

The mystery of the snolf's rising hunger went unanswered, each only growing the following day. In spite of his trepidations, Aaron found that, no matter how much he ate, even if he went over what he would normally consider full, that newly-awakened reptilian hunger demanded more, refusing to take no for an answer. He tried to resist, yet when he was presented with a towering stack of waffles and a smiling vulpine visage, he simply couldn't deny either the fennec or himself. Even when Zach surprised him by bringing over a tray of muffins to go with his breakfast, or how after offering an entire pot of spaghetti for lunch, another cake was offered afterward. Not to mention the two whole fried chickens that came for dinner, and the freshly-baked, double tray of chocolate chip cookies on top. And all through the day, Aaron found that his snacks were being replenished by the fox that somehow found an excuse to come down from his office hourly for something or another, clearing the dishes and packages from the snolf's table and adding even more for him to munch on.

In his head, Aaron tried to rationalize the whole situation. It was Zach trying to be nice, it was a reward for hard work, it was a celebration of financial success; anything that might explain what was going on. And he told himself throughout the day, he could just work extra hard that evening, go out and haul as much of the crop as he could.

That thought was dashed, however, when he went outside near sundown to get his work harness from the barn, waddling awkwardly around a belly like a wrecking ball between his thighs, only to freeze and stare when he saw the all-too-familiar machine, pulling loads of crops and depositing them atop an automatic packager. Staring wide-eyed, the snolf felt his stomach and heart drop as he watched his last job being done by the automation, finding a pleased fox grinning to him from beside the machines.

Well, so much for working off the weight.

Submitting finally to the idea that he was being retired, Aaron spent the next week coming to terms with a lifestyle that was utterly opposite to that which he'd been so used to over the years. Each morning, he was woken up by the smell of breakfast, massively oversized servings placed before him as he lay atop the bed that Zach had brought in from the barn to make room for the new machines, the horse-sized doggy bed bowing outward at its edges a little more every time he settled into it. Every meal went the same way; Aaron tried to be conservative, yet wound up simply gorging himself on anything and everything Zach brought him, ending every day with a gut at least twice as big as it had been that morning. Greasy meats and sweet pastries became more and more prevalent in those meals, Zach seeming to reserve the leaner options for himself as he packed Aaron's every meal with seemingly as many calories as it could contain, much to the snolf's utter confusion. Yet, out of all of that, one thing perplexed Aaron the most.

How amazing it felt.

That hidden desire he didn't know he had was growing with every day, and with it, so too did his hunger. He wanted more every meal, he couldn't stop snacking, it felt like there was hardly more than a minute or two that went by that he didn't have something edible in his muzzle. And to his complete bafflement, he loved it. He loved all the food, all the attention, the feeling of his stomach streeetching and filling, hour by hour growing heavier against him, making him pant

and huff with its weight just laying on his back. In secret moments when he was alone, Aaron found his paws wandering over that growing orb, blushing and pulling the limbs away, only to curiously feel around again. He could tell he was getting softer daily, he could feel the hints of rolls forming under his chin whenever he glanced down at himself, the folds on his flanks and tail when he was in any position that wasn't completely straight, the rippling of his flesh with every movement. It only took a week for his belly to go from subtle paunch to undeniable tummy, a plump curve hanging slightly down his hind legs when he stood, which seemed to happen less and less with each day.

It was the following weekend when Aaron had finally reached tilt with his incredulity, waking up with the sunrise and simply regarding his new figure with complete uncertainty. He was getting tubby; every part of his body held a modest rotundity to it, every angle smoothed into a curve, the powerful muscles under his fur utterly concealed by inches of blubber. And he had no idea how to feel about it. On one hand, he felt like he should be panicking, running out into the yard and sprinting laps to burn off the calories he'd packed himself with. And on the other hand, there was Zach.

The very name made Aaron's tail wag, his ears splaying as he looked toward the stairs. The fox was either blind, or deliberately ignoring the snolf's weight gain. Or even... enabling it? Encouraging it? It certainly seemed that way, with how happily the fennec was providing him with the very thing making his figure balloon by the day. But if so, why? Some joke? A prank? Something else?

