

Jeff slowed the car, again. He peered ahead, but the headlights barely cut through this rain. He had a difficult time making out the road.

"Where did this storm come from?" he wondered. He glanced up, then back to the road. The sky had been bright, cloudless, all day. There hadn't been any signs the weather was turning. Then, just as he'd taken this secondary road, the clouds had become so thick it might as well be night. Then the rain had dropped like an anvil.

"This can't be the right road," he told the GPS, attached to the dash. "There's no way I'm going to make the meeting on time."

He tried to look further down the road. He didn't think it was possible, but he thought the rain was falling even harder. The customer wasn't going to be happy with his tardiness.

"How long am I going to be on this road?" he sighed.

"Recalculating," the GPS answered, in its melodious woman's voice.

"What?" He looked at it again. "Why are you recalculating? This is still the same road you told me to turn on to."

"Recalculating," the machine repeated.

Jeff shook his head and looked back to the road just in time to see something white appear in the light. With a curse, he slammed the breaks. The wheels squealed. He felt the car move sideways, although he couldn't see any confirmation of that in the wet darkness. He tried to regain control; he was supposed to turn into the skid, wasn't he? Before the answer came to him, the car jolted to a stop, tilted down.

The seat belt and the steering wheel pressed against his stomach, making it difficult to breathe. The car was silent, except for the rain, like finger taps on the roof.

"Recalculating," the GPS said, cheerfully.

Jeff glared at it. He wasn't normally a violent, but right now he wanted to smack the damned thing. He didn't. This was a company car, so his boss was going to be angry enough that he'd ended up in the ditch and damage the car, adding to that wouldn't help anything. Could he get fired over this? He hoped not.

He looked out, squinting to see through the rain. He couldn't see any sign of what he'd almost hit, and it had been almost, right? Jeff didn't remember hearing or feeling a collision, but he thought he'd seen some red with the white. Oh, he wished he hadn't hit anything, even if it had been the fault of whatever animal it had been, for jumping in the middle of the road like that.

He gave his nerves a moment more to calm down. He couldn't spend the whole day here. Was it still day? Had to be. He had to get going; he still had a meeting to make. He turned the key. Nothing. He turned it again, and all he got out of it was the click of the contacts.

"Please, don't do this to me," he whispered. "Just start. I'll stop at the next gas station and fill you with premium gas, I promise."

He turned the key. Nothing. He repeated the actions half a dozen time, with the same result. He felt like banging his head on the steering wheel, but he couldn't bend that much with his stomach in the way. He rubbed his black furred muzzle instead. Now he was going to have to justify a tow truck.

He looked for his briefcase, where he kept his phone. It had ended up in the passenger side's foot well. He reached for it, but the belt kept him in place. It took a moment for him to be able to unfasten it, then he flopped forward, the car's horn sounded, the rain muffling the noise.

With an effort, he stretched and caught the briefcase's handle. The samples were a shambles in there, but they were in plastic bottles, so it was no big deal. Phone in hand he lodged the briefcase between the seats. He didn't want to have to fight to get it again.

He dialed the customer first. He might as well tell them he was going to be late, now that it wasn't just because he'd gotten lost.

"Mister Hollowart?" he began, as soon as the call connected, but he was rewarded with static. "Sir?" he asked, louder. "I can't make out what you're saying. I'm--"

There was a screech on the line; then he thought he could make out a voice, but it sounded like a woman. His the customer's wife picked up? He tried to make out what the voice said, but it was too garbled.

"Look," he said, hoping that his side of the conversation came in clearly, "Please tell Mister Hollowart, this is Jeffrey Martin. I'm going to be late. I hit the mother of all storms, and I ended up in the ditch. Even the car's GPS has no idea where I am."

The voice said something, and through the distortion, Jeff thought it sounded like 'come on in,' then the call disconnected.

Jeff sighed. He eyed the glove compartment, where the information for the tow company his boss had a contract with was and stretched for it. When he finally had the pamphlet, he found the number on the back and dialed it.

He waited, and waited, then the phone beeped and terminated the call. Looking at the display, he saw he didn't have any reception.

He chuckled sourly. "It doesn't just rain, it pours." He looked out as the sound of rain diminished and watched as it stopped. He could make out the bottom of the ditch, a few feet in front of the car, in the darkness. The black clouds hadn't gone away.

He shook his head in amusement. "And of course, now that everything is stuck, the rain stops." He checked the phone, still no signal.

