into his recliner, his round middle jiggling and straining the buttons of his light-blue pajamas as the chair groaned in dismay. The previous night had simply not been kind to Reggie. Nor had the night before that, or the one before *that*. For weeks Reggie had struggled to get a good night's rest, despite attempting every solution he could think of. He'd slept on his back, his belly, and both sides—though in the case of the latter he was still mostly on his gut anyways. Sheets had been changed, pillows had been swapped out. Soft music and audiobooks proved worthless, while a brand new white noise machine was stuffed in its box on the coffee table, waiting to be returned. Eating less—or more for that matter—hadn't made a difference, and neither had going to sleep earlier or later. At this point Reggie had tried everything short of outright replacing his mattress. Well, almost everything.

A couple days earlier a friend had raved about how his own sleeping problems were cured by a self-hypnosis program, and had offered to let Reggie borrow it free-of-charge. At first Reggie had scoffed at the idea, unconvinced that hypnosis of all things would finally give him a good night's rest again. After a couple more terrible evenings, though, he'd reluctantly reconsidered. Reggie had planned on using the program the previous night, but had found himself too embarrassed to try it, even in the privacy of his own apartment. Now he was desperate, and more than willing to see if he could at least get a comfortable nap out of the ridiculous thing.

The program came pre-loaded onto what Reggie felt was a cheaply made VR headset, which the fox put on before sinking back into the recliner and hitting play. Windchimes and a fuzzy vista of a boring hillside gave a poor first-impression, but Reggie decided to hear it out till the end. Eventually a gentle—and vaguely familiar—voice pushed away the bad music. “Why hello. If you're listening to this, then you have chosen to take the first step towards a more fulfilling life. For that I applaud you.”

“Hmph! I don't need a pat on the back I need a nap,” Reggie mumbled under his breath.

“To begin, simply continue staring at the peaceful scenery and take three very, very deep breaths,” the mysterious voice said.

Reggie obliged, the white mound of his gut swelling and deflating like a flabby balloon with each breath, his pajamas struggling to hold on. By the time he'd finished, the hillside had been replaced by the CGI surface of a pond disrupted by the occasional ripple.

“Keep your eyes on the ripples. They're lovely, aren't they?” the voice said, as more and more ripples began to appear in the fake water. Reggie did, in fact, find himself transfixed on them, his mind gradually dedicating itself to nothing else. “They start off so small, but then rapidly grow.”

Reggie was completely lost in the ripples. “So...pretty.”

“The solution to all your problems is to be like the ripple; grow larger, grow swiftly, grow...rounder.” There was an almost sinister switch in the voice's tone towards the end, though Reggie was in no condition to notice.

“That...that sounds perfect,” Reggie mumbled to himself.

“You're too small Reggie, you need to eat. Gorge Reggie, gorge until you're as wide as you are tall, till you're incapable of moving, till you're just a fat blimp of a fox!” The ripples intensified along with the voice. “The feast begins now Reggie, EAT!”

The ripples abruptly vanished and the voice silenced. Reggie snapped back to reality a couple seconds later, shaking his head before pulling the headset off and letting it drop to the floor. He rubbed his eyes as he tried to remember the contents of the video he'd just finished, his memory a strange haze

of flashes and jumbled words. “Ugh, all that thing did was give me a headache, why'd I even try it! I need breakfast, at least that never fails me.”

Reggie lifted himself off the recliner, which creaked a sigh of relief, and waddled to the kitchen as fast as he could manage. He couldn't quite shake away his sleep frustrations, though, and continued silently fuming about the situation while almost instinctively grabbing food from the fridge and pantry. A nearly overflowing bowl of cereal was first, which Reggie eagerly dug into while he started mixing up an unusually large amount of waffle batter. In between bites and stirs he also took deep gulps from a fresh carton of orange juice to quench his thirst. The bowl was quickly wiped out so he simply poured himself another...then another, and another. Reggie looked down in confusion after hearing nothing but crumbs fall into his latest bowl, convinced he'd cracked open the box just the other day. Oh well, having a bowl of cereal with his waffle was a bit unnecessary. The wider gaps between his pajama buttons went completely unnoticed.