The fox certainly seemed fond of getting close to Aaron, though. In the evenings, after his work was done, Zach had taken to sitting on the couch beside the snolf, letting Aaron rest his head in his lap as they watched the television together. And, just like how Aaron wasn't aware of his eating as he watched, the snolf noticed that those slender digits would wander down from his head to his neck, feeling the rounding folds that had accumulated on his collar. The first time it had happened, the snolf had frozen completely, unsure of what was happening, certain that he was about to get an earful for his weight. Yet that never came; instead, looking up to the fox that he rested against, Aaron had only found a warm smile on the fennec's features as he continued watching his program, idly running his digits along the crease between two of those rolls and sending waves of pleasure through the snolf's form.

Oh, how wonderful it felt, having those newfound curves caressed like that. And Zach seemed quite pleased to do just that, at least when he was distracted, a hand that would be on Aaron's back slowly sliding out to his flank, digits slipping into the fold that rested there and drawing his claws delicately along the underside. The snolf would be far too embarrassed to bring it up every time it happened, yet he couldn't deny how... incredible it felt. The supple flesh he'd been growing seemed hyper-sensitive to touch, sending electrifying signals of bliss to his brain every time the fox brushed the plump curves, even occasionally giving a little squeeze

Aaron's brow furrowed as he felt one of those groping sensations at that moment, looking toward his middle and expecting to see a slender hand on his belly, only for his ears to pin back when it was his own paw he saw. The limb jumped away from his gut as it was caught, the hybrid pulling both forelegs up against his chest as he lay on his side, giving a soft whimper of

confusion. Why did that feel so good? And why couldn't he stop himself? What was he supposed to do?

Ears flicking, Aaron looked to the stairs as footsteps descended them, his cheeks reddening in anticipation of whatever reaction Zach would have to his figure. Yet in that same moment, a resolution came to the snolf's mind, and after a second of fidgeting his paws, the snolf huffed as he rocked forward once, then twice, blushing deeper when he registered that it was taking actual effort just to get himself out of his bed. Still, the hybrid steeled himself as he hauled his bulk onto his paws, huffing a moment to catch his breath, before padding toward the stairs, pausing at their base and looking up toward the fox that was halfway down, features still groggy from sleep.

"Zach?" Aaron asked, paws shuffling while he stood beneath the fennec, making his paunch wobble side to side "Can we talk?"

Caught mid-way between a yawn and a groggy, half-hearted stretch, the fox nearly stumbled down the rest of the stairs when he was suddenly greeted by the sight of his companion. And it wasn't only the very nature of Aaron being up this early that caused him to nearly topple over. Those previously half-lidded, bleary eyes opened wide as they took in the sight of the wolf's bowing, rolled flanks and drooping belly, watching that hefty mound of flab jiggling and shifting subtly with each motion the massive lupine made.

When those words left the wolf's lips, however, the fox blinked as his gaze instantly locked back onto Aaron's face. Something in that tone was different, and Zach immediately felt a sense of worry filling his heart at the sight of his friend's conflicted features. "O-Oh, hey, y-you're up early. Uhm..." the fennec gulped audibly, "S-Sure? What's up?" Descending down the rest of the stairs and making sure to draw a slender paw affectionately across Aaron's chin as he passed him by, the fox moved into the kitchen to prepare his coffee, eyes glued to the wolf otherwise. And that drooping gut of his.

Those stares went far from unnoticed, the snolf fidgeting under the overt ogling. "I, uh..." he started, unsure of exactly how to phrase the questions that had been rising in his mind over the days, before letting out a sigh as he simply went for the direct route, "I wanted to ask... why you're letting me eat so much. Because it's, um, it's really having an effect." Aaron didn't need to explain, those glances he'd caught toward his middle were more than enough to let him know that Zach knew exactly what he meant.

