

Jet's New Heft

By: IndigoRho

Jet felt the sunlight pouring through the windows warm his black fur and smiled. While the cheetah enjoyed Winter, Summer was undeniably his favorite time of the year, and he was celebrating the improving weather with pool party. Far fewer guests had been able to attend than he'd hoped thanks to the timing overlapping with a major musical festival going on downtown, but he was still glad to be hosting anyone.

The only real problem was the overabundance of food, and even then he had a feeling his friends would probably deal with it. After all, most of them were ravenous butterballs, a fact he was obnoxiously quick to point out.

Two of those butterballs were with him at the moment. August—a gray lion—and Indi—a midnight blue cheetah who was also Jet's cousin. Both were around three hundred and fifty pounds, wearing swim trunks a bit too snug thanks to winter gains. It hadn't gone unnoticed by Jet.

"Already in need of new trunks?" Jet snickered. "I swear you both manage to outgrow a pair every year!"

August didn't seem too fazed but Indi scowled. "My new job's just been really sedentary, that's all!"

"Pfft, that's been your excuse since college, when the freshman fifteen turned into fifty. I can barely remember when you actually used to be *chubby*." Jet gave Indi's belly a prod, prompting the other cheetah to blush and swat his paw away. His attention had already drifted to August. "Of course I *can* remember when you were as thin as me, dude."

"What can I say, the boyfriend's a great cook," August replied, patting his middle cheerfully.

"With how swiftly you blimped up I'm beginning to think a funnel was involved. And now I've got one less person to hit the slopes with, since you'd just end up rolling downhill and making an avalanche or something!"

Indi was grumbling under his breath. "Nothing wrong with being heftier."

"Indi's right. The extra weight has actually been really pleasant. It's grown on me."

"Yeah, real pleasant being too fat to ride a skateboard anymore or fit in a kayak. Meanwhile *I'm* still just as fit as I was in college, even with an office job. Course all this food I'm providing probably isn't helping your dies much!" Jet laughed, ignoring the lack of amusement from his friends.

August fished something out of his pocket, a smile returning to the lion's face. "On the topic of generosity, I thought I'd give you your birthday present early, since I might not be in town when it actually comes." He held out his paw, revealing a white collar with gold spots that shone in the light.

Jet accepted the gift with interest, admiring the collar before placing it around his neck. "It looks awesome August! Didn't think you had much fashion sense. Not just regifting me something you outgrew, right?" He laughed. The cheetah failed to notice how his gift glowed faintly right after the clasp was shut.

August smiled a bit wider rather than look annoyed. "Nah, though it does fit you better than it does me."

Suddenly Jet felt incredibly hungry, like he'd missed breakfast. He didn't think much of the odd hunger and decided to sate it with a few chips from the table nearby. Instead he grabbed a whole pawful and tossed them into his mouth. Then another, and another. He was outright gorging.

However, from Jet's point of view he'd still only had a couple chips at best. Or maybe some crackers. Or was it a cookie? Jet had trouble remembering exactly what he had eaten, but he was convinced it was barely anything so why worry?

"I'm trying out for local skateboarding competition in a couple weeks, the collar will help me stand out more," Jet said in between bites. "Almost thought about draining the pool to skate in for

practice, but I've been swimming in it to keep in shape so whatever."

Indi was very, very confused. He'd never seen Jet gorge to such a ridiculous degree, not even while high. His cousin was wiping out dish after dish leaving only crumbs behind as he gloated about how well his boarding was going and how bummed he was that August couldn't grind the rails with him anymore without bending them. Jet didn't seem to even be paying attention to the food he was scarfing down, eating unconsciously as if it were breathing.

Steadily the cheetah's belly began to swell, peeking out from under his tank-top. Soon there was no food left on the table, and Jet was sporting a bulging ball gut. Though he briefly fidgeted with his tank-top he didn't seem to care about his round middle. Or maybe somehow didn't notice.

Suddenly Jet's gut started shrinking, but as it did the rest of his body was getting noticeably softer. The food he'd eaten was being digested almost instantly. Afterward he was left looking chubby, his tank-top clinging tightly to his small belly and his trunks less loose.

"Huh, thought I filled this table with food before the party started," Jet mumbled. "If you two are already putting this kind of dent in the snacks then I won't have to get stuck with a mountain of leftovers after all!"

The chubbier cheetah wandered off, muttering about finding something to eat.

Indi stared in silence as his cousin left, then turned to August. "Please tell me I'm not the only one who saw, saw whatever that was!"

"Oh don't worry, the only one who *didn't* see that was Jet, and he won't for as long as that collar remains around his neck," August chuckled, giving Indi a pat on the shoulder. "I had a friend enchant it—though I guess curse is a better way to describe it. Jet will obviously eat nonstop, and all the food he eats will immediately turn into fat. I felt he could benefit from experience being hefty himself for once. Either he'll learn a lesson or at least it'll be hilarious to watch."

