

The next few days were another blur of food and praise, cuddles and lazing. Tray after tray, Zachary just kept bringing food whenever he heard the slightest hint of hunger from his pet. Aaron didn't even need to ask, though that didn't stop him from giving little, begging whimpers even as the food was being brought right to him. He didn't even need to get up from his bed of pillows, relaxing while his every craving was met even before he was fully aware of exactly what he wished for. Not that it was hard for Zachary to guess; just find the sugariest thing and set in front of the gluttonous lupine and he was more than happy.

The soft begging wasn't the only petlike trait to emerge. More and more often, Zach found that when he sat anywhere near his companion, the plump hybrid would huff and shuffle himself over to rest practically on top of his feet, supple flank pressing up against the vulpine's shins as Aaron rested off his many, many meals. The snolf would sit up attentively when Zachary entered the room, the effort often taking more than one attempt, as though eagerly awaiting any command his owner might give, even if one never actually came. More and more often, Aaron would sluggishly roll onto his flank after his meals, presenting an alabaster abdomen to his caretaker with a sheepish smile, wordlessly asking for those dexterous paws to rest on his supple middle and provide gentle rubs. And of course, such a generous owner mistook that act as begging for even more food, providing treats to the snolf for the effort he put into shifting his impressive bulk. And though it was just a bit disappointing that those rubs never came, the food that was offered was almost as good.

It was clear the snolf had completely abandoned any thought of going back to his fit state. He hardly moved at all unless it was to cozy up to his companion or sit pretty for the next treat. Not that he even needed to do anything to earn such treats; they were always on offer, the fox growing a habit of bringing up packaged snacks to offer the snolf whenever he did anything even slightly endearing. Which, given how plump and adorable the pet had become, included just about everything he did. A lazy yawn? Rewarded with a treat. Hefting himself up onto his haunches to sit up in greeting toward the fennec? Another treat. Lay there tiredly and pant heavily after glutting himself into a stupor? Yep, worth another treat.

It had become such a natural rhythm that the change in the pattern that happened after days of such pampering hit the snolf entirely off-guard. Aaron could smell his breakfast cakes baking, yet it took notably longer for that food to be delivered to his bedding, the hybrid regarding the bedroom door with a tilted head while he licked at his muzzle with a soft whimper. As though he hadn't already been greeted with prepackaged pastries the moment he'd woken up, which were sitting comfortably within his plump middle. Still, that delay had the gluttonous lupine fidgeting, trying his best to keep his patience, yet unable to deny the hunger that had only grown stronger over the last few days.

With a low grunt, the snolf hauled himself to his paws for the first time since falling into the pillows that had been provided to him, taking a moment to contend with how he was already feeling heavier after only three days of lazy gorging. It was subtle, yet entirely undeniable; and that fact had his guilty pleasure soaring high. The pet had to shake his head to refocus himself, gulping as he started to waddle forward, panting softly after only the first couple steps. Moving all this bulk was definitely some work, that sagging belly pulling his spine down into a low arch and pushing his paws into a widened stance.

It was even more work wedging himself through the doorway, already tight the last time he'd gone through, and now all the more difficult to wriggle his girthy frame through. Again needing to work forward in segments, the snolf nearly ran face-first into the opposite wall when his hips finally popped free, heavy pawfalls thudding loudly as he caught himself. Once more shaking his bulky frame like a hound clearing its pelt of rain, the hybrid's heft continued swaying even as he turned to tackle his next challenge; the stairs.

Aaron had thought going up the stairs had been difficult. However, that challenge didn't measure up to the task of working his way down the steps *without* letting his weight pull him into a rolling descent. Not to mention how the angle had his gut sloshing up against his forelegs and pushing his chest fat into his collar. Gods, he was so, so fat, the hybrid blushing and panting harder; from exertion, he'd tell himself, even if the truth was more carnal than that.

It was slow going, the snolf eventually feeling the ground floor under his paws and promptly allowing his legs to buckle under him. Fortunately, it wasn't much of a fall; not when the floor was literally just inches away from that sagging gut, providing a cushy pad to land on and sprawl over while he breathed hard in fatigue. The sound drew the attention of the vulpine who was rather absent from the kitchen, where the snolf had first looked, instead standing in the entry as he buttoned up his jacket, the task put on hold when he was greeted by the sight of an exhausted pet.

Surprised to see Aaron up and moving, the fennec hurried over to the wolfish serpent, crooning to his pet softly as he brushed the snolf's ears. It took the hybrid several moments to find his voice, panting hard after all that work, eventually managing to swallow dryly and whimper out, "W... w-where are you going?"

The fennec gave a fond, reassuring smile as he cupped Aaron's cheeks, brushing the soft curves in his grasp. Once the snolf had managed to calm his breathing enough to actually hear Zachary over his own wheezing, the fennec reminded his pet that it was that time of year for delivering the harvest, and he needed to head into town for a few hours. Ears wilting, the ophidian couldn't help a little whine, both at the thought of being alone for that long, and not having freshly-cooked meals provided through that whole time.

Those concerns were all too easily spotted, Zach giving a soft chuckle as he brushed the snolf's chins, plural, while he explained that he'd gotten a few meals prepared ahead of time for his companion, and that there were still plenty of snack foods within the pantry that Aaron was free to help himself to. Still, when he made to pull back, Zachary found the snolf's head following him, pressing into his chest with a quiet little grumble. Tittering at the clingy display, the anthro hugged around the lupine noggin that pushed against him, both hands gliding up and down the length of Aaron's neck, unbothered by the many plump rolls they passed over. Crooning soothingly, the fox smiled when his pet slowly lifted his head with an obviously forced smile, which rather predictably turned more earnest when Zachary produced a brownie bite from one of his pockets, pushing the treat right into Aaron's obediently opening muzzle while purring, "You'll be a good boy while I'm gone, right?"

Shuddering at both being fed and those two magic words, the snolf lazily nodded, bringing up a paw and gingerly pulling the fennec against his chest. Yipping in surprise, the fox could only marvel for a moment at how incredibly *cozy* that embrace was, though before he could fall too far under its spell, the fennec titteringly pulled back after quickly returning the hug, offering a grin that was ever so subtly tinged with a slight blush.

"Remember, no exercising," Zachary added, reaching up to tap the snolf's nose with authority and giggling even more when that simple act had Aaron squeaking and lowering his head submissively. It was endearing as ever, how this massive carnivore well, omnivore, really yielded so obediently to the anthro that he outsized at least five times over. And that wasn't even counting the additional heft.

Flushing at the thought, Zachary cleared his throat, before flashing a toothy grin. With one more pat on that chubby chest, the fennec turned and padded to the door, only to freeze when a low whine met his ears the moment his palm landed on the doorknob. Looking over his shoulder, the fox could swear he felt his heart pang at the sight he found; head low, ears hanging, eyes shimmering, tail tucked and curled against his side, Aaron was the picture of a pooch watching his owner head out for the day. Heartstrings plucked with expert precision, the vulpine didn't even fully think through the action before he'd turned about-face, rushing over to the snolf and throwing his arms around the surprised feral's neck to nuzzle snouts with the plump canine.

"I'll be back before you know it," Zach promised, giving the snolf one more squeeze, before letting go and heading out the door.

Aaron sat there, staring at the doorway as though waiting for the fox to come back through. When it was clear that he was on his own, the snolf let out a little sigh, before perking up when his stomach growled promptly. Well, at least he'd been left with plenty of food. That should keep him occupied for a while, right?

As if on cue, a ding resounded from the kitchen, and Aaron turned to regard the timer over the oven. Better fetch the cake before it burned. And maybe he could figure out how to operate the oven while Zachary was out. That could help him stay occupied, too.

Unfortunately, though Aaron was able to get his snout into an oven mitt and retrieve the cake, actually trying to start another batch was another thing entirely. It just wasn't going to happen, not when every tool in the kitchen was designed with thumbs in mind. Grumbling to himself while chewing on one of the pastries that Zachary had prepared for him, Aaron plopped onto his rear with a heavy thump while regarding the messy bowl he'd been trying to mix cake batter in with defeated disgust. That expression didn't last, however, as soon another sensation drew the pet's attention; namely, his gut, which had yet to stop bouncing from the dramatic drop to the floor.

Ears folding slightly, Aaron rested his paw on the curve, wondering internally at just how easily the limb sank in without even needing to apply any pressure beyond his paw's natural, if rather considerable weight. For the umpteenth time, the snolf couldn't help but marvel at how

soft, warm, and undeniably heavy he'd grown. More than that, just how damn *amazing* it all felt, a thought that summoned his reddened flush anew.