Zach froze midway through pouring his coffee into a mug, blinking and setting the container down onto the counter and looking back up to Aaron. Well it was only a matter of time. The fennec knew that very question was coming, and yet it still left him breathless for a good few moments, his cheeks suddenly feeling rather hot while his ears folded against the back of his head abashedly.

"Oh, uhm..." the fox finally managed to squeak something out, clearing his throat and averting his gaze from the massive wolf for the moment while his brain scrambled to look for answers. What greeted him wasn't ideal, however. He... he didn't know. *Why* was he letting Aaron eat so much? He was clearly putting on a lot of weight. And yet...

A paw came up to rub the back of the fox's neck as he finally looked up to meet the serpent's amber eyes, his own glimmering with both embarrassment and lingering curiosity. "I uh, well, I noticed you've been really enjoying my cooking. Always eating it all, so I figured I wasn't making enough for you?" Zach offered a somewhat unconvincing grin, those azure eyes drifting down to look at that proper, undeniable belly that now hung heavily from the wolf's ribcage. He'd really gotten quite heavy, that much the fox had to admit to himself. "And I, uhm, did notice that you've been getting a little, well, husky," now that was putting it very, very mildly, "But, I didn't think it was... too bad?" What. Aaron was properly plump now. How was that not a big deal? And it was the fox himself who'd caused it! God, his cheeks were burning up.

The fox's complete embarrassment was enough to melt Aaron's heart yet again, and he padded forward to gently nuzzle the fennec's arm, trying to ignore how waddly his gait had become, and how every step made his belly ripple all the way up his sides to his back. "I didn't say it was, er, bad," the snolf tried to clarify, his own cheeks deep crimson as he smiled abashedly down to Zach, "I just... all my life I was ready to spend my career fit and work-ready, and then machines come along and take over my work. And then when you started offering me more food, I..."

Aaron's voice caught, gaze falling as he shuffled his paws, yet again feeling his whole figure rippling like a plate of jello. "It felt nice, being able to eat full meals for a change," the snolf said quietly, uncertain about revealing the full extent of just how "nice" he considered the experience, his tail tucking slightly between his legs even as it wagged side to side, a little smile crossing his features, "If you like cooking for me, I don't see anything wrong with that. Even if... you wanted to make more." There was something hopeful about the way Aaron said those last words, even as his blush burned visibly through the pale fur on his cheeks, his ears folded both sheepishly and pleadingly, like a dog begging hopefully for scraps at their owner's table.

For a moment, the fennec's eyes were brought up from the subtly jiggling curves of the wolf's midsection once those oddly hopeful words entered his ear canal, those oversized ears folding when he realized just what he'd been looking at again. "O-Oh?" Zach's voice halted halfway, the fox clearing his throat and raising an eyebrow in the most innocent, inconspicuous manner he could muster, "So, I was, uh, *not* making enough, after all...?" Just one glance at that drooping paunch told a wholly different reality, yet the way that chubby tail swayed tentatively behind the lupine's broad backside; it was almost as if Aaron was asking for it?

The snolf's ears pinned back as he looked down at himself again. He shouldn't even be insinuating he should have more. He should have let the fox know right then and there that he was having too much, that if this kept up, he'd never be in working condition again, that he needed to be put on a diet and...

"N-no, I mean, you're already making so much, and I wouldn't want to impose," Aaron replied weakly, far from the firm objection his logical side was telling him he should make, his ears wilting a bit as he considered how much work the fennec had been putting into feeding the snolf recently, "I couldn't ask you for more, I'd be pulling you away from your work too much."

The fox watched the serpent talk carefully. Or, at least, as carefully as the odd, novel sight of those bowing flanks and sagging belly allowed him. Okay, he should really try to maintain eye contact for longer than a few seconds at a time at this point. Both eyebrows raising, both of Zach's paws came up to wave through the air in clear objection to that notion, shaking his head lightly.

