

"I don't see why Santa can't have abs."

Sai stared down the grinning Cheshire cat in front of him. He and Lu were tucked away in a den, the muffled lilting of holiday music floating through the walls and into their deprivation chamber. Lu held a keg over one shoulder, slapped with a few different labels denoting its contents: eggnog.

"Because the whole bowl full of jelly thing is a requirement. Also, you bet me you'd be the best Santa my party ever had. If you do it, not only will there be happy people, but you'll get something from me out of it. Remember?"

Lu wagged the keg's hose in Sai's face. While Sai had first been keen on dressing up as Santa Claus, he had been under the impression that Lu was hoping for eroticism, not realism. The novelty had quickly worn off, then, when Lu had denied the use of a padded suit. Sai picked at the white fuzz on the Santa jacket he was wearing, not making direct eye contact.

"Aren't you better suited for the role anyway? White beard, musclegut," Sai said.

"As if I'm going to play Santa at my own party. Now come on, a deal's a deal."

"Fine, but only because I promised."

Sai grabbed the hose from Lu's hand and stuffed it into the corner of his maw. There wasn't a motor or magical pressure, just Sai sucking at the oversized straw and Lu keeping the keg higher than Sai's mouth. The viscous liquid made its way down the clear tube, Sai watching its ominous trickle toward his mouth.

"These'll come back after, right?" Sai said, patting at his abs. He slouched down in his seat just in time to swallow the first mouthful of the nog. Sai began to suck against the hose half-heartedly, his face clearly showing his distaste with the state of affairs.

"Oh, sure. As long as you fill out the jacket, I'll just shrink you back nice and trim after the party," Lu purred, laying his tail across Sai's stomach. "Now keep drinking, Santa Wolf."

Sai rolled his eyes at the Cheshire's coaxing, and turned his face away from Lu. The thick drink (non-alcoholic, couldn't have Santa coming in drunk off his ass) slid down Sai's throat smoothly, and for what it was worth, Lu knew how to make some flavorful eggnog. The tiniest smile tugged up on Sai's lips, but as soon as Sai realized his tacit enjoyment he squashed it down and worked very hard on frowning.

Lu's tail wormed its way up and under Sai's jacket, teasing at that already-bulging stomach. His grin grew a few notches as those abs disappeared visually, leaving behind a slowly-swelling potbelly. With a growing urge to actually manhandle Sai's stomach, Lu rested the keg in mid-air and descended upon Sai, putting both hands where his tail was. He squeezed, gently, and smiled all the more. For once, Lu wasn't trying to use his magic, either--he liked watching Sai really guzzle down that thick holiday drink.

A small moan rattled its way up and out of Sai's mouth, spurred on by Lu's ministrations on his tightening stomach. Sai gripped one hand against the arm of the chair and took a small break, gasping down a few mouthfuls of air.

"Ah, you can breath later, Sai--drink."

"Lu, I'm--" Sai started, but Lu put a finger on Sai's throat and stroked, encouraging him to swallow. Sai crossed his eyes, then refocused into a disgruntled gaze at Lu, who merely grinned back with his Cheshire broadness. Breathing a sigh out of his nose, Sai resumed guzzling,

trying to take bigger and bigger gulps each time. The faster he could suck down the nog and show up as the jelly-bellied Santa Lu wanted, the faster he could have his abs back.

Lu drew his hands from under the jacket, and framed the now-obvious stomach through the Santa jacket. He shifted his hands left and right, testing the stomach's jiggle as he did. That gut shifted nicely, though jiggle was not the word most people might've used for how solid the stomach felt. The jacket bowed against that middle like a loose wrapper.

"Isn't this...big enough?" Sai gasped, taking another breath break.

"This jacket should be stretched, not slightly filled. Hurry up, the party is going to go to pot without you there!" Lu chided.

Sai rolled his eyes, but resumed anyway. The nog keg he was suckling from was opaque, but there were sounds that made Sai wonder if it was running empty. Still, Sai slurped each mouthful of the creamy drink down.

Lu gave Sai's gut a real strong shake, nodding in a satisfied way at the weight of it. It still didn't seem to be filling the suit jacket out, even if it was large enough to look like Sai was smuggling a globe under it.

There was a sudden, loud gurgling noise from the hose in Sai's mouth. Both Sai and Lu perked their ears up, and Lu stood up to knock a few times at the hovering keg. Clicking his tongue and smiling at nearly the same time, Lu looked over to Sai, who was trying to suck up more eggnog he knew wasn't there. With a breathless gasp, Sai dropped the hose and rubbed his head, feeling ever-so-slightly lightheaded.

