

Getting the bloated snolf back into the house that day wasn't exactly a realistic goal, so the hybrid simply settled for slooowly dragging himself to one corner of the barn, out of the way of any moving machinery to rest off his oversized feast. With Zach's help, a bed of cushions was set up that the hybrid was eventually able to roll himself into, laying on his side and sighing with relief at getting his own weight off of his still-swollen stomach. All that was left was to wait for that bloat to diminish enough to get back through the house door.

Which would have taken a good deal less time if Zachary hadn't surprised Aaron with dinner. Much to the snolf's shock, after a few hours of half-napping in the barn, those red doors opened again to allow his owner entry. And he hadn't come empty-handed; far from it, the fennec huffed as he carried an overburdened tray to the snolf, setting it in front of those wide, amber eyes. Blushing at the look of disbelief he got from the hybrid, the fox rubbed his neck as he mumbled something about not wanting the snolf to go hungry; after all, he hadn't eaten in hours by now, and that was definitely out of the norm for the both of them.

It was a touchingly thoughtful gesture. And had the poor, pampered pet flustered all over again. Even after all he'd eaten, Zach was willing to bring Aaron more food to enjoy. And not anything lean, either; those familiar cakes and pies wafted their delicious scents up to the snolf's sensitive snout, making him shudder in anticipation despite the lingering satiation in his gut. Hesitant, the serpent looked toward his caretaker with uncertainty, and yet he found that same caring smile that he'd grown to know so well. Zach was just... providing for his pet. And, dutiful as he was, Aaron wasn't going to let him down by turning his nose up at the offerings.

Far from hungry in the slightest, the snolf still leaned down to enjoy the food he was brought. Not nearly as voraciously as Zach had grown used to, though; hell, Aaron was actually savoring the flavors on the way by, for a change. It was almost like having so much food already in his stomach allowed the snolf to return to a certain normal level of appetite; well, not exactly "normal", per se. Nothing normal about still eating after guzzling down literal dozens of gallons of sugary preserves. Yet it was clear that fullness was incredibly pleasant to the grazing hybrid, pleased puffs loosing from his muzzle every now and then as he ate.

He only noticed how intently Zachary had been watching after working through a quarter of the food, looking over to find the fox staring at him with that familiar incredulity. Head ducking, the snolf gave another of his shy smiles, huffing as he leaned in to lick at his companion's cheek. The gesture pulled the spellbound fennec from his mystification, yet even as he chuckled and embraced the overfed lupine, he still found himself marveling; he hadn't expected Aaron to start eating *right away*. That food was intended to be a midnight snack or perhaps breakfast the next morning. And here the snolf was, eating despite the load still tangibly filling out his gut.

He really did love food, didn't he?

Of course he did. That much had been clear for a long time. And yet, to see that apparently insatiable appetite in action had the fox full of wonder. He could still hear those muted gurgles from Aaron's gut, and the snolf just... kept eating.

Head shaking, the vulpine gave the hybrid's cheek a gentle stroke, before smiling playfully as he leaned over to pat the lupine's middle, earning an endearing squeak of surprise. "Just don't overdo it again, hm?"

Blushing hard, the snolf watched his companion leave, tail starting to thud heavily against the floorboards once he was alone. Food. More food, after so much already. A huge breakfast, an incredible lunch, and now dinner in bed. He should have been able to resist, especially since he was still feeling a bit full. But by the gods, the act of eating even when he was stuffed was so, so very intoxicating. Pushing more food into his distended gut, reveling in the stretch of his hide with each hearty gulp. It was so good, so lovely, so... fulfilling.

The tray was empty before Aaron knew it, letting out a blissful mix between a sated sigh and a stuffed groan as he let his head flop to the cushions. Full. So wonderfully, decadently full. And as the serpent trailed off into dream, an eye lingered on the machines nearby, glittering with desire even he wasn't quite ready to confess to himself. The what-ifs that ran through his mind carried over into dreams, vague images of a fox manning the controls during his little accident.

Fortunately, the serpent was able to resist that temptation, eventually waddling his way back into their homestead the following morning. The door felt a bit tighter on the way in than it had on his way out the previous day, though Aaron was quickly distracted from that fact when he spotted his companion already in the kitchen, hastily tucking some sort of unfamiliar box away in the top shelves, before turning to give a slightly-flushed grin to his companion. Head cocking at the sight, the snolf puffed as he wobbled into the living room, a few of his cushions and the blanket he'd been given held within the end coils of his tail. Already tired from the short jaunt between the barn and house, Aaron dropped the pillows by the couch and simply fell into the cushions with a low puff, getting a sympathetic coo from his owner, who was quick to come over with familiar snacks to tide the hungry hybrid until breakfast was ready.

