

With a great deal of uncertainties addressed, if indirectly, Aaron found himself more and more willing to ask his companion for more and more food. It never ceased to amaze the fox that, no matter how much Aaron was brought, the serpent seemed ever eager for more, even if there were mutual blushes when one of them caught the other staring at the snolf's paunchy figure. Over the days, that rounded feature became more and more dominant, taking up ever larger areas upon any surface he laid over. Broken as it was, the snolf's bed had been removed by his smaller companion, with a bit of help from the serpent, though he was embarrassed to find himself rather winded throughout the whole experience. Luckily, he was rewarded for the effort with an even bigger dinner than usual, his companion providing him with a comfortable arrangement of cushions to laze out across instead of a bed that was likely to just break under the hybrid's growing heft.

And how that heft grew! Another week of delving even further into gluttony, and Aaron was pushing beyond plump and quickly encroaching upon true obesity. Standing straight, the snolf's gut crawled down his thighs, hanging just above his knees and sloping smoothly up into a plump, broad chest, which transitioned into a series of folds that dominated his neck. Those folds were outmatched by those on his sides, however, the creases that lined Aaron's flanks deep enough for an anthro to hide a hand in, to say nothing of the overhang that formed when he sat, the great curve between his gut and his thighs more than extensive enough to completely conceal an arm. Just as plush, Aaron's tail had become so heavy that he rarely if ever attempted to lift the limb, creases and folds forming in its length whenever it was anything aside from stretched out perfectly straight, and even then the impressions of those folds were still visible under the fur of that doughy tail. The runner-up for taking the largest share of lard was the serpent's broad rump, which provided quite the comfortable seat for him whether he sat on bare floor or his cushion pile, his forelimbs taking on a lesser, though still significant amount of the flab.

The only feature of the snolf that didn't look round and squishy was his face, though even that was just starting to lose some of its edges, the serpent admiring his transparent reflection in the living room window as he waited for his companion to awaken. He really was quite the sight, now, huffing and panting as he turned himself from side to side to get a better look at his grown figure in the long window dominating the living room wall. He just wished he had a real mirror available.

Flushing when he realized the rather blatant narcissism of what he was doing, Aaron grunted as he sat down on his cushions, looking down at his pooling gut and giving a little, pleased smile. There were still hints of embarrassment, for sure, yet after Zach's reassurances throughout the week, the snolf had allowed himself to grow more into his own heft. Hesitating a moment, the serpent sat himself up on his haunches, his forepaws resting on his belly and rubbing in broad, self-indulgent strokes, making him shudder and huff in euphoria.

It really seemed like the fatter he became, the more pleasant it was to just feel himself, stretched skin hyper-sensitive to touch and sending electrical jolts of pleasure whenever his paws sank into his fat. Wrapping his paws around his own gut, the hybrid gave a low grunt as he hefted the flab up, feeling how heavy his gut had become and flushing in both arousal and lingering bashfulness. He was so big, so soft, so undeniably *fat*, and he loved every bit of it.

Caught up as he was in his exploration of his own body, the wolf failed to notice the faint steps of a lithe fox from above. What he certainly did not miss was the squeak of surprise the fennec let out involuntarily at the sight that greeted him, freezing when he was standing in front of a sitting wolf with his side facing him, paws wrapped under his gut and muzzle leaned over to pant eagerly at that mound of blubber, the pose causing the rolls on his sides to deepen significantly. Completely flabbergasted beyond belief, Zach let out the only sound that could come to his mind. Perhaps not the most intelligent response, but definitely an apt one.

“U-Uh...”

The snolf yipped in surprise as well, reflexively releasing his flab and grunting when he felt the orb of fat bounce back into place, pulling him forward with excess momentum and catching himself as his gut rippled underneath him. Glancing to the fox, Aaron blushed as his ears flickered abashedly, doughy tail creasing as it curled around himself. “H-hey!” the snolf greeted, struggling to his paws with another puff and waddling toward the fennec, unable to resist the shudder of pleasure caused by his swaying paunch jiggling against the inside of his thighs, taking note of how Zach stared a bit more openly at the pendulous rocking of that rotund ball.

Ears flicking, Aaron still smiled as he neared, nuzzling at Zach’s chest while the anthro stood a few steps from the bottom of the flight. “Can breakfast be some muffins today?” the snolf asked, his voice a bit breathy from the effort of carrying himself all the way to the stairs from the living room, “A-and some frosting on top? Oh, and chocolate chip waffles with extra syrup, too?” The snolf’s tail thumped against one of the walls as he “ordered”, before his ears splayed as he gave a sheepish smile, “I-if it’s not too much work?”

It had slowly become quite clear that those changes Zach had noticed in Aaron’s behavior those short weeks ago were only starting to get more prominent. It wasn’t the first time he’d caught the wolf basically playing and fondling his own flab, but the difference was the rather surprising lack of... mortified embarrassment from the lupine’s side. Perhaps he knew that the fennec himself knew. Well, it wouldn’t have been a stretch, with how far they were both willing to take this odd arrangement of theirs. And while otherwise unbothered and simply endeared by the sight of Aaron feeling himself up in such an indulgent manner, that certain lack of guilt or regret at doing so made the act just that much more intriguing.

Feeling his cheeks heating up when the massively overfed feral loomed over him, the fennec felt his tail wag while he listened to his companion listing off all he wanted to eat. At that last question, however, Zach quickly came to from his dreamy adoring, waving a paw in the air dismissively. “O-Oh, of course not.”

That always seemed to be the answer to the question of ‘Is this too much?’. It never was. Not to the fox, who gave a warm, if somewhat abashed smile as he reached over to gently caress the wolf’s neck, feeling those slender digits trace the flabby folds that rested there, before pulling back to head into the kitchen. “I’ll get started on that. You, uh, seem rather hungry this morning, h-huh?” That curiosity was there once more, almost as if looking for a specific reply to push his buttons.

Aaron blushed, though he still nodded as he stepped back to give Zach room to get past him, turning and waddling after the fox as he moved toward the kitchen. “Y-yeah,” the serpent said, hesitating for a moment, before adding with a hint of hopeful curiosity, “R-really hungry, so, um, could I get a... a double order of those?”

The fox froze in the middle of grabbing his ingredients and tools, ears perked up and flickering while he slowly turned his head back towards the fattened wolf. “O-Oh?”

The question had surprised Aaron as well, yet still he gave a nod, sitting on his haunches outside the kitchen with a little “urf” and rubbing his belly, almost unaware of his own action. That little, sheepishly flushed smile crossed his features again as he noted the fennec’s gaze drawn toward the path of his paw; where once that had been mortifying, now it was... intriguing, knowing how his growing form held his companion’s interest so securely. Still a bit embarrassing, yes, and yet as he sat there, he realized how much he wanted not just more food, but more of himself, as well. And more of those curious, intrigued glances from his vulpine caretaker. He was already so fat that his working days were well and truly behind him. So, why not see just how far this could go?

“Yeah,” Aaron repeated, his tail starting to sway lazily at its end, sending ripples up the sides and into his plump haunches, “I-I can’t get enough of your cooking! Even though it’s... starting to show a bit~” The snolf patted his belly, making waves travel through his plump figure right before Zach’s eyes, finding his sense of excitement growing at his own bold displays of hedonism.

Unable to do anything but stare at the display, the fennec only looked away when he actually felt his mouth drying out from not swallowing for so long. Gulping softly, the blush on the fox’s features was just as clear as the overfed wolf’s desire to be fed even more, a paw coming up to abashedly rub the back of Zach’s neck while he began to prepare the calorie-laden sweets for his plump companion.

“T-Thanks,” Zach managed to reply, and he knew he shouldn’t have pushed it there, but that inexplicable, irresistible urge deep within his mind pushed him to add softly, “A-A few extra pounds isn’t the end of the world, huh?” He knew he was repeating himself, and while not aware of it all, his subconscious meant that to be very, very deliberate.

The snolf gave another little blush, yet he nodded as he leaned in and nuzzled his companion’s chest once more. “Not if it means getting to sample more of your cooking,” Aaron said playfully, licking the fennec’s ear as he sat back, still rubbing his broadened belly, “O-oh, and could you bring one of the milk gallons over to go with all that?” A pause, the snolf blushing a bit more as he added, “One of the full ones, I mean~”

The last addition to his breakfast requested, the snolf once more hauled himself upright, needing to rock forward twice before he could rise to his paws, before turning and wobbling over toward his pillows, his broad steps making his backside and tail jiggle heavily. Aaron’s head turned a bit so he could glance back after a few steps, curious to see if the fox was watching him go.

Oh he was. Those azure eyes especially lingering on that broad, rolled backside and that heavily swaying gut. As soon as Zach noticed that he was the one being watched, however, his cheeks burned up with a fresh blush, and he quickly averted his gaze from the enticingly waddling wolf to get back to cooking.