"That's all of it, Lu. So, I'm good, right?"

Lu raised his eyebrows up, and prodded a single finger at that belly.

"You're barely filling that coat out, Sai. Tch, and I thought you could do it."

"Wait! That's not fair, I clearly didn't have enough."

"Just because you didn't prepare doesn't get you out of our deal," Lu said, pulling the hose away from Sai's mouth. Sai's face was plastered in anger, and he bared his teeth at the Cheshire cat.

"You didn't say I could *prepare*! This is a sham."

Lu sighed and reached into the Santa sack sitting on the floor of the room. From it, he extracted a rolled up bit of paper, and upon unfurling it revealed the exact conversation that he and Sai had about his playing Santa. Lu handed it to Sai to read, who stared at it for a long time, face still angry.

"...So you did say I could prepare before the night."

"Yes, I did. Contracts, Sai. Even verbal contracts are contracts."

The bottom of the paper even had Sai's signature, even though Sai hadn't ever signed a piece of paper. Cheshire cats sure did take verbal contracts seriously.

"Remind me to never agree to do anything for you again, Lu," Sai grumbled. "What do you want from me, then?"

Lu broke into another grin, with his tail swaying menacingly behind his body. He pulled from his pocket a fobless pocket watch, and flicked it open. After a moment of mental math, Lu used a claw to spin the face of the clock. The light streaming through the windows began to lighten, the dusk moving backward, through midday and all the way to morning. Sai blinked, staring at the upended passage of time.

"Lu, what're you doing?"

"Giving you time," Lu purred. The day turned into the previous night, then the previous day. Each moment the sun and moon seemed to change places faster and faster, until the trees went back through their autumnal color change, their summer full-bloom, their spring blossoming. Snow unmelted into view, trees shriveled back into their winter dormancy.

"There we are. January 15th. We'll start here."

Lu's den began to smell of sugar and spice, and a table apparated into view before Sai. It was filled with all sorts of treats with a decidedly Latin edge: pozole with its bubbling broth and savory pork, bunuelo star fritters, hot chocolate spiced with cayenne. Lu, from the other side of the table, held his hands out wide and grinned.

"All for you, Sai! Happy Three Kings Day!"

"What, what? What day is it? What is Three Kings Day? What did you *do*, Lu?" Sai blathered, staring at the table with wide eyes.

"This is what I want, Sai. This is what you get for not meeting your end of the bargain--that is, we'll make it so you have to meet your end of the bargain. Now doesn't all this food smell delicious?" Lu purred, picking up a plate of tamales and walking around the table, approaching Sai with that mischievous grin cracking his face in half. Sai's tail was puffed out with nerves, and his ears were flattened back against his head.

"Lu, I figured you'd just not give me those abs back," Sai said, looking between the food and Lu. He shifted rather uncomfortably in his chair.

"Well, you figured wrong. Now, it's time to get you in tip-top shape for the Christmas party at the end of the year!"

"Fat and round is not tip-top shape," Sai barked. He leaned his head back as Lu plucked a tamale from the plate and dangled it in front of Sai's mouth. It smelled perfectly spiced, and dripped with that rich mole slathered atop it. A little bit of drool started to congregate inside of Sai's maw, but he quickly swallowed. He didn't want to give into Lu so easily. "Why *couldn't* we just use a fat suit?"

"Realism, Sai. I don't accept shoddy substitutes."

"Then why can't you just magic me fat?"

"Because," Lu said, sitting down on his tail. With a more forceful hand, Lu jammed the tamale against Sai's lips. "Now open wide, Santa Wolf. I made all of this just for you, and it'd be *rude* to not eat it."

Lu's eyes suddenly burned with something more than mischief. Sai gulped hard, and very slowly opened his jaws for the first tamale. Lu tossed it in and nodded to Sai, who began to chew it. The flavors exploded inside of his mouth, spice and savory mixing together and melting in his mouth perfectly. Sai couldn't stop a small pleasurable sound from rumbling up out of his throat, and he swallowed the tamale soon after.

Damn you, Lu, for being a good cook, Sai thought as he opened his mouth again for another bite.