Just like that, the familiar routine began again. Food, rest, food, snuggles, food, food, and more food; like Zachary was communicating his affection for his pet through Aaron's stomach. And boy was that communication well-received. That little hump the pair had passed over allowed the fox to push back some of his own reservations, his hands finding spots on the snolf to rest aside from his face and neck. Brushing the fur on the serpent's shoulders, claws gliding along the lupine's chest, palms drawing tender circles around the lykophis' doughy middle; as the pair grew more familiar with such closeness, the snolf found himself practically melting at having those dexterous paws assuaging his oversized figure. Every touch was met with an instant purr and wag, the sounds frequently joined by a more subtle noise; that of a growling middle, the fires of its hunger apparently stoked by every gesture of affection.

And sure enough, by the time weekend came once more, the snolf's figure had bloomed even further. Folds deepened, rolls broadened, layers of padding thickened, the voluminous blubber coating Aaron's frame gaining even more warmth and softness as his features rounded out. Previously-slim face now framed by modestly-plump cheeks, the serpent's every breath made layers of rolls on his collar jostle against one another, shoulders bearing heavy layers of their own pudge under the supple, sagging tire that was Aaron's neck. His chest now carried the sort of heft that previously was only held by his gut, matching the girth that his abdomen had obtained

weeks prior. Haunches swelled into rippling curves, turning every surface into a comfortable seat by grace of their own padding alone. That tail was beginning to lose its flexibility somewhat, pinched folds pushing its attempted curves back with blubbery resistance. And yet, there was one spot that continued to be the crown jewel of Aaron's figure, an orb of alabaster that dominated his frame, commanding the most space on the floor wherever he lay. Gods, it wouldn't be long now before... before...

Aaron blinked. He couldn't be feeling that right. Freshly-woken from another food-coma-induced, yet wonderful night's sleep, the lazy lupine had given a lengthy, indulgent stretch, before wobbling his way from his flank to his middle, the effort made a bit easier just from sheer practice moving his bulk. And yet, when he stood, he'd expected to feel air greet the lower curve of that gut. Instead...

Gulping, the snolf slowly turned his head, feeling the side of his neck bunching against his plump cheek. He wasn't imagining it; he really could still feel the floor against his fur. And at the peak of every breath, that doughy flesh pressed ever so slightly against the ground, belly briefly kissing the floor before lifting once more. He'd actually grown fat enough that his gut wouldn't quite leave the ground.

Immediately, that thought brought with it a wave of insuppressible elation, right alongside undeniable embarrassment. Gods, what had he done to himself? How long was he just going to keep letting himself go like this?

Intruding on that thought was the familiar sound of much lighter steps descending stairs, drawing Aaron's gaze to the fox who was still rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Mumbling a greeting, the vulpine reached out and gave a few clumsy pats on the muzzle he passed by, getting a low snort as Aaron wrinkled his nose. "Mmbreafst, I know," the vulpine grumbled groggily, completely missing the abashed look in his pet's features.

Still, that word alone slurred as it was got the snolf's tail swaying despite himself. His paunch was already whispering against the ground... just one of his usual meals, and it was going to be...

Shuddering excitedly at the thought, the snolf huffed again, giving a slight whimper at the same time. Gods, he wanted it... he had no idea why. But he couldn't repress the desire, the urge, the *need* to feel that gut land.

Body rippling as his paws tapped at the floor, the hybrid followed right along behind Zach. Or, rather, waddled after the fennec with all the haste a comically obese pet could muster, stopping at the edge of the kitchen and licking his chops with all the patience he was capable of. "C-could I have, um," the the snolf mumbled hesitantly, only to pause when the still-groggy fennec fished a satchel of brownies from the cupboard, still groggy while he turned and rather gracelessly smooshed the bag against his pet's chest with one hand, the other reaching up and patting a rounded cheek encouragingly.

"There y'go," Zach yawn-crooned, before flashing a sleepy smile, "Eat up."

Fumbling, Aaron almost dropped the treats when he had to quickly sit with a heavy whump on his plump haunches and lift his paws in time to catch them, only to nearly let them fall again when those two last words hit. Staring, the lupine felt a strange, undeniable glee well up within him, his ears pricked attentively and tail sticking straight out behind him.

Eat up. Two simple words. Innocuous, innocent. Yet like a burning fuse, they started a process that would lead to an inevitable, explosive result. For now, though, the snolf simply took them as an excuse; he was just being an obedient pet by tearing that bag open and diving his muzzle right in, lifting his head up and gulping voraciously, unwittingly putting his whole front on display to the fox before him. Those faux-scale markings danced as the fat beneath bounced with every short breath, jiggling like a fluffy satchel of jello in an earthquake.

Eat up. Like the shot that signaled the start of a race, those two words sent the snolf's appetite sprinting. And he wasn't going to stop until he hit the finish line.

The fennec's oversized ears flicked after a few moments of listening to the sounds of hefty, needy, almost desperate gulping and glutting. Groggy as he was, the sight that greeted him when he turned back to investigate had those previously half-lidded eyes widening, Zach's morning blariness giving way to that familiar sense of incredulous awe.

"O-Oh, uh, you, er," the anthro stuttered, and there was a long silence that followed as his gaze finally drifted down to finally settle on Aaron's front. Was... was that gut even bigger? And those side rolls deeper, sagging heavier over his form, jiggling more noticeably with every swallow. Oh, yeah, no, he was *not* imagining that. There was definitely a whole lot more of that lupine flab on display, that drooping gut planted firmly on the ground in front of the glutting snolf, filling the space between his thighs completely and covering his lap in full.