Cheeks similarly reddening, Aaron still felt his heart swell as he climbed up onto his pillows, letting himself fall onto his side, the floor resonating when he WHUMP'd down, body jiggling and murring in pleasure. Everything felt so amazing to the snolf, from the way his plump rolls bounced off one another, to his paunch rubbing between his thighs as he walked. Pleasure seemed to rise from every motion, the snolf groaning with effort and rolling onto his back, just to feel the heft of his gut pressing down on him, muzzle parting and panting with bliss, his paws moving to his middle, though he resisted the urge to grope at the sensitive flab, simply resting the limbs atop his cushiony midsection. He knew he was right out in the open; rather than dreading the fox looking over, though, Aaron found himself almost hoping for it, a strange desire for exhibitionism that had his cheeks burning brightly. Simply laying there and savoring the heft of his own paunch weighing down over him, the lupine looked toward the kitchen after a moment, flushing as he saw the eyes glued to his figure, that muzzle hanging open incredulously, until those blue eyes caught Aaron's own, face transforming into red hues while he whipped his head aside, looking anywhere but the fattened hybrid.

Just that short ogling session was enough for the fennec to be once more reassured of the changes taking place between the pair. Clearly, Aaron had become oddly comfortable in this new arrangement. A transition which had transpired at an almost alarmingly quickened rate, the fox recalling an altogether different hybrid a few short weeks ago in his mind. Looking at him now—an activity the fox himself had found himself indulging in a lot more as of late—it was difficult to believe that the plump lupine in his living room had once been a toned, fit beast of burden. No matter which angle or direction one looked at it from, the wolf appeared more like a spoiled pet of some sort than anything. A strange transformation, for sure, but one that didn't exactly put off Zach.

Hell, if anything, that slight wag of his tail told him the opposite. Aaron did look rather endearing like this. As a spoiled pet of some sort, that is. Naturally, the fox had found his companion to be undeniably cute by default, what with the sheer contrast of his size and gentle, obedient personality, but these new developments only stood to emphasize those qualities. The wolf was getting bigger, still, and yet he remained just as soft both inside and outside.

Reddened cheeks dimpling as he smiled to himself softly at that thought, the fox didn't even notice just how efficiently his paws moved now. All those weeks spent making a variety of dishes had left him with a new skill, an innate ability to always reach for just the right ingredient or tool, and along with that, the inexplicable, innate desire to always add just a bit more sweetness to the meals he was making. Aaron had a sweet tooth, after all. Who was the fox not to let the huge, adorable wolf indulge? Just a bit more couldn't hurt. A few more pancakes to stack on top of the already towering platter, or just a few more waffles with chocolate chips mixed in the batter. Surely the lupine wouldn't mind. Heck, he was practically asking for it, wasn't he?

“So, er,” Zach found himself calling out as his train of thought drifted off into obscurity, not looking up from his work while he prepared the massively fattening breakfast for his overgrown wolf, “You, uh, seem to prefer sweeter meals these days, huh?” Another development that *perhaps* could have explained that swaying, drooping gut under Aaron’s ribcage.

Ears flicking bashfully, Aaron leaned his head back to get a better look at the fox working in the kitchen, his paws subconsciously brushing across his broadened midsection. He couldn’t deny the pleasantness of having so much available to sate his sweet tooth, the fennec seeming eager to add toppings and extras to each meal that simply sent the calorie count soaring, cheeks reddening while Aaron imagined what sort of effect another day of eager gorging might have on his already-fat form. Just the image of his own frame continuing to gain bulk and heft with each meal made the snolf’s tail sway all the more, his head lowering to form a series of chubby chins.

“Y-yeah,” the serpent replied as he reached up and rubbed his neck, feeling the supple folds on his scruff shifting under his digits, “They’re just so good... a-and you make them even better with your little touches. I c-can’t resist them!”

The fennec couldn’t help chuckling softly at that. “I’ve noticed that, yeah,” that admission was almost too quiet for the wolf to hear, but only almost, Zach feeling his own cheeks heating up subtly while he placed yet another thick, fattening pancake onto the growing pile, fluffy tail swaying lazily as he worked to feed his plump companion, “If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you’d prefer just eating cakes all day instead of normal meals at this point!” Clearly, that was another little jest of his, but that tone; that curious little glance he gave at the end towards the flabby wolf lounging in the living room on his pile of pillows, eyeing the curve of that rising gut for a moment before going right back to work. “I would have made you more sweets in the past if I knew you had such a sweet tooth~”

Aaron’s head perked up from the side of his bed, once more making a series of accordion rolls down the front of his neck while his ears flickered with clear interest, only for his blush to return when he realized how odd it was to be so excited at the idea of having even more pastries. “W-well, I... I wouldn’t object to having, um, m-more of your cakes,” the snolf admitted, his ears folded as he gave a sheepish smile, still not quite aware of the way his paws wandered slowly over his plump paunch in anticipation of the meal to come, “I mean, most labor ferals wouldn’t, um, eat like this. But your cooking is just so good, way too good to turn down!”

Feeling that familiar warmth in his chest rising, the fennec’s oversized ears folded as he listened to the compliments. It really did feel quite nice, being praised like this, and it certainly made it a whole lot easier to be even more enabling in every aspect. Still, that reply was one that did throw the fox for a loop for a moment, his blinking eyes drifting up to look over to the lazing wolf, watching those big paws caressing his gut in apparent anticipation. He almost looked excited to be fed and be talking about what he *was* going to be fed.

“O-Oh? More cakes?” Zach’s tail gave a little flick as he plopped yet another pancake onto the dish that was now threatening to topple over thanks to its sheer height, not even noticing the amount of food he was routinely preparing for the already plump wolf at this point as he added, “But, I do make you a cake for... dessert for pretty much every meal. It’s, er, not enough?”

The snolf's paws fidgeted for a moment, his head still low as he directed another shy smile in Zach's direction. "W-what if, um, the cakes... *were* the meals?" Aaron suggested, blushing even as the words fell from his muzzle, yet that cloying desire that had been wearing away at the dam in the hybrid's mind started to seep out through the cracks it had formed in the serpent's resistance, "I-I mean, what if the meals were, uh... *bigger* cakes?"

For the first time, the fox froze out of genuine bafflement. Sure, he was very much aware of Aaron having become quite ravenous over the last few weeks, but this... this was definitely new. New and kind of exciting in some sense, all the while retaining its confusing nature. Cakes upon cakes for meals. No sane beast of burden would ever request such a ridiculous diet, and yet here the wolf was, offering an idea that was almost too ludicrous to believe even for a particularly enabling fennec.

"Y-You just want to eat cakes all day?" Zach breathed in evident incredulity, those azure eyes drifting from the curving gut of the hybrid to his abashed, flushed features, ears flickering in both confusion and intrigue, "I, uh, that'd be... a lot of sweets." There was another disbelieving glance thrown towards the deep folds that now adorned Aaron's flank, as if to remind both parties of just what that kind of diet would lead to.

"O-oh," Aaron's whole countenance fell, his ears wilting as his head lowered, that long, portly tail curling around himself. In an instant, that mighty beast of burden went from abashedly hopeful to looking like a kicked puppy, those big, shimmering eyes boring holes in Zach's soul as he whimpered timidly, "I-is that a no?" The question even came with the snolf's tail tucking between his meaty haunches.

Zach blinked at the sight. In the past, he could have imagined himself gently turning down that request, or whatever it was supposed to be. These days, however, with how securely the snolf had the fennec's heart in his paws with his behavior and appearance, the vulpine himself genuinely struggling to say anything besides the next few words that left his muzzle.

"O-Oh, n-no, that's not what I meant," he cleared his throat and waved a paw dismissively, cheeks a subtle hue of crimson as he flashed that affectionate, loving smile over to the massive wolf that was practically *begging* to be fed more sweets, still, "I just didn't know you liked my cakes *that* much," though one look at that gut told the fox just how much this lupine liked his sweets, gulping softly as he found himself staring at that mound of flab once again, "I guess we could try that, yeah. Cakes for meals and cakes for desserts?" Even for him, saying that out loud felt so surreal. Was Aaron seriously?

When Zach said it out loud, it made Aaron realize just how ridiculous the diet plan sounded, not to mention the ludicrousity of the calorie count such eating habits entailed. Was he seriously going to go through with this? Knowing EXACTLY what it would do to his figure?

"W-well, maybe not for dessert," Aaron replied, his paws kneading at his tummy seemingly without his awareness, "I-I was thinking desserts would be brownies, o-or cookies. Cakes for meals and desserts would be kind of, um, repetitive."

Well, apparently he was going through with it.