"Recalculating," The GPS said.

He had to get out of the car if only to get away from that infernally cheery voice. And outside he might find a signal.

He managed to step out without losing his footing on the muddy slope. The door creaked and protested as he leaned against it, panting

from the exertion getting out of the car proved to me. It was the stress of the accident, he told himself, not his still excessive waistline that was making things harder to do.

The slope was close to forty-five degrees, so it was a wonder the car wasn't sliding further down. With all the rain, there had to be a river of water by now.

He looked up and around, wondering why it the clouds weren't breaking up if the rain was done. He was about to grab on the read door handle, to pull himself up, when he a light in the distance. It was through what he thought was a light wood, but a light, meant a house, right? And they would have a land line. He couldn't tell how far it was, but had to be better than walking around aimlessly hoping to find a signal.

He pulled his briefcase out; he wasn't leaving it there, for anyone to grab. He might only have samples in there, but these were still valuable. He pulled himself up enough to close the door; then he was sliding down.

With a curse he fought to remain standing, praying for somewhere to stop himself before he hit the accumulated water. He was surprised to make out only a small stream, and he managed to hop over it, landing on flat and stable ground. He smiled, proud of having managed to avoid getting wet or dirty.

The sky opened up and dropped buckets of water on him.

"Someone hates me," Jeff sighed. He wanted to look up and yell his complaint, but with the rain falling this hard, it would poke his eyes out, or drown him. He put his briefcase over his head and trudged through the wet underbrush. Making sure to keep the light in sight, he checked his phone every so often for a signal.

By the time he reached a graveled driveway, he was soaked all the way to the bones. The improvised umbrella hadn't done him much good. He shivered. He hoped they had a fire going because he was going to need the heat.

The light was at one end of the driveway. He tried to see the house, but he couldn't make out any details through the rain. He got a sense that it was large, and tall, a mansion more than a house.

As he got closer, he could see it was made of large stones, stacked, one on top of the other. He looked up, shielding his eyes, but it didn't help. The top vanished in the dark rain. Jeff was impressed.

The door was large, massive. Made of wood, it matched the largeness of the building. He thought about knocking, but the wood would be thick, he'd have to resort to banging his fist against it, and even that he wasn't sure would accomplish anything.

He found the buzzer, and music sounded once he pressed it. A guitar accompanied by a piano, trumpets, and a few string instruments. The few bars it played sounded familiar to Jeff, but he couldn't place it. When it stopped, the door opened, and woman

rested languidly against it.

"Well, hello there," she said, her voice surprisingly deep and raspy. She looked Jeff up and down. "What brings such a handsome fellow to my doorstep in this weather?"

She was a little taller than Jeff, who had never been tall, at five-eight, and she was thin. Her bright red dress clung to her. Her lipstick was the same bright color, as was her hair, which had to be dyed, no hair could be that bright naturally.

Jeff didn't consider himself a connoisseur of women; he spent too much time on his own, driving across the country, to get to know many of them, but still, he thought this was over doing it. Her shoulders were so square the dress had to have epaulets.

He didn't say anything. It wasn't his place to comment on how a woman dressed or used makeup, especially not now when he needed her assistance.

"I ended up in the ditch, can I use your phone? I need to call a tow truck."

She placed a hand to her chest. "Oh poor you. I'm afraid the phone isn't working. This storm never likes phones, so he takes them down each time he comes by. I really wish he'd stop." She straightened. "But where are my manners. Please, come in and get out from under the rain. You're freezing, you know." She moved out of the way and opened the door fully.

Jeff entered and fought the urge to shake himself. Not only wouldn't it do any good while wearing clothing, but it wasn't good manners to shake himself dry.

He looked around while She closed the door. The hall had a few tables and chairs, antique looking, and a grandfather clock, which said it was midnight or noon. It was dark wood, varnished to a shine, but Jeff thought it leaned to the side slightly. That might account for what it had the wrong time. It was the middle of the afternoon.

"Allow me to introduce myself," the woman said. "I am Aorta, queen of this castle." She offered him her large hand, really large, Jeff thought, finger's down, showing him what he initially thought was a large diamond ring, but realized it was a plastic dome. Under it was the picture of a guy, was that Tim Curry? With letters around it.

He was amused, he got the strong impression she expected him to kiss her hand, but he didn't feel like playing along. He took it and shook it. "Jeff Martin." He smiled, feeling he did have to make a light jab at her. "If you're the queen, shouldn't you have a servant to answer the door?"