"Oh, it wouldn't really be a bother," the reassurance came even before his mind could truly comprehend the implications or consequences such blatant enabling entailed, the fennec flashing a little smile as he struggled not to acknowledge the almost literal elephant in the room, "I do enjoy cooking for both of us, and it's a really nice way to wind down and take a break between workloads," that explanation at least made some sense, but the words that soon followed it certainly did not, not even to the one uttering them, "You really should've told me earlier that you were going hungry after meals, you know." Was he, though? Did he look like he was going hungry after meals, Zach? What on earth was he even doing?

Just as bemused by his own actions, Aaron found himself perking up at the reassurance, even as his ears flickered at the sides of his head with uncertainty. "Y-yeah, I g-guess I just didn't want to impose," he tried to explain himself, finding the words a weak excuse even as they fell from his muzzle. As if he were really going so underfed.

The pair's mutual moment of abashedness was intruded upon as the snolf's paunch let out a low, resonating rumble, the corpulent canid giving a yip of surprise at the sound, before ducking his head and smiling sheepishly. 'Er, 's-scuse me," the serpent whimpered, clearing his throat and giving Zach another hopeful little smile, "If you really don't mind... maybe I could have some waffles for breakfast?" Another impatient growl from below made Aaron's blush deepen, shuffling his paws against the floor timidly as his round middle rippled against the limbs, "A-and maybe, uh, pancakes? With chocolate chips in them?"

Now that gave the fennec a genuine pause. "B-Both, huh?"

When the wolf gave a sheepish, shallow nod and continued to look almost illegally adorable with that nearly pleading body language and tone, Zach could do nothing at all. He'd had a soft spot for the massive feral for a long time, and each and every one of these little requests, done and presented in such a conservative and bashful manner, were completely impossible not to fulfill.

"O-oh, of course, bud. I'll get started on that right away, then!" And the fox did just that, taking a last swing of his coffee, flashing a warm smile to the towering, now properly chubby hybrid, and giving his loveable snout a gentle pat, before turning and beginning preparations for a whole lot of waffles and pancakes with chocolate chips in them, huh? That was a rather caloric breakfast. Even Zach had to admit that to himself. And with how husky the lupine was already getting, there should have been so many issues with this whole situation, and yet then why was he getting started on breakfast with a little wag of his tail and a sense of inexplicable warmth in his chest?

A similar feeling filled Aaron's own heart as he watched Zach work, though the smile on his features faltered when he got to his paws and heard his own grunt of effort at what should have been a simple task. He was letting himself go so much, and it wasn't like he could even deny what he was doing; he knew exactly what that sort of breakfast would lead to. And yet, when he thought of the effects it would have on his figure, Aaron found his tail wagging again even as his head lowered. Was it really okay to go from beast of burden to... this?

Standing in place for a moment, Aaron stepped toward the kitchen, giving a little smile as his head loomed over the counter dividing the cooking area from the living room. "A-anything I can do?" the snolf checked, in spite of knowing the answer already. The few times in the past he'd attempted to help in the kitchen, his oversized form had been more of a hindrance than an asset, particularly the long tail that had the tendency to knock over jars and pans. Still, it felt better just offering.

The fox nearly dropped a pan he'd been holding at the sudden voice from behind, having expected the wolf to head back to the living room. "S-Sheesh, you could start by not giving me a heart attack!" he chuckled and shook his head, stepping over to the counter to reach up and gently cup the massive lupine's lower jaw, rubbing up and down along his chin and freezing for a moment when he felt just how soft and squishy even that area had gotten, eyeing the little rolls that lined Aaron's collar whenever he tilted his head even slightly, "You're fine, big guy. You could, uh... well, I guess you can laze around in the living room while I get this done?" The suggestion was accompanied by another subtle glance towards the bowing flanks of the overfed hybrid.

Aaron smiled sheepishly at the gentle reproach, though his eyes seemed to light up as Zach's slender digits found the soft folds on his neck, almost reflexively tilting his head into the light contact, flushing even as that slight shift in position pinched one of the fennec's fingers between two rolls. "Y-you're sure that's really okay?" the snolf asked, nuzzling at the fox's forearm delicately.