Oh, but sweets for absolutely anything and everything weren't repetitive. Zach tilted his head as he mused over the proposition, his paws having come to fidget in front of his own chest as he looked over the food he'd already prepared with uncertainty, ears and tail giving a little twitch as a particularly interesting thought entered his mind.

"Huh. Well, if that's what you'd prefer," there it was again, that seemingly endless enabling, only to be accompanied by its closest ally, that totally unnecessary encouragement, "Should I make a cake to go along with all this, t-then?" And those eyes were once more drifting between that already plump gut and its owner's features curiously.

Again the snolf visibly perked up, in spite of the sheepish blush on his cheeks. "Yes, please~" he affirmed, tail patting the ground as he watched the fox fetching a box of cake mix upon the request. He still seemed bemused, yet the vulpine simply carried out the serpent's order as he lay on his side, watching Zach bake with a bashful little smile on his features, once again feeling that strange sense of warmth and excitement that the fennec seemed so willing to oblige his frankly ludicrous dietary choices. Who else would have indulged the snolf's newfound gluttonous tendencies, aside from the anthro that worked so diligently to prepare even more food for the huge hybrid? He doubtless knew that such a meal plan would wind up making Aaron veritably balloon with blubber over the days, and yet he still continued, almost looking happy to let the snolf fatten up so much.

What was it that made that idea so exciting? Aaron had no clue, though he couldn't deny the heat rising in his features or the aroused way his hind paws squirmed in anticipation, toes curling just at the thought of so, so much food, provided by none other than the fox that he loved. Platonically, of course.

When the fox began to head in his direction, Aaron huffed as he rocked side to side on his back, figure swaying heavily over him while he steadily built up enough momentum just to roll over onto his side, huffing and panting with the effort of adjusting his position, before managing to heave himself up onto his belly, another stimulated shudder running up the ophidian wolf's long spine at the way his plump midsection splayed out to his sides, forcing his thighs to spread to make room for the rotund curves. He felt so huge already, muzzle parting as he panted both to catch his breath and just from the sheer pleasure of shifting his bulky figure, eventually letting out a low grunt while he pushed himself up onto his haunches, feeling his gut roll forward and press up against the back of his forelegs, biting his lip and huffing in further arousal, only to blush as he suddenly caught himself, ears splaying and ducking his head while he looked to the fox that watched him.

Well. It certainly seemed like someone was *enjoying* themselves. Perhaps a bit too much, judging by the hot and bothered expression and all around embarrassed body language the wolf was giving off. Feeling his own features light up slightly at just watching all the wolf move and listen to the almost pleased and excited huffs and pants he was letting out, Zach had to clear his

throat and place the first platter of breakfast onto the coffee table before he could even think of opening his muzzle.

“U-Uhm, here you go, big gu—er, bud. I’ll grab the other dishes,” he flashed an abashed smile of his own, unable to stop his eyes from traveling all the way down to the lower curve of that drooping, splayed out gut, watching the mound of flab rise and fall with each heavy breath the wolf took, the folds on his flanks following suit with the movement and squishing together with the slightest turn of Aaron’s padded abdomen. God, he really was getting quite fat, and that realization was written all over the fennec’s features as he simply let his gaze linger on the lupine for a moment, before shaking his head and turning to fetch the rest of his breakfast, walking away with a gentle sway of his tail and abashedly folded ears.

Aaron’s head lowered even more as he noticed the fox taking in his rotundity, yet even with the embarrassment, he couldn’t help the toes of his hind paws curling in delight. Zach was clearly taking note of his corpulence, and for some reason that felt... he didn’t even know how to describe it. Mystifying? Mesmerizing? Miraculous? He couldn’t even say, except that it was far, far from a bad feeling. Gulping hard, the snolf’s attention shifted to the food he’d been brought, feeling his heart bob like a buoy on choppy seas, rising and falling and rising in rapid succession. There was just so much to eat already, and Zach was bringing even more, and there was still some left in the kitchen for a third trip. Just how big had his meals grown these last weeks?

Evidently big enough to take an anthro three trips to deliver, the serpent half-berated, half-praised himself, taking in the sight of the towers of waffles and pancakes, and finally the massive red velvet cake. Each course looked like it would take a family of anthros a whole day to sit through, and yet here it was, the lot being offered just for Aaron’s breakfast. It was all for him, all made by the fox that stood there with that cute, abashed smile on his features, the snolf’s heart warming at that familiar, endearing sight. So much care glittered in those azure pools, the serpent regarding his companion with fondness for a moment, before leaning over and gingerly nuzzling the fennec’s cheek in a wordless display of pure gratitude, his cheeks brightening as his paunch folded into rolls and pooled forward, squishing around his forelimbs rather dramatically and sending electrifying signals of pleasure to the hapless hybrid’s brain. Combined with another rumble of hunger from the depths of that doughy dome, and Aaron’s hesitation finally caved, the snolf turning and scooting closer to the table to dig in.

Bringing his head down, the snolf began to simply devour the closest pile of pastries, giving a soft huff when he felt his gut pressing up against the edge of the table, making the dishes rattle with his shallow pants as he dug in. With another red flush, the serpent shuffled in place, eating too eagerly to want to back up and give his paunch room, instead lifting a forepaw and simply resting it on the table, unintentionally revealing more of his gut to the fennec beside him. Zach was treated to the sight of that plump orb folding in two segments above and below the table, rippling and bouncing as the giant gluttoned himself like he hadn’t eaten in days, veritably forcing his muzzle down into the tower to shove as much food into his maw as he could. Like he was desperate for more food, more sweets, simply more and more.

Watching in stunned silence, the fennec beside the coffee table once more felt his lower jaw hang open as he simply took in the sight. Before, Aaron’s gluttonous tendencies have not only



been more modest, but they also seemed more endearing than anything. This, however, felt different. More primal. More excited, almost as if the plump wolf virtually could not help himself from acting this way. And while still cute, the sight had become something more as well.

Ears folding as he felt his own arousal returning at the sight of the massively overfed wolf once more glutting himself, Zach's gaze drifted between the gut that was now wedged against his coffee table, spilling over its surface heavily and only seeming to creep further with each enthusiastic mouthful that disappeared down Aaron's gullet. The more he ate, the further down and over the lupine leaned, causing that heavy gut to only get more squished and pinned over the coffee table. The sight was, to say the least, both confusing and very, *very* appealing.

"W-Well, someone's hungry this morning," the fox tried to jest to calm *himself* down at this point, reaching out with a paw to playfully prod against the wolf's flank, only to freeze momentarily when his digits easily sank into the supple, ample layers of flab that now coated Aaron's side, a stark contrast to the little softness and give it had just a few weeks prior when the pair were cuddling together. Heck, Zach was sure his whole paw could get lost in between those two rolls of fat, and he once more felt his cheeks heating up as he pulled back his paw and rubbed it with the other in embarrassment. "R-Really hungry..."

That touch made Aaron freeze, his eyes wide as he held his mawful of food for a moment, before gulping heavily as he flushed hard. Glancing over his shoulder, the hybrid saw the way Zach was looking over him, staring up at his flank as he rubbed his hands together. He'd always been bigger than the fox, but with his new weight, that difference was just exaggerated all the more, his pear-shaped figure looking like it could be five or six times broader than the slight anthro, at least. If not even more. And the way those digits had sunk into his flesh; gods, he hadn't even had time to savor it, but the snolf was pretty sure *nothing* had ever felt more pleasing.

"W-well, your cooking is so good," Aaron eventually managed to reply, leaning ever-so-slightly toward the fennec and feeling his side rolls deepening with the shift in position, his eyes hopeful as he regarded the fox's withdrawn paws. Just another touch, he pleaded silently, his ears splayed out as part of him recognized his own hedonistic desires, yet his tail wagging as the primal portion of his mind imagined the vulpine unabashedly groping his excess baggage, the image making his whole body flush with heat. "M-maybe a little, uh," the snolf started, his tail curling around to pat his plump flank right in front of Zach's eyes, cheeks burning hotly while he grinned in abashedness at the way his supple folds rippled before the fennec, "T-too good~" Embarrassing as it was trying to join in the teasing using his own corpulence, the hybrid still felt a rush at emphasizing his own heft for the anthro, only worsening that overwhelming sense of arousal that threatened to push him over the edge.

Zach froze and simply *watched*, eyes glued to the tail that 'playfully' snaked over to pat those deepened, hefty folds that now lined Aaron's flank. Instantly, the fennec felt his ears fold as their very tips burned up with newfound heat, tail flicking subtly as its owner's mind struggled to comprehend how the hell he was supposed to feel in that moment. This was definitely new. And... the most confusing of it all was just how exciting a change it appeared. Baffled and caught off guard as he was in that moment, all the fox could squeak out was a quiet little

“O-Oh?” of confusion, eyes traveling down to follow the curve of those rolls and settling on the drooping, sloping gut that threatened to partially spill over his coffee table. Oh, he very much knew just how good his cooking was and what it was doing to Aaron’s figure, but to have it uttered out loud? That was a new sort of rush he wasn’t familiar with.