She frowned at him, then looked down at her hand. Yeah, he'd guessed right. "I do, He's Off."

Jeff let go of the hand. "Off where?"

She frowned a moment longer, then a smile blossomed on her lips. "I have no idea. He's always running about; he might be out in the

rain, for all I know. Speaking of which, you're dripping on the Persian carpet."

Jeff looked down and was startled to find he was standing on a carpet made to look like a man in some old robe and wearing a turban. The carpet wore a distinct expression of disdain, and he seemed to be trying to move away from where Jeff was dripping.

He quickly stepped off it. How had he not noticed stepping on it?

"Why don't we get you out of these wet clothes? Just follow me. I have a room where you can change into something more..." she looked him over, "dry."

She took him through the hall to a large room, and he looked up. Wood beams came out of the walls to meet the ceiling. It was quite rustic and looked strong. Jeff thought this mansion, castle, he thought with a smile, could withstand the worst of storms.

"What's in the briefcase?" she asked, as they past frames without any painting them in them.

"Weight loss samples."

She stopped, and Jeff almost walked into her. She turned and fixed her gaze on him. "Weight loss?"

The shepherd nodded. "I'm a sales rep, but I'm also a customer." He patted his stomach, which he felt was still much too large. "I lost a hundred pounds over the last year."

"Oh, poor Jeff," she said. For a moment Jeff thought she was going to place her hand on his stomach, but then it moved up to his shoulder. "Then it's a very good thing you found yourself here."

He thought he saw pity in her eyes, and anger flared. Yes, he was overweight, but at least she was doing something about it. He stamped it down. She probably hadn't meant anything by it, and she was helping him out.

"You can change in there," she said, when they reached a carved wooden door. "You'll find towels to dry yourself as well as a robe."

She moved to reach for the handle, and Jeff realized the carving on the door was of her, reaching for the handle. That was weird, he thought. She opened it and motioned for him to enter the dark room.

"The switch is on the wall; you can't miss it." She closed the door behind him.

The room was pitch black. There wasn't even any light seeping through under the door. He felt along the wall until he found the switch and flicked it.

Jeff jumped back with a strangled cry as Aorta looked at him. She was standing right there, in front of him. He opened his mouth to ask what she was doing there, but saw that she was also standing abode herself, and next to herself.

As his heart calmed down, he looked around. Paintings of Aorta covered the walls. In all of them, she wore the same red dress, had the same red lipstick on and same red hair. In some she was sitting,

others standing, or brandishing swords or broomsticks. Some paintings were small, some life size, and one at least three times that large. The room was much taller than he'd expected it, and the ceiling also had paintings of her.

They all looked at him. He shuddered. It was eerie.

Once he stopped looking at her, the paintings, he found the towels on a table by the wall. He took off his suit jacket. It was probably ruined at this point and looked for where to put it. The table was already full with the towels and robe. She obviously knew other furies and knew how difficult fur was to dry.

Something brushed his back, and he jumped. It took him a moment to figure out what it had been. The painting of Aorta had her standing, extending her hand, and it reached out of the painting. Actually out of it. Someone had made a hook that looked like her hand, fingers splayed, and attached it exactly where it would be if she had been there.

He had no idea how he'd missed it stepping to the table, but he tested it and felt strong. He hung his jacket on it, looking around, wondering what else he'd missed.

His shirt joined the jacket; then he undid his belt. The button went flying, and his pants dropped to the ground.

He looked around hoping no one had seen that happen, then chuckled to himself. He was the only one in the room, if he didn't count all the paintings. Had his slacks shrunk in the rain? They had to; he had been watching what he ate. Well, he had treated himself to a few hot dogs before the trip, but that couldn't be the cause. With a sigh, they joined his shirt and jacket. He looked around but didn't think he'd ever find the button.

He was now in his underwear, and for a moment he thought about taking them off. He looked around at all the paintings and shook his head. It felt too much like he was being watched to be comfortable dropping those.

He grabbed towels and proceeded to dry himself.

There were only two still dry when he finished. The wet ones had made a pile under his wet clothes. He didn't want them to form a puddle on the floor.

The robe was white terry cloth, like the towels, and it seemed, to him, a little small. He put it on, and the length was reasonable, although he'd prefer if it to at least went down to his knees. He had difficulty closing the robe. Another reminder he was overweight, she probably didn't have anything that could fit him. He sucked his stomach in and pulled the sides as tightly as he could before tying the belt.

