

Aaron's ease seemed to grow exponentially as that enabling intensified. Not just in his meals, either; with the worry of perhaps one day needing to be called out to the field again being pushed out of his mind, the snolf truly began to let himself go. The only real activity the hybrid had these days was the moment he needed to descend the stairs in the morning and the evening ascension, the latter made considerably more difficult by the invariably-bloated gut that pushed out against the handrails to either side of the climbing feral. Between those trips, Aaron's activity level absolutely tanked, lazing in the pillows that served to replace his busted bed or cozying himself up at his newly-titled owner's feet, making for one hell of a footrest.

Even more than his laziness, the lykophis' affection for his companion deepened as well. There was hardly a moment of the day when Zach wasn't being accosted by a nuzzling snout or pressed up against by an exceedingly soft flank, finding his ankles being gripped in the end of a tufted tail whenever he stopped to sit down. Hell, he was pretty sure the only reason that tail let go at all was to keep from tripping the fennec up when he was moving. Not to mention the rather endearing display Zachary was faced with when he'd leave to get his new machines up and running in the morning, the profits from the first such mechanism allowing him to purchase more of the conveniently automated contraptions to assist with tilling, planting, and even harvesting. All of these trimmed his workload, yet even with shorter moments of getting the farm ready, Zach would return to the homestead to find Aaron with his muzzle resting on the windowsill, eagerly awaiting the moment his companion returned.

It was endearing, how much more clingy the snolf seemed to get just from a change of title alone. Not to an annoying degree, either; rather, Aaron just simply wanted to keep himself close to Zachary, and those moments when the fennec was busy had the ophidian wolf's ears wilting, and he couldn't help just the briefest, quietest of little whines whenever that door shut behind the fox. Remaining to watch the door in the hopes that Zach had maybe forgotten something and would return for just one more pat on the head before work, Aaron would eventually give a little huff, seeming to catch himself in the rather silly moment. He knew for a fact Zachary would be back, and it wouldn't be that long. Still, those moments alone felt... hard, for some reason. And that difficulty had him all the more desperate to fill the morning; or perhaps a better way to put it would be to get filled in the morning.

Yes, that tried and true pastime became all the more prevalent in Aaron's morning routine; namely, eating as much as he could in the time it took his partner to return. Deep-seated hunger intensifying in step with the affection he held for Zachary, the fennec's absence left an unmistakable void, a hole that the snolf only knew how to fill by packing the empty spaces of his gut to capacity. Not that he really needed any encouragement in that department, after fostering the appetite he'd developed over the last weeks.

It wasn't only clinginess driving him, either. Those little, playful moments of teasing banter, the loving touch of the fennec's slender digits, warmth shared in moments of closeness; everything short of verbally, Zachary seemed to encourage these developments. The gluttoning, stuffing, filling of Aaron's stomach, over and over, pushing the limits of his appetite in the short term, and pushing his hide ever outward in the long term. The snolf's not-quite-secret eagerness kept getting subtle prods forward, making him gorge ever more enthusiastically, until the hybrid's

lupine manner of eating eventually clicked over into the mode preferred by the other side of his ancestry; disregarding chewing entirely.

And even in those moments when Zachary happened to return when Aaron hadn't already finished his morning glut and waddled pantingly to wait by the window, the fennec never gave any sort of scolding when he found the snolf literally swallowing entire prepackaged pastries whole. Frozen moments of awe and incredulity, yes. Absolutely, even. But scolding? Disgust? Disapproval?

Not even once.

If anything, the sight of Aaron completely giving over to his ophidian side seemed to encourage Zachary's encouragement. The farmer would take time to fetch several packages of snack foods from the cupboards and lay them out conveniently on the counter for his companion. No words spoken about it; just the gesture itself, along with a warm smile and a playful ruffle of Aaron's ears on the way out the door. Again, nonverbally, the fennec all but insisted his companion just keep... doing his thing. His gluttonous, hedonistic thing.

Even with the encouragement being unspoken, having his ever growing indulgence acknowledged like this had the snolf both blushing brightly, and subtly squirming against himself in... well, he wasn't quite sure, really. The warmth in his chest at this whole arrangement, perhaps? The euphoria of getting to just laze and lounge while eating and eating, all while cared for by his closest companion? The ecstasy of being so very, very full. Gods, that fullness, that stretching of his gut; why did it feel so heavenly? Perhaps some lingering instinct from his serpentine heritage, rewarding him with excessive dopamine for finally eating like a snake should, or so that side of his genes would say.

Whatever reason, there was of course only one possible outcome to such an indulgent, leisurely lifestyle. An outcome that neither of them missed, yet neither truly ever acknowledged to the extent it deserved. The outcome of a belly that, when the snolf deigned to stand, hung level with his knees or perhaps just a fraction lower that belly in nearly constant motion, as even Aaron's normal breaths would have it rippling ever so subtly. Such a gut curved out into a warm, smooth pool of flab when he lay on his flank, his most common posture these days, the lower sag curving up into his lardy lovehandles, which rested permanently on his softened thighs, supporting layers of doughy rolls higher up the hybrid's torso. Those folds continued down the length of his tail and up his collar, forming extra chins beneath a still-slender muzzle, though even Aaron's face now was beginning to show the very first hints of roundness in his cheeks. Second only to the chunkiness of his belly and tail, the serpent's rump formed a rounded, exceptionally comfortable cushion to rest on, his pear figure meaning his chest and forelimbs were spared a good deal of his heft; yet they didn't lack for their own padding. No, the snolf's ribs were well and truly buried under gratuitous amounts of plushness, shoulders bearing a supple burden that made his every angle all too soft and cuddly-looking. No more was that beast of burden of months past; now, Aaron resembled some giant plushie rendition of himself, albeit one with significantly more sag and squish than any toy could possess.

He should have been mortified by the look of himself. He should have felt the need to cut back, control his hunger, ask for his owner to put him on a diet, help him monitor his intake. And yet, despite an embarrassed flush and sheepish grin any time Zachary appraised his figure, Aaron couldn't deny a certain, secret appeal. An appeal that had him glancing about in moments of privacy, before gingerly pressing his paws into his doughy paunch, shivering in pleasure at how damn *good* it felt to knead his own flab. Those paws would hastily whip away at the first sign of his partner approaching, yet for long moments after, Aaron wouldn't be able to get that softness out of his head, practically able to feel it against his pawpads any moment he thought about it. Gods, he should be driven to lose that belly as quickly as possible.

Why, then, was his only desire to have... more?

More food, more love, more time with Zachary. More... him.

No answers could be found, at least none where he yet had bravery to look within himself. Whatever truth may have lay beyond his reach, whatever reasons were hidden in places he couldn't quite bring himself to search, one thing was for certain; Aaron didn't want to stop. And he wasn't sure he could even if he wanted to.

Not when everything tasted so damn good. Especially when he started to push more of everything into his muzzle at once, practically desperate to cover every one of his tastebuds with delicious flavor. That urge had him tackling larger and larger confections and snacks, taking larger and larger mouthfuls, until finally, the cake that Zachary had baked the night prior just for his companion to enjoy for breakfast proved too much for Aaron to resist. That urge, that rising impulse from the snolf's serpentine side grew to completely overshadow the hybrid's restraint. And not even fully thinking about what he was doing, the snolf's paws took ahold of the sturdy platter under the cake, and heaved.

Zachary was surprised when the familiar face of his companion was absent from the window, though it was becoming somewhat more common, and the fennec couldn't help that little smile from coming to his face. If Aaron wasn't at the window, there was only one place he could still be. And sure enough, when the fox stepped through the door, he found the lykophis exactly where he'd expected; at the counter, still greedily gorging away.

What he hadn't expected, and what had his eyes widening in pure shock, was the snolf's manner of glutting.

Crooked and uneven on the counter, it was clear the platter had simply dropped away from the bottom of the cake, the very end of which still remained visible. For just a fleeting moment, anyhow, before familiar paws pushed the confection almost forcefully through Aaron's maw. That muzzle spread alarmingly wide to accommodate the entire pastry, cheeks bulging broadly over a lower jaw that had spread outward in serpentine fashion, snapping closed the very moment after Zachary had stepped through the door, just in time to watch as the large bulge formed in the hybrid's throat was sent tumbling down into his torso with a gulp that had Aaron throwing his head back, gasping out loud once he was finally able to breathe again around the

confection. A euphoric shudder slid down the snolf's spine, keeping pace with the pastry that glided downward, before making the snolf's gut *visibly* distend when it landed.

Breathing shakily, Aaron simply could not keep the crooked little smirk of satisfaction off of his face, the paw nearest to Zachary lifting to rest on his gut, rubbing soothingly while he caught his breath. "G-gods... yes," he unintentionally gasped out loud, before his lip wound up between curved teeth while he closed his eyes, purring absolutely out of control, all in front of the audience he hadn't noticed he'd suddenly acquired.

The front row seat Zach was granted that day to this "performance" had him completely and utterly baffled beyond belief. Having witnessed the entire process and its consequent effects on Aaron, the fennec couldn't help feeling like he'd just barged in on a private moment of some sort. The overgrown wolf's shaky tone and shivering, jiggling pelt told him that his pet wasn't exactly feeling uncomfortable with himself in that situation. Which really should have been his reaction, frankly.

How in the everloving *fuck* did the spoiled vulpine just swallow an entire cake whole? Since when could his jaws do that... thing? In all the months spent in Aaron's company, Zach had never witnessed such a spectacle, and through his shocked mind, his brain could only produce a single syllable of utterly perplexed awe;

"U-Uuuh," was the only intelligible sound that came from the fennec in that moment, widened eyes and folded ears taking in the sight of his seated pet's pear-shaped figure and the way that plump gut curved out in front of him visibly with all the fattening treats he'd no doubt already stuffed into himself. The sight should have been the norm at this point, yet with this newfound display burning freshly in the fox's mind, he couldn't quite process what he was looking at right away.

Was all that flabby, roly-polly wolf really Aaron? And did he just eat a goddamn cake whole?

"Y-You," Zach's uncertain, shaky voice came after a second or so of confused silence, not even glancing back to the door as he closed it and instead maintaining his gaze with the sitting wolf in front of him, blue eyes flicking down to catch that lupine paw rubbing across its owner's filled abdomen rather indulgently, "S-Someone got hungry, h-huh?"

Aaron had frozen stiff, eyes bouncing open into wide saucers of amber, those snakelike pupils constricting into shocked slits the instant another voice intruded on his private moment. Smirk replaced by a slack-jawed look of pure shock, the first thing that managed to escape from the snolf's muzzle was the very start of a whine of pure embarrassment, though it was rapidly cut off by a low, rumbling belch. That eructation had the hybrid's face reddening even more, hastily making to both remove the paw from his gut and step backward away from the counter; of course, unable to be in two places at once, that paw just wound up awkwardly folded against his chest as Aaron stumbled back with a little yelp, landing on his haunches with a resounding *thud* that had his packed gut bouncing up and down his torso, expression rendered into a look of surprise, bemusement, and the lingering euphoria of having exercised his serpentine impulses for the first time.