And there it was; the all-too-keen interest that the pair knew had been there a while, in spite of each dancing around the topic for so long. That mutual fascination which had threatened to spill out into the open over and over, yet had always managed to go back into hiding, only making it all the more enticing to chase after. Trepidation threatened to make Aaron drop the subject, yet after all the extravagant feasting and borderline self-fondling in front of the fox, that embarrassment had edged back just enough for the snolf to press on.

“O-oh yes,” the serpent affirmed, in spite of the bright pinks that tinged both his cheeks and ears, the latter splayed sideways in abashedness, yet once more his tail wagged in excitement. “I could enjoy your cooking all day, w-without a break~” Aaron said, his tone playful and yet earnest at the same time, huffing as he shifted slightly to face the fox a bit more, making those deep folds once again jostle in Zach’s face, deepening as the snolf bent to nuzzle at Zach’s shoulder, “Oh, b-but I might put on weight, eating so much. What um, wh-what do you think? Have you, heh, noticed a difference?” The snolf’s voice let Zach know that he was very much aware of the change that stared them both in the face, the serpent’s amber eyes regarding his companion with teasing affection along with those endearing hints of abashedness, and a subtle tinge of newfound courage at finally facing the matter that had long been overdue in its addressing.

That was very, very obviously a rhetorical question, and while normally not feeling obligated to answer, this little game of sorts the pair had established between them regarding Aaron’s changing lifestyles and its consequences compelled the still befuddled and confused fox to open his muzzle. “I, u-uh, I mean,” the struggles to come up with a proper reply were clear even to him, what with the immense distraction of a literal wall of wolf towering over him, the sight of those folded, flabby rolls staring him right in the face and that drooping gut pooling over and under the coffee table with such unrestrained excess, “Y-You do look, erm, huskier?” Zach eventually managed to squeak out, flashing a somewhat bashful smile up to the towering hybrid and bidding his head towards the *incredibly* husky folds and curves that adorned his figure, “B-But that’s only expected, right? Since you don’t have to slave away on the fields anymore and all, you know. And you *have* been, uh,” there was a glance thrown towards the literal piles of fattening treats and cake on the coffee table, “S-Snacking a bit more ”

The understatement was contrasted sharply by the knowing looks the fox gave toward Aaron’s doughy figure and the frankly absurd amount of food he’d been brought, and though the comments refreshed the serpent’s blush, he still grinned at having his gluttonous tendencies commented on so openly. “O-oh, you might be right,” the snolf hummed, looking to himself as his paw gingerly traced the curve of his upper belly, cheeks dimpling with a self-conscious, yet self-indulgent smile, that expression parting into a wide yawn as the wolf brought a pawful of pastry up to his maw, his ears folding bashfully even while he stuffed his face with the caloric confections. “Mmm, b-but I just can’t resist,” the ophidian purred, huffing softly after gulping down the oversized mouthful, leaning forward to take up another portion of pancakes, the

sensation of his pudgy gut pooling over the edge of the table lighting up the snolf's features in another deep flush, which only grew as that advancing curve made the dishes clink together audibly, a glance thrown to his companion while he hummed in both abashedness and pleasure, "Do you r-really think it's alright for a work feral like me to let themselves go like this? I might get... p-pretty tubby."

Zach blinked, raising an eyebrow and looking the wolf over incredulously. *Get* tubby, huh? Were it not for that growing, mounting sense of excitement and curiosity within his mind, the fox surely would have chuckled at the absurd downplaying of the wolf's current figure. Perhaps the fact that the enabling vulpine had a whole lot to do with the transition contributed to that unwillingness to call out the blatant understatement. It was almost like Aaron himself was somehow enabling this whole ruse to continue, a prospect that seemed less and less surreal with each time the fennec found his massive companion simply stuffing himself to the brim with everything he was brought. Evidently, the wolf had started developing a rather stark fondness towards his new lifestyle. Those meals and his requests that kept growing along with his appetite and waistline, and all the while, that long, chubby tail kept on wagging more and more. Hell, if anything, Aaron seemed to be outright enjoying it. All of it, that is. The consequences of his new diet included.

The thought summoned a fresh flush onto the fox's furred cheeks, and yet he still felt his downy tail give those little flickers of interest. Why on earth was he getting so infatuated by what was happening? Excited by the way Aaron was condoning the fennec's obvious attempts at spoiling the feral, perhaps even encouraging it at this point.

"W-Well," Zach started, his tone once more dripping with that affectionate, enabling quality that had pushed the situation ever further into the depths of hedonistic desires, a paw reaching out to gently pat the wolf's side in a reassuring, nearly supporting manner, eliciting a surprised gasp followed quickly by a euphoric shudder from the lupine, "If you really can't resist my cooking," eyes drifting to the dishes on the table, the dent that had been left in the breakfast only confirmed that very suspicion, "It's not like I can say no to that face," the fox gave a playful wave towards the wolf's features, blushing subtly at the admission of his own weakness and quickly adding with a little shrug, "B-Besides, that machine outside is taking care of all your tasks, so you don't really *need* to be in absolute tip-top, ripped shape." Just one glance at the way the hybrid's gut pooled over the table was enough to let both parties know just how well past that point Aaron was. And yet, Zach simply couldn't help himself from saying those words, almost surprised at *himself* for just how immensely enabling he'd gotten.

The fox was so, so close to outright saying what the pair both had in mind, Aaron's heart fluttering while he worked on another mouthful of syrup-soaked waffles, lifting his head and gulping with a deep puff before looking to his companion with amber eyes shimmering in affection and hopefulness. "E-even if I wind up getting, um, more than just tubby?" the serpent asked, his tail gingerly snaking toward the fennec and delicately curling its end around Zach's ankle, the miniature embrace helping the snolf to find the courage to continue, the paw on his middle drawing down to the plush lovehandles on his side and lingering on the supple roll almost subconsciously, "You're okay with me, er, leaving a work-ready shape behind?" The way Aaron looked into the fox's eyes spoke volumes of the not-so-hidden desire he had, the buried craving

rising to the surface as he felt the last vestiges of doubt leaving his mind, even if he was yet too bashful to admit what he truly wanted out loud just yet.

And there it was. The face and expression that the fox could literally not find the strength or willpower to say no to. Even if it meant further enabling a behavior that was only going to get progressively more prevalent. As outlandish as the request sounded, however, Zach still struggled to come up with an outright objection even when he tried, still holding onto that pretense of being a completely normal farmer with a completely normal feral beast of burden and not a fox who had been almost deliberately spoiling his wolf companion rott—

Flushing hard, the fox looked into Aaron's eyes for a few moments, before letting his gaze wander down to the paw that rested on that ample love handle, momentarily stunned by the sheer size and rotundity of that handle of flab. The lupine was really getting quite... fat. And the fennec was really getting quite enamoured by that fact. A realization that only deepened the blush on his cheeks and made his ears fold abashedly, even as he opened his maw to reply.

"I, w-well, I d-don't see a reason why that'd be detrimental to the farm, g-given the current situation with your replacement outside," the fox still tried to maintain at least the semblance of faux indifference, a paw coming up to rub the back of his neck while that downy tail behind him gave an almost excited little wag at Aaron's words, "A-And I r-really can't say no to that face, so," Zach flashed an abashed, toothy smile to the towering wolf, "Heh, might just have to reclassify your position here at this point from beast of burden to housepet, huh?"

And there it was. The acceptance that Aaron was so desperate for, the snolf feeling a burden lift from his shoulders, even if that would undoubtedly lead to further burden upon his midsection. Indirect as the answer was, the serpent could see the acceptance in his companion's cerulean gaze, worries melting away at the sight of the supportive, enabling expression Zach wore. The snolf's ears flicked at the fox's last comment, his white cheeks flushing as he lowered his head slightly, giving a timid, yet jovial smile. "H-house pet sounds... really nice," he said earnestly, tail tapping against the fennec's calf with its wagging, the hybrid's middle bouncing against the table as he chuckled softly, "I-I mean, I'm not too far off at this point, am I?"

The fox froze and blinked, eyeing the overgrown wolf incredulously. "O-Oh? I was just joking."

Ears wilting, Aaron tilted his head as he regarded the fennec with subdued disappointment. "O-oh," he replied, features reddening as he averted his gaze, rubbing his foreleg with a timid, embarrassed little smile on his muzzle, continuing in a small, quiet voice, "I-I, um, wasn't."