Grinning wider, Lu waggled another tamale toward Sai with a 'you know you want it' stare in his eyes. Sai scrunched up his lips and brow, trying to fight the urge to eat more. The very idea that Lu was going to fatten him up didn't sit well with the burly, jock body wolf. And yet....

“Just a few more. Maybe then you’ll get off my case,” Sai snapped, as he plucked the tamale out of Lu’s hand. “But I’m going to eat on my terms!”

“Of course, of course,” Lu cooed, and passed the whole plate to Sai. Reaching to the table, Lu scooped up a plate of thin, sugar-dusted cookies to follow up the tamales. This pattern repeated itself, with Sai eating each plate diligently, fully thinking he was in control of his own appetite, while Lu passed a new plate to him without letting Sai have a moment of downtime.

The world outside the window flickered between day and night quickly--not quite as quickly as Lu had turned it all backward, but quick enough. Rising from his perch next to Sai, Lu tugged the curtains closed, and started to rearrange the room. He pulled a full kitchenette out of a wall, and a second table from the floor. Sai stared at all this with intrigue, but mostly because Cheshire magic was so strange, so effortless, so casual.

Once he’d rearranged half his den into a kitchen, Lu drew a wall across half the room, closed the door that came with it, and walked back to Sai. With a smile, Lu passed Sai a mug of Mexican hot chocolate before sitting down again and resting a hand on Sai’s stomach. He stroked his hand in lazy circles along that gut, which was now filling out the Santa jacket in a way that looked natural, not inflated. Sai had a real, true pot belly growing on him, that food becoming fat far faster than it should have been. It was the only bit of magic Lu felt the need to use here; he knew that Sai would feed himself into a stupor.

Lu dipped forward, unbuttoning the Santa jacket to expose the undershirt-clad belly beneath. He planted a quick kiss on that stomach.

“You must have been hungrier than you thought, Sai,” Lu rumbled, rubbing his maw along that taut gut and hefting it with a hand. Sai just moaned softly, pleasure and pain, from his overfull stomach.

“I’m not sure I can move,” Sai mumbled, rubbing his hands along the top curve of his stomach. He rolled his head left and right, as if trying to work out some of the discomfort through his neck.

“That’s fine,” Lu cooed. “You don’t have to. Take as long as you want in this chair, I’ll get the chocolate ready. There are still ten other months worth of food, right?”

“...Right,” Sai said, trying to sound unsure. He didn’t feel like he could move to get away from Lu’s plans anyway, but Sai didn’t want to seem like he wasn’t a fighter.

Lu grinned far broader than he should have, and merely patted Sai’s gut before standing up, disappearing into the other half of the den. Sai was left to his own devices, and those devices currently were drifting off into a half-sleep.

Sai didn’t think he drifted off, but the scene around him changed rather suddenly. One moment, there was a table of empty food, and the next, there was one covered in chocolates. Red crepe streamers hung from the ceiling, along with tacky paper Cupids and shiny foil hearts. Sai put his hands up to his eyes, rubbing with the heels of his palms.

“How long was I out?”

“I was only in the other room for five minutes,” Lu said, sitting across the table from Sai on an overdesigned Victorian fainting couch. He smiled, sipping from a small cup of tea as he did so. “Hope you napped well.”

Sai looked around the room, taking in the gauche decorations. He wrinkled his nose at a particularly off-putting cherub hanging from the ceiling to his right. Lu laughed at Sai’s distaste.

"I thought I'd go as absolutely terrible as possible, so all you can focus on is the spread," Lu purred, waving a hand at the wide array of sugary treats on the table.

"Wait, you want me to eat more? I can't eat more, did you see all I've done already? No, I know you, you've magicked me to be hungry," Sai gawped.

"Me? Magic? Why I never, Sai," Lu said with a smile. In less than a blink he was no longer on that couch, but sitting next to Sai, one hand on that belly to give it a hearty jiggle. Sai growled in response, batting harmlessly at Lu's hands.

Lu gave that hefty gut one final pat before turning to the table of goodies. Every kind of chocolate possible was showing its face there: dark, milk, white, caramel-filled, raspberry creme, turtles, along with a multitude of treats and confections Sai couldn't quite put his finger on name-wise.

"Gods, Lu, you trying to give me diabetes?" Sai balked. Lu paid Sai no mind, instead standing to walk the perimeter of the table, tossing candies onto a small red plate as he did. Another mug of hot chocolate, ten times richer than January's, came along with the plate. Lu proffered these to Sai, nudging them into the wary man's hands.