The most surprising aspect of it all, however, was the fact that that change didn't even surprise the fox anymore. It was only expected that the wolf would put on even more weight, especially after that whole jelly incident. Still, that lack of concern, worry, or even confusion were a novel reaction. Oh, sure, he was still in disbelief that his pet had managed to pack on more pounds again, but... it didn't shock him at all.

Not anymore.

"W-Well, someone's hungry?" Zach breathed out incredulously as his gaze flicked back up to watch the wolf tilt the package back and simply send the fattening treats tumbling into his maw; a sight which had become a lot more common as of late. Not to mention the increased voracity with which the feral dug into his meals these days. Or how he had started to sniffle-snuffle at the fennec's paws at the end of a day spent eating practically at every waking hour. It was almost as if that run-in with the jelly machinery had somehow... increased his capacity? If something like that was even possible, that is.

Still, the voracity and gluttony on display were intense, the fox almost automatically reaching into the cupboard to fetch another package of sweets, sliding the next batch over on the counter and tilting his head while he waited for Aaron's reaction.

The second round of treats came not a moment too soon, as the snolf puffed while pulling his muzzle from the emptied sack of sweets. Licking his muzzle, Aaron regarded the package of sandwich cookies greedily, yet his lingering abashedness stopped him from simply diving right into his next round of pre-breakfast snacking. Not to mention the flush that those playful words from his companion had summoned, making him shrink into his own squishy collar with a bashful huff.

"Y-yeah," Aaron affirmed, his paws resting almost subconsciously on the upper curve of his middle. He hesitated when he felt the limbs land, sheepishness telling him to get them right back off of that paunch, and yet... the way Zach's eyes followed those paws, almost hypnotically drawn along with them to that supple tummy...

Curious despite his blush, the snolf gingerly slid one paw further down a few inches, watching as the fennec followed the limb. Wait, was his tail wagging? Aaron tilted his head, ears flickering inquisitively as he tentatively moved his paw again, marking a subtle curve with the path of his claws. Sure enough, he hadn't been imagining it; subtle as it was, Zach's tail wiggled again the moment that paw shifted, only to still when the limb came to a stop.

He... liked this?

Fire. Red, brilliant passion and excitement, pushing the hybrid's heart to thud loudly in his chest. Swallowing the lump in his throat, Aaron felt a shy, crooked sort of grin crossing his features involuntarily while he brushed his middle in front of the fox. This was... strange. He knew it, and he was sure Zach knew it; they were in a very weird territory right now. And yet...

Gods, having those eyes locked on him like that was so exciting.

"I-I'm..." Aaron started, his nerves wavering briefly, before he managed to murmur out a timid, "V-very... hungry."

The fox didn't look surprised anymore. Incredulous, yes; surprised, no. More than that, the anthro gave the feral a warm smile, fetching another package of cookies to go with the first and stacking it on the previous sleeve, crooning in affection all the while. "Aww!" a hand reached out, playfully settling on the upper curve of the wolf's massive gut to give it an almost teasing little rub in a circle, "Poor, starving wolf!"

Shivering in both pleasure and anticipation, the lupine panted the moment that palm landed, slowly easing forward until his paws rested on the floor, belly smooching forward between them against the fennec's palm. They both knew by now that "starving" was far from accurate, yet with that hand against his sensitive paunch, Aaron found that he just didn't care.

"Mmm... m-maybe," the snolf murred, still hesitant, yet unable to resist his desire any longer, "D... double order that breakfast?"

Now *that* made the fox freeze in shock. Blinking after managing to process those words, Zach glanced down at the gut that pooled out in front of the wolf, before looking back up to those flushed, begging, panting features. "O-Oh... *that* hungry? I, sheesh, did we... did we miss your dinner last night?"

Again that head lowered in bashful submission, hesitating for a moment, before gently, tenderly nudging the fox's shoulder with his muzzle. "N-no," Aaron admitted, his voice a pleading little whimper as he spoke, "B-but, I'm really... hungry." Despite being partially covered by his gut, the snolf's hind paws were still visible as their toes curled in elation at being able to speak those words aloud, tail making the floorboards resonate while it thumped heavily, contrasting the almost contrite posture of the begging snolf's head and shoulders.

Zachary stared up at his pet for what felt like a good minute, as if assessing the situation. He seemed to consider something while his palm continued to rub circles into the upper curve of the wolf's gut, momentary splay of his ears and flushed cheeks giving way to that familiar, teasing, yet affectionate little smile. As endeared as he was with the overfed lupine, he could see right through his little antics at this point. Only now, the fox couldn't find it in him to ignore or play off that plea.

"Oooh, you," reaching up with a hand, the fennec gently cupped Aaron's chin, stroking his plump jawline while the anthro tilted his head and crooned the next few words out in inexpressible curiosity, "You just *want* more, don't you?"