Guilty as the pleasure was, Aaron couldn't even deny anymore just how much he'd grown to enjoy this new figure. Like a weighted blanket and a home-grown beanbag all in one, his doughy flesh was incredibly comfortable and cozy, even if it did make the simple act of getting to his paws a chore. Not to mention actually moving. Or, well, doing anything aside from lazing in his pillows, really.

Blushing more, the snolf's eyes were drawn toward the counter, where trays of food had been left out for his enjoyment. Zachary must have gotten up early to prepare them all, the hybrid mused to himself, finding a slight, warm smile on his muzzle at the thought. The fennec had really done so much to keep him comfortable and happy. Food, bedding, shelter, affection; Aaron had it all and then some, as much as he could handle. Especially the food and affection, provided in veritably unlimited supply, undoubtedly leading to the state of his...

Ears flicking, the serpent looked down to himself, tail coiling against his thigh in a set of rolled spirals. Now that he thought about it, he wouldn't have grown nearly this big if it hadn't been for Zach's efforts. The enabling provided by the vulpine had allowed him to just laze and eat all day, leading to... all of this.

The hybrid rested both paws on the upper curve of his belly, shuddering slightly as he bit his lip. Big. He was so big. And soft. Gods above, so soft. Pressing in, the snolf shivered as he kneaded into his own gut, huffing and tilting his head back while he panted up toward the ceiling. He just couldn't keep his paws off of himself in these private moments, apparently. He couldn't stop himself from gliding his claws down the sides of his gut and press the limbs into his own rippling folds, lifting the fat to test its weight against his palms.

A hind paw thudding loudly against the ground pulled Aaron back to the moment, giving a little yip while he pulled his paws back up to his chest, nearly falling backward again in his haste. More ripples traveled from his neck downward as he shook his head, reaching up to rest his paw against his brow bemusedly. Why did it feel so damn good?

And why did it make him even hungrier?

Stomach growling, Aaron huffed as he looked toward the door, though he knew the fox wouldn't be home for a while yet. Rolling forward after rocking back for extra momentum, the snolf's face reddened with both effort and embarrassment when he registered how his gut sagged against his calves after getting to his paws. Even then, he couldn't help himself, sidling up to the counter and starting to take large, greedy mouthfuls from the next meal.

All of this food, provided for him, prepared by his companion just so he wouldn't be uncomfortable while Zachary was gone. It was so thoughtful, so kind. He could practically taste the affection in every bite, a thought that once more had him flushing as his tail bumped repeatedly against the counter. Everything Zach did showed how much the fennec cared, from

those comforting strokes to just how obligingly he catered to Aaron's quite frankly ludicrous appetite. Petting, feeding, stroking, hugging... nuzzling...

That last thought had the snolf actually pausing in the middle of taking his next bite, for once. The nuzzling was new. Well, maybe not entirely new, but it had always been on a shoulder or side. Universally platonic. Yet now, just before leaving, Aaron had found his face, his muzzle no less, being the place where Zachary had brushed his own features against. That was definitely more personal.

Intimate, even.

Now even the snolf's ears started to burn. No, no, it was perfectly innocent. Just a friendly thing, surely. After all, owners nuzzled their pets all the time, didn't they? Yes, that was it. He didn't need to read too much into it.

So why couldn't he stop smiling? Or wagging? Or blushing?

Whining, the snolf took to his meal again with renewed vigor in an attempt to clear the awkward train of thought. He was just getting new affections along with his new status as a pet, and they were emerging now because Zach was finally settling into the new dynamic. That had to be it, yes. And he was just going along with it; nothing deeper than that behind how much he wanted to hold Zachary close like that again.

Over and over that cyclical logic kept trying to dismiss the lingering doubts or perhaps hopes that hovered in Aaron's mind. The snolf was so caught up in that circular track that he only noticed the food was gone when his muzzle contacted the empty tray, and when he made to scoot over to the next, he was instead greeted by an empty area of counterspace. Wait, that couldn't be right. Zach had prepared several trays of food, where had it...

Lifting his head, Aaron blinked when he slowly recognized the facts. Yep, each tray empty, all that food only going one possible place, consumed while he was distracted with his own denial. Ears splaying to the sides, the snolf puffed as he once more rested a paw on his middle, looking down to the subtly-distended curve in bemusement. It wasn't the fact that he'd eaten so much without realizing it that had him confused. No, he was rather embarrassingly used to that. What was surprising at that moment was the fact that he was *still* hungry.

Gods above, he was getting gluttonous, the snolf thought with a deep flush. How could anyone still be hungry after all those meals? Well, as he lifted his gaze, Aaron found at least part of the answer through the kitchen window. The sun had changed position rather noticeably, indicating the couple of hours that had passed by, filled with nonstop munching and internal fretting. So, he hadn't eaten as fast as he'd thought, yet that didn't help how bemused he was at apparently obsessing over a nuzzle for over an hour.

Not for the first time, Aaron wondered just what in the world was wrong with him. First food obsessed, now fox obsessed; what was going on inside his head? And stomach, but mostly head

for the moment. Whatever the answers were, they weren't ready to reveal themselves yet, apparently, no matter how Aaron tried to seek them out internally.

Maybe this was just... natural. The normal progression of affection between master and pet. Yeah, that could be it, Aaron insisted to himself, not quite aware of how he'd gotten to his paws to waddle slowly back and forth through the kitchen, slowly panting from the work of taking each step. It was only natural for a pet to grow closer to an anthro than a beast of burden would. He just hadn't expected himself to get so damn clingy.

Once more, the hybrid looked toward the door. He felt almost lost. Without Zachary there, he didn't know what to do with his time. The growling of his stomach offered more food as a suggestion, though after enjoying so much home cooked food, the idea of settling for snacks was less than appealing. It just wasn't the same, wasn't nearly as satisfying as food that had been made with love.

He knew this, of course, because he'd been snacking again without fully realizing it for several minutes. Backing up from the pantry, Aaron let out another soft whine, this time one of confusion. These snacks were so good when it was Zachary giving them to him. Why was it so underwhelming, now? Why were the snacks so much better when they were being offered by Zach's hand, after hours and hours of meals after meals? Why did he want the fox there to feed the snolf himself? Why did he want to keep eating for Zachary?

For... Zachary?

Aaron blinked, staring ahead blankly. Was he eating... for Zachary? Well, he certainly wasn't eating to sate himself, he'd have stopped by now if that were the case. So why was he still so hungry, then? Or, well, perhaps hungry wasn't the right word. He definitely didn't feel like he was starving, yet that urge, that craving to just keep stuffing himself hung over his head.

And no wonder, really. After all, every moment of eating had been accompanied by gentle praise and loving touches. It didn't take a genius to figure out that he'd been conditioned to equate eating with being a good pet. The mystery, then, was the why of it all; why was Zachary so, so willing to enable Aaron's gluttony for so long? Even after he'd grown undeniably, unmistakably obese, Zach just kept offering sweets and treats, meals and snacks, without any need for request on Aaron's part. Like this was what the fox wanted, just as much as it was what Aaron wanted.

It didn't make any logical sense, the snolf shaking his head slowly. He wasn't going to get anywhere sitting and wondering like this. Not to mention his stomach was starting to get impatient, grumbling under his ribs in evident annoyance at going without being fed for the unreasonable amount of time that had been a few short minutes.

Sighing, Aaron huffed while he pushed himself to his paws again. Even if he kept eating, it just wasn't satisfying without Zachary there to enjoy it all with. Sluggishly, the hybrid turned and trundled out of the kitchen, only to freeze when he was greeted by the stairs. His bedding was up those.

Yeah, no.

Mumbling to himself more, the snolf looked to the door. Zachary had said not to exercise, and climbing those stairs was DEFINITELY a workout. So, what was he to do...

Well, he hadn't been outside in a while. More than a while, actually. Now that he thought about it, the snolf hadn't left the house in, well, months. Blushing at the realization, the hybrid shuffled his paws as he glanced back at his flank, regarding the wobbling curves idly. Going outside might count as exercise, too. Though, maybe if he just kept it to a casual trot. Or, well, waddle.

Reddening more, Aaron returned his gaze to the door. Some fresh air actually did sound nice, now that he thought about it. Expression lifting somewhat, the snolf wobbled his way to the entry, internally gladdened that this door was a good deal wider than those upstairs in order to accommodate beasts of burden like himself. Which only made it all the more embarrassing that he could *still* feel his flanks being squeezed on the way through. Still, at least it wasn't a struggle to pass through this particular threshold.