"Oh good, you're dressed," Aorta said, behind him.

With a cry Jeff jumped and spun around, feeling air against his wet rump. His tail was keeping the robe lifted.

"How?" he croaked and noticed one of the painting only had an

empty chair. "Were you sitting there the whole time?" He asked, following her with his gaze as she went to the door.

"Where?" she asked.

"There!" He pointed to the empty chair, only, there was an Aorta in it again."

She looked at the painting and smiled at him. "It's a painting, dear. Now, how does a bit of food strike you?"

"Food?" Jeff remembered the flying button. "I'm okay."

"Now, now, I'm sure a man like you has a healthy appetite."

Jeff opened his mouth to protest, but his stomach spoke instead, growling. He did feel hungry; it had been hours since lunch.

"I guess I could eat something."

She beamed at him, throwing the door open. "Well then, just follow me."

She led him the way they came. Jeff fought to keep his tail down, and his rump covered. Passing the entryway, Jeff thought he saw the carpet jerk, but it had to be a trick of the light. The clock now showed eleven, yep; it was broken.

The new hall Aorta took him in had to be twelve feet wide and had a red carpet running down the middle of it. It was a darker red than his host's dress, and Jeff realized it wasn't exactly in the middle of the hall, nor was it running straight. It moved closer to one side, then the other. The plush was thick, and Jeff couldn't shake the feeling it was moving under his feet when he'd stepped on it, so he stayed off as much as possible.

Paying attention to the carpet, almost made him miss the phone. The damn thing was becoming more and more sinuous, as is it was actively trying to get him to step on it.

The phone was old, made of brass, silver, and ivory. It had a rotary dial, with an oversized handset made of ivory for the ear and mouth piece connected by a brass cylinder.

He picked up the handset, looked at it before putting it to his ear. He heard a dial tone, and then realized he didn't know the tow truck's number. His phone was in his jacket, in the room, as was his briefcase, he realized.

He was about to tell Aorta he needed to get his phone when someone spoke in the handset.

"Hello?" the voice said. Jeff couldn't make out of the voice had been male or female. Maybe a teen?

"Hello," he replied. "Who is this?" At least this meant the phone worked."

"Who are you?" the other person asked.

"I'm Jeff," he replied.

"And what do you want, Jeff?"

"I want to call a tow truck for my car."

"I'm afraid you can't do that."

"Why not?"

"The phone lines are down."

"They can't be; I'm talking to you."

"Are you?"

"What do you mean?"

There was no answer.

Jeff tapped the cradle a few times, and this time, there wasn't even a dial tone. He looked up to ask Aorta, but she'd made it almost to the end of the corridor. He hung up and hurried after her; he didn't want to get lost in this building.

He tripped over something in his hurry and barely managed to avoid ending up face first on the floor. Looking back, the carpet had become twisted, red shag on one side, orange on the other. It was two sided? No wonder it felt like it had moved under his feet.

He made it to her as she reached for a double door. Jeff stared at what was next to the door. It was a table and two chairs, made of delicate wood. The kind of things no one used, they just looked nice. But these were different. The table was on six feet long legs. One of the chairs matched it, while the other was at a normal height.

"Why is that like that?" Jeff asked.

Aorta glanced where he was looking, hand on the door's handle. "Oh, them," she said in a disinterested tone. "They can never agree on a height." She opened the door, and Jeff immediately forgot about the table. The smells of food washed over him.

He looked past her to a large table, filled with succulent looking, and smelling, foods. He tried not to drool as he looked over the bounty. The turkey was golden and juicy. The hams were glazed, the breads looked crispy. There were pies, cakes, and pastries.

She guided him to the table, even pulling the chair out for him. Jeff almost protested, It should be him who did that for her, but she smiled at him.

"Please, sit down. You wouldn't want to eat standing up, would you?"

Jeff still considered protesting, but he did sit down. The chair groaned under his weight, but when he looked down at it, it seemed too solid to bend under his bulk.

She brought a pie close to him and cut it in sixes.

"I think I should have some of the turkey, instead." He said, as he took one of the wedges and placed it on a plate, which she pushed to him.

"Nonsense," she replied. "Desert is the best part of the meal, don't you agree?"

Jeff wanted to protest; his waistline really couldn't handle dessert anymore, but the smell of the pie climbed up his nose and directly to his brain.