The serpentine wolf's ears retreated into hiding among his scruff fur, face lighting up pink while his shoulders hunched up against his cheeks self-consciously. He couldn't deny it; ever since getting a literal taste of what it felt like to be well and truly *full*, Aaron had found himself almost disappointed by the end of each day when he hadn't even come close to achieving the level of satiation that those machines had pushed him to. Every meal felt like it was just an appetizer, frustratingly effective in working up his hunger, yet never coming close to being truly satisfying.

Gods, he wanted to feel full again.

Belly rumbling demandingly, the hybrid gulped hard, before managing a slow, timid nod, his paws poking at the kitchen tile bashfully. "I-is that okay?" Aaron asked once he managed to find his voice again, gaze lifting from the ground to meet the fox's own, only to stop halfway there when he found a hand presented to him, holding a cream-filled pair of cookies toward his muzzle.

"You should have told me earlier I was underfeeding you again."

It was Aaron's turn to look incredulous, eyes flicking between the cookie and his owner repeatedly. Underfeeding? Not even close. Gods knew the fat feral was on a one-way track to never being working-fit again, and yet...

Here was this fox, all but giving him permission to just...

Glut.

Shuddering, the snolf just couldn't hold back, eagerly taking the cookie from Zach's grasp. The fox could swear he didn't see Aaron chew once before gulping hard, that muzzle moving to the opened package and starting to guzzle down cookies like he hadn't eaten in days. There was no denying it; the snolf was hungrier than ever, and judging by the wag of that fattened tail, he couldn't be happier about it.

That motion wasn't lost on the fox, who could only give a subtle smirk as he gently pulled back from the gluttonous pet. "There, there, that's a good pet," Zach crooned more as he gave Aaron's tire of collar flab a few pats that were meant to be reassuring, but also managed to become encouraging in the greedy feral's mind, "I should have noticed earlier that you went hungry after your meals. But you know you could have just asked for seconds though, right?" the fox threw a grin over his shoulder as he made his way back into the kitchen, starting the preparations for what would be a double-sized breakfast for his overfed pet, "I can't really say no to that face."

Playful and comforting as those words were meant to be, Aaron couldn't help taking the praise as encouragement to stuff his face. More and more, it seemed like Zach was borderline telling the snolf to just keep eating. And he was a good boy, just like the fennec said, so he obediently wolfed down every last crumb in the first cookie sleeve, before hurriedly, almost desperately moving to the second.

A good pet. That's what Zach had said while Aaron veritably inhaled his treats, the encouragement accompanied by a fond pat to those sensitive neck rolls. Well, if that's what it meant to be a good pet, then Aaron would be the best damn pet his owner could ask for.

While breakfast was making, the anthro kept supplying more packages of treats to his companion, the supply refreshed by his recent outing. Each new pack was eaten with the same ravenousness, and still Aaron couldn't help a little, subtle whimper. He just couldn't get the food into his gut fast enough. He couldn't fill himself quickly enough. Not to feel that stretch, that wonderful, heavenly swell...

Not even when he leaned his head back and veritably poured the treats through his muzzle, gulping hastily without the slightest hint of chewing to send whole lumps of sugar into his belly. His face burned when the fox's eyes were drawn by that particular trick, a brow cocking as he looked Aaron up and down. Still, that warm smile didn't leave, even as the snolf gave a sheepish, yet pleading look to his companion.

He just couldn't control himself anymore.

Swallowing hard, the snolf took a moment to catch his breath from the effort to sate his own gluttonous, ophidian cravings. "Thanks... f-for the food," Aaron murmured, shuffling on his haunches while the fox stirred at the next batch of cake mix in his hands, keeping them a bit too occupied to slip another treat Aaron's way, much to his grumbling belly's disapproval. Blushing at the demanding growls of his own gut, the serpent let out a little whine of embarrassment, yet still he licked his lips as he stared at the sugary mix in Zachary's hands. Slowly, the feral eased himself down onto his paws, before puffing as he continued to lower his heft, eventually laying on his flank with his back against one wall of the kitchen. Even sidled up against the border, Aaron couldn't help noticing how he only just gave Zach enough room to work around all that pooling blubber, already even with the tips of his paws at its crest from all the sweets he'd been offered.

There was a moment of quiet, with only the snolf's heavy breaths and the whipping of Zach's batter in the air, until Aaron lifted his voice again shyly. "I think... it's the cold," he stated halfheartedly, trying to find some excuse for his own unrelenting gluttony. Pausing in his work, the fox turned to cock his head at the snolf once he processed just how far his gut sprawled out in front of him, prompting Aaron to continue with another duck of his head, once more forming accorded rolls along his neck, "W-well, you know... I-I'm kind of cold-blooded a little, so... just winter cravings, I guess."

Gods that was weak. Not once in the pair's years together had that particular issue ever arisen. Yes, it was true that the snolf's semi-ophidian nature made him somewhat vulnerable to the cold, yet they'd always kept both him and the fox warm enough with their heating. It made no sense at all that THIS year would suddenly have him developing hibernation instincts.