Outside, the snolf took in a long breath through his snout, before letting it out of his muzzle, unwittingly making his gut bounce lower. Without an audience, the sensation wasn't quite as embarrassing, though it still had Aaron glancing around as though worried he might be spotted. When nobody could be spotted, the snolf felt another smile crossing his muzzle, tail brushing the side of his middle. It really did feel nice. Better than nice, actually. The feeling of his belly flab conforming to his coil padding sent a shudder through his spine, huffing while he tapped his paws against the ground, only to yip and catch himself when the little dance of glee almost caused him to fall over, his belly swaying heavily to one side and pulling him into a brief stumble.

Maybe he should walk more.

N-no, Zachary had told him not to. That meant that this was okay. Right? It was okay to let himself go.

Clearing his throat loudly to force himself back to reality, the snolf looked out to the familiar farm that he hadn't seen in quite a while. Things were definitely different. The field was larger, for one thing, more crops able to be tended to by their new, automated workers. The sound of the machines filled the air faintly, and the scent of fuel mingled with the sweet aroma of fruit and corn. He'd really lost track of time, hadn't he?

That fact became more obvious when the snolf noticed the color of the trees bordering the farmlands, autumn oranges and browns starting to mingle with summer greens. It must have been getting colder; not that he could feel it, with how well-insulated the snolf had become. Blushing again, the serpent nonetheless perked up at that thought. That's right, normally winter was rather rough on him, being part cold-blooded. Maybe there were some perks to having more padding like this.

Subtly, that long tail wagged at the thought. Is that why Zachary was so willing to let this happen? So he wouldn't be cold in the winter?

Okay, that was kind of silly. If that were the case, surely they'd have called his weight by now. He was carrying more than enough to keep warm both this winter and the next. An internal admission that only added to Aaron's fluster while he slowly, leisurely waddled along the edge of the field, curiously watching the mechanical workers that had taken over his job.

Things had definitely changed a lot. From the shift in duties to the dynamic between himself and Zachary, Aaron considered all the ways his life had changed over the last several weeks. And, the more he thought about it all, the more the snolf came to the conclusion; things had definitely changed for the better.

Sure, he was very, very embarrassed a lot of the time due to his, er, heft. But with no objections given by his caretaker, and with the sheer pleasure that came with that change, Aaron couldn't bring himself to consider his own fat with anything other than an abashed sort of pleasure. Warm, soft, comfortable, the change wasn't bad. At all, really.

Even the effort added to his movements weren't really that big of a concern, not after Zachary had been so adamant that Aaron wouldn't need to remain working-fit. Not to mention how the fennec seemed to grow more affectionate the heavier the snolf became. So this had to be a good thing, right? Even if Zachary hadn't said it directly, his affection, encouragements, praises, and gentle touches all spoke of approval. So, maybe Aaron could just enjoy being a spoiled pet.

In spite of panting from waddling slowly, the snolf felt his cheeks dimpling with a warm smile. He really was lucky; he had the best owner he could possibly have.

That thought was intruded on when Aaron neared his old resting spot. The barn that had been his previous place of recovery after work was far from silent, a fact that the snolf hadn't expected. Head tilting, the hybrid huffed as he shuffled around the red building, leaning against the wall by the door to catch his breath for a few moments. As he did, the snolf's ears flicked at the sound of more machines, different than the ones he'd heard in the fields. What sort of apparatus could need a barn?

Once he'd caught his breath, Aaron grunted as he straightened himself, nosing open the barn doors, only to balk at the sight that greeted him. The hay that had served as his bedding was gone, the wooden floors now clean and free of detritus, supporting a series of conveyor belts and lines of sturdy jars, winding through a complex series of machines that had them filling with a variety of preserves. From fruity jams to sugary jellies, the apples and oranges from the farm's orchard were being processed for long-term storage before being vacuum sealed by specialized capping machines.

Stepping into the barn, Aaron glanced about in clear awe. No wonder Zachary had been so busy on the weekends; setting all this up would have taken a lot of time and effort. And yet, he hadn't asked the snolf to help with it all, instead allowing Aaron to just laze about, really. He almost felt guilty, yet it had been the farmer's decision to go about it all on his own. And in place



of that guilt, there was that lingering, warm affection. Zach would have been completely in his rights to just say "too bad, got cheaper labor" and toss Aaron to the streets. Instead, he'd found a way for Aaron to stay; and not just survive, but thrive under the fennec's care.

The snolf smiled for another few moments, before his eyes landed on a feature in the barn that hadn't changed. Perking up at the familiar sight of his work harness hanging from its hook, the serpent waddled over to the item, curiously looking it over. For some reason, Zach hadn't gotten rid of it. Only able to wonder at the reason for the moment, the snolf turned his gaze toward the still-open barn doors, before looking back to the harness, tail flicking curiously. Could he even still fit in it?

No, he could not. He didn't need to try to know that; he'd outgrown its sizing at least three times over by now, he knew that for a fact. And yet, that very thought was what had him reaching up to the article and nosing it off its hook, snorting as dust was disturbed from its surface. Stepping back from the wall a few paces, the snolf sat on his rump once more, turning the harness in his grasp as he blushed. This was a really silly urge he was having. There was no way he could get the damn thing around his neck, let alone his chest. So, why did he want to try?

With one more glance outside, as though worried he might get caught sneaking cookies from the jar, Aaron nosed under the harness and, as he'd known they would, the straps that had once fit so easily around his neck now halted well before passing over his collar. His blush deepening, the snolf hesitated as he once more realized just how odd this impulse was, yet still he found a strange sort of arousal at just how thoroughly he outsized what had once fit him perfectly. Shuffling, the snolf sat up straighter, seeing if he could get his forepaws through the loops that were draping over his shoulders, though his broadened physique meant he could only just get his wrists through the straps.

Even his shoulders were too fat to allow the harness to fit properly, a thought that had the snolf flustered. Just how thoroughly had he outgrown the harness? Could he get it on at all?

Those curiosities spurred the snolf to try again, grunting as he attempted to force his paws through the arm straps, not quite aware of how he started to lift himself up onto his hindlegs, or the way he'd begun to shuffle and wiggle, his heavy tail keeping him balanced. It was only when Aaron felt the conveyor belt against his flank that he realized he'd wandered into the machinery, giving a surprised grunt as he lifted his forepaws up, blinking at the conveyor bemusedly. When had he

The snolf yelped when bottle hooks caught hold of the lifted harness, the sudden, fast grip yanking the straps tight against his wrists. Eyes wide, Aaron tugged against the harness that had caught between a bottle and the mechanical hooks that held it, yet large as he was, the sheer torque behind the industrial machinery didn't even slow down against his weight. Like he was nothing more than a bag of cotton, the hybrid was tugged right up onto the conveyor belt, hind paws scrabbling against the sides of the machine while he tried to pull himself free.

"C-come on, let go!" Aaron growled, wincing as his presence pushed aside bottles that had only begun their journey, sending them crashing to the ground around him. Hesitating at the

broken glass that was now below, the snolf realized this particular spot was perhaps not the best to dismount from, gulping as he looked up and further down the line. At the very least, he didn't see anything life-threatening like mechanical hammers or heat-treatment down the line. Though he couldn't help worrying about broken forelegs if the harness got further caught up, resuming his struggle to free himself from the grasp of the straps, panting hard from the effort. Looks like he wasn't going to be able to keep that promise of not exercising.

That was the least of his worries in that moment, the snolf growling as he pulled himself up enough to try gnawing at the harness. Old and worn as it was, the damn thing was annoyingly sturdy, resisting the shearing efforts of his jaws with worrying stubbornness. If he could just... cut this strap.

The snolf would have seen the clamp coming if he hadn't been so absorbed in his escape attempt. Yet the first he knew of it was when the machine suddenly grabbed firmly around his muzzle, earning another surprised yelp from the lupine as he tried and failed to shake his head. With mechanical precision, the clamp positioned Aaron's snout so it was in just the right place, as it was programmed to do for any jar that it latched ahold of. Giving a whimper, the lupine tried to tug himself free again, only for the next surprise to hit, feeling a nozzle push right through his struggling muzzle.

Blinking, Aaron didn't even have time to consider what was happening, before a brief rush of air heralded a hasty flow of something exceedingly sweet. In moments, the snolf's cheeks puffed full, and he found himself swallowing out of pure reflex. Hold on, that tasted... really good.