With the first waffle now cooking, Reggie busied himself by whipping up some scrambled eggs, though he had to carefully angle the skillet onto the stove-top's last free burner past the bacon, hash browns, and grilled cheese sizzling on the other spots. His pajamas tightened around his gut as he tossed a second empty orange juice carton into the recycling, annoyed that he'd left it in the fridge with barely a sip remaining. Fortunately there was still a full gallon jug of milk to ensure breakfast wasn't a failure. The sound of the toaster finishing up four new pieces of toast only momentarily distracted him from the constant stirring, flipping, and shifting of food he was engrossed in. He swiftly tossed them onto a crumb-laden plate and spread a little butter before chowing down on them, four new pieces already toasting.

Reggie's poor pajamas tried their best to contain the fox's swelling gut, but the onslaught of food was too much, and the first button popped and ricocheted off the counter just as he finished a heaping plate of scrambled eggs. He gave no thought to the odd noise, far too baffled by his lack of milk. A re-check of the fridge confirmed its absence, and he rolled his eyes at the possibility that he'd somehow forgotten to pick some up while grocery shopping yet was good on chocolate milk and eggnog of all things. Still, something was better than nothing. Reggie didn't bother grabbing a glass—there weren't any clean ones for some reason—and just chugged the chocolate milk. A second button flew off his pajamas, causing his gut to jiggle, while Reggie cleared off the last of the bacon and hash browns just in time as the oven dinged.

The fox's gut sagged as he bent over and pulled out a large pan of muffins, breathing in their pleasant aroma before setting them on the counter to cool next to the tower of waffles he'd been grazing on. Cookware clattered and clanged as Reggie continued making a breakfast fit for a party, one paw always shoveling food into his mouth while the other diligently worked to cook something new. Only the top two buttons of his pajamas remained intact, his fluffy, well-stuffed belly fully exposed and bumping into everything. Reggie was oblivious to all this, of course. In his mind, he was still working on his lone waffle, concerned only with the odd shortage of drinks in the house. He sighed as he scanned the desolate interior of his fridge—now devoid of anything but condiments and a pitcher of water—grabbing the pitcher and bringing the last waffle over to the table so he could finally have his breakfast and move on with the day.

The chair screeched along the floor as Reggie slid himself onto it, frowning as his middle nearly flowed over the table. He scooted back and nudged the excess pudge away so he could eat in peace. Soon his plate was clear and the water pitcher dry, and Reggie was regretting having such a light meal. With the fridge empty, Reggie waddled into the pantry in search of a quick snack to tide himself over till lunch. Half-an-hour later he left, barely able to squeeze his immense belly through the door as he crushed empty boxes of crackers and bags of chips. His pantry had been even sparser than his fridge, much to his disappointment; usually he was far better about planning shopping trips.

With nothing to eat in the apartment, Reggie decided a little take-out was the ideal way to lazily sate his hunger. A few quick swipes and clicks were all it took to order a small pizza from the nearest

joint. He still craved something to snack on, though, and Reggie soon found himself waddling back into the kitchen to investigate the freezer. While most of its contents were useless on such short notice, the two large tubs of ice-cream had promise. A small scoop of each would be more than enough to tide him over until the pizza arrived. Both tubs were greedily snatched and carried off to the living room, where Reggie plopped them down on the coffee table before falling back into his abused recliner. The chair had protested his presence quite a bit earlier, but now Reggie held most of his kitchen in his gut, and a horrible screeching sound rung out the second his butt made contact. Reggie yipped as the sides of the recliner fell away amidst creaks and snaps, his thankfully brief plummet softened both by the flattened seat cushion and his own considerable flab.