More than anything, the poor feral looked completely lost, uncertain what exactly he was meant to do after unintentionally putting on such a gluttonous showing, and yet despite it all, there was that lingering craving, that singular desire for more screaming from the reptilian side of his brain. In his muddled, conflicted, confused state, all the snolf could do was wrap his tail around himself in a vain attempt to hide his bloated state, his paws wrapping around the end of those coils while he forced a crooked little smile of greeting to his features, head low while regarding the fox that still stared at him incredulously, the only thing he could possibly think to say in that moment being a timid, rather derpy, "H-hai?"

Although the aftereffects of that show of gluttony still dominated the forefront of Zach's mind, that display of utter abashed confusion had him going back on autopilot in spite of his lingering incredulity. "H-Hey, yourself?" the fox could only let out a breathy, singular scoff of disbelief, kicking the door closed behind him with a foot and starting to make his way over to the seated wolf. Even while sitting on his haunches, the massive feral simply towered over the anthro, that size difference only exaggerated by the curve of that drooping, bloated gut that stuck out in front of him. The fennec's eyes lingered on that plump dome as he neared the counter and placed a basket of the freshly harvested produce on its surface. His head made to turn to look up at Aaron once more, but not before jerking back to take in the emptied platter that once accommodated the entire chocolate cake on it, finally glancing up to the towering head of the plump wolf and offering a somewhat confused smile.

"I see you, uh, got a head-start on breakfast again, huh?" came the usual, loving words of teasing, though even Aaron could gather from the fox's wavering tone that he was still under the shock of what he'd seen, yet seemingly unable to address the matter directly. Well, until that muzzle opened again, that is. "Y-You seemed, uh, a little hungry there," that must have been the understatement of the year, and yet, in spite of the frankly bizarre eagerness with which Aaron had devoured the cake, Zach's features were once again barren of any disgust or disapproval. Confusion? Oh yes. A whole lot.

Aaron stiffened in fear and embarrassment, but simply could not stop himself from giving periodic shivers and muffled, whimpery purrs of pleasure from the afterglow of the ecstasy that was still running up and down his entire being. Watching in anticipation, the wolf saw that vulpine muzzle open to continue, only to close as those azure eyes seemed to look him over for a moment, head tilting and making those oversized ears flop to the side while its owner seemed to consider something. Raising a hand, the fennec rubbed at the side of his neck as he assessed the situation, and in spite of his leftover sensibility telling him to call the wolf out on his extreme, frankly baffling gluttony, the sight of that shivering, abashedly smiling pet had his resolve weakening once again. So much so that his next few words didn't only fail to quell Aaron's lingering shudders of guilty pleasure, but rather exacerbated them.

"Was dinner... too light for my pet?"

The snolf could only blink for several moments at the frankly ridiculous question. Leaving alone the fact that his dinners could never be called light by any stretch of the imagination, the fact that THIS was the first question to occur to Zachary both filled Aaron with further

bemusement and not quite registering consciously tickling at some primal desire in the deepest recesses of his mind. Swallowing the lump of anxiety in his throat, the serpentine wolf's head slowly lifted from its ducked state, the tires of chub around his neck smoothing back to their normal roly-polliness.

Who in their right mind would think a pet as absolutely chunky as Aaron had become could possibly be eating any meals that were "too light"? It didn't make sense, it was completely illogical.

Why did it feel so good, though? Not just avoiding some berating for his gluttony, but to have it be accepted. Borderline encouraged, just like it had been for weeks on end, now. Gods, it had Aaron's hind legs squirming, squeezing together against the gut that sagged between them, his toes curling against the rug below.

"Oh, you poor thing," Zach gave a sympathetic little sigh as he turned back to the counter, completely missing the wolf's blissful reaction as he reached over to inspect the emptied platter, shaking his head and plopping his other hand on the side of his hip, "You must have been, er, starving to eat like that, huh?"

Aaron felt a strange sort of electrical shiver work through his long spine at those words, followed by another confused little whimper. What was happening to him? This was all so, so strange, and he knew it. Why then couldn't he call it out? Why couldn't he correct the fox's assumption?

Why was his answer instead to reply, "I... I-I'm still hungry."

He froze. Where the hell had that come from? No he absolutely was not still hungry. He knew it, Zachary surely knew it, didn't he?

The fox turned with a cocked head and incredulous eyes toward his companion, looking Aaron up and down as though not quite certain what he was looking at could be real. The snolf gulped again, fidgeting with the tail in his grasp, until a low, barely-audible little whine escaped his snout. One that had grown familiar to Zachary over the past weeks, a pleading sort of sound that only meant one thing, "please, more." And in spite of his current fullness, Aaron did nothing to argue with his own whimper, clearly trapped between logic and instinct, and entirely uncertain whether that position was good, bad, or absolutely perfect.

Zach could only blink and then freeze in place. That was definitely not exactly the answer he'd been expecting. He was merely trying his very best to save face for Aaron when he saw just how embarrassed the serpentine wolf looked at being caught stuffing his maw like that. It was supposed to be a life preserver that would alleviate the absurdity of the situation. And, with one fell swoop, the lupine managed to squander it all.

"Y-You... are?" the fennec breathed in disbelief, raising an eyebrow as his gaze once more took in the sight of the drooping gut that filled the space between Aaron's thickened thighs, momentarily pausing when he noticed the way those plump hind legs occasionally seemed to

squeeze together just when its owner shuddered in place. The sight was almost reminiscent to a feral who was cold, but the well-regulated warmth of the living room quickly dispelled that very notion. If not that, then was the wolf that embarrassed by all of this? Or was he *that* hungry that he was shivering with desperation?

Just the errant thought of that being anywhere close to reality had Zach being overwhelmed by that insuppressible urge to provide for the wolf. The previous image of an entire cake being stuffed into a lupine muzzle was gone from the forefront of the fennec's mind in an instant, reason and logic being replaced by fondness and adoration to an absurd degree.

"A-Aww, you really are! Look at you, poor thing, you're shivering!" the fox couldn't help crooning in both concern and that persistent adoration, turning and quickly heading into the pantry, leaving Aaron to blink in total disbelief at the counterintuitive conclusion his companion came to. Sounds of rummaging and crinkling wrappers punctuated the silence that followed, and soon Zach appeared with his arms full of sweets of all kinds, depositing them on the counter except one, which he opened himself and promptly offered up to Aaron's fidgeting paws.

"Gods, I d-didn't know you were *this* hungry, bud. I, man, I must have been giving you small portions," Zach mumbled, a paw reaching to settle on the wolf's padded tail, momentarily pausing and blinking as he felt his palm easily sink into the flab that coated it, yet nevertheless giving a stroke that felt all too affectionate and almost... encouraging. All too aware of the ruse he was enabling. "You should have told me. You r-really did look like you had been *starving* back there."

Again, Aaron couldn't help just staring for a moment. Was he being serious? Was he just playing along? Did Zachary realize just how much weight all this gluttony was putting on Aaron's figure? Or did he truly think he was somehow *underfeeding* the flabby feral before him? Surely not, and yet...

Those eyes held honest, sincere care with the offer. It would be so easy for Aaron to correct the fox, to say that he was completely lost to his own indulgence, that he was helpless to resist food when it was so readily available. But instead...

That reptilian urge for more conjured forth another subtle whine, a forked tongue running over frosting-flecked whiskers, before the snolf gave a low grunt as he leaned forward, planting his forepaws heavily on the ground to gently, gingerly nuzzle at the fox's ears, vaguely aware of how the fennec's eyes had widened at the sight of that gut bouncing right in front of him with the feral's repositioning. "It wouldn't be, um, too much trouble?" he crooned self-consciously, dithering while he lingered on the edge of indecision, yet inevitably falling from that precipice and into further gluttony that had him tentatively asking, "If I n-needed a little more?"

Zachary's ears flopped to and fro when he shook his head, leaning back so he could give a reassuring smile up to his oversized pet. "N-not after I've seen just how hungry I left you!" he insisted, a hand reaching up to brush Aaron's cheek. The moment those digits made contact, the snolf leaned into the touch, his eyes reflexively closing as a quiet, tentative purr started making

his chest and belly ripple subtly. "You ate that cake like you hadn't eaten in a week. Poor thing, you really must have been starving to eat like *that*."

Again, there was a moment of conflict, though hedonism won over even faster now, causing the hybrid to open his eyes as he regarded his companion, those previously-slitted pupils now wide and pleading. "It's, um, okay to have more?" he asked, lingering uncertainty in his tone, those amber eyes glancing between the fennec's face and the treats on the counter, "I-I don't "

Whatever Aaron was about to say disappeared into the wind when his eyes locked onto Zachary's hand, watching it move toward the snacks and taking up a package. Tearing free the danish within, the fox lifted it up to his pet's muzzle, giving a little chuckle when that forked tongue flickered in the treat's direction. "Here, poor pup," the fennec cooed softly, his voice warm with care and concern.

Another lump formed in Aaron's throat as he stared at the offering. This was it; the point of no return. He could pull back, admit his current fullness, and things would hopefully go back to how they were. Or he could let himself be fed. Hand-fed by his owner. His sweet, loving, caring...

The taste of danish interrupted Aaron's thought process, its delicious flavor making his eyes close again to savor it. Simultaneously, a shiver of ecstasy jiggled through the snolf's body again, gently licking his companion's palm free of crumbs, before another little whine came from the pampered, begging pet. That was all it took for the snolf to scoot forward, lower his head, and lose himself again to his feeding frenzy. Not once did he chew after pinning the packaging under his paws to tear the food free, jerking his head back in reptilian fashion to send each mouthful down his gullet like the starving beast that Zachary had somehow believed his pet to be.

That belief somehow held even when the fox gasped at finding himself rather awkwardly pinned between the counter and the gut that he had unintentionally fostered, eyes going wide and hands lifting reflexively to press into Aaron's chest. The next moment, the anthro found himself overwhelmed with the stunning realization of how incredibly, unbelievably soft his companion had grown, unable to feel ribs despite his palms sinking into layers of pliable chub. At the same time, Zach was hit by the warmth that came from being against so much supple stomach, the fennec's cheeks reddening with abashedness as he stood frozen, too uncertain to even consider shuffling out of that position.

Not that he had long to consider it; skewed slightly to the side of the hybrid's torso as he was, Zachary's position had the hybrid reflexively lifting a paw to avoid squishing his companion completely. Hanging in the air for a moment, that limb slowly lowered, until it found a spot to rest; right on top of the fox's shoulder, effectively trapping him right where he was. If the snolf noticed what he was doing, he was too caught up trying to sate what had become an insatiable appetite to do anything about it. And yet, there must have been some form of recognition, as Aaron's face lit up in bright red the moment after that paw settled into place.

Gods, what was he doing? Pinning an anthro like this was completely inappropriate, especially for someone Aaron's size! Yet the snolf just couldn't pull away. Not when he registered once more how good it all felt. Those slender hands sinking against him, that slim figure being



enveloped by supple flesh, fat pressing against the counter on either side of the fennec. That last fact alone steadily made its way to the logical side of Aaron's mind, making his ears fold once he finally managed to get ahold of himself, lifting his head with a low gasp from the oversized mawfuls he was taking. Groaning, the overfed feral sluggishly pushed himself back from the counter, closing his eyes in an attempt to break the foods' spell on him, all while he felt his hind paws curling and tail coiling against itself in sheer arousal.