Panic briefly suspended, the snolf's eyes crossed as he tried to identify just what had been forced in his muzzle, continuing to stream sugary fluid in and forcing him to chug hastily to keep up. The nozzle was attached to a tube, which he was able to follow with his eyes through the machines it wove around to its source; an industrial vat, dominating the rear wall of the barn, with the stylized image of an apple on its surface. And that's when it clicked; jelly, this was apple jelly.

Well, one mystery solved; that still left him with the issue of freeing himself. Delicious as it was, the jelly was coming a lot faster than he was used to, and that was saying something considering his recent feasts. It was going to fill him with enough to fill a jar, right? And then let him go, surely.

So... why was it still going?

Indeed, the conveyor line had stopped, pausing in its rhythmic procession once Aaron wound up under the line of fire. That jelly just kept coming, forcing the snolf to gulp hard every couple seconds just so he could breathe. Why wasn't it stopping? Did he need to hit a button? No, this was automated, there had to be a sensor or something. Gods, it was hard to think in that moment. There was so, so much sugar flowing over his tongue, pushing into his belly, joining his oversized breakfast.

Aaron's thighs clenched as he huffed through his snout. O-oh, no, not now. He needed to stay focused, figure out how to get out of this mess. He couldn't think about how tasty the jelly was, or let himself be distracted by the feeling of his belly starting to stretch with each gulp. He definitely shouldn't let himself get so aroused by this.

He'd have shaken his head if he could. F-focus, there had to be an emergency shutoff. Something, anything. Yet there was so little he could see from this position, locked muzzle-upward and only able to see the machines above and behind. The line had stopped, he could feel around with his tail, it wouldn't get caught up now.

Sluggishly, the serpent's coils started to probe around him, feeling for anything he could use to free himself or stop the machine that was practically turning him into a jelly filled pinata. It was just... hard to focus on his sense of touch when his sense of taste was being treated so, so very pleasantly. And even when he could focus on touch, the sensations from his stomach kept edging into the forefront of Aaron's mind. His hide swelling, stretching, filling with every moment, the pleasant fog that accompanied a well-filled stomach. But he... couldn't let himself be distracted. Not now. If he didn't free himself, he was going to be forced to keep gulping, chugging, glutting...

A shudder once more ran up Aaron's long spine. Damn it, this was... it *should* have been panic-inducing. He couldn't stop his probing tail from starting to wag as his stomach went from moderately filled to undeniably distended, its swell becoming more evident now. He couldn't see, but he could definitely feel the way his furry gut pushed forward, at first sagging against the conveyor, now pressing over its edge, dangling down his groin and tail further and further and... further...

A moan slipped through Aaron's muzzle around the nozzle that was lodged within it, which had yet to receive the shutoff signal from the filling station's sensor, programmed as it was to send the signal once it detected jelly in the path of an unseen laser. As it was, all that sensor detected was the absence of that key color it was programmed to detect, and thus, the flow continued unabated.

Not that the unwitting vessel of all that jam was exactly complaining. The snolf's struggles had died down significantly, his breaths coming short and excited between hasty gulps. For the first time in a long while, he was starting to feel full; not just sated, but pleasantly full. So stretched had his capacity become that the normal amount of food he could take in just didn't come close to this sort of feeding. Once widened eyes had become half-lidded, the snolf whimpering and moaning alternately under the assault of calories, practically leaning into the nozzle rather than away from it. His tail still wandered, though perhaps this was more because of how it was squirming in pleasure. Survival instincts still rung in the back of Aaron's mind, yet that ophidian desire rang louder still as he finally felt himself become full, and then even moreso.

It was blind luck, really. When the snolf's eyes opened a bit wider in the midst of another blissful shudder, head bucking back slightly with the throes of ecstasy. And in that moment, his euphoric gaze landed on letters that appeared upside-down to him, taking a while for his mind to process. On the machine behind him, labeled clearly amid safety warnings, were the words he'd

been searching for, "Emergency Shutoff". It took longer still for the snolf to actually comprehend those words, his eyes widening as he recognized his salvation.

Only... he didn't go for it. He knew he should have, especially since his stomach was going from full to stuffed, ever so slight signals of discomfort starting to rise from his overburdened gut. And yet, his eyes just lingered on that label, internally struggling between logic and desire. All of this sugar was going to go directly on his figure, he knew that. Not to mention just how foggy his mind was getting, blurred by ophidian euphoria at how utterly full he felt, how much fuller he felt with every moment. He should stop this before something happened to prevent him from being able to do so. The switch was in easy reach of his tail, he could just... reach out. Pull it. Bring this to a stop.

Those eyes closed, the snolf shuddering as he hung limp from paws that kneaded at the air. Maybe just... a little longer...

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"Aaron, I'm hom—ah, damn, fuckin "

Zachary hissed as he nearly dropped some of the baskets and boxes he was carrying, somewhat clumsily reaching back with a foot to shut the door behind him, before shuffling his way over to the counter. The assortment of produce and other such goodies were dumped rather unceremoniously onto the counter's surface, the fox letting out a relieved sigh once he was free of the burden. There was a momentary glance thrown at a particularly colorful box in that mix, though the very sight made those vulpine cheeks flush and Zach shake his head to refocus his attention on the task at hand. The literal weight off his shoulders allowed the fennec to finally look around his home, and when met with the squeaky clean dishes and a suspiciously missing wolf, his head cocked in confusion.

"Aaron?" Zach called out uncertainly, that emotion giving way to mounting concern when he was met with only the silence of his home. "You there, bud?"

The search around the house yielded no results, even when the fox had gone up the stairs to check in his bedroom, and so it was with rather hasty steps and worried motions that he put his coat back on once he arrived back at the front door. "Where on earth has that damn wolf gone?" The murmuring was followed by the creak of the door as it was pulled open, the fennec stepping back into the chilly autumn air with a rub of his fluffy paws.

For a few moments, the fox simply let his gaze wander across the fields that stretched out over his land, narrowing those azure orbs to focus his sight. But no amount of staring yielded an overfed, green hill prancing around his produce, the fox rolling his eyes as he turned and began to make his way around the estate. Zachary's anxiety gradually mounted as no reply came to the numerous calls to Aaron's name, his thoughts inevitably leading to the worst conclusions that included everything ranging from life-threatening injury to abandonment.

It truly felt like half an hour before the fox came upon the barn whose doors had been left open, though it had only been a few minutes in reality. Still, that sense of urgency had Zachary rushing up to the doors to push them open, his muzzle opening to call out his pet's name once.

"Aar—" was all the fennec managed to utter before his throat locked up at the sight that greeted him. Frozen in utter confusion at what exactly he was looking at in the dim light of the barn, the fox pushed the doors open to his sides to let in more of the sun's retreating rays. Illuminated, the state in which Zachary found his pet had him frozen in place for what felt like minutes.

Sprawled out on his back with his hind legs hanging limp from the sides of the conveyor belt and his forelegs hooked above his head, Aaron's form was singularly dominated by the alabaster mound that curved out from his abdomen. Which, to be honest, shouldn't have been that much of a shock these days. The current size of that gut outperformed every other instance of previous days spent stuffing the wolf full of food, however, curving high into the air. High enough that even if Aaron had stretched out his forelegs all the way, he still wouldn't have been able to reach all the way up to its apex, its lower curve completely filling the space between those thickened thighs and pushing those plump hind legs out into a sprawl just to accommodate the sheer size of that mound of fluffy flab and... what, exactly?

Snapped out of his shock, it didn't take long for Zach to put two and two together once he allowed his eyes to follow the tube and nuzzle that was still attached to Aaron's muzzle. "O-Oh gods, what did you do?" the fox crooned almost immediately in sympathy as he took in the state of his pet, cringing from the sight of that massive gut and flicking his ears from the loud, intermittent gurgles he could hear emitting from within its utterly full depths.

Quickly making his way over, the fox made sure the machinery was off before stepping up to the wolf. Though even as he made to do so, he was momentarily stunned by the sheer girth of that gut beside him, having to crane his neck and tip his head back just to take in the way it curved out so, so far from Aaron's abdomen, utterly dominating his form with its size. Concern overwhelmed baffled awe quickly, however, and the fennec quickly flicked his gaze to check on Aaron's features.

What greeted him wasn't exactly what he was expecting.

Zach tilted his head, momentarily pausing in his concern to help the wolf once he recognized the unalldurated, euphoric bliss that graced those dozing lupine features. The sight only mounted his confusion, the fox doing a double take of that gargantuan gut and its owner's apparent lack of discomfort, before simply shaking his head. This wasn't the time to stare in awe at your overfed pet, Zachary.