And the fox blinked again. Stunned into silence momentarily by that admission, the fennec's mind raced with the unfavorable implications this discussion could have, and yet each and every argument *against* the idea was simply crushed by the overwhelming sense of affection he felt rising up in his chest as he simply looked at Aaron. The way the wolf abashedly rubbed his foreleg, or the way that chubby tail gently tapped against the fox's ankle, ears splayed almost beggingly. Did he really want this?

“I... w-wait, you’re serious?” Zach tilted his head, and when he received a timid nod in reply, he felt his own heart melt at the sight of just how incredibly adorable the wolf could look when he wanted something. Mouth opening and closing for a moment in confusion, the fennec eventually let out a breathless sigh and chuckled, a paw coming up to scratch at one of his ears. “I, well, you do have a replacement already, and... you don’t really have any other tasks to do these days, so...” In spite of the situation having gotten to this point very much being his own fault, the fox still couldn’t believe what was exactly unfolding, or just how easily his mind could be swayed to not only consider the wolf’s proposition, but outright consider it properly. That internal confusion was only halted when a thought crossed the fennec’s mind; housepets did have rather different tasks and were prone to be spoiled—

Those oversized ears perked back up, and the fox felt that familiar, affectionate smile tugging at the edges of his lips. “You really want to be my house pet, Aaron? I thought you liked being a beast of burden?”

The question made the snolf pause in leaning down for another mouthful of his breakfast, muzzle closing as he lifted his head to regard the fox with his head cocked in consideration. Zach was right; he had found a lot of satisfaction in his old job as a working feral. Yet, after so many weeks of a more relaxed, indulgent lifestyle, there was simply no comparing the experiences.

Smiling, Aaron huffed as he scooted closer to the fox, leaning in and gently nuzzling Zach’s chest in affection. “I think... I’d love to be your pet,” the snolf answered, not a trace of hesitation in his voice.

The serpent’s eyes closed as he felt a palm on his head, brushing the fur between his ears as a soft hum of thought greeted the sensitive members. After a moment, the hybrid let out a soft meep as his companion abruptly got to his feet, getting a brief glimpse of a determined expression on Zach’s features, Aaron’s head tilting again as he watched the fox hustle off up the stairs. Ears splaying out worriedly, the hybrid shuffled in place for a moment, before turning and starting to nibble at his breakfast as he anxiously awaited the fennec’s return, hints of both nervousness and excitement playing through his form as he considered just what might have had the fox running off so urgently.

Thankfully for the wolf’s nerves, the fox descended from upstairs after only a few minutes with two pieces of paper in his paws, only to freeze momentarily when he was greeted by the sight of Aaron once more scooted up close to the coffee table, leaned over and veritably inhaling the tower of pancakes before him not unlike a starved, stray dog. Watching in fascination for a moment, Zach felt that familiar warmth rising up in his chest at the gluttonous sight, gulping softly and getting back into the living room with a whole lot less pep in his step.

“I uh, if that’s the case,” he cleared his throat to let the munching hybrid know he was back, eyes widening in surprise when the wolf’s head shot up from the stack of pancakes, looking down at him with stuffed cheeks bulging out to the sides, the sight summoning a soft giggle from the fennec as he slid a newly printed piece of paper onto the table, while holding the much older, worn-out and crumpled piece in his paws. “I figured we should really make it official, huh? That’s your new contract.”

Zach bid his head towards the paper on the table, before indicating the one in his paws. “And this is your old one. Or rather,” bracing his hands next to one another in the middle of the paper’s width, the fox proceeded to tear the contract in half with one swift motion, before smiling over to the towering wolf beside him, “Was.”

Aaron’s eyes widened, swallowing forcefully and wincing slightly as the oversized mouthful traveled down his neck in a visible lump, panting a moment while he looked down to the new contract. Leaning in closer to read through the contract, and flushing as his middle once more bunched up against the table, the snolf carefully perused the contents, tail starting to wag while he took in details like “no strenuous activity is required”, “diet to be determined by signer”, and “no fitness level required”. The serpent’s heart started to flutter as he fully comprehended the meaning of the allowances upon the page; there was nothing stopping him from glutting to his heart’s content, becoming the pampered pet he was already well on the way to being. He could eat what he wanted, laze around as much as he desired, provided with everything he could ever need, even if the machine outside happened to break down or need repairs. Gone were days of responsibility and manual labor; Aaron was officially no longer a beast of burden.

Lifting his gaze, the heavy hybrid’s eyes glittered with pure glee, grunting as he got to his paws so that he could waddle heavily toward the fennec, even those few steps getting the rounded ophidian panting slightly, before he pressed his head in against Zach’s chest with a soft, loving purr. He didn’t even know what to say, yet the lupine hoped the gentle nuzzling along his companion’s torso was enough to convey the approval he held for their new arrangement, tail thudding heavily against the living room table and making the dishes rattle overtly, plush tummy swaying in concert with those lazy wags. “W-where do I sign?” the snolf eventually managed to ask, still rubbing his cheek against the fox’s chest enthusiastically.

The fox chuckled softly at the sudden affection pouring out of the hybrid, an excited wag of his own sneaking in to his otherwise indifferent body language while he reached over to scritch at the base of Aaron’s ear. “W-Well, someone’s excited!” Zach grinned half-heartedly, before stepping back and around the towering wolf towards the table and tapping a digit on the lower segment of the paper, indicating the dotted line, “A pawprint should be enough right here. You can sign it after breakfast or whenever it’s convenient. I have a feeling you’d rather not let those waffles go cold.”

That last comment was accompanied by another subtle glance towards the wolf’s drooping paunch, the sight reminding the fennec of another aspect that was very much impacted by this change in arrangements. It was only now dawning on him; how easily he’d eliminated the wolf’s earlier concern about his, well, recently blossoming figure. A beast of burden might have had to remain at least semi-fit to be at the ready in case of an emergency.

A house pet, however...

Well, one look at the newly-titled pet hurriedly getting back to his breakfast was enough to let Zach know that “emergency fitness” was a thing of the past, the hybrid getting right back into his gluttonous groove. A blush remained on his cheeks whenever he realized he was eating so

voraciously in front of his companion; or rather, owner, he supposed, yet their conversation had done wonders to ease the uncertainties in his mind. Not to mention the brand new contract between them; without needing to worry about what might happen if the machine were to break down, the snolf all but gorged with reckless abandon, a thought at the back of Aaron's mind considering just how easy it had been to change that contract.

Maybe, just maybe, Zach wanted this as much as the snolf himself did. Lifting his head from the cleaned plates, Aaron let out a soft puff of air as he glanced back at himself, taking in the more-pronounced curve of his flanks from the sizeable breakfast that now sat packed away in his gut, the sight making his tail wag as he held his lip in his fangs. A beast of burden wasn't known for being so corpulent; a pet, on the other hand, was often spoiled to the point of bearing a figure beyond what those in the wild could attain. A softer, broader form, bearing the weight of meals provided without expending an ounce of energy, rotund around the middle, plump, engorged...

Aaron blushed when he realized how hard he was panting at his own line of thought, feeling his gut bouncing between his thighs heavily. Ears splaying out, the serpent turned his gaze to the cake that remained untouched, the frosting and partially-melted ice cream upon its surface tantalizing his gaze as the aroma of all those sugary calories played across his snout. A beast of burden really shouldn't have such a fattening meal. But a pet... well, whatever their owner offered was fair game.

Scooting up to the table, the lykophis huffed as his broad midsection squeezed into two halves over the edge, pulling the platter upon which the cake sat in toward himself, licking his lips as he let the last of his hesitation go. The hybrid veritably shoved his face into the massive pastry, taking massive bites as he crammed as much of that incredible flavor into his muzzle as he could, yet not eating so messily that food wound up everywhere; he couldn't bear the thought of any of those precious calories going anywhere but his already-swollen gut. Lost as he was in the depths of unrestrained hedonism, Aaron all but forgot that he had an audience, though the fox himself was far from absent from the experience.

Having witnessed similar sights in the past, the fennec found himself to be at least not outright stunned. Baffled and incredulous? Sure, but at least he had the presence of mind not to simply stare with a slack jaw. He still stared, of course, but it wasn't like Zach could be blamed. He'd never seen anyone eat a cake with such evident desire to just stuff themselves silly, much less someone who had just finished packing away two plates of pancakes and waffles. Tail flicking, the fox felt his ears lowering as he forced himself to look away, feeling a bit self-conscious of simply ogling his companion in such a blatant manner, but finding it impossible not to do so.