"H-hah... hah... sorry!" Aaron finally managed to speak up, eyes still squeezed shut, yet doing nothing to prevent his flickering tongue and wiggling nose from picking up the remaining scents. He didn't even notice how tightly his forepaw was clinging to the arm of Zachary's shirt until he felt a little, subtle shift against the grasp, yipping and hastily plopping back on his rump when his paws flew up to his chest submissively, chin tucking tight against his rolled collar as he whimpered in an attempted excuse, "I-I'm just... s-so hungry..."

Having just undergone the rather bizarre process of being practically squished up against the counter by his own massive pet, it took the poor fox long moments to return to a functioning state. And even once consciousness seemed to return to his blue eyes, Zach took a moment to glance down at the hands that had been pushed into Aaron's flab. He flexed his digits in disbelief, turning them around a few times, before shaking his head and folding his ears with a deep, crimson flush and a tucked tail.

What on earth had just happened? Was Aaron seriously *this* desperate for food? Desperate enough to almost completely ignore the fox in between himself and said food?

"You," Zach gasped after what felt like minutes, a hand coming up to rub the side of his neck in lingering shock and disbelief as his mind tried its very best to wrap itself around both this revelation and the memory of his digits sinking *deep* into his pet's flabby pelt, "Y-You really have been s-starving. Oh, my god, you... you," Aaron cringed and ducked his head as he awaited the expected rebuke or mean remark, only for his guilty pleasures to soar to new heights, "Poor pup! I must have been *really* underfeeding you." He knew how far from the truth that was, and yet in the moment, only one thing mattered; catering to that irrepressible need to spoil the living heck out of his pet.

Even if Aaron was still uncertain whether Zachary was still playing along or playing some sort of long-running joke, the snolf couldn't bring himself to object. Not when submitting to this strange, illogical course of thought meant even more treats. That fact was reinforced by the vulpine shoving the rest of the treats in Aaron's direction, before moving further into the kitchen to fetch more cake mix.

Oh no, he couldn't possibly fit... c-could he?

The unfinished question had Aaron shuddering again with anticipation. Regardless of how realistic the expectation was, just knowing there was more delicious food on the way had him panting uncontrollably. Wordlessly, the snolf took up the rest of the treats in his coily grasp, before giving a grunt as he turned, waddling around an already-full belly to the pillows that had taken up the spot where his bed used to be. All of that standing on his paws sure was tiring.

With his center of balance thrown off a bit, Aaron's attempt to ease into his bedding wound up with him falling onto his flank with a heavy whump that made the floor under Zachary's feet tremble briefly, though the snolf didn't even bother trying to fix his posture before digging in again, all too effectively encouraged by his owner's actions. After all, wasn't it up to a pet's caretaker to decide how much their pet should eat. Yes... yes, that was it. He wasn't overeating, he was just being obedient. A good pet. If Zachary said he was starving, then surely it must be so.

Or so the rationalizations went around in Aaron's mind as he stuffed even more food into his already-packed stomach, all while moaning near-silently and letting his paws clench and curl in hedonistic pleasure. He was just being a good pet, he told himself as he finished off the packages. He was just being obedient, he reasoned as the next cake came, its tray settled in his easy reach before the fox hurried back to the kitchen to start on yet another, those oversized ears flicking when they caught the sound of the plate falling to the ground, glancing back to watch with wonder as the whole pastry stretched the snolf's jaws wide. And surely he was just being a good boy by playing along when the fox came again with the next pastry, a hand curling under the snolf's chin to rub softly as he crooned apologetically, insisting that Aaron should have said the portion sizes were too small, telling the snolf how bad he felt for underfeeding him. Had he really been underfeeding himself this whole time?

Of course not. And they both knew that, deep down. And yet, logic had long left the pair, leaving them to their perhaps misguided attempts to soothe one another. One thing was certain, however; in those moments when Aaron felt like those beautiful blue eyes happened to turn away, he found himself completely in heaven. Each hearty gulp sent the next cake whole into his stuffed paunch, making it bulge out subtly under his excess fat, swelling with serpentine stretchiness to accommodate all of those sweets. And gods above, that stretch felt *amazing*. Aaron's hide tingled at being pushed outward, his reservations slowly falling away as he just kept on accepting each confection, unintentionally reinforcing the idea that he'd been starved up to that point by practically forcing the next cake through his maw, ignoring the audible rumbles of an overworked stomach, the sound drowned out by euphoric moans and whines, which in turn were interpreted by the fox as sounds of further hunger. And the way Aaron stroked his middle when he thought Zachary wasn't looking had the fox wondering if perhaps he wasn't soothing the ache of lingering hunger, despite how that gut visibly distended over time. Quite the vicious cycle for the pair, and one neither of them broke for minutes, and then hours.

The feeding frenzy only came to a stop when the fennec went to deliver the next pastry, only to get zero response from his pet. Concern rose, yet the fox found that worry falling when he looked toward Aaron's face, finding a dopey sort of half-smirk of satisfaction worn on his muzzle, completely passed out in a food coma. And even when he woke, Aaron would find that more food had been prepared for him; more than enough for him to find himself stuffed all over again.

Time became a blur to the pampered pet. It was difficult to keep track of the hours when he'd find himself packed until he simply couldn't stay awake any longer, fed constantly by a cooing owner who attempted to "make up for starving the poor, poor snolf". The only moments he was

spared this culinary onslaught were when the fox headed out in the mornings to prep the farm for the day; even then, having his stomach stretched so consistently had the hybrid's hunger growing fast, and he spent the moments waiting for his owner by feasting on whatever food he could get his jaws around. And as he'd learned, he could get those jaws around quite a lot. And Aaron couldn't find it within him to turn down such generous portions from either himself or his partner, even when they once more had an inevitable effect on his figure.

A blissful, blurry week of glutting to his heart's content saw Aaron's figure blooming swiftly. The apex of that supple gut grew ever further from the snolf's body, dangling only a few inches above the level of his wrists when he stood on all fours. Not that standing was common for the feral anymore; hell, he hardly had to move at all, meals brought to him by his loving caretaker while he lay leisurely amid his cushions. He couldn't hide how bashful he was about having his curves grow to such an undeniable degree, and yet he also couldn't bring himself to try hiding how he'd grown. On the contrary, over the days, Aaron felt a strange urge to simply allow his figure to remain on display, some hedonistic exhibitionist impulse to remain reclined on his flank, belly facing outward for the fox to see so very easily. And in spite of blushing bright with every wondering glance over his figure, the snolf felt flutters of guilty pleasure rising ever higher with each appraising look.

As time passed, the hybrid even found himself almost accentuating his own heft in moments of privacy, or at least when he assumed he was alone. Glancing about to ensure his hidden status, before resting his paws on his supple midsection, shuddering and huffing while he explored the pliability of all that flab, letting his palms wander across his many hefty rolls, giving his lovehandles borderline loving squeezes. He just couldn't get enough, embarrassing as it was. Pressing his muzzle into his own malleable paunch when grooming his fur, surprised he still retained even that much flexibility, no doubt thanks to the very serpentine nature that had riled up into gluttonous overdrive from his pampering. Or sitting himself up with a flush-inducing degree of effort, before curling his paws under his heavy belly, lifting to test the heft of all that gut, only to find himself squeezing the flab tight as he hugged into his own chub, purring and panting, shuddering and trembling in aroused euphoria.

Gods above, he was so, so heavy; a fact reinforced any time he came to rest on his back, a position he started to roll into more frequently over the days, simply to close his eyes and feel all that soft heft settling over him, knowing beyond a doubt that weight was all him. It was even more euphoric with a full belly, feeling it churn and slosh when he swayed side to side under him, those resonant gurgles reverberating his fat in an internal sort of massage, one he was growing more and more addicted to.

All the while, Zachary unintentionally encouraged it all. Every little croon of affection, every concerned comment about how "little" Aaron was eating, every look of unreasonable shock when the fennec noticed how quickly the feral was growing; it all served to push the snolf's buttons in exactly the right way, intensifying that guilty pleasure to the point that he just couldn't stop begging for more. An act made all the more effective when he laid practically pinned under his gut, those big paws folding pleadingly over his chest while he gave a little whimper of paradoxical hunger despite his swollen state. It had grown to the point where the hybrid truly couldn't tell whether he was full or not; yet in the end, it wouldn't have mattered either way. He

still would have eagerly, even zealously accepted the next oversized morsel to be swallowed wholesale.

That ever-present desire, that borderline need for ever more food had the snolf completely at its mercy. And when the weekend came, and with it the day for Zachary to sleep in, Aaron found himself waking up to a shocking scene; there was no food to greet him.

Confusion was the first thing to come to mind at that particular absence, the snolf's eyes blinking in the small light of the morning, before his muzzle parted in a long, languid yawn, tongue running over whiskers that still vaguely tasted of the sugary frosting that had become such a common addition to his meals. That forked appendage flickered out of his muzzle a few times as his now-clean whiskers danced with the snuffling of his snout, before his brow furrowed. Not even the smell of food being made.

Finally deigning to break his unmoving streak by lifting his head, the snolf gave a little "urf?" when he saw the kitchen not only empty, but still dark. "B... breakfast?" Aaron groggily asked to the air, not quite awake enough to completely register he was alone until the moment after the word had left his muzzle. Regarding the window, it took another few seconds for the snolf to realize it must have been the weekend, since none of the machines outside were up and running. That meant Zachary would be sleeping in another few hours.

Another few hours before he'd be brought breakfast...

That thought had Aaron's ears wilting instantly. But, he'd already gone at least eight hours without eating already! How was a starving snolf supposed to hold out until... until...

The serpent's eyes went wide when he looked down at himself, at his empty midsection that was already growling unhappily at being left unfed for so long. His completely empty stomach, which curved out into a massive, pooling paunch even without the slightest of bloat. His supple, sagging, rippling gut that shifted and swayed with every movement, every breath.

O-oh... gods.

The snolf felt his hind legs clench as he stared hard at that rotund belly, heart starting to beat loudly in his ears. Tentatively, a paw came to rest on his midsection, and he shuddered yet again as he felt the weight of the limb pressing it into his pliable pudge, unable to resist the urge to slowly, almost sensually draw his digits down his paunch. He was so, so fat. He couldn't be starving, not when who knows how long spent eating so much had him pack on weight THIS fast. That fact had his bubble of denial bursting faster than a balloon caught under a falling bed of nails. He was huge, heavy, doughy, an absolute tub of lard.

God, fuck, he couldn't stop wagging. Tremulous pants had his chest and gut bouncing, heat rising within finally forcing him to tear his gaze away before he could get too worked up. What was wrong with him?

How had a heavy-duty work-beast turned into a complete and total pear of lazy chub?

One answer flashed to mind immediately in the form of a smiling, vulpine face, one that had Aaron's trepidation quickly turning into a subtle comfort. That didn't stop him from blushing hard when he recalled just how willingly he'd leaned into the utterly ridiculous notion of being some poor, starving whelp, just to get *even more* food. How had he... gotten to this level of gluttony? How had he gone from a fit beast of burden to a pet so pampered he'd do anything to get more treats and affection?

Again, the answer was simple; because Zachary had enabled it. Encouraged it, leaning into the idea of a starved pup just as heavily as Aaron had. Feeding him, spoiling him... fattening him up.