"Tch, none of that here. You just eat, mister."

Lu resumed sitting on his tail, which curled itself into the shape of a heart. He crossed his legs against one another and rested his elbows on his knees, leaning forward to stare Sai down. Sai, under that intense gaze, plucked a chocolate square from the red plate and chewed it down. His ears perked immediately, with his at-first tentative chewing growing fast and manic. Before he'd even finished the first square, Sai was tossing back another morsel of chocolate, this one dripping with caramel.

"Lu! Where did you *get* these? I've never had chocolates this...this...."

"Perfect? Delectable? Absolution scrumptious?" Lu breathed onto his claws and polished them against his waistcoat. "I do my damndest, Sai. And make sure you save room for the piece de resistance!"

Lu jabbed two fingers across the room, and Sai's eyes widened as he turned his gaze. He somehow hadn't noticed it when waking up, but there was a six-food chocolate rabbit sitting right next to a bookcase, wrapped in glittering gold foil. Quite beside himself, Sai's tail began to thump against the chair cushion. When he realized he was showing his glee at that big of a confection, Sai quickly drew his emotions back, tail calming itself down.

"That is an, uh, impressive piece of chocolate," Sai mumbled around a mouth full of sweets. Lu shrugged.

"I do what I can. With only nine more holidays left, I really have to make sure you're packing it away," Lu said, reaching down to pat once at Sai's stomach, a sharp thump. "Though don't worry about your pancreas, mister; you won't have to slough down this much sugar again until April."

Sai's eyes drifted open slowly, as if not believing he had been asleep in the first place. This time, he really *had* fallen asleep, the chair reclined back and a blanket tucked in over his thick frame. Sai blinked a few times in the new light of wakefulness, and turned his head toward the curtained window. It was at least light outside.

Pushing the blanket off of him, Sai was given a start when he found himself not in his unbuttoned Santa coat, but merely his undershirt and boxers. This gave Sai a lot to think about--mostly that Lu had undressed him somehow, and he wasn't quite sure that the Cheshire did it hands-free. Sai shifted uncomfortably in his seat, but let his mind drift away from this thought as he contemplated his body.

The sleep had let all the food from 'January' and 'February' turn into soft, gropable fat. Sai's stomach filled his lap halfway down his thighs, stretching his undershirt enough that the blue tint of his fur was visible through the thinly-drawn cotton. Putting both hands on his underbelly, Sai lifted his gut up and let it drop.

Somehow, Sai couldn't deny this felt good. He gave a small bit of attention to his chest, which still had most of its definition but was clearly softer. Sai checked the rest of his body--most of the food seemed to have transferred to Sai's stomach, and though he couldn't see it, he could feel his wider ass. Sai furrowed his brow; he felt fat, really fat, and he wasn't sure how that sat with him. Part of him was enjoying the weight, and the food, but he'd not admit that out loud to Lu. Sai wasn't going to let the Cheshire cat *win*.

Sniffing the air, Sai realized that there was cooking going on somewhere nearby. He went to sit up, but the reclining chair didn't cooperate immediately, so Sai found himself struggling with the mechanics of his seat. When he finally got the leg rest locked back into place, Sai pushed himself up and spent a second or two getting used to his new weight and the way it settled on his body.

"Egads, I've eaten too much. I have to stop Lu while I can still move," Sai said as he walked to the door in the wall, pushing it open and stepping into the other half of the den. At least, he still thought it was the other half of the den--the cold linoleum and the clear kitchen aspects told him otherwise.

"Lu! We have to talk about this food thing, I don't think I can keep going," Sai yapped, but was quickly stopped by a pewter stein being shoved into his face. It smelled of rich, dark coffee. Lu's grinning face was just behind the mug.

Sai, stunned by the sudden face full of mug, quietly took it in his own big hands. He sniffed at it once before taking down a big gulp. Sai's face screwed itself up for a moment when he realized it was a very, very traditional Irish coffee; the whiskey was strong, but then again, it was coffee.

Lu's attire had changed, wearing a gaudy pastel-colored t-shirt that clashed magnificently with his kelly green "Kiss Me I'm Irish" apron. Pots bubbled on the stove behind him, along with the oven clearly midway through cooking something savory. The small kitchenette table was lousy with more chocolates, Easter goodies of all kinds. Lu swayed his big tail and gave Sai a quick kiss on the nose.