Reggie sat in the ruins of his recliner, stunned and sore. He'd suspected the chair was poorly made—after all the darn thing made noise every time he got on it—but he'd never thought it'd come apart so catastrophically. It was a miracle he hadn't been injured! Standing back up took more effort than expected, though Reggie shrugged that off as a side-effect of the fall. The chair was a total loss, so the fox simply moved over to the much sturdier couch and began eating his ice-cream snack to improve his mood. Some light groans from the couch gave Reggie pause since he'd never heard them before, but in the end food won out over more furniture worries. He didn't want to ruin his appetite by overindulging, limiting himself to only a couple generous spoonfulls of each tub, which he took slowly and savored as long as he could. His plan worked liked a charm, and by the time he'd finished a few bites the doorbell was ringing. He gently dropped the spoon into one of the empty tubs of ice-cream and hefted himself up off the couch, his gut nearly knocking over a lamp as he waddled to the door.

The two pizza delivery guys on the other side had obviously not anticipated their client would be a fox who looked too fat to actually leave his apartment. Then again, neither of them were remotely slim. The obese lion nearly hidden behind a furniture dolly loaded tall with pizza boxes was in desperate need of a larger uniform, a thick strip of fuzzy golden pudge peeking out, and while the dingo hybrid with him wasn't showing off any of his respectable bulk, his shirt was visibly snug around the waist. An awkward, silent stand-off ensued as the trio stared at each other.

Eventually the dingo—whom Reggie guessed was either half antelope or impala due to his horns—cleared his throat to break the silence and spoke up. “Um, we've got an order of four dozen pizzas under the name Reggie?” He spoke as if he still wasn't convinced they were at the right address.

“Yep, that'd be me!” Reggie said cheerfully, the size of his order not even remotely registering in his mind. “I'm a bit sore from an accident, can you drop it off on the coffee table inside?”

“S-sure. The other half are still in the car so it'll take a few minutes,” the dingo said, knowing he'd now have a new answer to the oft-asked “what's your strangest delivery” question. He unloaded the dolly's contents onto the floor temporarily. “Sam I'll handle these if you'll load up the rest.”

The lion nodded, apparently eager to spend as little time with their curious customer as possible. Reggie led the way to the table, and couldn't resist nibbling on a slice while the dingo dutifully carried more boxes over. Within seconds the nibble turned into large bites, then a second slice, then the entire rest of the pizza rolled up. The dingo had never seen someone cram so much pizza down their throat so quickly. He froze in place after bringing the final box, awestruck as Reggie stacked four entire large pizzas on top of each other, morbidly curious that the fox would attempt to swallow them all at once. His guess had been correct...in a sense. Without warning Reggie placed the pizza stack atop the dingo's head, covering his eyes and blunting his horns. The dingo staggered backwards blindly in confusion, but Reggie quickly grabbed a hold of his arms and pulled him in closer till their guts pressed into each other.

The dingo gasped as he felt Reggie's maw engulf his snout and pre-emptively silence any calls for help. He twisted and turned in an effort to free himself, but the blimp of a fox had a surprisingly firm grip, and wasn't about to let his pizza-topped appetizer escape. Warm breath pelted his nose as a greedy gulp pulled his head into the fox's throat, his vision still blocked by warm pizza dough. Reggie's lips stretched around his shoulders with ease and his footpaws gradually lifted off the ground, kicking

wildly in a desperate attempt to either break his captor's grasp or delay his swallows; neither happened. The fox's massive middle absorbed most of the dingo's hits, resulting in muffled giggles rather than yelps of pain. If anything the dingo's squirms only seemed to make Reggie swallow faster. His own sizable gut was passing through Reggie's jaws just as his head entered the stomach, and then gravity joined in to hasten his fate. Every swallow caused Reggie's belly to balloon out even more as he feasted on the fat dingo, his earlier gluttony doing an impressive job of disguising the lively meal.