Aaron gasped out a huff when he felt his paws clench again, panting and shaking his head, flush deepening when the movement made his neck ripple against his back and chest. Why did that thought get such an incredibly positive reaction from every fiber of his being? No matter how the snolf thought about it, he couldn't find any logical answer. Yet, the more he considered it, the more he slowly shifted from whys to what-ifs; what if they just kept on going like this? What if Aaron kept getting spoiled day in and day out? What if Zachary started fattening him?

The snolf yipped when he felt a pain in his lower lip, realizing he'd bitten down on it a little too hard the next moment. Confusion lingered in his mind alongside that uncertainty, and yet despite it all, he found that he wasn't able to focus on it too long. Not when the hybrid's stomach started letting out longer, more insisted groans, demanding to be fed, its hunger having grown deeper and deeper by the day.

Ears flat against his rolled scruff, the snolf glanced between the kitchen and the stairs a few times. He really shouldn't bother Zach when he had the chance to sleep in. He could feed himself, get his own food. But...

Swallowing dryly, Aaron grunted hard as he tried to roll forward, only to flop back with a little "urf!", swaying heavily backward. Growling, the snolf pushed forward again when momentum started to sway the other way, managing to roll up onto his paws with the second attempt, panting just from that effort alone and blushing more when he felt his gut bunching into rolls along each subtle line in the pattern of his belly fur. Eyes widening when he looked at himself again, the snolf whined as he rested a paw on that bunched flab, as though wanting to make sure he was actually seeing something real. And yes, he could feel that fat all too much against his pawpads, stifling a little moan that tried to escape at having his tummy simply touched. It had grown so sensitive with its added heft; even the ginger touch of his own digits sent sparks of pleasure to his brain.

Once more shaking himself sober, the snolf tried his best to focus on his task of standing. Another groan left his muzzle when he puuushed against the ground, lifting himself up to his paws, though he couldn't help pausing when he registered how his belly only actually left the ground near the end of the motion. Gulping, Aaron glanced over his shoulder, seeing what he could already feel; his spine tugging downward under the heft of his paunch, belly sagging low enough that it cleared the floor by mere inches. The sight almost caused him to fall back on his

rump when his hind legs trembled weakly, letting out a soft yip and hastily looking ahead before he could be hypnotized by his own rippling, swaying, pendulous stomach.

When he was able to get his mind back to reality, Aaron started the arduous trek to his partner's room. First, he had to tackle the effort of several paces across even ground; once a trivial task, now one that had him breathing hard while his gut did its best to throw him off balance, swinging heavily to one side and then the other with each step he took. Thankfully, the anchor of his long tail helped him to remain on his paws, if only by grace of how much heft the rear limb held on its own. The base of that tail was nearly as wide as Aaron's paunch; wider, actually, due to resting on the ground and squashing outward under its own heft. He didn't dare look back to see it, but he could all too easily visualize it by how damn much of the floor he could feel under those supple coils, all folds and rolls as they slithered heavily behind him.

Already breathing heavy by the time he reached the stairs, Aaron whimpered as he looked up the ten or so steps up to the second floor. Just ten steps, a trifle, easy; or at least, it had been, once. Now, Aaron had to struggle against his own weight the moment both forepaws came to rest on the stairs, not to mention trying to ignore how strangely euphoric it was having his sides squeezed by the rails on either side. If he wasn't mindful, he could simply get lost in having his sensitive squish pushed into by the handrails; that wasn't even mentioning how his silky stomach started getting pushed into by a few stairs at a time once he'd managed to get to the first step with his hind paws. F-fuck, the way those angles dug deep into his fat, pressing his belly out and squeezing, rubbing on the way by... n-no, focus, Aaron. Next step, keep going, you got this. Don't think about the rails, don't think about the stairs, don't think about those squeezes coming from slender paws and tender nuzzles, definitely don't imagine Zachary looking to the snolf with adoration while caressing down his flabby rolls. N-nope, those thoughts were absolutely not running around Aaron's mind the ENTIRE way up the stairs.

It must have been something else that made him moan loudly, before gasping and clamping his muzzle shut. The discomfort of the climb, or the effort it took, perhaps. Definitely.

Slowly, painstakingly, Aaron managed to haul himself the whole way up the stairs, with a good deal of help by the tail that remained on the ground floor long enough to push against it and help him ascend. The snolf nearly gave into the urge to collapse atop his gut when he reached the top of the flight, yet he couldn't help the fear that once he stopped, he wouldn't be able to will himself to start again. Gritting curved teeth, the hybrid soldiered on, blushing hard as the narrow hallway of the upper floor continued squeezing around him. That wasn't even to mention how the doorway he had to pass through was just a bit thinner, a fact that had Aaron balking briefly. He'd come this far, though; he could do this.

So he told himself as he nosed open the door that Zachary thoughtfully left just unlatched, knowing how hard it was for his partner to get a proper hold of the rounded doorknobs around the house. It didn't help with the snolf's sheer girth, however. That was an obstacle Aaron had to tackle all on his own. And one that had his momentum go from slow and steady to sudden halts and awkward jerks forward, whimpering as he squirmed and wiggled against his own flab. Thankfully, his flesh had plenty of give, and he was able to scoot himself through the doorway one roll at a time. The real challenge, again, was not letting himself get lost in the myriad of

exceedingly pleasant sensations firing off all at once through the effort. Just like the handrails, the doorframe made Aaron feel like he was being caressed from both sides, though he managed to keep focused enough to give one final push with his tail and hind paws.

Aaron yelped when his hips popped free of the door, stumbling forward with excess momentum. Eyes wide, the snolf hastily backpedaled, the bed approaching faster than he'd intended, just managing to slow himself enough that when he ran into the frame, his own barrelling inertia wouldn't splinter it. That didn't save Zach from suddenly being invaded by a LOT of snolf chest, Aaron's forepaws having lifted hastily to brace against the headboard and foot of the bed, letting all that tubby flesh veritably avalanche against Zachary's torso and face, before sloshing back and settling heavily atop a groaning bedframe, the startled-awake fennec finding a sheepish grin hovering over him when his eyes blinked rapidly open.

Staring up at the snolf's features that replaced whatever cozy dreamland he'd enjoyed just a moment ago, the fox's bleary eyes narrowed as they tried to focus, groaning and barely even comprehending what he was looking at in that moment. Why was there a tubby-faced wolf invading his space first thing in the morning? And why was he looking at the fennec with an odd sort of expression?

"Hrmm... h-huh?" came the intelligent words after a moment of groggily trying to process the situation, Zach rubbing an eye with a hand while he looked up at the towering lupine with one eye open. Those oversized ears were splayed to the sides of the fox's head, fluffy chest on display from the way Aaron's retreating flab had pulled the covers off of the vulpine's body. "W-Wha...?"

Still flushed from both effort and abashedness, Aaron huffed as he gingerly scooted back a bit, just so he could sit without his paunch squishing so much against the frame in front of him, large paws resting on the bed surface and head coming to rest atop those two perched limbs. "H-hey," the snolf greeted sheepishly, a little, bashful grin on his features as his tail swayed behind him at the sight of his companion, "S-sorry, did I... wake you?"

Even through the thick, heavy fog of grogginess, the nature of the question had the fennec's brows furrowing and his features assuming the equivalent of "Oh, I dunno, did you?" Still, when the overfed wolf visibly shrunk from the reaction and ducked his head, Zachary felt that all too familiar pull on his heartstrings. "It's... oooaa—" a yawn, the fennec's tongue curling out as the squeaky exhalation left his muzzle, "S'okay, what's wrong?"

Aaron hesitated, still feeling lingering guilt over interrupting his owner's rest, though the demanding rumble muffled by layers of chub had him leaning in to gingerly nose at the fox's forearm. "I'm... hungry," the serpent whimpered softly, wiggling his muzzle under the fennec's arm and looking up to the fox with big, glimmering eyes, "Could you, um, make some breakfast?" Even as the rather pathetic pleading left his mouth, the snolf couldn't help the blush that colored his cheeks, nor could he stop the hopeful wag at the end of his hefty tail. He just couldn't stop himself, the warmth and excitement that worked up simply from leaning more into being a pet begging for treats all too intoxicating for the "poor, starving pup".

Were it not for the fact Zachary's brain hadn't even had the chance to properly begin functioning, he surely would have thought twice about the reaction that followed Aaron's admission. As it were, however, with a dream-addled mind still dominating his actions, the fennec didn't even stop for a second to consider the logical inconsistencies of the wolf's statement, simply taking it at face value as objective, empirical truth that absolutely had to be rectified.

"A-Aww," the groggy fox crooned in adoration at the sight, the pleading whimper and words doing wonders to sell Aaron as a proper, spoiled pet that Zachary had grown oh so fond of in the last two weeks, "Poor puppy. Here, uh," the vulpine cast his bleary gaze around the room while a hand reached over to almost reassuringly start cupping and scratching at Aaron's cheek. It took a moment for his eyes to focus properly, but once they honed in on the package of unopened brownie bites, that insuppressible urge to cater to his "poor, starving" pet took control. Without even thinking about it, Zachary tore open the package, and without hesitation, proceeded to promptly press a brownie right up against the muzzle of the pleading wolf, pushing just enough to force his lips open and press the treat inside that maw.

"A-ah?" Aaron grunted as the treat suddenly made its way into his muzzle, eyes going wide while his whole body stiffened. Though reflexively taking the chunk of pastry, the flummoxed snolf just sat there for a moment with it sitting on his tongue, trying to comprehend what had just happened. Amber eyes crossing at his snout, then focusing on the drowsy features of the fennec who still held the rest of the package, the lupine hybrid slowly felt his frozen state melting into a hasty wag that had his whole tail rippling up into his haunches, that warmth returning with newfound intensity within his chest.

Without even thinking about it, the plump pet gave a few cursory chews, before gulping down the little treat, ears flicking when a sleepy hand came to rest on his head, patting the surface with another few groggy mumbles of approval. Perking up at the action, the snolf felt another little smile crossing his features, purring deeply while he pressed his head into the contact, internally marveling about receiving praise simply for eating.

It had been this way for a while, of course, and yet, being hand-fed like this...

The snolf didn't even think before giving another soft, pleading whine, staring long and hard at the bag of treats in Zachary's grasp, that forked tongue running along his muzzle while his forepaws shuffled up and down against the bed they rested on, even his hind paws clicking their claws against the floor as he wiggled in anticipation, that supple gut swaying heavily against the bed. And he couldn't stop the singular word that left his muzzle even if he wanted to, begging like the absolutely pampered pet he had become, "M-more?"

It was only when the pleading words came that the fennec managed to bring his gaze back to the wolf after letting out another prolonged yawn. Although the mist of drowsiness still hung over his mind for the most part, the creaking and soft budging of the bed from the way Aaron was wiggling his hefty self around was shaking the seated fox enough to at least marginally wake up. And, along with receiving the ability to actually comprehend things once more, Zachary found his inevitably drifting below and beyond the wolf's head.