Grinning sheepishly at his own excuse, the snolf's paws brushed over the surface of his gut once more, a habit that was beginning to form whenever he felt the urge to comfort himself. "Um, is it alright?" Aaron asked after another moment under the fox's curious eyes, that shy smile dimpling his pudgy cheeks while he kneaded into his own heft. Good heavens, his belly rolled out far, now. "If I want more, I mean. I'm not... going to eat you out of house and home, right?"

The fox was predictably somewhat lost in the way those big paws traced that flabby gut, though the evident worry the snolf's tone carried had his ears flicking in recognition. Almost immediately, that insuppressible urge emerged, and the anthro crooned with a soft chuckle as he put the cake mix aside for a moment.

"A-Aww, no, no, of course... of course not!" those words were like music to the greedy wolf's ears, and they were further reinforced when Zach knelt down to ever so gently take Aaron's chin in his hands, guiding him to look into the fennec's adoringly smiling features, "Don't worry about that, wuff. The transition to automation yielded more crops than ever, and I was able to sell off our produce at a really good price this year, as well. We're moooore than fine in terms of income right now."

The vulpine gave a grin as he leaned just a bit closer, nuzzling his pet's snout in that loving, adoring manner. "And I have no issues spending that extra money on my pet at all." The fox pulled back, letting his blue eyes wander across the wolf's prone form, lingering for a bit too long on the way that massive, blubbery middle pooled out in front of him. Again, that lack of concern remained at the sight. Instead, if anything, Zach felt that familiar warmth rekindle in his chest, along with that persistent little thought in the back of his mind.

Did he even care if Aaron was fat? Or even fatter, perhaps?

The fennec blinked. O-Okay, where did that come from? And why was it making his tail flick around behind him?

Feeling a novel flush heating up his cheeks at his own train of thought, Zach couldn't deny a certain curiosity that followed that hypothetical. So what if Aaron got a little fatter? It wouldn't bother him, right? Just a little more wolf to love wouldn't hurt, right?

Something clicked deep within the fennec's subconscious at that moment. Almost as if a missing puzzle piece had finally been plucked in to complete an enigma that had been pestering him for what felt like months, opening his mind to the solution which had been alluding him up until this point because of its sheer simplicity;

It was Zach himself who was Aaron's owner. If he wanted to have a bit more pet to love... Well, then...

"Besides," the fox's tone came out wavering and squeakier than usual, clearing his throat as he finally looked away from the wolf's flabby paunch to rub at his chin in thought, ears splayed to the sides of his head as he averted his gaze somewhat awkwardly, "I, uh, I heard this winter's going to be quite chilly. And I, um, I wouldn't want my pet to go cold. We," Zach's azure eyes landed back on Aaron's features, before flicking to that fattened waistline and flabby folds once more, muzzle breaking into a painfully obvious smirk of playful jest as he jokingly crooned out, "We might just have to fatten you up a bit so you won't go cold, huh?"

Already leaning toward the fox attentively, Aaron's whole body stiffened like a board, tail lifting from the ground as those ears pricked up to full height. The next moment, the snolf was shrinking inward, unable to keep eye contact with the fox, his whole face lit up like a stop light. He knew it was a joke, that much was impossible to miss. And yet, those words, even spoken in jest, were just exactly what he'd been wanting to hear for so long.

The serpent tried to speak up, yet his voice only emerged as a cracking squeak of abashedness, deepening his blush until his paws came up to conceal his features, that robust gut rippling from the subtle squirms of his haunches and thighs. Gods, he wanted it so bad. Yet he couldn't exactly admit that, could he? No, that would be weird. Really weird. Even for a pet and master, deliberately fattening up was just over the line, wasn't it?

So then, why did he so desperately want to beg for it?

For a playful jest to fail so spectacularly wasn't an everyday occurrence. What was meant to be a teasing, innocent little remark often made between friends turned out to be a source of something entirely different for Aaron. And it was impossible to miss just how drastically different that reaction was to what should have been a simple wave of a paw and a chuckle.

Cocking an eyebrow as he looked the flabby pet over, Zach had to come to terms with the fact that all the signs pointed towards one explanation; he'd touched a nerve of some sort. A nerve so sensitive that it had the feral squirming on his flank in response, sending heavy ripples across his form. Although normally doting and adoring to a fault, that opening to that sort of vulnerability had the fox's playful grin returning, especially when he saw and *heard* the way that rolled tail thumped against the kitchen floor in what could only be interpreted as... desire? Still, now that that weakness had been exposed, the fox couldn't stop himself from trying to keep the playful tone up by doubling down, hoping for a different reaction this time.

“Aww, wuffy would like that? You just want me to fatten you u—”

Aaron whimpered again even louder, and he couldn't keep the pleading nature of his tone out of the begging sound. Face burning hot, a flickering tongue licked at the snolf's muzzle, as if in anticipation of the meals that would enable such a corpulent fate. The joke, even if that was all the comments were meant to be, were hitting every nail right on the head. He wanted the fox to feed him, fatten him, spoil him without end. And no matter how he tried to speak up in objection to the idea he just couldn't. Not when his paws folded like a begging pup at his chest when he finally managed to come out from hiding behind them, those eyes shimmering with nearly-painful levels of embarrassment, and yet glimmering with unrestricted *desire*, impossible for even the most oblivious to miss. Almost as self-evident as the borderline violent thuds of the serpent's tail, which was actually starting to get sore from hitting the ground with such repeated vigor.