"Good morning, Santa Wolf! Since St. Patrick's Day and Easter are so close together this year, I figured we'd just stack both of them together. I hope you're hungry, pudgy!" Lu gave Sai's big belly a nice, firm pat, making it jiggle considerably. The Cheshire purred and patted the gut again, growing slightly distracted by its size and heft.

"Oi! Stop that," Sai grumbled, smacking Lu on his maw. Lu laughed and shrugged, giving in to Sai's grumbly morning nature. He returned to cooking, stirring a pot on the stove with his tail while he chopped onions with his free hands.

Flopping into a chair, Sai nudged a small pile of foil-wrapped chocolate eggs. He played a little bit of football with one, flicking it across the table before grabbing another one. With a shifty glance up to Lu, Sai stealthily unwrapped the small treat and popped it into his mouth. When he bit down, it revealed its malted center, melting away at the mere touch of his tongue. Unconsciously, Sai's tail started to wag between the back slats of the chair.

Taking another big swig of coffee, Sai began to sneak handfuls of jelly beans, or a fun-size Snickers of four, while Lu cooked.

"What're you makin' there?" Sai said, trying not to sound like his mouth was full of robin's egg candies.

"There's a honey ham and Guinness bread in the oven. Here on the stove I have corned beef. Again, just fusing the two holidays together," Lu said quietly. His gaze didn't waver from the cookbook hovering a foot from his face.

Sai furrowed his brow as he considered all that food. Considering all the candy he'd ingested in the hours (or months, from the way spring was already sprouting outside the kitchenette windows) prior, ham and beef sounded pretty appetizing, all things considered. Certainly, protein wouldn't be as detrimental to his waistline.

Instead of commenting on the food coming his way, Sai just kept popping back the candy before him, broken up with gulps of coffee.

The soft creak of the oven door barely preceded the strong, thick, aromatic scent of fresh-baked bread and sweet-tinged meat. Lu shuffled his workplace around before parading two platters over to the table. Where he dropped them, the candy rolled or jumped away of its own volition; this might've bothered Sai if it wasn't for the leg of cross-hatched, glistening honey ham and thick, cream-yellow bread filling his vision. Both still had pillars of steam curling off of them.

"First course is up, bluebell. I made sure to snag more than one ham, plus that's the third batch of corned beef on the stove. Wouldn't want you to not get your fill of both holidays." Lu smirked and pinched Sai's cheek.

Sai bit his lip. Staring down the ham and bread, he felt a great dichotomy inside him between his brain and his stomach. Fully aware of Lu's general plan, Sai's stomach was nevertheless forcing his hand. Reaching forward to break off a small piece of the Guinness bread, he tossed it into his maw and chewed.

It was dense, fluffy, with no lingering beer flavor but plenty of richness from its inclusion. There was a sensation in Sai's body, tingling up into his brain, that all this food was not just set before him to be eaten; it was a necessity that he eat it. Any argumentative bits of Sai's logic were quickly muffled under another slice of bread sliding down his throat.

Pouring the excess oil and water out into the sink, Lu dumped the large hunks of beef from the pot into a ceramic bowl. He slid it between the ham and bread with one hand, while a carafe held by his tail topped off Sai's coffee. Dusting off a spot of air, Lu sat himself right next to Sai and placed a hand on that half-covered belly, rubbing it in slow circles. Lu's other hand reached over to tear a big piece of meat off the hamhock.

"Open wide, Sai," Lu purred into his friend's ear as he slid that handful of perfectly-cooked pork between those big lupine jaws. The Cheshire's tail, now lacking a coffee carafe, looped itself up and around Sai's back. "Isn't all this food good?"

Sai nodded, unable to do much more with a full mouth; he was hungry, not rude.

Lu tore another chunk of ham free and offered it. Sai snatched it with one of his own hands and jammed it into his mouth. Bread and ham disappeared so quickly that, before Lu could even offer up the bowl of corned beef, Sai had a fork in the pull-apart meat. He dragged a whole chunk of it toward his gullet, making it disappear in seconds.

Leaving Sai's side momentarily, Lu swished around the kitchen like only a magical beast could. A new leg of ham replaced the stripped bone, along with a second bowl of corned beef settling into place just behind the nearly-empty one. Lu disappeared from the kitchen entirely then, only to reappear under the table, hands on Sai's knees, face against that tight belly.

"Keep eating, Sai," Lu rumbled. He pushed his maw against the wolf's thick stomach, which only felt thicker with bread, beef, and ham filling it up.