The encouraging smile and reassuring caress of the vulpine's palm lifted some of the worry from the snolf's heart, leaning over the counter and licking at the fennec's cheek softly. "Thanks," Aaron purred, the resonations of his voice rippling his extra flesh against the fox's fingers momentarily, before he turned and waddled off to his bed. The circular furnishing gave a loud creak as the serpent stepped in, only deepening his blush while he circled around a few times, before curling up comfortably. Or, at least as comfortably as he could get, with the walls of the feral-style bed pressing around his expanded form, and his belly pushing out between his legs in his coiled position.

Watching the wolf leave, Zach's eyes widened as he noticed the way Aaron's plump, pear-shaped backside jiggled with each heavy step he took, a deep crimson blush lighting up his cheeks when he realized he was outright ogling his companion and quickly turning to rather focus on preparing the batch for the pancakes. It was perhaps this newest sub-conscious blunder that prompted the fox to speak, initiating casual conversation while he put up a pan to heat with oil in it.

“So, uhm,” clearing his throat, the vulpine poured the first little portion of the pancake mix into the pan, watching it spread out over the blackened surface and almost immediately take shape, “I assume you wanted bigger portions for, well, meals in general, and not just this breakfast...?” The way that question was phrased almost sounded curious, testing, even.

Lifting his head from his coiled tail, Aaron glanced over to the kitchen, his ears flickering as he tilted his head. Did he want that? Well, of course part of him did, but was he really going to ask for even more, every meal?

“I-I wouldn’t... turn it down, if you offered more.”

Well, apparently so.

Well then. Okay. That was certainly not the reply he was expecting.

Shaking his head as he noticed he was nearly burning the pancake’s lower side on the pan, the fox quickly pulled it back and gave it a little wiggle, before tossing the half-baked dough into the air to flip it over, almost immediately placing the pan back onto the burner. “Well, I mean, I love cooking,” Zach internalized aloud as he mused over those words, glancing over to the resting wolf and trying really hard not to look at the way his bed’s edges now bowed outwards rather heavily. That was certainly not how it used to look. There were way too many new, novel, and odd things happening this morning, and it was clear that it had left both of them feeling a bit awkward. Perhaps a good old teasing remark would lighten the mood a bit?

“Careful though, I might just start making you five meals a day instead of three!” Clearly, even to the fennec, that was supposed to be a mere joke, a little jest between the two of them. To Aaron, however...

Before he could even think to measure his response, Aaron found his head perking up and his tail wagging, quickly followed by another hot blush as he realized what he was doing. “N-no, I... th-that’s really too much work for you!” the snolf insisted, though by the tone of his voice, it was almost like he was trying to convince himself instead of Zach. Though perhaps, it was a bit of both. Still, that thought, that idea wormed its way into the snolf’s mind, and in spite of himself, he couldn’t deny that the concept was intriguing. And neither could he keep that intrigue out of his voice as he replied, in a quiet, timid tone, “Th-three meals is perfectly fine.”

The fox gave an awkward chuckle. That reply did not sound as convincing as he would have expected, and it was with a tilt of his head that his eyes lingered on the wolf while his paws almost automatically reached over to continue working on the pancakes themselves. He was waiting for the lupine to say that five meals would be an overkill, a totally unnecessary surplus of food that was neither wanted nor needed. And yet, all that came was concern for the fennec’s *own* workload?

“I mean, not really,” Zach found himself replying before he could really formulate a better reply, catching himself after a momentary pause and coughing softly as he added, “I-It’d take some extra time, sure, but as I said, I love cooking, so... it’s not really work.”

Aaron bit his lip as he regarded the fox, fidgeting in place as he dithered mentally. Five meals was definitely too much. Heck, what he was already eating was too much. Why was Zach being so darn enabling? Just lookin' at those brilliant blue eyes, the snolf could see the honesty of Zach's words. If he asked, the fox would happily provide. Yet, he knew he shouldn't, so why was his mouth running before he'd even finished his consideration.