Eyes widening visibly, the fox had to take a moment to blink and make sure he wasn't dreaming, only now becoming aware of just how flabby Aaron had gotten. The plump rolls along his collar had grown to form a hefty tire of fat around his neck, and though he couldn't quite see all of it, he could tell from his limited point of view that that wiggling waistline had widened even more in the last week or so, ears flicking in disbelief as he took in the deep, heavy folds that adorned the wolf's flanks on both sides.

Gods above, the lupine had gotten so plump.

When another pleading whine came from above, the fox was pulled back to reality, blinking and glancing between the snout pointed squarely at the treats in the fennec's paws, then back at Aaron's pear-shaped figure. It only took a moment of sober scrutiny to recognize a single fact about the sight; his pet was most definitely not starving. Heck, he seemed to have enough excess flab on his form to make a vet faint.

The realization filled Zachary with profound embarrassment, momentarily stiffened by abashedness as his cheeks flushed a deep crimson red. What had he been doing? He knew what all these treats, sweets, and entire goddamn *cakes* were doing to the wolf's waistline, and yet...

Just one look back at those pleading features and eyes twinkling with deep desire had the fennec's uncertainties dissipating once again. Sure, Aaron's weight was becoming a rather inescapable issue, that much was certain, but surely the worries could be shelved for another time? He had a pleading, begging, whimpering pet currently boring holes into the treats in his grasp, and no matter just how embarrassing or illogical it was to do so, Zachary couldn't get himself to even consider saying no. Even if the treat would inevitably end up making that thick waistline ever wider.

"O-Oh, you want more, huh?" that voice had audibly wavered in its previous groggy nonchalance, the fox seemingly waking up from being shaken around in his bed by the ravenous wolf beside him, a hand reflexively reaching into the bag to pull out the next brownie bite. Instead of promptly shoving it into that lupine maw, however, Zachary's returned common sense had him hesitating now, curiosity rising as his gaze once again wandered from Aaron's head down along his spine, marveling in disbelief at the sheer width of those wolfish hips. "Someone looks, uh, hungry." the treat was curiously lifted and then teasingly wiggled right above Aaron's snout, almost as if trying to test just how true that statement was.

Locked on as he was, the snolf's snout just kept pointing directly at the treat in his companion's grasp the entire time, his scruff bunching up into visible folds when his head tilted up to follow the brownie. Breath turning into soft, excited pants, Aaron let out another few huffs and low-pitched whines, his tail curling against one of his haunches and thudding heavily against the bedframe with its wagging. All that wiggling seemed to put the snolf's hefty amounts of chub on full display, Zachary's eyes widening all the more when every inch of the hybrid's body was kicked into motion by the excessive amounts of ripples and jiggles.

Catching that wide-eyed expression out of the corner of his eye, self-awareness returned to the pleading lupine, making his head duck slightly into his accorded neck. Gods, he was really turning into a spoiled pet, wasn't he? He knew, oh how well he knew, that those sugary pastries were more caloric than a snolf his size had any business even considering. And yet, he just couldn't resist. He couldn't stop himself from flicking his tongue at the confection, squirming and wagging like the begging puppy he was coming more and more to resemble.

That muzzle opened to give some sheepish response or another, yet the fennec took its opening as affirmation to his previous comment, and Aaron gave a little yip of surprise when the brownie fell right into his maw. Blinking again, the snolf's face lit up brilliant rose, yet still he chewed hastily, gulping even sooner and nuzzling at the fox's palm. All the while, Zachary watched, spellbound by the wobbling heft that held his gaze practically captive. His eyes followed sluggish waves that traveled from the snolf's chewing jaws down through his round neck, that flab resting atop the snolf's perched paws, supple heft sagging from burdened shoulders, before cascading down into flanks that held juicy folds, each roll bouncing subtly against its neighbor with each and every motion Aaron made.

The pet didn't miss that staring, either. It seemed Aaron wasn't the only one to snap out of their weeklong delusion, finding a sheepish smile dimpling the subtle padding of his cheeks while he brushed his muzzle against the fennec's palm. Though still, even after "coming to", the fox had given him another of those delicious treats. Did he really not mind all the weight Aaron had put on?

A shudder rippled through the snolf's body at the thought, intensifying his panting while he once again found his eyes regarding the rest of the treats longingly. If Zachary didn't mind, then surely this was okay, right? Maybe he didn't need to worry about what all those calories were going to do to him, if his owner was the one providing them. Or maybe this was just what it meant to be a pet, instead of a beast of burden?

All those thoughts had the serpentine wolf wagging faster and faster, until his tail practically ached from swaying while carrying so much excess weight on its length. Dithering another moment, Aaron hesitantly shuffled forward slightly, pressing more of his gut against the bed so he could inch his muzzle closer to that bag, looking up to the fennec that regarded him with so much curiosity and adoration. And though there was lingering uncertainty, the fox simply let it happen, too stunned by the whole situation to pull back, even when Aaron was tentatively dipping his muzzle into the satchel in the fennec's grasp, starting to munch away while he let his neck come to rest on one of the anthro's thighs, sighing contentedly between greedy mouthfuls.

The grunt that left the fennec's lips was involuntary, eyes widening as he took in the sight before him. An overgrown, overfed feral was currently invading his bed with his upper chest and his entire head and neck just to gorge down on more brownie bites. More than that, the way that flabby collar had rested on Zachary's thigh had the anthro pausing, momentarily stunned by the sheer weight and *softness* that pooled around the limb and even sag low enough to partially fill out his lap.

Of course, over the last few weeks, he'd gotten rather accustomed to the sensation of that silky, well-padded pelt coming in contact with him, yet the sensation of being weighed down to such a degree by the wolf merely resting his hefty neck on him was a novel one. For a few moments, Zach didn't even know how to react, though the confusion was quickly overwhelmed by that warmth of adoration, looking down and watching the wolf's chins wobbling as he chowed down on the treats in the bag.

Even with all that extra weight, Aaron really did look rather charming, huh?

The thought made those fluffy cheeks flush once again, and though the fox might have considered pulling back from the rather intimate contact a few months ago, he found himself both unable and unwilling to do so. All that hefty flab against his thigh felt so... warm and soft, Zachary not even noticing the adoring smile which had dimpled his cheeks as he simply watched his pet eat and eat those fattening brownie bites.

"I g-guessed right. You were really hungry again," the fox crooned in that teasing, yet nevertheless almost approving tone that made the wolf's heart soar, letting go of the satchel with one hand and pulling it closer to his chest so Aaron's head would follow, before reaching out with the unoccupied hand to gently settle against the snolf's scruff. Momentarily stunned by the soft folds and rolls that had accumulated over the back of the wolf's neck, Zach regardless gave a stroke that felt almost completely unbothered, if a bit incredulous about the newfound handles of fat. "I, uh, completely forgot it was the weekend and slept in. Sorry, bud, you... Gosh, you must have been starving again, huh?" At this point, even the fennec didn't know what compelled him to act this way, yet seeing his pet so happy to gobble up those treats had him wholly disregarding the hefty, dangling gut that now drooped from Aaron's waist.

The lupine would have wondered what in the world was going through Zach's head in that moment, if it weren't for the touch against his sensitive neck, rendering him a shuddering, dopily-smiling puddle in the fennec's lap. Even if it was nonsense, that final statement had the hybrid rumbling deeply in agreement, all the while just lazily chewing away at the brownies his companion held. If there was a heaven, Aaron was sure it would pale in comparison to this; just being with his partner, caressed and fed while listening to his soothing tone. He didn't want it to end. But of course, one satchel of sweets only lasted so long under the assault of a giant, hybridized beast whose hunger had been pushed to its limits for weeks. Ears wilting, the whimpering snolf licked at what few crumbs remained at the bottom of the bag, before lifting his head and giving a soft, snorting shake to dislodge the bag from his muzzle, sending even more doughy ripples down his body.

Regarding the now sparkling-clean interior of the bag that landed with its opening facing him, Zachary couldn't help his own subtle head shake of incredulity. Even after a week of stuffing the feral absolutely silly, seeing his appetite was still... well, the anthro wasn't even sure what words would do well to capture the strange feelings welling up in him at that moment. Disbelief was high on the list, though, and only rose higher when he found himself mumbling about just how light the previous night's portions must have been to leave his pet with this kind of hunger on waking. Which only stoked the fire in Aaron's chest all the more.

Snuffling at the fennec's palms, the snolf huffed as he rested his head in the anthro's lap, looking up to him with a bashful sort of smile. "I-is there, um, anything else in here to eat?" he asked, not quite conscious of how his tail had slipped stealthily under his gut to rub at the sagging heft from below, shuddering in relief at having at least a little something for his stomach to work on. Still, those brownies had only managed to whet his appetite, a fact made audible when another, louder growl of hunger rang from the bed's side, as if to lend weight to Aaron's whimpering question.

Locking eyes with that sparkling, begging gaze, Zachary once again felt whatever leftover reservations he had about spoiling his pet rotten vanish. Who on earth could say no to that face? Not him, that was for sure.

"Aww, still peckish?" the fox chuckled dryly, both fascinated and incredulous about just what sort of appetite he had cultivated in the already fattened wolf, reaching down with both hands to cup the lupine's massive head gently, scritching at those chubby cheeks with adoration, "Unfortunately there's nothing else in here, unless," Zach threw a teasing smirk at the wooden furniture around the room, "You're craving some cheap Ikea entrée. I could whip you up some breakfast downstairs, though." As soon as those words left his lips, the fox could clearly see his pet's countenance fall, those lupine ears wilting as Aaron made a face like he had just bitten into something extremely sour. Tilting his head, the fox ran a hand up along the wolf's head to settle it on his neck, somewhat unwittingly resting it on a particularly heft fold of fat around his collar. "What? Did you change your mind? Are you not hungry any—"

"O-oh, it's not that," Aaron mumbled, giving a little puff as he lifted his head, unintentionally catching the fox's fingers between two chubby folds on his scruff, that feeling causing another aroused shiver to shoot up his spine. Somewhat hastily lowering his muzzle to release the captured digits, the snolf blushed hard while he tapped his claws together, gaze averting as he whimpered a barely-audible, "Th-the stairs have gotten... a b-bit hard, lately."

Zachary blinked and then froze. It took a few moments to process that remark, but once he did, the fennec felt his own cheeks heating up as his eyes inevitably drifted down to take in Aaron's figure. Even sitting down, the fox could clearly see the way all that excess fat folded into hefty folds on the wolf's chest and flanks, the upper curve of that hefty gut visible from his position on the bed, though the way that supple chest pooled out over the bed made it rather difficult to focus on anything else. One could only wonder why.

"O-Oh?"

Blushing ever more, the snolf slowly eased himself back, another shudder making him huff when he felt his fat slip from the bed and cause his belly to make an audible thud against the floor. Ears pinned against his scruff, the pet was all the more flustered when he found that he couldn't get his forepaws to the floor around his belly when he was still this close to the bed, simply letting the limbs rest on the upper shelf of that silky curve instead, even if it made his embarrassment rise all the more.

"I-I, um, I've just been getting, um, r-real tired, after going up or down them," Aaron hesitantly answered, dancing around the issue that stared them both right in the face, yet even such an indirect reference to the state he was in had the snolf squirming. Why did this make him so damn hot and bothered? Gods, it was hard to focus, the snolf's head slowly shaking, unaware of how his paws idly stroked in little circles atop his tubby belly. "D-dunno why, h-heh," the lykophis rather blatantly fibbed, offering a sheepish smile to his companion, only to whine again when he saw how utterly transfixed the fennec was. What was he staring oh.

