

Reggie's Perfect Birthday Cake

By: IndigoRho

A bell's jingle filled the Happy Yeen Bakery as the door opened, a pair of hefty customers waddling inside. The first was a red fox whose doughy sides brushed against the door frame, prompting a chuckle from the equally wide midnight-blue cheetah behind him. The fox turned back to glare at his companion, momentarily flustered.

"Indi is this *really* necessary?" the fox asked, his gaze already drifting towards the nearby display case of pastries.

"Of course it is, Reggie!" Indi replied with a grin. "No birthday is complete without the birthday cake!"

"Well I'm not arguing against that. I just don't see the need for an official sampling of cakes I guess." Reggie tried his best to ignore his rumbling stomach as the aroma of fresh cupcakes and donuts flooded his nostrils.

Indi wrapped an arm around Reggie's shoulder and guided him towards a booth in the corner. "What, afraid you'll end up stuck in the door on the way out?" He gave his friend a teasing poke in the belly. "This'll ensure your cake is perfect. Besides, I know a guy who works here so the samples are all on the house."

Though Reggie wasn't completely convinced, he couldn't resist the offer of free cake. He'd just have to show restraint and make sure he didn't overdo it.

"Alright," Reggie relented. "Though I'm sure it won't take long."

As soon as Reggie settled into the booth the large double doors to the kitchens swung open. A cart loaded with cakes was rolled right to the booth, Reggie's eyes widening at the sight. Half of a heavily frosted chocolate cake was placed on the table before him, and he was too surprised to notice Indi being given a much, much smaller slice.

Reggie was tempted to complain to Indi that his serving was anything *but* a sample, but he worried about sounding rude in front of the baker. Instead the fox simply took a modest bite out of the offering. Then another, and another. The cake was fluffy and sweet and mouth watering all at once. Without realizing it Reggie plowed through the half of cake, bite after bite after bite. His suddenly demanding appetite ensured he didn't stop until only crumbs remained.

The fox was left speechless by his unexpected gluttony. He kept looking between his plate and the original dish, as if most of his massive slice could have somehow ended up back there instead of in his belly. Frustrated and embarrassed, Reggie attempted to shrug off his overeating as an accident, the result of missing out on lunch.

Indi, meanwhile, was still lazily whittling away at his slice, smiling. "Alright, how about the ice-cream cake next?"

The cheetah didn't actually wait for a reply, depositing another half a cake onto Reggie's plate.

"Real funny Spots, but all I'll need is a bite or two this time, you'll—*mmmmmmmm*."

The wonderful taste of the new cake stole Reggie's train of thought. Restraint was forgotten, the fox digging in just as voraciously as before. Indi casually set two full cakes in front of his friend, filling Reggie's field of view with irresistible temptation. Reggie didn't show any signs of worry or concern—as far as he was concerned the extra cakes had always been there, at least until he scarfed them down.

Every cake Reggie devoured made his belly a little bit rounder. Chocolate, ice-cream, lemon, vanilla...each was somehow better than the last. The fox's cheeks were always stuffed, fork diving for another bite the second it was empty. No matter how much he consumed he never felt sated. Soon the empty dishes were beginning to pile up.

A fresh cart of cakes arrived as Reggie was finishing the last of the first batch, and the fox seemed to have a brief moment of clarity once there wasn't any dessert in front of him.

"W-why did I eat so much cake!" Reggie groaned as he cradled his swollen middle, too stuffed

to leave the booth.

He made a weak attempt to wiggle off the bench, but with his gut pressing against the table he was effectively stuck.

"No time for chatter, you've still got a lot more cake to try out!" Indi snickered.

The cheetah snuck a bit of cake onto a fork and shoved it into the confused fox's open mouth, luring Reggie right back into uncontrollable gluttony. Reggie's hunger returned, and he happily started eating the rest of the new cake all on his own.

From then on out Indi made sure there was always something edible within Reggie's reach. The more Reggie ate the more ravenous he became, cakes disappearing in record time. The table was pulled backwards little by little to make room for the fox's ever-expanding middle. While Reggie gorged Indi teased his belly, squeezing his soft sides and joking about whether he could ever feel full, if he was just planning on eating until he filled the whole bakery. Reggie didn't respond, not hearing a word his friend said over the silent celebrations of his taste buds.

Eventually Reggie was so large his gut was used as the table, cake dishes wobbling atop his middle. His belly spilled over his lap, the bench creaking faintly under the hefty fox's growing bulk. Still he wasn't big enough, at least for Indi's purposes.

The creaking of the bench only increased, until inevitably the whole thing collapsed under Reggie. The fall dazed Reggie a bit, though not enough to halt his gluttony. Indi distracted him with forkfuls of cake until a funnel was brought out, and then the *real* feeding began.

Indi dropped whole cakes into the wide end of the funnel, pressing down upon them so Reggie could gulp them down with ease. The fox was on his back, a dopey grin upon his face. His belly steadily ballooned outward, like a white fluffy hill rising into the sky. He didn't feel the slightest bit full.

After a while the cart stopped returning, and Indi force-fed Reggie the last cake, plucking the funnel from this mouth. The fox was as wide as he was tall, utterly immobile and in no way capable of fitting through the front door. Reggie's gluttony daze slowly shifted to that of a food coma.

As Reggie came to he stared right at the mound towering above him. "I-Indi!" as all he could manage.

"Wow Reggie, you really, *really* love cake, don't ya?" Indi laughed, leaning gently against his friend's immense belly.

"I couldn't stop!" Reggie whined as he made a futile attempt to get up.

"Probably because of the secret ingredient I asked them to put in all the cakes. I felt it'd be a useful addition to make sure you tried every cake! Multiple times." Indi was pressing his paws against Reggie's bulk, testing its softness.

Reggie frowned, as he was too stuffed to do much else. "I can't believe you'd stuff me on my own birthday! Well... I guess maybe I can believe, but still! How am I gonna host a party when I can't even move!"

"I'm sure everyone can handle the little things," Indi said. "You just have to sit there and look comfy, seeing as you'll be the official couch for the event."

"H-hey now, I'm not furniture!" Reggie protested, silently wishing he had the strength to roll over the cheetah who'd fattened him up.

"Why don't we test that theory?"

With quite some effort Indi managed to climb atop Reggie's enormous belly, much to the fox's annoyance. He sunk in slightly, cushioned by fur, pudge, and plenty of buried cake.

"Honestly Reggie you're probably the comfiest couch I've ever had the pleasure of laying on!" Indi said, giving the fox's belly a slap. "Sure you take up a bit more room than the average couch, but I think my living room's got enough space for ya."

"What are you talking about!" Reggie wiggled.

"Just my birthday gift to you: a new, easy job as my permanent couch!" Indi laughed. "You'll

get to be lazy all day, and I'll provide you with plenty of free food to maintain your softness. I can't wait to show you off to all our friends! I'm sure they'll support ya."

Suddenly very nervous, all Reggie could do was wonder if he'd ever be mobile again...or if he'd just have to get used to life as a couch.