"I g-guess I have a pet now, huh?" Zach tried to calm himself by initiating casual conversation, a little titter leaving his lips as he looked over to the torn pieces of paper on the coffee table, "I've always wanted to have a pet around ever since I came out here, you know. I certainly didn't expect my beast of burden to become one, though," pausing, the fennec reached over to gently stroke one of Aaron's forelegs as he ate, a little smile crossing that vulpine muzzle, "Or that he'd be so willing and almost eager to be one. Then again," the fox's cheeks flushed a crimson red as he added in a somewhat hushed tone, "You were r-right about you not being too far from one even a few weeks ago."

Loathe as he was to pause his eating, the snolf took another few bites before managing to summon up the willpower to lift his head, gulping and panting in both fullness and pleasure, ears flicking while he looked to Zach, licking the crumbs and frosting from his muzzle. “W-well, I can’t say I didn’t see this coming,” Aaron admitted, lifting a paw and licking the frosting from his pawpad where he’d been pulling the cake in toward himself, before looking to Zach with another small, yet earnest smile, his tail sliding over to gently pull the fox in closer, “Ever since that machine got up and running, you’ve kind of been treating me like a pet instead of a worker.” Hesitating for a moment, the plump feral leaned over and gently nuzzled the top of his caretaker’s head, purring softly in affection, “I guess it grew on me.”

The fennec’s blush only deepened at those words. Even he himself couldn’t quite convince himself that his tactics had been subtle and inconspicuous, but hearing it out loud certainly didn’t bear well for his own change in behavior. Clearing his throat, Zach raised a paw to gently caress up and down along his pet’s chin and neck, once more baffled by just how soft and squishy the padded area had gotten over the last few weeks. And when Aaron purred deeply in approval and lowered his head into the caressing, the vulpine couldn’t help letting out a surprised little grunt at just how *heavy* even the massive wolf’s head was.

“I-I can’t help it when my worker happens to have a charming little face,” the jesting was back once more, and yet the way that statement was uttered carried a different, novel tone along with the usual playful joking, a sense of sincere affection that perfectly reaffirmed the fennec’s inability to reject any ideas or request that charming little face in question might have had. Chuckling awkwardly, Zach’s ears folded when his paw brushed over a flabby roll that rested on the wolf’s collar, the sensation a very stark reminder of just what had prompted the fox to suddenly change the serpent’s contract on a simple whim. “W-Well, hey, I guess you don’t, uhm, really have to worry about being, you know, all toned and fit as a beast of burden anymore, huh? Hell, pets are less likely to be in perfect shape and tend to...” He really was pushing it now, but he couldn’t help glancing down at the gut that still pooled over the coffee table heavily in front of him.

The reassurance brought another smile to Aaron’s muzzle, in spite of the fresh pink hues touching his cheeks. “Y-yeah,” the snolf acknowledged, fully aware of exactly what the fox was referring to, that supportive comment only deepening the serpent’s sense of excitement. Even knowing exactly what being a pet was going to do to the snolf’s figure, Zach had still been so evidently eager to make the transition. Hell, even before that, the fox was making him cakes for breakfast. Cakes! He was already being pampered, even before making things official. Now...

Giving an abashed, yet eager grin, the lupine lifted his head as he looked down to his vulpine companion. “S-so, if I’m a pet now,” the snolf started, his ears splaying out as he spoke, one paw idly rubbing the side of his distended midsection, “Does that mean I-I’ll be getting more treats?”

The fennec froze momentarily, muzzle opening and a paw raising to indicate the literal hill of fattening sweets that had been on the coffee table just a while ago, before giving Aaron an incredulous look. “I, w-well, pets get treats regularly, y-yeah?” he gulped, once more feeling his own excitement rising at just how incredibly ravenous the massive wolf had grown, head tilting



while his azure gaze drifted down to the pear-shaped, plump waistline and hips of the hybrid, “A-Are you not getting enough treats?”

Aaron’s whole face lit up in red at the question, head low and ears going into hiding behind his neck. “I-I, um, e-er,” he stammered, looking back to the half a cake still left on the table, both paws fidgeting with the fur on his broad belly. “Th-this is breakfast,” he reasoned, returning his eyes to Zach with an abashed, yet hopeful smile, “P-pets get treats aside from meals, right? And they get to, um, s-stay with their owners. Y-you know... overnight?”

Now it was Zach’s turn to blush hard. The way Aaron had proposed that last remark did not sound as innocent as he hoped it would have been, and the fennec’s own ears went into hiding while he looked to the side, averting his gaze momentarily. “O-Oh, I, well, y-yeah, some pets do,” clearing his throat and gulping hard, the fennec suddenly felt very much hot and bothered by his current situation, the sensation only deepening when the looming, towering wolf looked down at him with those big, amber eyes, “I... I guess we could try t-that? Y-Yeah. I mean, we c-cuddle all the time on the couch so this wouldn’t really be any different.” As taken aback as he was by the wolf’s proposal, the fennec had seemingly forgotten all about the other request.

Smiling, the snolf waited for a moment with an expectant expression, only to blush when he needed to prompt the fennec further. “A-and the treats?” he asked, reaching up and rubbing the side of his rolled neck with a sheepish smile, “I-I was hoping I could get some... between meals. I-if it’s not too much work for you?” The hybrid’s gaze turned to his cake once more, head low as his paws settled on the ground in front of his swollen paunch, “I-I know you’ve already been cooking a lot for me, so I-I’d understand if I’m asking too much.” In spite of his words, there was the hint of preemptive disappointment in those amber, puppy-dog eyes, those glimmering orbs and half-folded ears presenting an all-too-endearing sight for the fox.

Just one look at that pleading visage sealed the deal. “O-Oh, n-no, that’d be fine, really!” Zach insisted with an abashed smile of his own, internally wondering just how on earth could his newfound pet be *still* pining for more food in spite of the immensely oversized meals he’d been gobbling down for weeks. As if to reassure the wolf completely, the fox reached up to cup his chin, working his digits into his lower jaw tenderly and giving him that loving, affectionate expression he was becoming so used to. “We did discuss five meals a few weeks ago, after all.”

Perking right back up, the snolf’s tail wiggled as he nodded with perhaps a bit more enthusiasm than he’d meant to, sending rippling waves down his front. “I’d like that,” he affirmed, the pair pulling together for one more embrace, before the snolf returned to the last remnants of his breakfast.

With his concerns addressed and worries alleviated, Aaron found it easy to fall right back into his routine, powering through his breakfast easily, barely taking a moment to savor his fullness before requesting his next meal. Though he worried about asking too much, the fox never once spoke up in the negative about the serpent’s requests, simply obliging the hybrid’s every desire. A trio of brownie trays for second breakfast? Done. Homemade pizzas and burgers for lunch? Supplied with extra snacks on the side. It seemed like each meal was provided with a smile, the snolf finding his anxiety easing and enthusiasm rising throughout the day as he was treated to

bigger and bigger meals, with a steady stream of sweet and salty snacks being provided in between the hearty courses. Virtually eating nonstop the rest of the day, Aaron's paunch outright ballooned, the hybrid bearing a certifiable wrecking ball across his middle by the time evening came.

Seated on his haunches, the lykophis panted as he rubbed his tightened, yet still supple gut, feeling the abundant padding stretch over a taut, packed stomach. With half-lidded eyes, Aaron lifted his gaze from the dishes left over from his second supper, watching as Zach moved to take up the plates that had just recently held an overabundance of donuts and ice cream. The fennec had well and truly spoiled him throughout the day, to the point that the overfilled hybrid found himself groggy from so much gluttony, nearly laying down right where he was to go to sleep, when he remembered the affirmation from his caretaker earlier in the day.

Yawning wide, the stuffed serpent lifted a paw to his muzzle, stifling a belch at the end of his exhale and flushing as he smiled sheepishly to the fox. "I-I can join you tonight... y-yeah?" the dozy lupine asked the vulpine as he took care of the dishes, Zach looking over to his plump pet and giving a slight blush, though still nodding affirmatively.

With a pleased, if rather sleepy grin, Aaron huffed as he hauled himself to his paws, stumbling slightly from the weight pressing down on his limbs. A soft moan slipped through the serpent's muzzle; just feeling the slosh and churn of the burden in his belly as he moved sent electrifying thrills along his spine. Panting with pleasure, Aaron waited for Zach to finish up the dishes, before following after the fennec, shuddering in euphoria at the way his sagging gut swayed between and caressed the inside of his thighs. He could barely maintain a straight course, distracted as he was by the positive stimuli of his rippling flab against his limbs, the weighty wolf hesitating as he wobbled to the foot of the stairs.

Even lean, the stairs had been somewhat narrow; now, widened and bloated as he was, Aaron could clearly see that the stairway hadn't been designed for such a broad figure in mind. Ears folding as he dithered for a moment, the snolf lifted his paws and gingerly settled his weight a few steps up the flight, wincing at the loud groan the step let out, all but able to hear the creaking wood shouting about such a fat feral climbing it. The hybrid nearly stepped back, when he looked up to see that Zach was already gone from the landing, no doubt waiting expectantly for the serpent to join him.