No matter how adorable those dozing, loopily grinning and purring features were. Or how pressing the mystery of how all of this had occurred was.

"A-Aaron?" the fox called out quietly, gently reaching over to grab ahold of the nozzle and slowly, gradually pull it free from the wolf's maw, "Buddy? You... you okay, there? Can you hear me?"

Snorting and snuffling at the voice, Aaron grumbled softly as he slowly managed to claw back into consciousness, first one eye peeking open, and then the other. He felt something very heavy on top of him, groaning as he reached up with his tail to identify the pinning heft, only to freeze when the first contact on his gut sent an electrical jolt from his stretched hide. Not painful, but definitely startling, the sensation had the snolf letting out a surprised yip as his tail jerked back, dangling limply from the side of the conveyor while he stared up at the ceiling in confusion. Why was he in the barn?

It slowly came back to the serpent when he caught sight of the machines that remained overhead, not to mention how his forepaws remained the captives of his traitorous harness. Groaning softly, the snolf licked his muzzle, still sticky from being caught up in the jelly dispenser. Full. That was the first conscious thought to come to mind. Gods, he was full... wonderfully, blissfully, finally full. The feeling was so completely pleasuring that he couldn't help a slight flush rising in his features, which made it all the more embarrassing when he found himself turning to find blue eyes regarding him with both concern and awe.

Oh. Oh, shit.

His own eyes going wide, Aaron's head ducked into his multiple chins as he whimpered, making to try rolling over, only to be rather hastily reminded that he was both caught up in his harness and pinned by his gut, the attempt only making that dome slosh audibly side to side. Oh gods, that felt amazing, too...

Whining, the snolf gave a contrite look to his companion, tail briefly tucking between his legs, though once again it retreated quickly when it pushed into his lower belly and made him gasp with another shudder of mixed discomfort and ecstasy. "I-I... got... haah, c-caught," the serpent panted, looking up at the harness that was still hooked by the jar racks, "C-couldn't pull myself *hic* f-free... jelly... sooo much jelly." Aaron didn't exactly sound too displeased, in spite of how clearly embarrassed he was to have klutzed his way into this position, turning a practically drunken gaze toward his companion and letting out another worried whimper paired with shimmering eyes, "A-am I... in trouble?"

All at once, whatever ire or pent-up worry the fox had previously built up in his heart vanished. Just the sight and that tone had his urge to reassure his pet screaming at him to do so immediately, and although he was perplexed to find a whole lot of pleasure lingering in those lupine features in spite of his situation, he still prioritized that singular desire to comfort his companion.

"A-Aww, no, oh my god, Aaron, no! Of course not! You... gods above, you poor thing," the fennec breathed out as he shook his head, reaching out to cup his pet's chin in a hand and gently guide his muzzle so their snouts touched gently, missing the way the touch got Aaron's tail

wagging, "I'm not mad at all, bud. I... I was just really worried when I couldn't find you, but I can see now that it wasn't your fault at all. You got into a lil' accident, is all."

That was putting it mildly, and even the fox himself knew it, yet in that moment, he found it justified to underplay the extent of this "lil' accident." Pulling back once he'd reassured his companion, the fox rather clumsily leaned forward and up, having to press himself up against Aaron's chest in order to reach up towards the bindings that held his forepaws captive. Busy as he was with freeing his pet, the fennec didn't even notice how the side of his hip had pressed up against the upper curve of that massively stuffed gut, and it was only when a soft moan came from beside him that he yipped and reflexively pulled his paws back from the harness.

"S-Shit, sorry! Did that hu—"

Aaron's whole face was lit up like a cherry, biting his lip as his hips squirmed under the bulk of his belly, sending that dome pushing heavily against the fox's thigh and only worsening the poor lupine's helpless fluster. He couldn't even find his voice for a moment, trying to hide his face against a pudgy bicep as he blushed so intensely, hind paws curling beyond the horizon of that giant paunch.

The fennec regarded the snolf for a moment, confusion rising when he didn't find pain, but another expression entirely on the hybrid's face before he'd managed to hide it. That was... definitely some sort of pleasure. But, how in the world could someone be this full and not in pain? The fox's head turned to look at the rising hill beside him with incredulity, only making the caught-up lupine squirm more as his exposed heft was taken in. Why, oh why, did being this vulnerable somehow make it all even more arousing?

"C... could you, um," Aaron started, still finding it hard to focus and speaking slowly, words ever so slightly slurred from just how intoxicatingly full he was in that moment, "G-get my... h-hff, paws free?"

Catching himself, Zachary shook his head to break whatever spell had him so enamored with that impressive paunch. Once more, he carefully leaned in, making sure not to press into the snolf's midsection this time, his slender digits and opposable thumbs making quick work of the tangle that hand formed around the machine's hooks. Still, having that svelte fox pressed up against Aaron's chest had the snolf blushing, and in his dopey state, he just couldn't resist gently, lovingly nuzzling at the fennec's chest, giving a soft, blissful hum, "Sweeeet fox."

The fennec let out a little yap of surprise as he felt that snout press up against his chest, blinking and glancing down to watch the dopily smiling wolf nuzzling at him in evident gratitude. Something was... off about this behavior, though. As loving and playful as Aaron had gotten in his transition to the pet lifestyle, this wasn't quite like him. Zach quickly threw a glance over to the tube that had been attached to the lupine's maw, following it along to its source and letting out a sigh of relief at the vet that greeted him.

Thank fuck he didn't get into the cider canister. Now that would have been a disaster and a half.

Still, glancing back at the wolf, the fox couldn't quite place that dopey expression and slurred words. That is, until he realized just how incredibly full that alabaster gut must have been to reach *that* size. It didn't take a genius to realize what could be the reason behind the wolf's loopy behavior; the poor pet had literally eaten himself into a stuffed stupor.

"W-Well, I can see you... aren't hurt, at least?" Zach mumbled as he refocused his attention on the harness, managing to unwind the bind and let those forepaws free from their captivity, the limbs promptly falling out splayed to his sides, "But, u-uh, you look like you... uh," the fennec's own features flushed, pulling back from the sprawled lupine to throw a glance at that massive gut once again, shaking his head in disbelief at the sight, "Really outdid yourself, t-this time. You look, uhm, quite, y'know..."

The snolf didn't quite register those words at first, caught up as he was in the relief of finally having his paws free. Working the limbs, Aaron sighed long while he closed his eyes, taking in all the sensations across his form, not a single one unpleasant now that he wasn't being held hostage. Muzzle parting, the snolf's tongue fell out of the side as he breathed deeply, shuddering at how each breath made his hide stretch just a tiny bit more before relaxing as he exhaled, feeling the lower curve of his gut settle heavier over the base of his tail. He just might have to do this aga

Catching himself, the snolf blushed hard, as though worried that thought might have somehow leaked from his mind into Zachary's own, quickly closing his muzzle as his paws came up to hide his features, finally registering his companion's statements. He had outdone himself, hadn't he? Every feast before this one paled in scale, and he'd managed to stomach all that jelly without so much as a hint of nausea. All that sugar was definitely going to stick to his figure, though. The hybrid huffed as his thighs clenched at the thought, moaning again quietly when his belly was disturbed by the movement.

"J-Jeez," the fennec's mumbling voice came after a moment of silence, only now recognizing what the true contents of the vat had been, as well as the implication of all that jelly being crammed right into his pet's gut. Enough to make it curve higher into the air than his own forepaws could reach. "Was that... the apple jam container? O-Oh, gods, that must have been *so* much sugar."

The comment deepened the snolf's blush even more, yet he couldn't stop himself from huffing and wagging all the more intensely as well, even as he continued to hide behind his paws. Just how much of that sugar was going to stick to him? Was he even going to digest this all in one day? How fat would it leave him.

Why was he looking forward to finding out, instead of dreading it?

"Two dozen? N-No... three dozen? More? Oh, that's," Zachary's mumbling, whispering voice entered the lupine's ears, the fox having averted his gaze to seemingly assess the damage to himself. Wrapped as he was in calculating the sheer amount of calorie count of what his pet had just consumed in one go, however, the fennec didn't even notice that he was mumbling his



thoughts aloud, just loud enough for Aaron to pick them up. "Tens of thousands of calories in a few hours? Gosh, he's going to put on a lot of weight, isn't he?"

Those words, subtle as they were, had Aaron moaning softly into his paws. Gods, he was going to put on a lot of weight from this. Why was that making him all the more excited? Letting out something halfway between a whine and a huff, the snolf leaned his head back again as he slowly lowered his paws, resting them on the surface of his middle. Again, an almost electrical sort of pleasure tingled under his paws, making him shudder as he gingerly assuaged his packed gut. He would have done so for a while, if it hadn't been for the rails of the conveyor digging into his back, making him grunt after a moment, though he stopped himself when he made to try getting off.