Sai was in a daze of the highest order, tossing back great forkfuls of meat. From time to time, he'd even grab a handful of candy, quaffing it down with a satisfied smile.

Lu pushed his maw forcefully against Sai's belly, in that crescent of blue fur revealed by the overstretched shirt. He grazed his teeth against the navel edge, gnawing playfully, unable to keep himself from chuckling in pleasure. Sai's thick thighs were just below Lu's fingers, so he squeezed them wantingly. The fat that covered the strong muscle compressed and shifted under Lu's fingers. Sai's current gorging made all that bulk spread further, the chair taking up less comparative space to Sai's widening rump and swollen middle.

There was a clatter from above, the sound of bone hitting plate, and Sai let a pleased sigh escape his mouth. Lu flattened his ears back and wriggled out from under the table to stare at the state of the table: all the food was gone. Sai polished off every single piece of meat and bread, not to mention the vast majority of candy littering the table. Sai reached for one of the final handfuls of chocolate, which Lu pushed closer to him. Still, the Cheshire looked consternated, the empty table, stove, kitchenette mocking him.

"This will not do," Lu mumbled.

"What won't do?" Sai said, sleepily. All that food was working hard to counteract all the coffee he'd drank, sending him back toward a warm and comfortable dozing state. Sai had a constant rumble in his chest, content to fall asleep right there in the kitchen chair. Lu was having none of that.

"Change places, change places!" Lu grumbled, tugging Sai to his feet and forcing him to balance. Sai put a hand on the table, suddenly aware of his extra weight from food both in his stomach and, seemingly, already turned into soft fat that laid atop his once-muscular frame. Sai's chest was particularly affected this time, no longer a mere layer of fat but now two sagging, cuppable moobs. Sai scrunched up his eyes as if being awoken once more.

"Gah, don't make me move, Lu," Sai sputtered.

"Oh no, Sai, I am now adamant that we will finish this today. Now that I've seen how well you wear it, it's *imperative*."

Lu grabbed Sai a robe, throwing it over the groggy man like a tarp. Coaxing him toward a sliding door, Sai found himself on a porch he was sure hadn't been there when he'd first entered the room. He was almost smacked in the face by a sudden unfurling bunting in patriotic colors. By the time Sai removed it from his vision, there were sparklers and a grill, but also pumpkins, hand turkeys, a veritable cornucopia of the subsequent holidays leading up to Christmas.

“Just a little jump through food and time, my dear blueberry,” Lu said with gritted teeth. He gently shoved Sai into a white pine Adirondack chair and handed him a root beer in a glass bottle. With a single pat to Sai’s stomach, Lu bounded over to the grill and opened it. Heat waves erupted from inside the closed cooker.

“I wanted to stretch this out further,” Lu said to the air, not even turning to face Sai, “but something about the way you finished off all that food ha got me in a tizzy. So, we’re going to speed things up. I hope you didn’t have anything particularly pressing to do.”

Sai found Lu’s commentary more confusing than anything, but he stifled any questions in root beer. Sai slid his empty hand under his belly and onto his tight boxer front, which wasn’t merely swelling from fat. Sai, without particularly meaning to, was finding all this extremely stimulating. Even just watching the stocky Cheshire cook made Sai a little stiffer.

Lu dug a spatula under a massive stack of burgers and flipped them all with ease. The grill was definitely deeper inside than it looked, Sai figured, from the leg of a turkey he could see just peeking over the edge of the grill chassis. The smell of cooking meat wafted around again, which caused Sai to crack a smile.

“Do you usually cook this much?” Sai said, half of his voice eaten up by the bottle of soda.

“Only when I have a strict goal in mind,” Lu said.

Lu began plating burgers into buns, adding cheese that melted and oozed immediately. Half were doused with barbecue sauce, the other in caramelized onions, and the entire stack was brought to Sai. Lu moved as if to set the plate down, but then had a change of heart. He, instead, put one leg on an armrest, fit his other leg in a similar position across Sai’s belly, and straddled the large man. Yoinking two burgers from the stack, one in each hand, Lu jammed them both against and into Sai’s mouth without further ado.

Sai sputtered root beer from the sides of his muzzle at the sudden influx of meat and bread. A hand moved to try and stop Lu, though only momentarily before both the hand and Sai’s jaw relented. With a sudden newfound hunger, Sai allowed the burgers to be foisted upon him, open his jaws wider.