"And it's blueberry," she continued, "I baked it just for you. Surely you don't want me to have done all that arduous work for nothing, now would you?"

She smiled, thinking there was something wrong with her statement, but unable to figure out what it was. "No, of course not." He cut the end of the steaming pie with his fork, and the smells became richer. He places it on his tongue, and he moaned.

This was amazing. It had to be the best blueberry pie he's tasted. Fresh fruits had been used; he was sure of it. The flavor was deep, the texture lush. It was sweet, but not the cloying sweetness of added sugar. And it was just warm enough to help the flavors spread.

He opened his eyes, and she was looking at him expectantly.

"This is really good," he said with a grin, before taking another bite. She beamed at him. "Aren't you going to have a slice?" he asked as he chewed.

"Oh no, a woman such as myself as to pay attention to her figure." She ran a hand down her sides, pulling the dress tighter against her and accentuating her figure.

Jeff gawked for a moment, then smiled. Hey, she was proud of her figure, good for her. Even if something did look odd about it. Anyway, he had something more captivating, the pie. His stomach gurgled, and he felt the robe lift up as his tail wagged.

As he continued eating, she looked over his shoulder. Jeff glanced that way and caught a flash of white and red by the door.

"Continue enjoying the food," she murmured to him, leaning in really close. "I need to go see to something. "I'll just be a moment." She ran a hand down his back before walking away. Jeff felt he should wonder at the gesture, had it been appropriate? But, eating was more important.

"Where have you been Off?" she asked. She kept her voice low, clearly not intending for Jeff to hear, but he had good hearing, and listening didn't prevent him from eating.

"Where do you think?" a gruff voice replied, in a normal tone. When he continued, he too lowered his voice. "You're the one who sent Off out."

"And what took you so long coming back?"

"Hey, the weather's your fault too. You think it's easy to move around when Off is waterlogged? Now he has to get dry. Are there any towels left? How about the wringer?"

"Before you do that, I have a job for you and Cheech..." Now her voice dropped low enough Jeff couldn't hear.

He wanted to wonder who that was, and who Chech was, but the question just wouldn't stick around, not when there was blueberry pie to think about and eat, let's not forgetting to eat.

He looked around, to see if she was watching. She wasn't, so he helped himself to a second slice. He thought there was a reason he shouldn't, something about his stomach, which gurgled again, but he couldn't think of what it might be.

The chair felt tighter. Nah, it was his imagination, chairs

didn't shrink. He adjusted himself, feeling the wooden rung move against his sides.

By the time Aorta returned, he'd finished the second slice, and pushed the plate away. He wasn't sure why he did that, only that he had a sense he shouldn't eat more, even though he wanted more.

"You can't be done already." She commented, looking at the plate.

He frowned. She was right, wasn't she? "I- I don't think-" What had he wanted to say? The thoughts escaped him, replaced by the smells of the pie, the turkey. It all smelled so good. He patted his stomach. It had something to do with that. The robe had fallen to the side, revealing pale brown belly fur. It was a nice belly.

Aorta smiled as Jeff took both sides and attempted to bring them together. They didn't come close to touching anymore. That didn't stop him from attempting to hold both with one hand as he reached for the belt with the other.

She placed another slice on the plate. "Won't you have another one? Surely two slices can't have been enough to fill such a healthy appetite."

She eyed his stomach, and Jeff thought she might pat it.

He looked at the slice, opened his mouth to protest, but the smells were so good that he found the protest melting away. Exactly what was the reason he shouldn't have another slice? It was good, and filling, and the lady have been so nice to bake it just for him. It would be rude to refuse.

He pulled the plate to him and dug in.

With a cheer she jumped in place, clapping. Fork in his mouth, Jeff couldn't help watching her, his head moving up and down. The bouncing did something interesting to her breast. When she stopped, Jeff couldn't take his gaze off them; there was something wrong. He tilted his head sideways until they looked properly aligned to him.

She frowned at him, then looked down at herself. With a gasp, she turned her back to him and-

Hey, who are you? What are you doing here? You're not supposed to be in here. How did you get in?

Wait, what are you doing? Get away from me. No, no, don't touch me. I'm the narrator; you can't treat me like- hmmmph

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Hello, everyone! It is I, the queen of the castle, Aorta. I'm- Yes, yes, Off. You can go dry yourself, and take Chech with you; you dripped so much on him he needs a good toweling too.