Blushing slightly, Aaron steeled himself another moment, before bringing his other paw up and starting to ascend the stairs. He could feel his domed belly pressing into the walls on either side, shuddering at the sensation of having his gut squeezed by those borders. It was strangely pleasant, feeling his gut dragging along like that.

Wagging at the very thought, Aaron panted heavily as he crested the last of the steps, head low while he took deep, long breaths, looking toward his companion's room to see the fox laying out a blanket for him on the floor beside his bed. It was incredible, how only a few weeks had turned the stairs from a gentle trot into a grueling climb; yet, what had his attention more, was the caring way in which Zach went about setting up a temporary bed for the lupine. Gulping dryly, the snolf resumed his waddling pace, feeling his sides brush against the frame of Zach's door on

the way in, trundling toward the fennec and gently pressing his head against the back of the fox's arm, giving a low, loving purr at the contact.

Squeaking in surprise, the fennec chuckled as he suddenly felt his arm lifting to accommodate the lupine head which had gently nosed itself between his side and arm, the limb gingerly wrapping as much as it could around Aaron's neck in reply. "Well, hai, big guy. I just got finished setting up your bed for the night," he said in that affectionate tone, smiling down to the wolf's head as he waved his free paw towards the laid out, fluffy blanket on the ground, "I hope it's going to be comfy enough. I certainly didn't expect you to spend the night here, so... yeah, I'll have to figure out a way to get your bed up the stairs without breaking my neck."

"It's... just... fine," Aaron panted, still worn from his climb up the stairs, blushing when the fennec gave an adoring coo at how tired the snolf sounded. The serpent still grinned when his ear was caressed, though, leaning gently in against the fox and humming in comfort. "B-bed's... broken, anyway," he murmured, too tired to be embarrassed by that fact, simply enjoying the closeness with his beloved fennec. Now that he'd stopped moving, however, the snolf found it hard to keep his eyes open, another yawn working up through his muzzle while he gently pulled free of the vulpine's embrace, waddling over and shakily lowering himself onto the blanket he was provided with.

The fennec was quick to follow suit, settling into his bed and laying out across the surface, only to find a large, lupine head coming up to rest on the mattress, looking to him with half-lidded, yet still pleading eyes. "S-snacks in bed?" the hybrid whimpered, nosing at the fox's arm gingerly.

Blinking, Zach turned his head sideways to look at his companion. He was going to offer an incredulous question in return, and yet one look at that pleading, puppy-like visage was enough to melt all his confusion away into a neat pile of affection and desire to simply oblige. Still, the fennec hesitated momentarily, working his mouth while his paw reached out to gently caress between the wolf's ears. "I... o-okay, *third supper*," those last two words were murmured quietly, but not enough for the lupine's sensitive ears not to pick them up, the fox giving a little, awkward chuckle as he pulled himself off to the edge of his bed, "Snacks in bed for the pet. God, I really can't say no to you!" And with that, the fennec left the room, swaying, downy tail disappearing behind the doorframe.

"Th-thank youuu," Aaron called after the fennec, before plopping his head back down on the edge of the fox's mattress, eyes closing as he simply took a moment to savor his current situation. He felt so hugely, deliciously full, wonderfully cared for by his closest companion, thoroughly spoiled and all too eager for more. And here was this fox, this amazing, wonderful vulpine, indulging him in spite of how unrepentantly gluttonous he'd become.

Huffing softly, the lupine groaned as he rocked and wobbled onto his side, before sluggishly working his way onto his back, paws resting atop the rising slope of his bloated gut, licking his lips as he recalled the various meals that had been packed away inside. God, he felt massive, shuddering as he just took in the way his underbelly sagged down over his groin, pushing his hind legs apart and settling atop his fat, supple tail. The snolf let out a quiet moan as he slid his

palms across his gut in self-indulgent circles, squirming on his back in pleasure and feeling his toes curl reflexively. Why did it feel so incredible, just being so packed full like this? Whatever the reason, Aaron knew one thing for sure; he was in pure bliss, and as long as it was making both himself and his owner happy, he'd be all too pleased to keep up his gluttonous living.

Lifting his head to get a better view of himself, the snolf watched with reddened features as his paws slid over the multitudinous curves of his figure, digits curling into plush folds along his sides and giving those soft handles an indulgent squeeze. He could only imagine how much deeper his paws might be able to explore within those cushioned canyons as the days went on, his breath coming in quickened pants while his heart fluttered at the very thought, summoning another crimson blush to the serpent's cheeks. Just the realization that he was actually fantasizing about gaining weight made the lupine's ears pin back slightly, regarding the white hill of swollen blubber rising over him with a mix of wonder, curiosity, and inexplicable arousal. Aaron couldn't deny the pure, unadulterated desire for more, no matter how hard it was to rationalize that fact; he just hoped that his owner felt the same.

Though, if the snolf had to guess, it was definitely a safe bet to assume that Zach was having the same feelings he was. After all, the fox had been all too happy to provide so much food, hardly taking a break from cooking and delivering food right to the serpent. And the way the fox regarded Aaron's growing form, with those deep blushes of his own, the wag of his fluffy tail, every action, word, and gesture seeming to encourage the snolf to simply laze and gorge. A shudder ran through the snolf's body as he even considered it; he was so clearly being fattened up by his caretaker, and rather than upset by that fact, he was outright ecstatic, huffing and panting in anticipation of even more food being brought to him, knowing well exactly where all those calories were going as he brushed over his plump paunch.

It was only a few moments later that the subject of Aaron's musings emerged from downstairs. Instead of a simple package, however, the fox held a rather sizeable bowl in his paws, tongue snaking out in concentration as he used his foot to close the bedroom door behind him. Turning to face the wolf, Zach froze momentarily when he was greeted by the sight of *all* that wolf sprawled out on his back, plump, filled gut curving into the air proudly over the hybrid's chest level, flanks pooled out to his sides expansively.

The fennec, unsurprisingly, stared for a few seconds, before clearing his throat and coughing awkwardly, making his way over to his bed and grunting softly as he hopped up onto the somewhat oversized furniture, scooting to the other side and offering the large bowl to the lazing giant right beside him. "Here you go," Zach flashed a little smile, holding out the chocolate glazed donuts that were simply drowning in icecream. Not exactly something one would call a light snack before bed, and judging by the subtle fold of the fennec's ears and light flush on his features, he was painfully aware of that fact. "I, uh, whipped up something I figured you'd enjoy."

Aaron's eyes widened at the sight of the snack he'd been brought; if there were any doubts in his mind about the fennec's intentions before, those were dispelled thoroughly by the sweets whose calorie count he could only guess at. Of course, after all the snolf had eaten that day, *any* count of calories would have been fattening at this point; yet here Zach was, providing a meal

that probably would have had any vet flipping their desk at the sight of it. Not that that was going to stop either of them at this point.

“It looks wonderful,” Aaron purred, nuzzling at his owner’s hand gently, before huffing as he tried to right himself. “Tried” being the key word; heavy and bloated as he was, the snolf struggled on his back as his paws wiggled in the air, sending his abundant gut sloshing to and fro as he attempted to rock side to side to get enough momentum to roll over. Unfortunately for the swollen ophidian, his heft and abundant counter-movements from his excess padding made the task a good deal more taxing than he’d expected, flopping back and panting hard as he rested his paws on his rising middle, features red with both exertion and embarrassment. Looking up to Zach, the snolf’s head ducked in against his collar, making his neck bunch into a series of chins against his jawline while he whimpered in a sheepish tone, “U-um, c-could you, uh, hand it here?”

Having just watched the struggle that the task of *rolling upright* posed to his newfound pet, the fennec blinked in disbelief once the request left the wolf’s lips, momentarily frozen in place and unresponsive. It was only when the hybrid tilted his head in confusion that the fox managed to break out of his spellbound state, shaking his head with a deep blush and coughing softly. He knew, deep down, that he was very much overfeeding the massive wolf. But... this? This was new. “O-Oh y-yeah, of course,” leaning over, Zach waited for one of the lupine’s paws to come up, before placing the oversized bowl onto the open palm, pulling back and letting his gaze wander across the prone, bloated form of his pet, “Y-You feeling okay? I uh... I-I mean, is the blanket comfy enough?” Nice save, smooth-talker.

The snolf’s cheeks just reddened all the more at the incredulous inquiry, giving a little, sheepish grin while he fidgeted with the bowl in his paws. “Y-yeah, I’m just h-heavy,” he replied, before blushing even deeper as his own words registered. Working his muzzle for a moment as he tried to think of a way to justify what he just said, somewhat frantically qualifying, “C-cuz I h-had all those sweets today, you know? M-makes you feel bloated and heavy!”