"Z... Zach?" Aaron huffed, tilting his head back to look at the fox sheepishly, "U-um... you mmight, huff... want to m-move." There was a pause, before the snolf blushed harder as he continued, "I don't... want to roll over on you from up here."

That comment immediately made the fox stop in his tracks, blinking and staring back at his pet in disbelief. There was a moment of silence that followed, during which those blue eyes wandered over to that curving, hefty gut, fluffy cheeks flushing red once the fox realized just how incredibly heavy all that wolf must have been. Yes, indeed, he should have probably moved out of the way if he didn't want to get squashed like a bug under literal *tons* of wolf blubber.

"O-Oh, y-yeah, of course. You, uh, you go right ahead, I'm just gonna," Zachary somewhat awkwardly stepped away, giving space to the massively overstuffed lupine and ringing his hands in front of his chest somewhat worriedly, "B-Be careful, though. You look a little... uhm... heavy."

As if he couldn't feel exactly how heavy he was right then. Still, the comment was met with another unexpected huff, the snolf trying hard not to let his rising arousal keep him from his task; namely, getting this much gut moving. Wincing as he swayed to one side, making the belt below dig into him more, the snolf growled subtly while he used his tail as a lever, arching his back and trying desperately not to get too flustered by how his undergut was grinding against his groin. Slowly, the gurgling hill built up waves of momentum, until with one last heave, he managed to roll himself off of the conveyor, landing with a mighty thud atop his paunch, the impact forcing out the air he'd been fed alongside the jelly in a long belch.

Again those lupine features were in hiding behind large paws, yet that release had done wonders for the pressure in his gut. And the next moment, the snolf shuddered as he registered how he was currently being propped up by his belly alone; all four of his paws were curled against his own hide from the anxiety of that short fall, and still his shoulder stood almost even to where it would have been if those paws were outstretched. He was so, so swollen. So heavy. So godsdamned cozy.

Shivering, the snolf tentatively, hesitantly rested his chin on his chest, shuddering at how, when he was this comically distended, he could almost use his own figure for a bed. That only lasted a moment, however, before Aaron recalled that he was absolutely not alone in that moment,

yipping and scrabbling at the air a few times before he managed to get a paw on the ground. He actually had to push some of his gut out of the way to get the second forelimb to the floor, hind paws squeezing similarly into his distended girth to find their purchase. Even then, when he tried to stand, the bloated lupine whined at the pressure it put on his gut, timidly looking over his shoulder toward his owner with an expression that pleaded for assistance, even as he just kept on flushing from how incredible it all felt.

Of course, there wasn't much Zachary could do aside from stare in slack-jawed awe and disbelief, causing that doughy tail to curl against Aaron's underbelly again. He really should have hit that emergency shutoff sooner. Gods, why had he let it go on so long after? Another whine of contrition and embarrassment left the snolf's muzzle at seeing Zach's expression, the fox catching himself and giving a gentle, reassuring croon as he stepped over, cupping the snolf's chin and stroking his neck reassuringly.

"H-Hey, it's okay, bud. It's alright. I told you I'm not mad," came those comforting words almost automatically from the fennec's lips, that urge to tend to his incredibly overfed pet overwhelming whatever disbelief he held at the state of the wolf's stuffed frame, though he couldn't help himself from glancing over the lupine's shoulder at those distended, bowing flanks and give an incredulous shake of his head at the sight, "From what I've gathered, it seems like it was just an accident, huh? You're not in trouble. You just had, uhm, a *little* more to eat than usual, is all."

Again, Aaron gently pressed his face against the fox's chest once Zachary had come around to his front, finding comfort in the embrace of his owner. At the same time, hearing those reassurances was like fuel to the fire in the snolf's chest; after glutting through so much of their product, the fennec wasn't even mad? And even realizing that so much of those sugary calories were going to stick to the snolf's frame, the fox only called it a little more than usual.

This felt... good. Strange, yet wonderful.

Sighing into Zachary's shirt, the snolf grunted as he lifted a forepaw, hesitating for a moment, before curling the limb around the fox's back, ever so timidly pulling the anthro against himself. Unintentionally, that pull had the fennec's hips sinking right into the supple flab of Aaron's chest, pooling out around the one foreleg that still remained planted. And though the vulpine let out a surprised gasp, he didn't pull away, letting the snolf wordlessly brush his large muzzle over the fox's ears in gentle appreciation.

"You poor thing," the fennec crooned, too caught up in his desire to reassure his companion to realize just what sort of behavior he was reinforcing in that moment, wrapping his arms around the wolf's flabby collar from below and somewhat unintentionally pressing his snout right up against one of the blubbery neck folds that rested there heavily. "You must have gotten your paws caught in that harness, huh? We'll have to check for any bruises on your forelegs and on your back," the fox trailed off, pausing as he added in a quieter tone, "Once you have, uhm, digested some of that jelly. You..." Zach pulled back, his own cheeks flushing red as his ears folded, glancing down at the way that lupine chest pressed out between the wolf's forelegs thanks to the sheer size of that gut, "It looks like that darn machine filled you up... quite a bit."

Still wearing a deep blush, the snolf's ears splayed as he slowly nodded. "Y-yeah... j-just managed to, er, sh-shut it off in time," Aaron murmured, letting out a soft purr as he was caressed by the fennec's muzzle. Out of the vulpine's view, that fattened tail pressed into and rubbed his underbelly indulgently, making him shiver as he held to the anthro gently, his eyes not quite able to meet Zachary's own. "U-um, would you mi—" cut off mid-word by a long yawn that flashed his curved teeth, the overstuffed lupine licked his muzzle when he managed to close it again, nuzzling at the fennec's ears again, "Mmm, m-mind getting me... some of my pillows?" After a quiet pause, the snolf added in a quiet tone, "I don't... think I can move."

Zachary blinked at those words, pulling back and giving a wide-eyed stare at the beached whale of a wolf in front of him, an ear flicking as he asked in disbelief. "You... can't move?"

Ears pinning back at the incredulity, Aaron looked himself over again. Tentatively, the snolf tried again to plant all four paws, and though he could still reach the ground by pressing in around his bloated hide, the sheer weight of jelly within him combined with how little leverage he could muster prevented him from doing anything more than wobble back and forth slightly. It didn't take long for his fatigued limbs to lose their grip bouncing up from the ground as he yipped in surprise, sprawling out over his own gut once more and trying to hide his face in his paws with a little whimper.

That was all Zachary needed to see to realize the truth of the words. Staring another moment, the fennec nodded slowly, before reaching out and gently curling a hand behind the snolf's ear, scritching reassuringly. "N-No worries, I'll take care of it. Be right back."

Once the fennec left, Aaron found himself slowly easing his tensed shoulders, able to relax atop the plush cushion that was his own gut. Ever so steadily, a little smile started to cross his features, dimpling reddened cheeks while his paws brushed idly at his own hide. Who knew he could handle this much food at once? With his new privacy, Aaron felt his tail starting to wag again as he petted himself, light shudders and low huffs starting up while he caressed his hypersensitive hide.

How much effort would it be to get one of these machines to the house?

The thought came unexpectedly, bringing with it a deep flush that had Aaron ducking his head. Gods, what was he thinking? He's just eaten so much he wound up unable to move; why did he want to do it again? Hadn't he had enough? He was practically a beached whale like this, and yet, Zachary hadn't seemed too bothered by that fact. Concerned on first arrival, definitely, and yet after seeing that Aaron was okay, he was apparently fine with it. Did he... really not mind?

Could Aaron... eat this much regularly?

N-no, he absolutely shouldn't. Gods, he'd be huge if he ate like this more often. Just the thought of it, becoming a permanently beached snolf, it was

Stop. Wagging.

The snolf glared daggers over his shoulder. Stupid, traitorous tail, anyway. Why did it have to tell him how he really felt like that?

And yet, he couldn't deny a certain thrill at it all. Toying with the idea of glutting like this again. Only, if he did, with Zachary there with him... gods, that'd be... even better.

Maybe the fennec could...

Shaking his head, the snolf reached up and rubbed his face with both paws. What was he thinking? Gods, why couldn't he stop imagining those slender paws being the ones to push food into his muzzle like the nozzle had? He had to be crazy. He was so vulnerable like this. Why, why did he love it?