I'm sorry, where was I? Oh, yes. I'm sorry you had to witness this disruption, but I just couldn't let this stuffy old narrator go on. I mean, how could he not talk about Mister Martin's wonderful tush, how the gold of his fur shows through the stretched, wet,

fabric? He hardly gave you an idea how just how yummy the Germain Shepherd was. And what he said about the way I look?

Don't worry; I'm sure I'll be able to find a place for him. I think that old boring narrator will be perfect as the announcer for the park.

Oh, and for the record, the music the bell played was 'Sweet Transvestite'. How he didn't know that is beyond me.

Now, look at him, isn't he dreamy? His wide belly, that the robe can't contain anymore. Oh no, I didn't plan that, How could I? After all, how could I know this storm would hit, and send his car in the ditch? No no, it's just an amazing coincidence.

Oh, look! Did you see? His tail wagged again and lifted the robe, giving us a look at those wide gluts. Isn't that the most beautiful tush you've ever seen? How I long to touch it. I want to press on his stomach, feel it wobble under my fingers as I run them through the fur.

Of course, I'm not done with him. I can't believe he has wanted to loose weight. He's so handsome. No, I couldn't turn my back on such a man. I'm going to fix that, and then some.

So, where were we? Oh, right.

I had my back to Jeff Martin, rearranging my boobies. I really should know better than to get excited like that, this always happens. I turned to face him again, and he looked at my boobies once, before going back to eating.

I beamed. The slices of pie were already having an effect, both on his waistline and his mind. The glimmer of intelligence there was diminishing, and his belly was now straining against the sides of the chair.

The chair was complaining, but when doesn't it? It'll be fine, and it knows it.

As Jeff finished his third slice, I thought I noticed he was taking on a blue tint. Oh oh, did I use too much of Willy's blueberries in the pie? Better switch him to another dish. Blueberry isn't what I have planned for him.

I pulled a roast close and sliced him a generous portion. Jeff looked at it, all smiles. He even drooled a little. He started on it as I put it on his plate. He cut large chunks and shoved that in his muzzle. I cut him another slice and his plate was clean before I put it there. His appetite was increasing, that was good.

I looked at his belly, and it shook as if water was filling it. It grew by a few inches, and the chair complained louder. I shushed it; I couldn't have it disturb Jeff's experience.

I sliced as quickly as I could and barely kept up with his eating. He burped loudly, and all of a sudden his stomach ballooned, pushing him away from the table.

He grinned stupidly, leaned forward and grasped the turkey. The drumstick came off in his hand as he pulled and he devoured it. His

smile became stupider as he ate. His tongue hung out the side of his muzzle. The robe was now more of a cape, exposing his majestic belly, hardly coming down to his sides.

I did place a hand on it this time, and it wobbled under it. Jeff chuckled.

"Who's a good boy? Jeffrey? You're a good boy, aren't you?"

He looked at me, his eyes glazed over and nodded, grinning.

"And the good boy is still hungry, isn't he?"

He nodded more vigorously. I brought the whole turkey to him, and he leaned into it, grabbing it by both ends and biting big chunks out of it with gusto.

The chair complained one last time and shattered under Jeff's ever increasing bulk. He didn't even notice. He fell to the ground, pulling the turkey down with him, still gnawing at it.

There wasn't much left of it, so I placed two of the hams on the floor. As soon as he was done with the turkey, sending the bones flying everywhere, he pounced on the hams, landing on all four before them.

I doubt he noticed how his arms and legs were shorter, better suited to be on all four now. Not that they were much help after he was done with the first ham, they barely touched the ground around his ample belly.

When all that was left of the first ham was the bone, he bit into the second and shook it. I jumped aside to avoid getting food on my dress. You might not realize it, but getting grease stains out of fabric isn't easy.

In a moment there was nothing left of that ham either. He let go of a long burp, and suddenly, his legs weren't touching the ground anymore. He whined for a moment as he tottered, then rolled to his side, where he sighed contently. He locked his muzzle with his long tongue until it was clean, then leaned forward, trying to get to some of the scraps on the floor.

I ran my hand through his belly, soft and pliable. I scratched it and his hind leg started scratching in echo. I leaned against him.

"Oh, Jeffrey, isn't this so much better than always being on the road? Now you'll have all the food you want, and you'll be my pillow, maybe a bean bag chair? No, a bed. I'll be able to stretch on you and sleep there, wouldn't you like that?"

Jeff gave a wuff of acquiescence.