A hearty belch accompanied Reggie's final swallow, his immense gut swaying slowly from his latest snack's struggles. He'd ordered from the same place countless times in the past, but he'd never had a slice of pizza taste so incredible. The flavor was simply fantastic, and seemed to have a bit of an extra kick to it as well. Perhaps the recipe had changed recently. Though he usually preferred waiting to eat *after* the delivery guy left, Reggie decided to make an exception and have a third slice while he waited for the him to return. He couldn't quite remember why the lion had had to run back to his car; maybe there was a complimentary soda or some dipping sauce he'd forgotten. As Reggie mused on the possibilities, two more folded pizzas slid down his throat, the neat stacks of full boxes quickly becoming a messy heap of empty ones. His bloated middle was on the verge of touching the floor now.

The final pizza box was tossed aside just as Sam returned with the other half of the order, his attention so focused on keeping his fragile cargo stable he didn't even realize his customer had blimped out to a ridiculous degree since he'd been gone. The lion caught one glimpse of Reggie in the corner of his eye and stammered in terror, taking a step back from the carnage and trying to figure out how the fox could have possibly consumed so much in the brief time he was away. He wouldn't have been surprised if Reggie had scarfed down a couple slices while waiting—a fox that huge likely had an immense appetite after all—but he'd have had to of swallowed the pizzas whole in order to accomplish this astounding feat. His friend must have witnessed it happening, he could tell him...wait, where *was* he?

“Uh, sir, where's Emery?” Sam asked, unable to take his eyes off Reggie's belly.

Reggie let out another thunderous belch, and the dingo's pizza-stained cap flew out of his maw and landed on the floor with a splat. Sam was too terrified to flee as Reggie rolled forwards onto his gut and swiftly closed the gap between them, grabbing his next filling slice of “pizza”. While the lion was much larger than the dingo had been, he was also far more timid, practically shutting down as he was pulled into Reggie's awaiting maw. The overwhelming smell of warm pizza breath only dazed him further. He twitched and faintly squirmed as the tight walls of the esophagus wrapped around his body and inched him towards Reggie's already overfilled stomach, the thought of which filled him with dread. The unfortunate lion finally lucked out, fainting before he even had to endure a second of his inevitable cramped prison; he'd be resting in the comfort of his own bed when he awoke next.

Despite the complete lack of struggles, Sam took longer to swallow than Emery had. The lion's size played a small role, while Reggie's unwieldy bulk caused the most problems. His paws couldn't touch the ground anymore—an issue made worse with every gulp of obese lion—and Reggie's mountain of a gut looked comically big. Reggie's relentless hunger persevered in the end, though, the lion's wide butt and thick thighs sliding down his throat in due time, followed not too long after by the rest of him. Dozens of pizzas and a pair of extra-large delivery guys had left the gluttonous fox undeniably immobile, but there was still fresh food within paw's reach.

While the temptation to dig into the last half of his pizza was strong, Reggie decided to wait a few more minutes for the delivery guy to return so he didn't feel rude. He gave up after a few grueling seconds. Reggie couldn't believe the lion had been in such a hurry to leave that he'd missed out on a generous tip, and he wondered if an emergency had come up. Three more empty pizza boxes littered the coffee table now. The fox's immense gut wobbled slightly from his recent meal's protests, though every whole pizza he gulped down caused them to diminish somewhat. His belly was smooth and relatively motionless again once he finally tossed aside the last box.

Reggie let out a small belch then sighed in content. Indulging on a little pizza had improved his

mood quite a bit, and he could barely remember his sleeping problem anymore. He tried to walk over to the couch, but only managed to roll over onto his back, his swollen belly jiggling in the air as he blushed in embarrassment; the earlier fall must have taken a lot more out of him than he'd previously thought. Instead of letting the situation undo his good vibes, though, Reggie just laughed it off and yawned. The carpet was suddenly feeling pretty comfy, and a short nap to recharge seemed like the best idea. His eyelids slowly shut as the ridiculously stuffed fox fell into a deep sleep.

