

The bell of the tiny bookshop clattered against the door announcing the entrance of a trim sleek otter, his entrance accompanied with a cool autumn gust and a few swirling leaves. He had his tail close around him and his jacket zipped closed to brace himself from the rather stiff breeze, but relaxed as he entered the threshold of the shop, taking the opportunity to unzip his jacket and let it hang open.

"Greetings Sir, welcome to Leo's Library." a cheery voice chimed in, welcoming the otter "How are you? Is there anything I can help with?" A small squirrel squeaked setting her book at the counter, the clerk stepping from behind her counter

"Heya, and I'm good thanks, just a bit cold heh." The otter smiled back to the clerk with a wave. "I was looking for some good thrilling books for a friend's upcoming birthday, oh and a cookbook, I wanna cook him something special too heheh."

"Oh what a nice gesture! There were some good thrillers just released a few days ago, those are right down the first aisle to the left in the New Release section,"the squirrel pointed back to a large sign above the rows of books "and our cook book section is far in the back on the right" she continued with another gesture.

"Oh thanks.." the otter glanced at the squirrel's name tag "Silvia" He smiled with a nod, and began heading back to the indicated sections.

Perusing through the aisles, the otter wandered along, occasionally picking up a book to read its summary and skim its pages. After half an hour of searching, comparing, skimming, reading, and rereading summaries and opening chapters, the otter had finally found the perfect book for his friend, *Rise of King Adrian*. It seemed an interesting story, about a young prince forced into the throne, reluctantly at first, but quickly growing to his role establishing dominance, and fighting to maintain his reign.

With the gift picked out, the otter now headed back to the cook books. Scanning through rows plastered with big name chefs and their 101 select meals, the otter's eye was drawn to a worn brown leather book spine with gold colored text reading: *Taste of Perfection*, Chef Frederick Liam. He pulled the out of place tome from the shelf. Cracking it open revealed a picture, presumably of the author, a rather robust looking fennec fox in a rather snug fitting chef coat and apron, on the inside of the cover. With a build like that he certainly must be a chef worth trusting, the otter reasoned with an inner chuckle. He began to flip through the pages scanning the different recipes.

Everything looked so good! All the appetizing pictures made the otter's mouth start to water. Every recipe was either one of his favorite dishes, or looked so good the otter just had to try it. He soon began reading the recipes taking a few mental notes here and there on ingredients he'd need to pick up. As the otter read, his nose twitched he could swear he could smell something cooking, but pulling his head from the pages he looked around, half expecting

to find himself in some kind of kitchen, but of course he was still in the small corner book store, no stoves to be found. Shrugging it off, he returned to reading, the hungry mustelidae licking his lips, as he found himself engrossed in the extensively detailed instructions for making homemade pizza, including from scratch sauce and dough.

The phantom aroma grew stronger now. The otter began salivating heavily, a faint taste on his tongue that gradually grew stronger. It was a rich tomato taste slightly accented with various seasonings. As he daydreamed the perfect pizza sauce, the otter turned the pages moving on to step by step ingredients for the dough, and tips for combining the perfect blends of cheeses and toppings. He could swear he tasted those as well as they blended with the taste of the sauce, all on a perfectly cooked pizza crust.

A growing hunger caused the otters belly to rumble loudly. He stood engrossed in the book quickly tuning to the next recipe, and the next. Entrees, appetizers, desserts the book had it all! The otter flipped through recipe after recipe, meal after meal until his attention was finally pulled away by a sharp pain in his gut. It had felt like his waistband was digging into his belly and sides, as if it had suddenly shrank a few sizes, making the otter grunt with discomfort.

The otters eyes went wide as he looked down. He dropped the book in surprise, placing his palms on a prominent doughy gut that had not been there moments before. He rubbed over his heavy doughy mass in disbelief as it sagged over the constricting waistband, partially exposed by a now ridden up and clingy shirt. Gripping the exposed pudge, the otter gave it a tentative wobble feeling the mass bulge and form around his fingers. The feel of his rippling mass told him this was no illusion, he really had put on at least a good 20 pounds!

"Wh-what?" The otter stammered in shock. His rounded face flushed red as his paws explored his new build, taking in just how much damage had been done. One paw futilely tried to pull the otters stretched shirt back over his exposed, rounded midriff while the other felt over the now snugly strained fabric of his pants. The webbed paw drifted across his now thick broad hips and tightly confined bubble butt, giving it a tentative squeeze. It was all quite real. The seams of his pants creaked ominously as he shifted his new found weight causing newly formed lovehandles to jiggle subtly. Turning to look over his shoulder, he saw even his tail had grown thicker and softer. He could feel its weight as he lifted and swayed it some.

His mind raced. It had to be a dream... It couldn't be real. Could it? It's impossible to just suddenly get fat out of nowhere! Could it be.. the book? Impossible, you can't get fat just reading about food. But that taste, and aroma- they still lingered in the otter's mind- it was so real, and tasted so good. The otter struggled to make sense of what happened, still probing squishing his new found bulk. He couldn't deny, that while shocking he wasn't all too opposed to the sudden change.

The extra mass did feel rather nice, giving the otter much more presence. It all did make him feel more soft and huggable. The otter knew quite a few friends who wouldn't mind his new

frame and may even encourage him to go bigger. Not to mention with winter nearly here the extra insulation would surely help keep him nice and warm. Maybe he should hold on to that book, see if those dishes really do taste as good as he imagined.

As the otter began to bend down, a sudden sharp rip cut through the otherwise silent bookstore. He froze mid-motion, arm out stretched for the book, face burning a beat red as he looked around hoping no one was around to hear. Luckily it seemed a slow day and no others were seen in the surrounding aisle. Hastily the flustered otter scooped up the books and stood up, finding himself huffing from the effort. Even without looking he could feel the draft over his rump from the not-so-small split that ran along the opening for his tail and no doubt exposed a good portion of his boxers.

Trying to act as casually as he could he quickly walked through the aisles, holding the books at his side, low as he could, tail curled behind him to hide his pants splitting rump as he hurried to the counter back at the front. He could feel his belly bounce and jiggle with every quick step, his wide thighs brushed together keeping him quite aware of how much bigger he was. The now tubby otter fumbled with his thick fingers to rezip his jacket and hide his belly as he approached the counter.

"Hello again, I hope you.." The squirrel clerk trailed off for a moment looking at the face of a chubby otter she almost didn't recognize, quickly catching her fumble and feigning a cough before picking back up "Er excuse me I hope you found all you were looking for.". The clerk did her best not to stare but was quite apparent she noticed, and was trying to figure out how she hadn't registered how heavy set the otter was. Thankfully this kept her from actually saying anything on the subject.

"Y-yeah" The otter mumbled as he handed the books over to be checked out, wondering a little too late if the mysterious cookbook even belonged to the store's selection. Thankfully, both books scanned with no issue and he was quickly out the door, walking with a slight waddle back down the street. The otters thoughts pondered the origins of the book, as well as where to best get the ingredients for that pizza recipe he saw earlier.