"Well, i-if you're offering..."

The fox froze and blinked. "Wait... was I?"

No. Obviously. Blushing furiously, Aaron shook his head as he forced an embarrassed smile. "J-just kidding! I couldn't possibly eat that much in a day," he insisted, clearing his throat and turning to stare at the television just in hopes of the fennec dropping the subject, in spite of the clearly blank screen that greeted him. He really couldn't handle that much food in a day, no matter how gluttonous he was getting, right?

Yet the idea of just *trying* to... god, why was his tail wagging so much? Had some alien creature of unbound gluttony managed to worm its way into his being? Was there something in the air driving his insatiable hunger? Or was it just him? A side of himself that Aaron had never discovered until the opportunity presented itself. And of course, the key factor of a very enabling vulpine.

Looking toward the kitchen again, Aaron watched his friend at work, heart both dropping and lifting as he watched the fox pour chocolate chips into the pancake batter, lifting finished waffles and stacking them onto a growing tower. It was more than enough food to have sated him when he was working, yet as each additional layer made that tower rise higher, why did the image just make him feel more and more ravenous? And what had possessed him to ask for so caloric a meal? He *knew* where all those calories were going, looking to his belly and folding his ears. That meal was going to make this even bigger, make him softer and rounder, make him grow into a prized pig of a fat hog and... tail, why?

Head apparently attempting to shapeshift into a tomato, going by its color, Aaron whimpered as he lowered his head, paws covering his eyes. What in the world was happening to him?

Ears perking up at the sound, the fox glanced over to the resting wolf, momentarily baffled by the blush on those lupine features, before tilting his head as he stacked another trio of pancakes atop the tower of caloric sweets already balancing on the platter. "Aww, sorry it's taking this long, bud," Zach called over, surprising himself at just how genuinely concerned he was for the massive, rather overfed hybrid going hungry, "It's almost done! Oh, uh, here," leaning down, the fennec quickly fetched a whole package of brownie bites from the cupboard, padding over to the living room and depositing the fattening snack onto the coffee table, an adoring smile crossing his features when he noted the way the wolf perked up at the now all-too-familiar packaging.

"That... should help," he leaned over to gently scritch at one of Aaron's big ears, not even registering what sort of message the nearly praising and encouraging contact and words could be



communicating to the already overfed feral, “Didn’t know you were *this* hungry in the mornings.” That tone. Again. There was not a smidgeon of mock or badwill in that voice. If anything, it almost sounded adoring once again. Giving the wolf a last pat on the head, the fox moved back into the kitchen, leaving a more than confused hybrid alone in the living room once more.

More food? Even on top of all those pastries in the works? And that contact, those gentle pats; had Zach misinterpreted Aaron’s whimper to be one of hunger? And if that was the case, why was he so willing, so eager, to get the snolf something to eat?

Aaron regarded his companion with curiosity and uncertainty, trying hard to fathom the motivations behind enabling the former beast of burden into so sedentary and gluttonous a lifestyle. And more than that, trying to determine why in the world the entire experience felt so...

Wonderful.

Still flushed, the snolf looked down to the package that had been deposited in front of him, opened and ready for him to enjoy without even needing to lift a paw. That thought came again, of being a fairgrounds hog gorging themselves in preparation for presentation, stuffing themselves with every single calorie they could get their maw on. Gulping, Aaron’s head lowered, looking at the white and black rectangle on the side of the package, before feeling his heart drop as he took in the number of calories just in the recommended portion size. And here he’d been downing these things in one go.

Not even wanting to think about the total count that might have been contained within the entire package, Aaron held his lip in his teeth as he looked between Zach and the brownies. How was this okay?

Yet, it had been the fox to bring the sweets. If it wasn’t alright, certainly the fennec wouldn’t have offered them. Zach was strong-willed and not afraid to cut to the point when he felt something was wrong. He knew the fennec would have said right away if what they were doing wasn’t okay. But then, *why* was this okay?