Following that gaze, the snolf found himself staring at the movements of his own paws as well, only to yip and pull them up to his chest hurriedly. What was he doing? Rubbing his own belly like that, right in front of those brilliant azure orbs. What was wrong with him? Why couldn't he stop wagging? Why was he smiling like such a dork?

Again shaking himself like he was trying to rid his broad hide of rain, the snolf huffed and puffed at the titillating feeling of his heft rippling around him, managing to refocus on Zach's face again after a moment. "U-um, maybe I could stay up here?" he suggested shyly, fidgeting with his paws as he coiled his tail around his haunches, unwittingly pressing his belly up into an even perkier mound before the fox's eyes, "And you could... b-bring me breakfast?"

Watching that scene unfold had only a singular effect on Zachary; that all-encompassing adoration was elevated to almost unheard levels, for the sight of an oversized pup begging for more treats in such an abashed manner was the wish of every doting pet owner that ever existed. It was such a profoundly *adorable* display of poorly-repressed greed and desire. So much so that it made the fox fawn even over the sight of those lupine paws sheepishly rubbing at their owner's flabby paunch while he was begging for food.

Just like a spoiled dog of some sort.

"O-Ooh, I, y-yeah, I see, huh," the fennec hummed as he once more took in the sight of his flabby companion, not needing to take too much time to put two and two together, yet Aaron's abashedness had his urge to reassure resurfacing once more, "I guess it could be because you made that switch from beast of burden to my pet?" Zach floated the idea rather mercifully, though even Aaron could see the vulpine wasn't quite fully convinced by his own words, especially when those blue eyes landed on that flabby paunch that sagged heavily between thickened thighs, "You're not getting that much, uh, e-exercise these days, so it's natural that you'd tire faster, right?"

While he offered that excuse to the fattened snolf, the fox had begun getting out of bed, stretching his back and putting on a loose robe that he left open to reveal his fluffy abdomen and black briefs. "Don't sweat it, bud. You... well, as my pet, you shouldn't exert yourself anymore. You didn't hurt yourself, did you?" Zach made his way past the wolf as he asked that, momentarily stopping to look him over and visibly flushing when he took in the state of the seated wolf's figure. Gods above, he had gotten so damn plump. Those folds on his flanks looked deep enough to lose an arm in, and that gut pooled out in front of him like a heavy mass of fat, dominating his pear-shaped figure. The sight made the fennec wonder whether enabling

this lifestyle was a smart idea, yet just one look at that ducked head and folded ears had his resolve strengthening.

"You should be more careful, y'know. If the stairs are getting a little... difficult to handle, you should maybe," Aaron expected that, finally, at last, the reprimand would come, or at least an allusion to a diet proposal, or starting some sort of exercise regiment. What left the fennec's muzzle instead, however, made those thickened haunches squeeze together in response, "Cut back on exercise? Perhaps move less around the house? I'd hate to have my pet injure himself."

Aaron stared long and hard at the fox. Was he hearing that right? Cut back on exercise, when all he'd been doing for weeks on end was gorge and gorge, laze and laze? Was Zach completely unaware of what had caused the snolf to balloon into a blimp of blubber like this? No, he couldn't be. Then, maybe... this is what the anthro wanted?

That thought was electrifying, the snolf giving a shuddering gasp as goosebumps traveled the length of his limbs. Who was he to question a command from his owner? If Zachary said move less, well, he would move less. If Zachary offered food, then surely he was just doing his duty by leaving every dish sparkling clean. The fox was practically giving him permission to glut and laze at all hours of the day, and yet, he hadn't quite said it. Not directly. Gods, why did Aaron want him to say it so badly?

Caught up in his own thoughts as he was, the snolf only noticed Zachary stepping around to leave when that fluffy tail drew delicately from Aaron's front, along his flank, and trailed against his back, making the lupine hybrid shudder even more. Eyes wide, the serpentine wolf watched his companion until the fennec had fully disappeared from view, leaving him to sit and regard the doorway for long moments.

Slowly, Aaron felt a little, dreamy sort of smile cross his features, sighing while he simply basked in the lingering warmth that fluttered in his chest. Uncertainties remained, and yet that gentle touch had done much to alleviate his worries. Not to mention how he'd been hand-fed, praised, and borderline encouraged by the vulpine. And told to exercise less.

It was almost like Zachary was telling him to keep getting fatter.

The nearly-silent moan that left his muzzle at the thought had Aaron hastily clamping his paws over his muzzle, blushing hard as he glanced to the door. When no lingering foxes came clamoring around to point and laugh at his indiscretion, the snolf let out a sigh of relief, which shifted into a bemused frowning of his brow. Was this normal for pets? To start wanting to have a figure that completely precluded any sort of working arrangement?

Bemused by the thought, Aaron shuffled back from the bed he was still bellied-up-to, granting himself enough room to roll forward with effort and plant his forelegs on the ground. It was getting to be so much effort, just getting to his paws around the orb of flesh dangling from his torso. Flushing with the thought, the snolf pushed with his hindpaws, once more marvelling at how long his gut remained in contact with the ground before finally lifting once he'd straightened

his paws as much as he could. Which, given his girth, meant the limbs needed to be angled outward into a wider stance.

Looking back, the snolf's ears wilted as he regarded himself. Inches... there were scant inches between the lowest curve of his gut and the floor below. How had he gotten this damn fat? Well, obviously he knew *how*, yet it was still mind-boggling; just a few months back, and his muscular, toned figure wore only the barest traces of his sweet tooth. Without his duties to keep him working, and with his new choice of pastime eating himself absolutely stupid the consequences were entirely undeniable.

And still, his owner kept feeding Aaron more. Like this was just the natural state of things. The inevitable path of a master and pet. And damn it, the snolf couldn't find any trace of displeasure at the idea. At the thought of just letting this continue, until that belly and the floor finally...

Biting his lip, Aaron's eyes closed as he huffed again in arousal. He was really losing it. Maybe Zachary was right, he should just rest. Yeah, that might help. Turning his head, the snolf opened his eyes to regard the bed beside him. He was just overthinking things, surely. He should just relax, enjoy the affection being given, try not to worry about the consequences. Like how he was surely, certainly going to just keep gaining

The snolf shook his head, snorting as his cheeks flared red again. Bed... he should lay down, standing like this was tiring. Even the steps it took to turn himself toward that mattress had the wolfish snake breathing deeper, feeling his thighs pressing deep into his gut, lifting his flab briefly before letting it jostle back into place with each step. Gods above, why did that feel sooo good?

Trying not to let himself get distracted, and not entirely succeeding, Aaron grunted as he reared up, the action made a good deal easier by the tons of tail that acted as a counterbalance behind him. Of course, getting his paws up onto the surface of the bed was one thing; dragging the rest of himself up was another entirely. Pressing down into the mattress, Aaron's ears folded at the alarming creak of the springs under his paws, head ducking as a woody groan emitted from beneath them. W-well that sounded... concerning. But, s-surely he hadn't gotten too fat for a bed, right?

Denial being a powerful drug, the snolf tried again, giving a few grunts and puffs as he tried to lean forward and get a hind leg to touch the bed around his squashed belly. N-nope, couldn't reach with the right... um, maybe the left. Squirming and shuffling, rippling and wobbling, all of that hefty hybrid was in motion as he adjusted, trying with the other hind limb to reeach around his sagging tummy. To absolutely no avail; no matter how he flexed, turned, and bent, the sheer girth of that deeply-drooping paunch kept the snolf completely beyond the faintest hope of pulling himself up.

Which was probably for the best. All the while, that poor bedframe creaked, groaned, and shuddered from the attempt, until Aaron dejectedly let his upper body flop tiredly across the mattress. Too fat to even climb up into a bed... what were they doing? This was getting out of hand, wasn't it? How long would it be until just getting to his paws was impossible?

Tail, why?

Glancing over his shoulder, Aaron's ears folded again at how his tail swayed in spastic glee at the thoughts going around his head. He really was just turning into a pampered pooch, wasn't he? Was he really content to turn into a pet who just lazed around, waiting to be brought his next meal, barely moving a muscle aside from chewing and letting his head tip back to swallow indulgently, maybe flexing just a bit to press himself into a hand that stroked his soft, silky...

Aaron blinked, shaking his head to clear the dreamy vision from his eyes. That was weird. Looking down, the snolf frowned as he regarded the bed that had so rudely refused to allow him entry. Was it really his fault that he couldn't climb up into it? When it had been designed for anthros, surely that was the issue. And not his figure, he thought to himself, looking back at his body, only for that argument to dissolve when he was once more greeted by a belly that squashed out against the mattress, the space between it and the floor diminished by its pressed state.

Okay, maybe it was his fault.

Cheeks reddening, the snolf sighed again, a paw tentatively lifting from the bed to rest on the side of his propped-up paunch. He really was fat now, wasn't he? And warm and... s-soft. Very, very soft. Shivering, the snolf once more felt his lower lip in the grasp of his fangs while he let his paw wander the squashed fat of his flank, almost unaware of how his tail snuck under the space between his gut and the floor. S-soft there, too. He couldn't help but wonder, just how heavy...

The snolf glanced over his shoulder at the door, ears high and flicking ever so subtly as he caught the sound of cooking from below. Still working. Making Aaron breakfast, and from the smell, something sugary once more. And, if the pattern held, fattening. Huffing at the thought, the serpent looked to himself again, and tentatively pressed his coils to the floor, using the tip of his tail to push up against the curve of his underbelly.

Immediately, electrifying ecstasy shot up through the snolf's whole body, and he let out a shaky moan as his tail shuddered under the heft of his gut. Oh gods, that felt amazing. Incredible. Intoxicating.

With a soft, nearly-silent whimper, the snolf eased back from the bed, feeling more of his gut settle atop his tail as he situated on his haunches once more. He couldn't help shivering as he slithered the thicker portions of his coils under that gut, lifting it up inch by inch as his paws rested on the upper surface, rising in time with the flab that his tail hefted. Those lower reaches of that supple belly had become hypersensitive in recent weeks, yet to feel his silky fur caressing himself from below, while the undeniable mass of that gut settled down over and squashed the flab of his tail, it was all so... so...

Euphoric. Heavenly.



Eyes partially lidding, Aaron hadn't even made the conscious decision to start pressing his paws into the supple flesh of his upper midsection. It was like the limbs had a mind of their own, kneading in like a baker with fresh dough, or a cat who'd found a particularly comfortable blanket. Both rather fitting monikers for the coat of fat that Aaron found himself borderline playing with, panting and purring, wagging and shuddering in the bliss of that moment. Heavy, he was so damn heavy. And yet, he was also soft, warm, and his fur had never looked better. All of that fat, grease, and butter did wonders for his pelt, making it all the silkier against the pads of his paws. Like fluid, his fur parted and flowed between his stroking digits, letting the limbs trail down, down, down that supple curve, slipping under his lovehandles and giving another experimental heft that had him throwing his head back and holding back another moan.