"Now that's *my* kind of karmic payback!" Indi grinned. "Though I guess we should snag some snacks for ourselves before Jet eats them all."

Meanwhile, Jet was still gorging. Having set out all the food, he knew exactly where it was, and was able to dart from one table to the next like a gluttonous whirlwind. His odd behavior got him plenty of curious glances from the guests. No one really knew what to say, though. Instead they merely nodded along to any conversation he started, eyes inevitably drifting to his swelling belly.

As more tables were cleared off, the last vestiges of Jet's slim figure vanished beneath pudge. His chin rounded out, cheeks getting chubby. Fingers were chunkier. Love handles had appeared. Jet now had a prominent bubble butt that filled out his swim trunks, which no longer fit well. He was plump enough that his gut jiggled as he walked, but he was still *only* plump. And hungry.

"Everyone must be really pigging out!" Jet said, his mouth full of chips. "Good thing I've still got stuff hidden in the kitchen."

There *were* plenty more dishes and platters in the kitchen, but the second Jet entered he began to devastate them just like everything else he'd come across before. His gluttony had only intensified. When the prepared food had been inevitably wiped out he simply opened up the fridge.

Leftovers, veggies, sandwich meats and cheese, juice, soda. Jet dealt with one shelf at a time, leaving nothing but empty containers and wrappers in his wake. Bent over the fridge, his gut was ballooning outward, jiggling and sagging as it was filled.

"They got to the fridge, too? It's a miracle any of my friends are still mobile!" Jet laughed off the empty fridge as if it were a completely normal thing that could ever happen. "Maybe there's still something in the pantry."

The doughy cheetah wandered into his pantry, the door closing some behind him. Over the next few minutes the sounds of boxes being torn open and food being guzzled echoed out. A loud *uoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo* topped the unseen feeding frenzy off.

When Jet finally waddled out his belly was so stuffed it got wedged in the door. He grunted and scowled as he tried to force his way through, only succeeding when the food in his stomach turned to

fat.

“Ugh, can’t believe I let the pantry get so cluttered I had to squeeze out.”

Jet stretched, a few seams on his scrunched up tank-top ripping as he did. He’d become just plain obese, fatter than even August and Indi. His swim trunks were digging into his pudge, and they’d have been shredded if he sat down. The collar was getting tight as well, Jet’s double chin threatening to spill over it.

With the pantry a bust, the only place Jet thought there might be food left was out by the pool. Not noticing his slower pace—and being baffled by all the furniture he was somehow bumping into—Jet headed to where he hoped he’d finally find a snack or two.

Indi had to clamp a paw over his snout to prevent from laughing once he spotted the blubbery Jet heading his way. Even August appeared surprised by the sheer success of his ploy—though pleasantly so.

“Man I *really* underestimated your appetites! I didn’t prepare nearly enough for this group, let alone my original invite list.” Jet was holding a whole plate of fast-disappearing sliders. “Honestly can’t believe you two aren’t on the verge of bursting with how much you’ve been piling into your maws while I’m not looking!”

“Oh you know, at our size it’s easy to down a few courses and still have room for plenty more,” August said, playing along.

Indi nodded in agreement. “Yep! We can’t say no to hunger, we just eat and eat and eat all the time.”

“Can’t imagine being that—*braaaaaaap*—hungry, it’s ridiculous!” Jet said after annihilating a two dozen deviled eggs. “Just another reason to stay nice and lean!”

Fatter and fatter the smug cheetah grew. He was swiftly closing in on five hundred pounds. The collar creaked as it was stretched beyond its limits, barely visible sunken into pudge. As Jet finished off the very last of the food the collar finally failed. It snapped right off Jet’s neck, causing the cheetah’s whole body to jiggle.

Jet was startled by the abrupt destruction of the collar, but even more so by how absurdly heavy he felt all of a sudden. He looked down at his immense body and chirped in distress and shock.

“What happened to me!” Jet shouted. He gave his belly a nervous poke and recoiled when he felt soft fat.

Indi burst into laughter, followed shortly by August and then everyone else near the pool. “Turns out you can eat us all under the table! Not that you can fit under one anymore.”

August went up to Jet and gave his pudgy side a squeeze, causing the cheetah to blush. “I guess you’re the fattest in the group now. Congratulations dude, you carry that bulk really well!”

“I’m...I’m huge! This is a disaster!” Jet whimpered, pinching himself in the hopes he was having a nightmare. Instead he only proved how much he’d fattened up.

“Now, now, I’m sure you’ll learn to enjoy all that wonderful heft eventually. And if not, well you can always hit the gym and hope for the best.”

Jet simply frowned, lifting his belly up with both paws and letting it drop, wincing as it jiggled. He didn’t know how he’d ever manage to slim back down, or how long such a titanic task would take. Worst of all, he was already feeling hungry again...