Two bites was all it took to destroy those burgers, cheeks puffed up all chipmunk-like. Sai diligently chewed at the burgers before swallowing, a great mass sliding down his throat. Licking his lips free of crumbs and condiments, Sai only had enough time to breathe before two more burgers found their way between his teeth.

A few burgers in, Lu switched himself out for just the plate. The grill was giving off a concerning sizzling noise, and if there was one thing Lu would not tolerate, it was burned food. Sai eyed the not-small stack of burgers before him and, mimicking Lu’s technique, started to double-fist the freshly-cooked food down his gullet.

Sai’s hunger matched his species, wolfish and unrelenting. All he could see, really, were those burgers, in some gluttony-induced tunnel vision. They all began to disappear with minimal chewing, grease drooling down Sai’s chin and around his lips. At least Sai was conscious enough to lick that clean on occasion.

“Ooh, look whose hunger showed up!” Lu said from the grill as he plated more burgers. He peered into the depths of the grill before extracting the turkey as well, slamming it onto a bigger platter. As if continuing a very savory magic trick, Lu shoved his hand deeper into the

grill's innards and came back with a bowl of stuffing, some dressing, and cornbread. All the Thanksgiving dinner accoutrements were placed on the deck table to cool, while the second plate of burgers made its way to Sai.

Sai nodded to Lu in thanks, trying hard to finish off the first plate just to move to the second. That new platter of burgers was a siren song to Sai, calling to his thickening gut, his widening hips and sagging chest. Sai's chin was doubled, jiggling with each massive bite that he took. Lu sat next to Sai, picking up two of the burger sin contemplation before jamming his hands against Sai's mouth to help the feeding along.

"This was your plan all along," Sai vocalized through a full mouth, muffled but articulating well enough. Lu's response was nothing more than a shrug as he pulled that second plate closer to Sai. There was no break between the first and second round, with Lu helping Sai's gorging along.

Stretching himself out in the Adirondack chair, Sai settled himself in for the most food he'd probably ever eaten in his life up until now. His bodybuilder physique was a distant memory, more fat proliferating on his body by the second. Sai couldn't help but keep a doofy smile plastered on his face, though, obviously and finally enjoying himself. With Lu taking the reins of feeding again, Sai took the time to rub down his swollen stomach, digging his fingers into the compounding fat.

The burgers dwindled, a crumb-filled plate as memento mori. Lu snatched the empty platters up before Sai could so much as lick his lips in satisfaction; the Cheshire moved about the table to grab more food. Sai reached inside the cooler beside him for another drink, guzzling foamy, bubbly soda with abandon.

"Time to give thanks, blueberry," Lu purred, pushing the Thanksgiving side dishes across the table. Stuffing was layered atop bread in a curious, savory icing, but all that mattered to Sai was that it was more food. He swiped a massive piece as Lu offered it up to him, shoving it into his maw. A little bit of stuffing lingered on Sai's lips, but that quickly disappeared with a pass of the tongue.

"Thanksgiving food is--" Sai broke off for a second to burp, hiding his mouth behind his hand, "--my favorite kind of food. I hope you got a lot!"

"So much," Lu cooed. Another piece of stuffing-topped bread found its way to Sai's mouth, shutting him up again. Only forcing a few pieces upon Sai, Lu left the wolf to his own devices and resumed lavishing affection on that blue belly.

Sai was filling the Adirondack chair to its brim, his adipose-full sides digging into the wooden arms. Lu splayed and pressed his fingers into Sai's rotund middle, reaching under its curve to heft it. From the grin on Lu's face, he approved of its weight. That gut took up the majority of Sai's lap, resting atop ham hock thighs--thighs that rubbed together nicely even when sitting. Lu's hands circumnavigated the equator of Sai's stomach, and he placed his head on the north pole of that globe to nuzzle it.

"Plate's em--" Sai began to say, only to be shut up by turkey meat, perfectly carved, just appearing on the platter. The two turkey legs sat like sentinels on the outer edges, still on the bone. Sai was only stunned by the sudden replacement momentarily, quickly diving into the turkey meat. It was juicier than any turkey he'd ever had.

Lu pushed a thumb into Sai's navel, catching the roll of fat beneath it and giving it a great, kinetic jiggle. Purring at just how perfect that stomach shook, Lu turned his attention upward. He walked both of his hands like creeping animals up until they found their prey in Sai's doughy chest. Lu gave both moobs a hard grope, causing Sai to cough around a mouth full of meat. He stared down at Lu, a cheeky grin framing his overstuffed muzzle.