It all pointed to only one possible answer.

Zachary's previous smirk disappeared in an instant, slowly straightening back up from his hunched-over position to teasingly croon at his pet to now stare down at him in utter and complete...

Disbelief.

“W-Wait, hold on A-Aron, you can... drop it. I was just teasing y-you,” the fox chuffed incredulously as he gestured at the hybrid's heavily thumping tail, “You almost look like you *actually* want me to fatten you up like a bear preparing for winter or som—”

Another, softer whine, and the snolf reached up to rub at his soft scruff while he averted his gaze. Swallowing the anxious lump in his throat, the snolf took in a slow breath, before looking up to the fox with those shimmering eyes, full of earnest affection and lingering embarrassment. “W-Well I, I mean,” he mumbled hesitantly, fidgeting with his own collar rolls between feral digits, finding comfort in the softness of his own being, gathering just enough courage to

continue as he regarded his own heft, rising and falling in rippling tides with every breath, "It w-wouldn't be that much of a change, would it?"

Another few seconds of frozen bafflement, and the fennec's head tilted this way and that while he tried to process those words. Yet, no matter how many times he tried up with a retort, as he let his gaze wander across Aaron's sprawled, fattened form, he had to come to terms with the fact that he might have... sort of... kind of... been unintentionally spoiling his pet rotten already.

All that food. All those treats. The rubs, the strokes, those reassuring words. Oh gods, he had been encouraging this sort of behavior to develop all this time, hadn't he?

When Zach looked back at the snolf's features, that lack of jest was strikingly apparent, his features full of that immense embarrassment intermingled with insuppressible desire. Gulping audibly, the fox rubbed at the back of his neck in second-hand embarrassment at the absurdity of it all, although his recent introspection made the impact a whole lot easier to process.

If he truly didn't mind Aaron growing fat, then what was stopping him? Especially now, after this novel revelation.

"O-Oh, bud, I," the fox sighed in confusion as he once again stepped over and kneeled down in front of his pet, looking down beyond those meaty shoulders to take in all that excess wolf blubber while he asked in a soft, curious tone, "Is that... is that why you've been asking for more food lately?"

Fidgeting with his paws for a moment, the snolf had to gather his nerve again before he could meet the fox's gaze, giving a slow, shallow nod though his deep blush. Gods, why were those blue eyes so intense? The way they trailed over his many curves, it sent shudders along the feral's spine again, rippling all that excess in front of the fennec's gaze, his back arching subtly in subconscious elation and only exaggerating his abundant belly all the more.

And yet, he was a good boy. He was a good pet. He wasn't going to lie to his owner.

"It... m-might be part of the... reason," the snolf mumbled, once more resting a paw on the higher reaches of his pooling paunch, his eyes shifting to regard his middle as it yielded malleably under the weight of his own limb. "But, n-not the entire reason," he admitted, chewing his lip lightly for a few seconds, before taking in another breath, his eyes closing while his paw started kneading into his soft pudge seemingly of its own accord. "Getting caught up in that machine," the snolf continued, keeping his eyes closed so he wouldn't lose his nerve, "It fed me so, so much before I figured out how to turn it off." Another pause, another slow, nerve-stilling breath.

"And then it fed me more after I... did figure it out."

When no response came immediately, the snolf slowly, hesitantly opened his eyes, turning his head to find Zach looking at him with utter incredulity once more. Those vibrant blue eyes... gods, those eyes, so enchantingly brilliant, just kept shifting between Aaron's face and his

abdomen, which was starting to let out demanding growls once more, almost lending weight to the snolf's words.

"You... fattened yourself on purpose...?"

Another lump had to be swallowed in Aaron's throat before he could manage another tiny, bashful nod. "I could have turned it off sooner," he confessed, ears flat against his skull while he rubbed at his middle with both paws now, trying to keep himself calm enough to avoid falling into mortified silence. "Probably... halfway through the state you found me in," Aaron continued, shuddering as his paws squeeze handles of chub between their digits, the pleasant tingling helping him to continue, "But it felt... so, so good. Eating... and eating... until I just couldn't swallow anymore. Gods, that feeling. That fullness... I've been chasing it ever since and I just "

Shivering again from his own paws kneading into his sensitive stomach, the snolf slowly, timidly looked up to his companion again. "It's weird, I know," Aaron mumbled, embarrassment in his voice again, "And I don't know why, but I found myself wanting to do it again. E-even before I'd finished digesting when it happened, I wanted to be that full again. It just felt... so heavenly."

Listening to that confession was like a rollercoaster of emotions, the fox's mind a blurry of genuine empathy, disbelief, confusion, incredulity, as well as that persistent adoration. Even while talking about how he had intentionally stuffed himself into a beached whale state, Aaron somehow managed to look so damn adorable? So endearing, in fact, that it had the other emotions being overpowered by it.