Those uncertainties kept swirling in the snolf's mind, getting him squirming and huffing as he swayed atop his gut, feeling like a raft floating amid a gently-swaying sea. It wasn't too dissimilar to resting on a hammock, except that hammock was a part of himself. And way warmer. And even more cozy...

Another yawn split the snolf's muzzle, the forked tip of his tongue curling briefly, before flickering as he shook his head again, sending more ripples down his back and chest. It was hard keeping his eyes open with all this food in his belly. Slowly, the hybrid rested his head on the upper shelf of his sprawled flab, a small, satisfied smile on his features. Despite all the worries and uncertainties, in that moment, he had a warm bed to rest on, a wonderfully full belly, and an owner to care for him. He'd be back... any moment now.

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The tinkling of glass made Aaron's ears twitch, a soft grumble leaving his groggy muzzle, before he sluggishly lifted his head to investigate the sound through bleary eyes. That gaze was drawn downward, however, when something fell from under his chin as it lifted, blinking at the pillow that had rolled down from his chest to the ground. And it wasn't alone, either. Surrounding the snolf were his familiar cushions, along with a blanket the serpent recognized from Zachary's bed, draped across his back to keep the chilly air of autumn at bay. In his current state, it made the snolf rather look like he himself was a bed that had just been made, the thought getting another fresh blush on his features.

It didn't take long for Aaron to deduce who had so caringly tucked him in like this, that thought confirmed when he looked toward the sound of glass scraping across wooden floor once more to find Zachary working a push broom over the jars that had been knocked free from the conveyor. Ears splaying sheepishly, the snolf fidgeted for a moment, before lifting his head and calling out gently, "Th-thanks for... rescuing me, there."

Zach's oversized ears pricked at the soft, abashed voice, quickly shoving the last remaining broken pieces of glass into a trash bag before putting the cleaning equipment down. "O-Oh, hey, you're awake. Didn't mean to wake you," the fox said softly as he turned and walked back over to

the currently beached whale of a pet, unable to hide that incredulous awe in his expression as he took in the sight of Aaron literally resting on his bloated gut. The wolf had eaten a frankly outrageous amount of food, and although the fennec had gotten rather used to the sight of his companion stuffing himself silly, he never would have expected it to be taken *this* far.

"And no problem," Zach managed a somewhat awkward smile once he made his way back over to the overstuffed lupine, standing in front of his head and cupping his chin—or well, *chins*—in a hand while he crooned reassuringly, "I would have been the most cruel owner in the world if I left my pet tied up like that. I, uh," the fox gave a disbelieving chuff as he looked at Aaron in that lingering abashed confusion, "I still can't believe you got tangled up like that and then," those blue eyes drifted to the side to peer at the bowing, bloated flanks, cringing subtly at the sight, "Y'know, you had quite a bit of, uhm... dinner, huh?"

Aaron could swear Zachary was trying to give his blushing muscles a deliberate workout, yet the dopey little smile that dimpled his reddened cheeks was impossible to miss. "I was, um... trying to get my work harness on," the snolf tried to explain himself, nuzzling down into the fox's palm as he closed his eyes, purring from the tender contact, "And it got caught up in the machinery."

The serpent's tail gingerly curled against his side, subconsciously brushing the swollen, yet malleable surface. Gods above, he'd never been so full before. It was such a new feeling. New, and thoroughly decadent.

Hind paws curling in pleasure as he huffed subtly, the snolf peeked open an eye, looking up to the fox with that sheepish, yet affectionate smile. The fennec's expression once more held no trace of disapproval, even if there was a lot of awe and concern. He clearly had trouble believing the ophidian was fine after eating so, so much. That care had the snolf's heart fluttering all over again, face shifting into pink once more while he nuzzled at the vulpine's chest, letting out a soft grunt after a moment.

"Mmf, m-maybe... too much dinner, though," Aaron chuckled abashedly, fidgeting his paws together in front of his chest while his tail continued to soothingly stroke his swollen side. There was definitely a mild ache that came with this level of fullness, and yet strangely, like a hot spice in a savory stew, it just made the experience that more indulgent. And the partially-amused glance of disbelief that met the serpentine wolf's features only added to that pleasantness.

"M-Maybe, huh? I'm glad to see you're not in pain, at least?"

Head ducking into his supple collar, the hybrid gave a bashful little grin, his ears flickering at the fennec's words. It was surprising how little discomfort came with being this full, yes. Still, even if he had been in pain, at least he knew Zach was here to help soothe him if he needed.

The snolf's ears suddenly pricked forward, before his features fell slightly, averting his gaze as he forced a little whimper. "N-not, um, too much pain," he murmured, eyes flicking up when he caught the vulpine perking up attentively as soon as those words were spoken. Reaching up, the fox cupped the snolf's cheek with a concerned expression, the serpent's tail thumping his own

side as it wagged from the contact. Meeting the fennec's gaze, Aaron gave another of those embarrassed expressions, still fiddling with his claws while mumbling, "That was... a lot of jelly, though. My stomach aches a bit." Those words were followed by wide, glimmering eyes, looking up to the fox pleadingly, all while the cheeks under them burned red hot.

Of all the things that had happened that day, that comment was perhaps the most normal of them all. Considering the sheer amount of sugary, fattening food that the wolf must have glutted down, it would have been weirder if he *didn't* at least have a stomach ache. Perhaps the wolf's stomach wasn't a bottomless pit, after all?

"A-Aww, no, you poor, poor thing," Zachary simply couldn't help crooning in sympathy, the very idea of his pet being in discomfort squeezing his heart with worrying intensity, not quite aware of just how lenient he was acting with the wolf after having caught him stuffing himself so full he literally could not move anymore, "You really must have eaten... a lot, huh?"

The snolf felt his thighs squeezing together seemingly of their own accord at that question, huffing while he gently pressed his face against Zachary's chest once more, both to hide how red it was getting and from simple affection. He couldn't imagine the fennec doing it on purpose, but Zach was hitting all the right buttons with every word, the serpent repressing the urge to start panting. "I could really use something to help with that ache," Aaron purred softly into the anthro's shirt, his ears splaying out visibly, "Do you, um, think you could...?"

Too embarrassed to voice the request in its entirety, Aaron tried to indicate what he meant by rolling over to show his middle. "Tried" being the key word; planting his paws, a task made easier by the modest degree of shrinkage his belly had undergone in the last couple hours, the snolf tried to push himself over to one side, and when that failed, the effort followed his swaying momentum over to the other flank. Yet in spite of the abundant swinging of all that swollen blubber, the poor pet just couldn't get enough inertia to overcome the sheer amount of floor he was covering in that moment.

Breath coming in short pants, the rippling hybrid let out a sound that was a mix between bashful whimper and titillated moan, biting his lip while he tried to stop all that wobbling when he realized rolling over was NOT going to happen. What was worse or maybe even better was how he looked back to the fox and found those blue eyes wide like dinner plates as Zach watched, jaw hanging open slightly in pure wonder at the hypnotic display. Whine-purring again, the snolf huffed hard as he sprawled out once more tiredly, his paws folding against his chest while he glanced back to his flank, then to the anthro before him, wordlessly and blushingly tapping at the side of his belly with his tail, hoping the flustered, yet pleading expression he gave was enough to communicate what he desired in that moment. Embarrassing as it was, that simple gesture was enough to get that hotness in his chest intensifying, internally incredulous that he'd just done that right in front of his owner, yet just as aroused by the whole thing.

Having just witnessed that series of spectacles, it took the fox a few moments to come to from simply staring at his bloated pet. It was only the sound of more begging whimpers that snapped him out of his trance-like state, shaking his head and trying to refocus, only to catch the tip of

that tail tapping against Aaron's bloated flank. Zach blinked in confusion at first, though all it took was a single glance towards the feral's pleading features to put two and two together.

Did Aaron want him to...?

Now, for ferals, tummy aches only really had one solution, and any owner of domesticated critters knew the cure. Only, for the fox, the situation was drastically different. After all, tummy rubs were casual when it came to normal-sized pets. But Aaron was anything but normal sized. Just the idea of covering all that gut would probably take not minutes, but almost half an hour, at least. Not to mention all that excess padding in the way.

The normally confident and ever-caring fox seemed hesitant in that moment, ears splaying in second-hand embarrassment as he finally found his voice, albeit with difficulty. "You... c-can't reach right now?" When all he got was the blushy whine of his pet and more of those begging, wide eyes, Zach felt his heartstrings being pulled at once again.

Gods above, why couldn't he say no to that face?