The turkey wasn't long for this world, turning from meat to fuel to fat lightning-fast. Sai finally made a sound of protest, his great torso shifting at the now-apparent tightness of the chair. Lu made quick work of this problem, merely pushing against both arms and widening the chair considerably.

"Can't have my Santa Wolf feeling uncomfortable," Lu teased, squeezing those swollen moobs with his hands again. He really rolled and manipulated Sai's chest and nipples, drawing a moan from Sai's in response. There was, thankfully, no food in his mouth to get in the way of that.

Reaching the bottom of the shaved turkey, Sai's grabbed a turkey leg and brought it to his lips. He paused just inches from his widened jaw, eyes drifting to the second leg. Sai's free hand snatched up the second leg, reverting to the double-fisting technique. Taking bites from each leg in succession, Sai tore chunks from the juicy, still-warm meat from the bone, whittling it down bite by massive bite.

Lu pushed up from Sai's fat form, taking a step back to just enjoy the view. Where once there'd been a strong, toned wolf, there was now a soft, corpulent mountain of blue fur and power. Even with Sai packing on the pounds, there was no lack of muscle under them; it showed by the way the fat rested on Sai's body, the way it looked a little more structured than others' might.

Those boxers were not looking good, though. From the side view, Lu caught a glimpse of the straining cotton against those flabby thighs, seams barely keeping it together. A small cluck of the tongue was all Lu gave to that revelation. There was still one final piece of Sai's meal, and Lu had to get to it.

It didn't hit Sai until now that the temperature was dropping sharply. He looked up from those cleaned turkey bones to see the first flakes of snow falling out beyond the porch's overhang, his brow furrowing hard.

"I don't think I've been eating for eight months," Sai mumbled, before slurping a bone into his mouth to clean the last vestiges of meat from it.

"No, of course not. Simple time magic," Lu quipped. He moved to loom over his fattened friend, holding one final item of food: a double-sized pumpkin pie, piled with whipped cream and drizzled with maple syrup.

"Is that it?" Sai quirked his eyebrows.

"This is it! The last bit of food--after this, we'll get you to the Christmas party."

Lu sliced out a piece from the pie and leaned forward, wedging it into Sai's mouth. Whipped cream got all over Sai's nose, but he spent more time chewing down the massive slice than licking the remnants of the froth away.

"Christmas party already?" Sai said, once he had enough mouth free to speak.

"It was always the goal."

Another slice of pie filled Sai's maw as punctuation. Lu moved once again to straddle Sai's now much wider waist, pushing up against him forcibly. A third slice came down and filled up that gluttonous maw, just as gooey and cream-covered as the previous. While the pie was not so massive as to be cartoonish, even with almost four slices gone, the pie was nowhere near being 'done'.

Lu's tail whipped excitedly; the cat was clearly enjoying himself. Each new slice was lovingly cut, though Sai never saw a knife in the process. Whether Lu was using magic, a knife, or a doorstep to cut that pie, it didn't really matter, considering there was still food being shoved into Sai's maw. Every new piece felt more delicious than the last, with Sai snapping his jaws expectantly between the breaks in slices.

The last piece of the pie, now isolated in the empty tin, taunted Sai with its presence. Lu wicked a little of the whipped cream off the top to lick at it himself. He smiled extra wide, pleased with his own creation. With the delicacy of a museum curator, Lu hefted up that last slice and pushed it into Sai's maw. The pie tin vanished the minute it was empty.

Sai groaned around his stuffed maw, both of his fat hands stroking the top of his wide gut. A satisfied sort of sound bubbled up out of him, part moan and part sigh. Sai felt warm all over, full of food and, what was more, comfort. All the thoughts of having to keep up his physique were no longer filling his head. What remained were thoughts of getting to enjoy himself, of being able to order food as he pleased, to not be beholden to a diet's dictations.

There was a sudden new weight on Sai's body, but it was light. The scent of leather and faux fur filled up his nostrils. Blinking his eyes open, Sai was greeted with massive deserts of red and white fabric, along with leather boots sitting on the table. Lu stood there, a jingle bell-festooned elf hat on his head.

"Get dressed, Santa Wolf. The party's waiting."

Sai smirked, fingering over the fur collar of the jacket.

"Only because I fit the part, Lu."

"I know."