If only he had the dexterity that an anthro's hands held. If only such hands could take over where his paws had wandered. If only the touch had come from a handsome, blue-eyed fennec. The kind that would shower him with affection and sweets until the end of his days. The kind that would spoil him for hours on end. The kind that was looking at him right now, for instance.

All at once, the snolf froze up, blissful grin turning into slack-jawed shock when his back-tipped head caught an upside-down look at the fox that was staring in utter incredulity at the sight that had greeted him at the doorway to his own room. Eyes locked in shock for a moment, Aaron gave a sudden yelp as he threw his paws up into the air while his tail tugged hastily out from under his gut, shuffling backward on his haunches and wheeling those plump forelimbs in panick as the momentum pulled him back. With all the grace of a breaching whale, Aaron fell from his haunches onto his back, letting out a grunt that was cut off when his rolling paunch rocked up his torso, pressing the wind out of his lungs in a raspy whine, before sloshing back into place, his paws pushing at the wobbling mound in an attempt to keep it still while he looked to Zach with a sheepish grin, letting out a hasty, breathless, "H-hey again!"

By some otherworldly miracle, the tray the fennec was currently holding in his paws was laden with so much food that the upper stacks were actually entering his line of vision from below. That limited vision only allowed the fox to witness the wolf's form from above his chest, having unknowingly missed the private, self-indulgent exploration of those lupine paws on the snolf's softer parts. What he most definitely did not miss was the flushed, euphoric expression on Aaron's features, which quickly turned to one of horrified embarrassment once his upright state translated to a horizontal one. The tray's contents rattled with the force of that whump to the ground, Zach watching with wide eyes as all that lupine flesh and flab wobbled, jiggled, and sloshed around heavily while he stabilized the dishes in his hands.

"W-Woah t-there, careful!" the fennec called out in a mixture of disbelief and confused amusement, unsure why the wolf went from panting up against the ceiling to flopping onto his back in such a hasty manner, yet all too endeared by the sight of those lupine ears folding and those big paws folding against his pet's chest submissively. It had really only been a few weeks since Aaron's transition to his new role, and yet, in that moment of idyllic klutziness and consequent abashedness, Zach couldn't quite imagine his companion in any other scenario where his role was different. The way that big, hefty tail tucked between his hind legs, that sheepish expression, those widened, embarrassed eyes; it all added up to an image that couldn't have been a more perfect representation of a pet.

"You uh, you alright, bud?" Zach tilted his head with a little smirk, blissfully unaware of what sort of self-indulgent show he'd just interrupted, yet seemingly too endeared by the wolf's antics to give too much thought to the scene he'd partially barged in on. Studying Aaron's expression for a moment, the fox blinked when he noticed something was off, cocking an eyebrow as he mistook those flushed features and panting maw for something else, "Were you exercising while I was downstairs? Aww, bud I just told you didn't need to do that!" came that crooning, adoring tone as the fox strode past the prone wolf, momentarily stunned by the way all that hefty gut curved into the air higher than the lupine's chest at this point, placing the hefty, food-laden tray on his bed and then turning to cup the snolf's ear gently, "Look how flushed you are now. Poor puppy."

"O-oh, yeah, um, e-exercising," Aaron was quick to latch onto the excuse, his cheeks burning hotly at nearly being caught in such a vulnerable moment. The moment he noticed just what the fox was carrying, however, the snolf's features lit up, ears going from flat against his skull to pricked forward with interest. There was quite the haul on that tray, a fact that had the flustered hybrid's mental gears turning all over again. Even after getting such an "up-close" encounter with Aaron's fat, the fox had still seen fit to provide another course of cake, and it wasn't alone, either. Danishes and packaged pastries from the cupboards lined the tray alongside the cake, pancakes and waffles stacked together like shuffled cards, ice cream in a bowl and milkshake filling a large cup to its brim. All paired with eggs and bacon, fried to greasy perfection; in short, not a meal one would give to a pet they considered a little too well-fed.

That previous thought returned, and with it the reddened flush of Aaron's whole head, a little whimper leaving his muzzle as he curled his toes at another aroused shudder; was Zach intentionally feeding him like this? Did he want the snolf to get... even fatter?

Huffing deeply at the idea, Aaron felt his lip in his curved teeth again, though no amount of fluster could overwhelm the sheer desire for that food in his sights. Something else just might, however.

The snolf grunted as he tried to rock forward, paw reaching up over his belly in an all-too-vain attempt to sit up from his supine position, the effort only making his hilly midsection bunch up into brief folds, before he fell back with a pronounced "urf?" The momentum once more had his gut heaving up his torso, wobbling back down in a rippling sway, lupine paws hastily attempting to still that rippling slosh with another soft whine. Another huff left Aaron's muzzle as he tried again, this time leveraging his tail to his side and puuushing hard, managing to sluggishly flop onto his flank, and eventually roll to his belly, having to stop and catch his breath with heavy pants.

Witnessing the spectacle from up close, Zach's eyes widened and his muzzle partially opened in disbelief. There was just so, so much wolf in motion from even the smallest of movements he made, the sheer size difference between the pair only emphasizing just how incredibly well-fed the lupine had become. Still, just the sound of that labored panting afterwards had the fox's awestruck incredulity being overwhelmed by adoring concern, once more making his way to the

side of the wolf's massive head to cup his cheek in a hand and coo lovingly as the snolf almost reflexively leaned into the contact.

"Aww, see just how tired you got? I told you not to push yourself, bud," turning back for a moment, the fox reached to his bed to grab the oversized tray, and, with audible effort, haul it up once again, before depositing it right before Aaron's prone form, "W-whew, here you go. I can tell you're a bit," there was a glance thrown back over the wolf's shoulder, momentarily eyeing those pronounced, hefty folds as they pooled out to his side, "Winded from all that workout."

That glance back at those rolled flanks should have been more than enough justification, and even the fox himself momentarily caught himself in his behavior. Of course the wolf would try to exercise a little after having gained so much damn weight. That *should* have been the normal reaction, after all. The real question was why exactly was Zach telling him to do the opposite?

Cheeks flushing red, the fennec's reasons became all-too-easy to justify when he turned back to see those chubby features light up visibly from all the food that had just been deposited in front of the wolf, who wasted no time in pushing his muzzle into the cake. The sight of the overfed lupine starting to gorge himself on the food the fox had prepared had the usual effect on the poor, confused vulpine; that adoring warmth spread through his chest like wildfire, and although he'd been trying his damndest to simply ignore it up until this point, the sheer amount of weight Aaron had put on meant that it had become almost impossible to overlook the change.

Even his chin was jiggling from chewing, for Gods' sakes.

What was he doing? Why... why was he doing this?

Oversized ears folding as a hand reflexively settled on the side of his neck, Zach let his gaze wander down from that rolled collar to the rest of Aaron's figure, his blush only deepening along with the folds that lined those flabby flanks. Every other pet owner would have probably fainted at the state of the snolf's overfed body, yet there was no trace of genuine concern or disapproval or even the mildest inkling of disgust in the fox's heart. He knew there should have been at least some incredulous outrage, followed by immediate action to reverse the state of his pet's figure. But looking at the wolf now, happily munching and swallowing his breakfast...

So what if Aaron was a little fat?

That idea, albeit innocent at face value, planted a dangerously intoxicating seed of thought deep in Zachary's brain before he even knew it was happening. So what if his pet had gotten a little chubby? It wasn't the end of the world, right? They could easily turn this ship around if they wanted to. This was still very much reversible. It wasn't like Aaron was going to stay this hefty. Y-Yeah. Most definitely not. This was simply a transitional period, and a crucial one at that. Zach simply had to make sure his new pet was properly cared for. That's what all owners were supposed to do.

Besides, it didn't look like the wolf was too uncomfortable with his new arrangements. Heck, if anything, the way he was gulping down the contents of his tray spoke volumes of his apparent

approval, along with the way that serpentine tail had reached around to gently curl around the fox's ankle in a habitual display of gratitude. That was hardly the sign of an unhappy pet. A-And it also would have been cruel to deprive him of his treats now that he'd gotten so used to them, right? And if said treats just happened to put on a little weight on the already overfed wolf, well...

Something deep inside the fox's chest shifted, and he felt that warmth shoot up his spine from the very tips of his toes, the sensation actually making his tail stand on end. Blinking in momentary confusion as he glanced down at himself, Zach couldn't quite push those previously repressed thoughts down like he had done before. They were quickly taking root in his brain, and as confusingly embarrassing as it was to finally face those feelings, he knew just one glance at that happily munching wolf would tip him over the edge.

He simply couldn't say no. No matter how much he tried. And, after seeing the aftereffects of spoiling his newfound pet rotten, Zachary's tail began to flick around seemingly on its own without its owner's awareness. All the while, those blue eyes took in Aaron's plump figure curiously, and without even thinking about it, a paw reached out to gently settle against the wolf's neck, starting to lovingly rub up and down along the folds in an almost... approving manner. Deep down, the fox was vaguely aware of just how far he'd allowed that previously errant thought to spread, yet with so much wolf chowing down right in front of him, he could no longer ignore and suppress that singular, persistent thought which had been gnawing at his reservations for what felt like weeks;

Did he even mind if his pet was fat?

All throughout Zachary's internal epiphanies, Aaron just kept taking bite after oversized bite of food, seemingly desperate to cram his stomach to capacity yet again. Not that a singular tray of food could do that anymore, even with how heavily-laden it was; after so many weeks of nonstop gluttony, the snolf's belly had increased its capacity to near-industrial levels. Not to mention how all that practice had him able to clear a frankly comical amount of food within a shockingly small timeframe, large lumps of congregated confection bulging down his flabby collar to settle in a gut that just kept demanding more. Soon enough, the greedy snolf was licking the first plate clean, huffing around a bloated midsection while he moved onto the bowl of frozen sweetness. This, he had to slow down to consume; even if he'd developed a championship appetite, he wasn't immune to ice-cream headaches. Still, he was no less eager with his lapping, only pausing to catch his breath now and then and allow his mouth to warm back up before diving back in. Those moments, he could feel his cheeks warming once more, briefly self-aware of just how much of a pig he was making of himself, yet entirely unable to resist going right back to his gluttony even with his owner right there watching. Or, maybe, *because* Zachary was there.

There was a strange allure to it. Putting his gluttonous side on display for the one who'd allowed him to acquire such an expansive appetite had his tail squirming against Zach's leg in delight, not to mention the nonstop purr that made his supple folds ripple against one another. And the way that hand caressed his oh-so-sensitive scruff; that touch communicated unmistakeable approval alongside the obvious affection, and the snolf could swear he saw his companion wagging just a bit faster when he took his greedy bites of breakfast. This was what

Zachary wanted, the snolf told himself, as if he needed an excuse to move on from the cleaned bowl to the giant glass of milkshake. As he washed all those calories down, Aaron felt his few remaining reservations giving way, reassured that this was what a pet was meant to do; allow himself to be spoiled to absolutely no end.

That didn't stop him from going red-cheeked when he finally lifted his head with a pronounced gasp, hardly getting a proper breath in between slurping up the entire milkshake in one go. Gods, he'd eaten all of it already. Not a single speck of food remained on the tray, the dishes looking like they'd just gone through a power washer by the time he was done with them. Had he really gone from beast of burden to prized pig?