Head shaking, Aaron sighed as he focused on the sweets under his muzzle. The farmer was the one providing the food, so it had to be alright. It just had to be. Y-yeah, if there was a line, Zach would know when it was close to being crossed. Aaron was just making sure the food that the farmer prepared didn’t go to waste. As long as Zach was okay with how much he was eating, well, maybe it was fine, having all this food.

Right?

Aaron knew he was rationalizing the strange situation, yet his internal reasoning helped him to lean in, gingerly nibbling at the sweets in their satchel, his muzzle sinking into the bag further as he took bigger and bigger bites, splayed ears slowly lifting and tail starting to sway. Zach said it was okay, so it must be okay. It had to be.

The snolf didn't even realize when he'd started lifting his head, the bag of brownies clinging around his muzzle as he leaned back, snout rising into the air and sending the pastries tumbling into his maw, where they were chewed perhaps once or twice before slipping into his gullet. Why did these sweets have to be so good? And why did it have to FEEL so good eating so many at once?

Realizing he was licking at the bottom of an empty bag, Aaron's ears snapped back again as he recognized his position, giving a little yip and reflexively shaking his head to free the package that was clinging to his face, the plastic bag sailing over the head of an approaching vulpine, who ducked his head at the intruder before settling a large platter onto the table in front of Aaron.

"Woah," the fox blinked and chuckled softly, before straightening up and making to move back into the kitchen to grab the *other* platter full of pancakes, calling back in that playful, yet oddly curious manner, "Should have brought two, huh?" Again, it was so clear that he was joking. And yet, there was something, a lingering, lurking sort of quality that neither Aaron nor Zach could really place.

The mystery only deepened when the fennec brought over the second platter of sugary, sweet, caloric sweets, huffing and panting as he placed the pancake-laden dish onto the coffee table. It looked like it was taking actual *effort* for the lithe fox to haul Aaron's portions to him at this point. To eat *so* much that your chef has trouble bringing it to you; now there was an utterly baffling concept.

"W-Whew, here you go!" And still, the vulpine simply smiled that vulpine smile of his, pointed, sleek muzzle locked in a perpetual state of adoration and endearing fondness, a paw once more reaching over to scritch under the wolf's padded chin in tender affection. "I, uh, made more than usual, like we agreed..." there was a glance thrown towards the two monoliths of sweet-towers, those oversized ears folding abashedly at the sight, "But let me know if it isn't enough."

Really?

It was most definitely more than enough, yet as Aaron regarded those towering stacks, taking in the glisten of the syrup that poured down their sides in slow motion, the chocolate sprinkles drizzled over whipped cream atop the pancakes, the dollop of ice cream that crowned the tower of waffles, and the little balls of the same frozen sweet applied around the base, the snolf couldn't keep his eyes from widening in glee even as his muzzle started to water. The sight of so much food, prepared and presented with such love and attention, managed to push back the hybrid's hesitation for the moment, and with a loving nuzzle against the cook's chest, Aaron rather unceremoniously leaned forward and started wolfing down his meal.

Gods above, what was it about such a caloric meal that made the snolf lose control? He swore he could taste every calorie, the rich pastries virtually packed with as much fattening ingredients as the fox could get away with. Was it just to cater to Aaron's sweet tooth? Or some other motivation that brought Zach to bring so fattening a meal to the snolf?

Those questions faded steadily as the pure experience of the breakfast took over, Aaron's eyes becoming nearly as glazed as the pastries that he glutted himself so eagerly on. Company forgotten, the oversized ophidian pulled himself forward with eagerness, making the bed groan and creak as his paws eagerly pulled more and more into his muzzle, unable to get enough of those delicious, sweet, wonderful

Aaron gave a little gasp as a palm gently rested on his neck, rubbing up and down the soft folds. Blinking, the lupine lifted his head slightly, looking to the fox that sat beside him with curiosity. The fennec usually went right upstairs as soon as breakfast was ready, his ears wilting as he suddenly realized just how piggish he was being, right in front of the fox, looking to his paws and cringing at the syrup sticking to his digits. Trying to be as subtle as he could, the snolf licked his paws clean, glancing frequently at the vulpine beside him, watching the television while idly scritching at Aaron's neck and shoulders. He looked so casual. So comfortable, like what was happening was completely normal.