Along with a rising sense of curiosity which had been unshackled just a few minutes before the wolf's confession.

"W-Well, I," Zach scoffed softly as he shook his head, and although that second-hand embarrassment remained, he couldn't suppress his own fascination at this point, gently cupping the wolf's chin in a hand while he gave that all too familiar, reassuring smile, "I did tell you I couldn't say no to that face, r-right?"

Aaron blinked. And then he blinked again. Staring up at the fox, it took several moments for those words to trickle through. And when they did, that tail tapped the floor. And then it tapped again, and again, until those overt thuds became a percussive rhythm that accompanied the quickening breaths in Aaron's jiggling chest. The pet's whole being lit up in that moment, trepidation and uncertainty giving way to a hopeful little smile under fully-pricked ears.

"Y-you mean... it's okay?" the snolf asked, and when he was greeted with an awkward, yet honest nod, it had the serpentine wolf perking up all the more. He still blushed when a hand reached out to pat his middle, and yet, just having that reassurance, that acceptance, helped to push some of that lingering embarrassment aside.

He didn't know what to say. All this time uncertain about his own urges, and now having those uncertainties dispelled... it was too good to be true. He was really allowed to just eat as much as he wanted? Even if it got him absolutely massive?

Tentatively, the snolf craned his neck, gently pressing his brow into the kneeling anthro's chest in a familiar display of affection, unable to truly express himself with words in that moment. And when hands came to rest on his neck and cheek, holding the exact same loving tenderness in their touch, even as those digits passed over and slipped between supple rolls, he found more of that anxiety melting away. And that fondness remained, despite the contact with so much ophidiolupine blubber.

Which reminded him.

"I do want to..." he tried to give his second confession, faltering briefly and having to take another breath, before lifting his head to meet the fox's attentive gaze. "I-I, um," Aaron tried again, swallowing dryly and giving an awkward, crooked little smile, "I kind of... like the results." When the fennec gave a tilt of his head, the snolf dithered another moment, before gingerly gripping his gut and giving it a light, subtle shake, right in front of the vulpine.

Again those hind legs clenched as another repressed fantasy came to fruition, hotness welling up in Aaron's face as he watched the anthro taking in the slosh and sway of his voluminous midsection. "I-it... it's very, um," the snolf tried to explain, his head sinking into his collar shyly while he searched for the right word, settling on, "Cozy."

That should have been expected at this point, really. And yet it still made those vulpine features flush in abashedness, watching that voluminous paunch wobble about with those blue eyes as he cleared his throat and tried to focus back on Aaron's features. "You... w-wait, you were serious, then?" he let out a little chuckle of disbelief, tilting his head while he searched his pet's features. When all he got in reply was a timid, embarrassed nod, the fox took another few moments to process, before that familiar little smirk resurfaced on his fluffy muzzle.

"That would... kinda explain why you'd been eating yourself into a food coma almost every night even before that jelly *accident*, huh?"

Flushing all the more, the snolf couldn't help a light, abashed titter. "H-hey, it... w-was an accident," Aaron insisted, and yet, that playfulness, the teasing; it was Zachary's own way of showing his support. And with the confusion dispelled, all that was left was familiar affection. Well, also a good deal of curiosity and wonder, but still, mostly affection.

"It's... n-not my fault it just so happened to be an, um, *enjoyable* accident," Aaron tried to join in the playfulness, only to give a bashful squeak when a slender digit poked his middle teasingly, accompanied by a cocked brow and tilted head that had the snolf blushing deep all over again. "O-okay! I c-could have stopped it sooner," he reaffirmed at that playfully accusatory expression, cheeks dimpling in that sheepish, yet fond grin as he slowly, hesitantly rested his paws on his middle to stroke the soft curve again, "But gods damn, it was... really fucking pleasant."

Following those paws, the fox simply couldn't keep his smirk off his muzzle. With the secrets now out in the open, he couldn't help playfully poking at that absurd interest, crooning softly. "You just couldn't get enough, could you, greedy wuff?"

Predictably, the teasing had the snolf's head squishing into his own neck once more. "Y-ya got m-me there, hehe," Aaron tittered sheepishly, hesitating for a moment, before reaching a paw up from his middle to curl against the fox's back, pulling Zach a little closer so the snolf could lean in and nuzzle his cheek in affection. "Thanks... f-for, um," he tried to voice his appreciation, once more struggling to find the right words.

"For letting you let yourself go?" came the cheeky question with a flick of the fox's tail.

Again, the snolf blushed, though still he gave a timid little smile. "Th-that, yeah," he chuckled, head tilting after a moment. "S-so, um, are you," Aaron started, his eyes moving from the fox's face to the bowl he'd set on the counter, then back to those vulpine features, a hopeful twinkle in his gaze, "Gonna... f-finish making that cake?"

Zachary snorted, laughing brightly while he gave the snolf's nose a playful bop, getting a startled yap in reply. "Like I'd leave my pet hungry," he crooned, turning on his heel and leaving Aaron to contend with the fact that his owner had just completely accepted his strange desire.