"O-Oh... wow..." came Zachary's voice from beside the panting, huffing wolf, who had just glanced back to check on his pet's progress only to find all the dishes completely barren of food. Ears folding as his azure eyes widened in evident disbelief, the fennec let out an incredulous breath as he looked back to the wolf's head. "Y-You, uh, are done already, huh?"

Head ducking into what had become a series of chins under his jaw, Aaron opened his muzzle to answer, only to yelp in surprise after a belch forced its way out of his jaws. Blushing all the harder, the snolf's ears pinned to his scruff as he gave a shy little smile, dimpling modestly-rounded cheeks. He couldn't help the abashedness, not when he was under the gaze of those vibrant eyes, regarding him with so much clear disbelief, and yet, not a hint of disapproval. He really didn't seem to mind.

Hotness spread from the snolf's chest outward at that thought, causing him to shudder and jiggle before Zachary's eyes, only making them go even wider as they slid toward the hybrid's fattened abdomen, as though following the path of all that food to its inevitable destination. There was no denying where it had gone, or where it would eventually wind up, and that fact had Aaron's arousal rising higher and higher.

Gulping hard in an attempt to clear his mind, the snolf tried again to answer, getting a few soft squeaks out before he managed to find his voice. "Y-yeah... thanks," Aaron murmured softly, licking the frosting from his whiskers, freezing in the middle of feeling a paw rest on his belly seemingly of its own accord. Quickly planting the limb right back on the ground where it had been just the moment prior, the lykophis's head lowered even more, letting out a soft, abashed whimper that just so happened to coincide with a sound that they'd both grown familiar with. A rumbling growl of hunger buried beneath layers of flab, as though asking an unmistakable question, "where was the rest of the food?"

Zachary couldn't quite hide his reaction, completely freezing in utter disbelief and slowly, gradually glancing between the flabby, growling gut which had just been filled with more food than the hybrid would have realistically needed in a day, then back to Aaron's head. The pair simply wound up staring at each other in silence for a few moments, before the wolf's ears pinned to the back of his neck once more as he averted his gaze sheepishly. That seemed to snap the fox out of his baffled state, blinking and shaking his head incredulously.

"O-Oh, uh, that almost sounded like you were still," those blue eyes once again drifted down along that rolled collar and hefty lovehandles to settle on the snolf's widened, plump waistline, "Hungry?"

He couldn't deny it, much as the snolf's abashedness had him wanting to. With a soft, anxious gulp, the serpentine wolf huffed as he slowly eased onto his haunches, features once more reddening when he felt his gut pushing against and between his forelegs, quickly shuffling them out wider to keep from emphasizing his heft even more. Not that it made much of a difference, when there was just so damn much plump pet to be stared at by those azure eyes. The urge to deny the fennec's question was strong, and yet when he looked to the fox's face, Aaron felt that same familiar warmth rising in his chest, giving a soft little whine under his snout.

"I-is that bad?" he asked, those amber orbs shimmering bright with anxious uncertainty, yet that emotion blended with a certain sort of undeniable anticipation. As though seeking permission to continue doing what they'd done for so long already; glut like every meal was going to be his last. And when a paw lifted from the ground as he shuffled in place, folding pleadingly against his chest while he regarded the anthro with those begging-puppy eyes, both of their fates were sealed with that singular expression.

The fennec's insuppressible reaction only further asserted the accuracy of his earlier introspection; he could genuinely *not* say no to that face. Not when those chubby cheeks were dimpled so adorably by the sheepish, embarrassed expression of uncertainty.

"O-Oh, no! N-no, of course not!" The answer came before the fox could even consider its consequences, waving a hand around in front of his snout as if dispelling even the very idea itself. As if moved by pure adoration alone, Zach's other hand quickly reached out to settle against Aaron's foreleg, rubbing the limb reassuringly while the fennec glanced up at the sitting, yet towering figure of his pet. "I was just, uhm... y'know? A little surprised that you'd still be that peckish, b-but no, it's not bad at all, don't worry!"

The fact that Zach uttered those words while standing in front of the bunched up rolls of the wolf's flabby midsection confirmed that, truly, the fox did not seem to mind. If anything, the way that hand against the lupine's foreleg began to caress up and down along the length of the padded limb was not only reassuring, but almost approving in a way. And so was the justification that followed. "You, heh, you must have worked up quite an appetite with all that exercising you did. Which reminds me," the fennec tilted his head, making those oversized ears fold to that side, while his gaze subtly drifted down towards the drooping curve of the lupine's gut, "What gave you the idea to just start working out while I was downstairs, huh?"

That question had Aaron's face going red all over again. And he'd just managed to get it back to its usual color, no less. With another shy smile, the oversized lupine shuffled his paws, unintentionally making his modestly distended belly sway between his paws, drawing the fox's gaze all over again. "I-I, um," the snolf stalled for time, trying to think of some excuse, his tail lazily drawing against his flank and stroking his own middle self-consciously. "W-well, work beasts have, um, a lot of energy, you know?" he tried to excuse himself, only to cringe at how pathetic that excuse was. Too late to backpedal now, though.

"Y-yeah, I uh, just needed to burn off some energy," Aaron committed, clearing his throat and giving an all-too-forced and not-at-all-believable grin to his companion, "You know me! Active and f-fit, right?"

Blinking in confusion, the fennec's gaze drifted between that low-hanging paunch and Aaron's features for a moment. Zachary's bad poker face meant that his disbelief of that assertion couldn't have been more obvious, and it was with a cock of an eyebrow that he looked back up to the wolf. "U-Uh, is that so? I, huh... well, I guess," trailing off, the fox seemed to consider the issue at hand, this newfound piece of information having thrown him for quite a loop, "I guess I could start walking you around the farm if you *really* had so much energy?"

It was Aaron's turn to blink, only to let out a nearly involuntary whimper at the very idea of having to haul his bulk around that much. "O-oh, uh, n-no thanks! I can, um, take care of it myself," he insisted with a much-too-toothy grin, clearing his throat and glancing around briefly for something, absolutely *anything* to change the subject, only to freeze when he felt the hand which had previously been on his foreleg settle on his chest, sinking nearly two inches into the padded surface.

"Alright, but just so you know," came the fennec's reassuring tone a moment later, that hand giving the flabby, yielding surface a gentle rub while its owner gave a soft smile, "I don't want you to feel like you *need* to exercise or work out anymore, bud. I'm not sure what gave you the idea, but if you were worried about me making you go back to being my beast of burden, then you can rest easy knowing that that's not happening. Not now, not ever. Being my pet doesn't require you to be, y'know," Zachary's cheeks flushed a subtle hue of red as he once more threw a glance down at that drooping belly and those hefty love handles, "In tip-top shape."

All at once, the snolf perked up as his features brightened, regarding the fennec with obvious relief, and an emotion that was a bit more subtle. Pink hue tingeing his cheeks, Aaron's paws tapped slightly against the floor, once more making his belly shake side to side as he felt that familiar warmth of arousal in his breast. The serpent's middle pushed outward more as he let out the anxious breath he hadn't quite realized he'd been holding in an attempt to look not quite as blubbery, his fluster rising when that advancing flab forced his owner to take a reflexive step back. God, his belly pooled out so far in front of him. He couldn't stop himself from wagging more and more as he glanced between Zachary's face and his own gut. Even after staring directly at the hybrid's hefty midsection, the anthro was reassuring the snolf that he didn't need to keep active; he was practically telling the snolf he was allowed to be fat.

Shivering excitedly, Aaron couldn't contain a shuddering huff, squirming on his haunches and jiggling all over again. "I-it's okay for me to just relax?" the pet asked, his abashedness unable to conceal the abject desire in his tone at the question, heart fluttering when he was greeted with a permissive nod.

"Of course! What gave you the idea that it wasn't okay?" Zachary let out a little chuckle as he patted the wolf's flabby chest, momentarily freezing when he felt the yielding blubber jiggle beneath his touch, only for that warmth and adoration in his chest to redouble at the sensation,

"I'm more surprised you'd think that I would want you to work out behind my back. You told me earlier that you were having a little trouble with the stairs, so the last thing I want is for my pet to overexert himself or injure himself while exercising! But now that you've gone and done it, man."

The fox shook his head as he raised his free hand to rub the side of his neck, mumbling just loud enough for the wolf to hear. "I might just have to put down some rules about no exercising for this pet."

Staring at the fox for a moment, the snolf didn't have an immediate reaction, save for the further deepening of his apparently-permanent blush. Slowly, the hybrid's heavy tail started to sway, picking up its pace until the tuft at the end was a white blur. A much more obvious sign of approval than the tiny, endearing grin that crossed Aaron's muzzle, his half-folded ears flicking while he gave a quiet chuckle in reply, "W-well, I wouldn't want to make you h-have to do that."

Oversized ears perking up at those words, the fox's mouth opened before his brain could even process his words, glancing up at the wolf with a half-serious expression that communicated a novel sort of control of the situation. Almost as if Zachary was exercising his power as the owner of his pet for the first time. "You'd have to promise not to exercise or work out anymore, then, you know? I can't have you injuring yourself while I'm busy downstairs or something."

The snolf's features lifted into an expression of fondness at those words, his companion's concern genuinely heartwarming. "I promise," he timidly replied, feeling a sort of weight lift from his shoulders, even as that familiar warmth of titillation fluttered in his heart. "U-um," Aaron continued, tapping his claws together after a moment with a sheepish grin, "C-could... I have some more breakfast?" There was another pause, followed by an equally abashed, "And could you bring my pillows up here? I, um... c-can't fit in your bed."

The first part of that request wasn't what had the fennec pausing; the snolf's earlier request for more food was still in the back of his mind, after all. This newfound revelation, however, was not what he was expecting to hear. "You," Zach's voice was somewhat squeakier than usual, his gaze drifting to settle on his bed, which would have been considered rather spacious by anyone else, then back to Aaron's massive, and now also flabby, figure, "Oh, I guess... you can't, huh?"

Pulling back from his pet, the fennec shook his head to clear his thoughts of the implications of such a revelation, leaning down to take the emptied tray in his hands and then turn to leave. "Y-Yeah, of course, I'll take care of it, bud, don't worry. And—" Zachary nearly dropped the tray in his hands when he was stopped, glancing back to see Aaron's maw gently curled around his paw. Tilting his head, the fox couldn't help the coo of adoration that left his muzzle at the sight of those folded ears and big puppy eyes.

"Aww, n-no worries, really! It's... it's not a problem at all. You, uh, you know, that bed wasn't designed for critters of your size, so of course you wouldn't f-fit." At those words, that huge head pushed forward, the fox letting out a chuckle as he felt the wolf's muzzle rubbing against his chest in that feral gratitude, Zachary's own head leaning down to nuzzle at those lupine ears in return. "Don't worry about it, bud. I'll bring those pillows and more food, okay? Oh, and as for



that promise," the fennec pulled back, and with a cheeky, almost playful smile, reached out with his tail to teasingly pat the top of Aaron's head, "Good boy."

Those two words were like magic, brightening the feral's features into a silly grin that had Zach tittering. Turning, the fox slipped out of the room once more, leaving Aaron to process the heavenly feeling left in the wake of that simple praise. The snolf had grown used to praise and affection, yet there was something special about those two simple words. And whatever that something special was, it left him all too eager for more.