It was so strange. Aaron had assumed if the fennec had seen him glutting himself, he'd be reprimanded for eating too hastily, or for making a mess, or well, he didn't really make messes, admittedly. That would waste food.

Blushing, the serpent fidgeted under the fox's palm, regarding the food that was still before him. He'd made a dent in the meal prepared for him, for sure, but there was still plenty left. Even with his stomach feeling a little bloated already, there was still...

The hybrid meeped as his stomach let out an impatient growl at his pause, head lowering and tail coiling about himself. With one last glance toward Zach, as though seeking reassurance from the fennec's casual demeanor, Aaron gulped and turned his attention back to the meal before him, trying to take more ginger bites yet again. Which lasted all of three or four seconds once more. And, in spite of neither of the pair being fully aware of it, Zach's paws caressed the snolf's neck all the more for it, that silent encouragement only reinforcing the notion of unrestricted gluttony being okay.

The day became a blur for Aaron. He was so wrapped up in his indulgence that he didn't even notice when Zach stood, getting him more snacks even before he'd finished breakfast, depositing open packages in front of the serpent and clearing his dishes even as he continued to gorge himself. The number of those sweets and treats kept growing, multiplying between every meal, increasing with each day, the snolf losing more time than he could even fathom to the feeding frenzies that rose from having so, so much food available. If his muzzle went unoccupied, that state only lasted until the next time Zach came down the stairs, presenting him with another round of food. Not once did Aaron ever have to get to his paws to fetch a meal for himself; the snolf hardly even needed to lift a paw, with how Zach seemed to expertly place his food in his muzzle's reach, letting him laze as he wolfed down food like a starving animal.

Though Aaron lost track of the days, Zach seemed to hang on every minute, glancing toward the clock when he was working so that he was always "on time" to refill his companion's eating area. There was even one day when the fox had managed to time his restocking so that he could

swear the snolf hadn't stopped eating from the moment he woke to the time he inevitably passed out in the evening, swollen stomach on full display.

And oh, how that stomach swelled. Not just from the food that stuffed his gut each day; all those calories had the hybrid's mixed metabolism working into overdrive, packing excess nourishment into growing deposits of silky soft adipose. Aaron's neck broadened, rolls deepening like those on his flanks and tail, the creases on his sides starting to reach forward along the midway of his gut and forming noticeable segments across his back, rump rounding and taking up more space on his bed with each passing day. Another week of nonstop, unrestricted gorging, and the snolf's gut was big enough to sway down between his thighs in the rare occasions when he stood, though it was far more likely to be found pooling out over his bed as he lay on his side or lounged over his belly, either passed out from fullness or actively glutting himself into such a coma.

There were moments when Zach's timing of feeding would allow Aaron a few minutes of recovery, panting from the weight in his gut as he came to from another feeding frenzy, only to flush hard and regard the figure that he'd acquired with a growing sense of uncertainty. More than just chubby, the serpent was creeping up on fat, if he hadn't already passed that line a meal or two ago. And most confusing of all?

How very, very much he loved it.

Those moments when he was left without food enough to return to cognizance, Aaron found his paws repeatedly wandering to his own plump, plush paunch, shuddering in ecstasy as he curiously slid his digits into the folds on his sides, his heart racing as he panted and moaned in private pleasure. Yet the moment he heard steps descending the stairs, the snolf would hastily pull the limbs away, deeply blushing while he looked to the approaching fox with mysterious guilt and embarrassment on his features, only to receive a loving smile and a reassuring pat on the head, before the fennec fetched him more to gorge on. And so it continued day after day...

Until he didn't hear the steps.