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A wide shadow crept across Reggie's living room from the open doorway. Standing with a devious grin—and a gut practically large enough to plug the front door—was an obese midnight-blue cheetah. Indi quietly waddled into the room, his eyes shifting from the crushed recliner to the mountain of pizza boxes to the snoozing blimp. When he'd concocted his plot to hypnotize Reggie into stuffing himself silly he'd expected only a modest success at best. The fox would hopefully gorge on most of the food in his kitchen, then be a delightfully filling and food-comatose meal. Reality was on a whole different level, though. Indi couldn't even begin to imagine how the fox had managed to eat *so* much on his own without breaking free of the VR headset's message, but he wasn't about to complain about his astounding luck. Eating Reggie would be a challenge, though the reward would be the most filling meal of the voracious cheetah's life.

Indi happily strolled closer to his lunch, already purring loudly in anticipation. Had he not been so distracted daydreaming about a full belly, he may have spotted the discarded delivery guy hat and realized the potential danger he faced. The cheetah loomed over Reggie and gave his gut a hearty slap, overjoyed at the wobbling that ensued, then crouched down near the fox's head to begin his feast. Unfortunately, Indi couldn't resist poking Reggie's nose as a final taunt. Though still fast asleep, a wonderful aroma drifted into Reggie's nostrils, prompting him to lunge for it instinctively. Indi chirped in confusion as his paw was suddenly engulfed by his meal's maw. Before he could even think about pulling his paw out a strong gulp sucked it into Reggie's throat and threw the blubbery cheetah off-balance. He unintentionally placed his free paw against the fox's maw to brace himself, which provoked a second swallow and left Indi trapped up to his elbows.

The tables had been turned on Indi so swiftly he barely understood what was happening. He desperately wiggled and pulled in an attempt to escape, but Reggie was far too determined to enjoy a high-calorie blueberry dessert. Indi demanded his rebellious meal stop over and over, then switched to frantic chirping once he was face-to-face with the sleep-eating fox. In a brief moment of clarity Indi remembered the phrase that would have snapped Reggie out of his hypnosis early, but he only managed to say half of it before his head slipped into the fox's maw. Reggie gulped Indi down rather lazily. His towering gut slowly grew once more, rising higher with every swallow and swaying from side to side. After a while Indi's complaints and shouts for help were muffled completely by Reggie's bulk, though he continued squirming right up until his footpaws passed over the fox's lips and vanished from view.

Reggie belched in his sleep once he'd finished stuffing himself with the treacherous cheetah, never waking up throughout the ordeal.

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Reggie tightened his clenched shut eyelids as the bright light of the morning sun washed over them. He mumbled under his breath about how it was too early to be waking up before reluctantly opening his eyes...and finding his sight mostly blocked by the white furry mountain that was his gut. The fox stared at his belly in silent disbelief for a moment before making a pitiful attempt to stand that ended up merely jiggling his middle. Everything about the day before was a fuzzy blur to Reggie, who only vaguely remembered trying out the VR hypnosis thingy Indi had loaned him, having a light

breakfast, and *maybe* ordering a pizza at some point. How he'd somehow become an immobile blob in the middle of all that was a complete mystery.

He tried to look around the room in search of potential clues, but his cheeks and chin had fattened up so much that just turning his head was a challenge, and he could feel similar gains in his flabby arms and legs, too. Inevitably he spotted the mess of pizza boxes and the stained cap amidst them. Far more questions were raised than answered. Reggie blushed at the possibility that he'd eaten all those pizzas—and potentially the person who'd delivered them—by himself, but he didn't have a better explanation for his surprise weight gain. As he bemoaned his apparent gluttony, though, he gradually realized that he'd actually woken up feeling refreshed, despite the immobility. Perhaps the hypnosis had worked after all...