Zach blinked and tilted his head as he looked down at the sprawled out form of the wolf. It could have very well been that eating almost non-stop all day had more to do with that, but the fennec let that go as his eyes settled on the hybrid’s evidently embarrassed features. Just one look at that face was enough to prompt his affectionate side into full force. “Oh, poor thing,” he cooed softly, a paw coming down to gently caress along Aaron’s head, scritchng behind one of his ears in that nearly encouraging manner, “I guess I shouldn’t have given you that many sweets, huh?”

It was Aaron’s turn to blink for a moment, internally cursing himself for his choice of excuse and looking up to the fox with a sheepish smile. “N-no, I, uh,” the serpent tried to save face, and more importantly save the sweets he was suddenly in danger of losing, fumbling with his words internally, before giving a soft, squeaky answer, “I didn’t say it was a bad thing.”

Raising an eyebrow at that answer, the fox struggled to comprehend how the wolf could complain about something, only to say it isn’t a bad thing a few moments later. Then he remembered who he was talking to, and the numerous occasions he’d seen the massive wolf

simply stuff and glut himself on as much food as possible, all the while fondling his own growing curves.

The image sent a shiver down the fennec's spine, and he felt his tail flick softly while he looked down at the lounging lupine. "O-Oh, well, you did say you had a big sweet tooth, so I guess that makes sense," he gave another little smile, the paw on Aaron's head giving him a gentle pat, before pulling back, "I just don't want you to feel uncomfortable, is all. Especially now that... you know," there was a pause, Zach's ears folding subtly as he added in a somewhat hushed tone, "You're my pet and all."

Just those words were enough to perk Aaron up a bit, his heart warming while he looked up to the fox with a fond, if still flushed smile. "I'm not uncomfortable at all," the snolf said quickly, his ears splaying out as he looked down at himself once more, taking in the way his plump figure spread out over the blanket he'd been provided with, "I-I have a cozy spot right by my caretaker's bed, some tasty treats, and a-a nice, full tummy. What else could a pet want?" Blushing at his own words, the serpent still lifted his gaze and leaned up with a deep grunt to nuzzle his owner's hand, before flopping back again, yipping as he nearly spilled his snack from the excess of wobbling from his momentum.

Unorthodox and peculiar as the situation was, Zach couldn't help the subtle smile that soon graced his lips from the words that left Aaron's lips. Knowing just how pleased the massive wolf filled the lithe fennec's heart with that familiar warmth, letting out a sigh and flopping onto his side while facing the prone hybrid beside him. "Well, I wouldn't know, I'm not the pet," he said halfheartedly, chuckling and letting his paw dangle over the edge of his bed to give the massive lupine a gentle stroke on the side of his head, "You do seem like you've gotten quite fond of your new position, though." There was a glance thrown towards the curving gut and rolled flanks of the wolf, the fennec blushing softly and folding his ears when he looked back to Aaron with another one of those loving, if somewhat abashed smiles.

The ophidian wolf blushed yet again, yet he still returned the smile with one of his own. "W-well, let's be honest; it's been my position for a while now," Aaron replied in an attempted tease, the snolf smiling more when the fox chuckled and nodded, rubbing the back of his fluffy neck bashfully. Giggling along softly, the snolf huffed as he shuffled backward, bracing the bowl carefully to avoid any spillage from his rippling figure jostling the dish while he got himself repositioned, propping his shoulders up against the wall behind him. Bent forward, Aaron felt his features reddening when he registered how his doughy torso bunched up into a series of rolls from his inclined position, the sagging hang of his gut burying his groin and thighs in fluffy pudge. To the snolf's simultaneous embarrassment and delight, he found that his gut made for quite the convenient table to rest his bowl on as he got comfortable, one paw remaining on the dish to keep it from tipping over while he adjusted himself, before finally lifting the bowl up in both paws and bringing it to his muzzle.

The first bite was all it took for the serpent to once again lose his inhibitions, the sugary delight pushing aside his abashedness in favor of simply shoving his muzzle in and taking big, greedy bites. He could practically taste every calorie that washed over his tongue, moaning in bliss while he guzzled down the partially-melted cream and chowed through the glazed donuts. In

spite of the excess of food already packed away in his broad gut, the snolf ate like he was simply wasting away, the soft, subtle sounds coming between his gulps and chomps almost sounding like the begging of a starved pup pleading for more, as though he couldn't get all that food into his maw fast enough.

Eyes widening as he simply watched, the fennec's gaze drifted down from the gluttoning wolf's head to the drooping gut that neatly filled out the lupine's lap. Just one look at that plump, bloated mound told the fox how much Aaron had eaten over the course of the day. And yet, here the hybrid was, practically inhaling the incredibly fattening 'snack' he'd been provided not unlike a starved stray from the streets. Biting his lower lip in both curiosity and incredulity, Zach let his eyes wander back to the hastily gulping snolf, simply taking in the way he buried his muzzle in the depths of his bowl.

"W-Wow," the fennec breathed after a few moments of silent observation, ears folded and tail flicking while he took in the sight of his greedy, gluttonous pet, "Didn't know you were still this hungry after... today." He would have left it there, normally, yet that display of desire for *more* summoned a similar fire in the fennec's own mind. "Is that going to be enough f-for you?"

By the time Zach spoke up, Aaron's muzzle was contacting the bottom of the bowl, his cheeks flushing as he felt his ears fold slightly, yet he couldn't bring himself to pull away from the delicious treat until every last dollop of ice cream and bit of donut had passed through his greedy lips. Finally lifting his head with a gasp, the snolf shuddered as he moaned in fullness, a paw gingerly caressing the side of his all-too-full gut, yet a pleased, sheepish smile played across his muzzle in spite of the strain in his paunch. "Y... yeah," the snolf answered in a soft, tired tone, purring deeply while he gingerly set his bowl aside, resting both paws on his belly and sighing contentedly.

"That's... good for... me," the snakish wolf yawned, his head dipping forward with each pause, until his chin came to rest on his plump chest, Aaron's breath levelling out as he let his eyes flutter closed, letting his fullness carry him into pleasant dreams.

Having turned away to grab his own blanket, the fennec froze mid-motion as he looked back to the prone wolf on the floor. Laid out on his back as he was, there was nothing left to the imagination regarding the sheer amount of changes Aaron's figure had undergone. Gone were the subtly padded sides and concave midsection of a hard-working farm animal, all that air being replaced by excess fat that now coated his entire form. Zach's ears folded subtly as his gaze flicked between the softly snoring features and lower body of his *pet*, taking in the sight of that proper paunch with that lingering uncertainty.

Gosh, what was he doing?

The fox shook his head and pinched the bridge of his snout between two digits, caught between that inexplicable urge to keep on providing for the endearing wolf and pulling back on this whole arrangement. Just one hard, sober look at the plump features of the vulpine should have made the latter the *only* sensible choice, the fennec's blue eyes wandering from one hefty love handle that

adorned the wolf's side to the other, taking in the breadth of that waistline with mounting incredulity. How the hell did things get out of hand so fast?

Or, perhaps more importantly, why couldn't the fennec bring himself to stop the ride? He had all the power, all the control, all the tools required to pull in on the reins and get things back on track; to simply laugh it all off as a one-time "experiment" of some sort and never let Aaron overindulge like he had been. It would have been so easy. So quick. So simple.

The self-reflection was interrupted when Zach's gaze, having completely lost itself in its examination of the snolf's features, drifted up to settle on Aaron's features once more. The moment those blue eyes landed on the almost blissful, contented look on the vulpine's visage, all the previous uncertainties, all his reservations, all the concerns melted into pure, unadorned adoration. It was an image altogether all too familiar to those who have ever owned a canine companion of any kind, yet with just how fond the fox had grown of his overgrown wolf, the sight pulled on his heartstrings with so much force that it immediately made those worries banal in nature.

So what if Aaron was getting a little chubby? It wasn't the end of the world. Hell, if anything, Zach was making a huge deal out of nothing. Transitioning from a beast of burden to a pet was sure to impact the wolf's figure. Yeah. This was merely a transitional period, and the aftereffects would peter out eventually. Surely.

The fox didn't know when he'd leaned over his bed and reached down to gently cup the side of Aaron's ear, and it was only when the faint, rumbling purr of contentment entered his sensitive ears that he realized he'd been scratching at the wolf's ear. Watching that doofey muzzle break into a small, contented smile, Zach simply couldn't help mimicking the expression. It was almost magical; just how fast those thoughts of concern were replaced by that pervasive, all-encompassing fondness and adoration, those lingering, subconscious worries turning into that mounting urge to simply... let it all happen.

And, unknown to the conscious side of Zach's mind, to enable it all just a bit more.