"I... s-sheesh, Aaron," the fennec tried to play his mounting embarrassment off with a forced chuckle, giving his pet's cheek a last little stroke before he turned and started making his way over to his flank, "You really should have told me you were in pain earlier, y'know. I would have, uhm, grabbed some meds from inside or something." When the words made those lupine features fall, Zach raised an eyebrow and rubbed the back of his neck abashedly. "O-Okay, no meds, then, but still. Here, uhm, I'm just going to, uh..."

Once more, the fennec hesitated as he arrived at his pet's side, and though he felt almost oddly intimidated by the wall of alabaster and green mountain that rose up before him, the gentle curl of that familiar, and very squishy, tail had his own nerves quieting somewhat. He was acting way too apprehensive about this, right? There was nothing weird about giving your pet tummy rubs. If anything, it was the most sacred and most *normal* form of showing affection between owner and pet. Hell, if he was honest, he should have started doing it the following day after Aaron's transition into his new lifestyle. Yes, indeed, it was weirder that he hadn't offered it up until now.

That was all well and good in his mind. Things were a little more difficult with literal tons of lupine flesh gurgling right in front of him in that moment. How was he even supposed to soothe all that belly?

Catching the wolf as he glanced back over his shoulder, Zach's own already widened eyes relaxed in habitual adoration at that expression, along with the sight of those hefty collar folds deepening from the way they pinched from the position of the lupine's head. His pet had gotten so, so damn fat. Just glancing back like that made those neck rolls deeper.

Wait neck rolls? Right, Aaron had gained enough weight to develop a literal tire of flab around his collar, now. But that wasn't what had the fox momentarily pausing, rather the realization that all this while, he had no qualms with getting his hands on that neck, rubbing it with folds and all.

So how was this any different?

Pushing aside the very obvious answer of sheer difference in scope, Zach flashed a somewhat awkward, but reassuring smile to his companion. "I-I got it don't worry! It's just, uhm... y'know," he turned back to look over that hefty, bowing flank, surprised to find that in spite of its full state, Aaron's sides retained those plump folds similar to those on his neck. It was exactly on two of those blubbery handles that the fennec's paws ended up settling on, and although the initial contact made Zach pause in both shock and disbelief at just how *soft* all that flabby pelt was, it only took a few seconds of feeling around for him to realize that, really, it didn't feel all too different from scratching and rubbing at his pet's neck.

It was all just fat. A lot of it.

With his previous reservations and uncertainties being replaced by that urge to comfort his companion, the fennec's paws began to gently, lovingly draw big, slow circles into that bowing flank, oversized ears flicking from the audible gurgles and churns he could hear from within that packed gut. Which reminded him; as packed as that gut must have been, it sure felt malleable, still. Huh. Odd.

Without even thinking about it, and with his apprehension now replaced by curiosity, Zachary tilted his head as he experimentally pushed a paw a bit more against all that fluffy flab, yipping in surprise when his hand simply wound up easily sinking in between two rolls to press right into Aaron's stuffed stomach beneath.

Letting out a sharp gasp, the snolf's head threw back involuntarily, biting his lip to force back the carnal moan that tried to rip free of his muzzle. Ears flicking and tail squirming, just the fox's touch alone was electrifying; feeling those paws sink so very easily into his side was beyond even that, sending signals of arousing bliss that completely overwhelmed his thoughts. "O-oh gods," the snolf crooned though panting breaths, shuddering under the fox's touch.

The fennec froze, briefly worried he'd added to the discomfort, yet one glance up toward that muzzle that was pointed up to the ceiling was enough to dispel that worry. The pleasure and relief on Aaron's face were beyond obvious, his mouth hanging loose as his tongue lolled and flicked at the air, panting hard with the pleasure summoned by the vulpine's palm. And though there was a certain something in that expression the anthro couldn't quite place, all that evident bliss was encouragement enough for his palms to sink in once more.

Hind legs squeezing as they tapped against the ground, the snolf's head tilted down as he huffed into his own collar, trying to lean against the fox's touch and mostly succeeding, despite how very heavy he'd become. The vulpine's eyes widened again when advancing rolls swallowed his hands up to the wrists, deep layers of chub coating a tangibly more-firm stomach beneath it all. And yet, in spite of that ridiculous load within, the fox was shocked by just how much give there still was. He knew Aaron was part snake, but to be this engorged and still possibly have room for more; it was mind-boggling.



Caught up in his curious observations, the fox brought one of his hands to the snolf's side, ever-so-gently grasping and squeezing one of those folds that had caught his eye so many times. Aaron nearly yelped, yet the sound was quickly overtaken by another euphoric moan, shuddering again while he practically melted over his own bloated gut. "Mmm... thaaat's goood~"

Blinking, Zachary cocked his head in confusion, glancing between the wolf and his flabby side for a few moments. Having completely lost himself in exploring just how much he'd allowed his pet to let go of himself, the fox somehow managed to mistake that moan for one of relieved groaning, thinking that he was actually relieving some of the painful pressure within that lupine gut.

"Oh? What, this?" And that hand gave another, tender squeeze to that flabby love handle, much like he had previously done on many occasions on the wolf's neck when he was playfully teasing his pet. "I, uhm, hope this is helping?"

The snolf gave a flustered squeak, holding his lip in his teeth once more. Oh gods, that was incredible. Zachary was holding one of his fattened lovehandles, and instead of mocking them, there was affection in his tone. Playful, yes, yet far, far from disapproving. If anything, it was almost encouraging. Curious.

Aaron couldn't get enough of it.

Whimpering almost pleadingly, the serpent's tail writhed slowly in ecstasy, drawing up to the fox's own tail and ever so gently wrapping around the limb in fond appreciation. "Y... yeah," Aaron managed to puff out abashedly, his muzzle split in a dopey, euphoric grin, in spite of deep crimson going from his chins to the tips of his ears.

What was most enticing of all was just how unbothered Zachary seemed. He didn't appear to care at all that the hybrid was getting fat enough to outweigh his working self four times over. Or that he'd gluttoned so abundantly on their product. If anything, a glance back at those vulpine features revealed something akin to approval in those adoring features.

Gods, he'd do anything for this fox.

Swallowing hard, the serpent hesitated for a moment, before more of those plump, supple coils curled against Zachary's back, gently pulling him against the feral's side. Yipping in surprise at the sudden tug, the fennec found himself surrounded by warm, fluffy, and veery soft snolf flesh, that tail nearly as well-padded as the gut that had suddenly swallowed up his arms when he fell into the cushy surface. Head ducking again sheepishly at unintentionally knocking the anthro from his feet, the snolf tried to arch his neck enough to nuzzle at the vulpine's shoulder, though he could only just reach the limb with a lick of his snakish tongue.

Momentarily stunned by the sheer softness that surrounded him, the fox couldn't contain the warmth that spread out from his chest from the gesture. It was one of evident gratitude and appreciation, and the feral's clumsy way of showing that had him letting out an amused, if somewhat embarrassed chuckle. He really didn't imagine his day ending with being pressed up

against his pet's rolled, flabby flank, but now that he was there, with his hands currently buried between heavy, silky handles of fat, an all-too-familiar thought emerged from the back of his mind with worrying intensity;

Did he even care if Aaron was fat? This didn't feel bad. At all, really. Sure, there was a frankly faint-worthy amount of fat coating the wolf's figure, and yet, just like it had in the last few months, that didn't make Zach feel uncomfortable. Or weird. Or disgusted. Or worried.

He just felt strangely curious. Almost fascinated, in a way; how on earth had his pet managed to gain so much damn weight? And why did it feel so strangely nice to simply touch him?

Flushing softly and folding his ears, the fennec tried to appear as casual as possible in spite of that internal, invasive thought, playfully patting the side of the wolf's gut and momentarily marveling at the way those side folds jiggled from the touch. "I, uh," it took him a few seconds to look away, glancing back towards his pet and offering a loving, if somewhat awkward smile, "I'm guessing by your pushy tail that that helped? The last thing I want is for my wuff to go to bed while in pain." It was almost unbelievable how that urge to reassure and comfort his pet overwhelmed the absurdity of what had just occurred, that faint, awkward blush on the fennec's features the only sign of his acknowledgment of the feral's immensely plump hide.

Tittering awkwardly, the snolf gave a little grin of his own, the fluttering warmth of pure euphoria still fresh within his quickly-beating heart. "M'hm," he affirmed, those soft coils gently grasping around the fox and pulling him up that supple figure, close enough for Aaron to give those big ears a fond nuzzle. "T-Though I think I'm gonna need to rest this off for a while, heh."