It was odd, really. Just how quickly they managed to get back to the routine. Zachary baking and tossing treats in Aaron's direction when his stomach growled impatiently, though now as he did so those snacks were accompanied by playful, yet encouraging remarks. "Here ya go, ought to add a few ounces." "There, fatty, enjoy the fattener." "Aww, plumpy pet wants mooore?"

Every tease had the poor snolf squirming all over again, and yet he just could not stop grinning and wagging, purring and panting. It evidently brought the fox endless delight that he'd found such a sensitive button to push, such a responsive chain to pull. With the mystery gone, the anthro finally understood why all those past comments made his companion blush so very deeply; and now, he knew *exactly* what to say to summon that blush at will.

And what to do, as well. Bringing the first tray, Zachary impishly drew his tail over the snolf's flank and gut while he stepped over to Aaron's head, getting flustered shudders and involuntary huffs. He didn't quite realize the exact nature of all that puffing and squirming; to him, it just seemed like simple embarrassment. He had no idea just how hot and bothered he was making his poor pet.

Not that Aaron was ready to admit that part quite yet.

After all, deep down, he didn't want this to stop. He wanted the fox to keep on teasing with his words and touch, that enchanting voice and those beautiful eyes veritably spellbinding to the flustered feral. And, when Zachary came to sit by the snolf's head, impishly pressing a mouthful of food right into his muzzle while crooning about how "very, very chonk" the cake would make him, it just sent the helpless hybrid's fluttering heart right over the moon.

Seeing the snolf so gleefully giddy brought smile after smile to his caretaker. He really did love this, didn't he? It was so clear, now, that the fox had to wonder how he could have missed it until that moment. Or, maybe he just hadn't been ready to acknowledge it, until Aaron had confessed.

Now that it was out in the open, he had to wonder, what harm was there in speeding things up a bit?

That was the thought that went through Zachary's mind as he fingered the colorful container in his grasp. If Aaron really did want to get fatter... well, this would definitely get him there faster. The instructions had made it clear that only a little was needed. And yet... well, what was the harm in a little more than "a little"?

Well, it might affect the taste, Zachary realized, humming thoughtfully while he regarded the cookie mix in front of him. Tapping his chin with a corner of the box in his grasp, the fox considered briefly, before smiling again when an idea came to him. One way to find out for sure.

"Got a little test for you," the fox stated as he brought the finished batch of cookies to the still-munching snolf, who perked up when he saw two different trays in the fox's grasp. "I want you to tell me what ya think of these," Zachary continued, setting the first tray in front of the snolf, while keeping ahold of the other.

Head tilting, Aaron glanced between the fox and the cookies for a moment. This was different. And yet, dutiful pooch that he was, the snolf gave an obedient nod, leaning forward and curling his tongue around one of the cookies on the tray, pulling it in and actually chewing this time. It tasted good, yes. As good as it ever had. And when he stated as much, those words had Zachary nodding, pushing the first tray aside even as Aaron was reaching a paw out for another cookie and setting the second tray in the limb's path. "Now, what about these?"

Again, the snolf gave his companion a bemused look. Yet still, he simply obliged, taking up the first cookie from the second tray and popping it into his muzzle. He chewed once, twice... and his eyes widened as his pupils dilated.

The next thing Zach knew, the tray was pulled up off the ground and brought right to Aaron's muzzle, the snolf voraciously wolfing down the sugary treats as he purred in absolute delight. It was like a brand new heaven had been discovered, and it was lovingly caressing his every tastebud. Which made it all too short-lived, as the tray was clean by the third round of trying to lick up any remaining crumbs, looking up to Zachary and sniffing in the direction of his hands, licking his lips while he gathered enough composure to whimper for another batch.

Grinning, the fox just nodded as he straightened himself, tail giving the snolf's paunch a soft pat on his way to prepare another round. The additive seemed to be a hit; now, to see just how much he could make with it.

By the time Zachary needed to take a break from cooking, Aaron had enjoyed a whole new world of pastries and confections, made with a certain "special ingredient" that his owner kept teasing him about, without fully revealing what exactly it was. Which was fine by Aaron, as long

as those batches just kept coming. The snolf couldn't help a little whimper when Zach took a seat beside his head to rest, much to the anthro's evident amusement.

Smiling, the fox rested a hand on that oversized noggin, rubbing between Aaron's ears as he hummed softly. "So, I bet you're wondering just what that special ingredient is by now, hm?" Zachary commented playfully, tittering when the snolf perked up at the question.

"Y-yeah," the pet nodded, still licking his lips as he brushed his paws over a modestly-filled middle; at least, modest by his standards.

"Well, I might have gotten a little something while I was out," the fox stated, brushing over soft cheeks that yielded slightly under his digits, a warm coo of adoration rising in the fennec's muzzle when the lupine pressed himself into the contact. "It might be a little heavy," Zach teased further, sliding a hand down to give one of those plump rolls on Aaron's neck a playful pinch, giggling at the gasp and moan that left the flustered feral, "But it looks like it was quite the hit."

Squirming in both anticipation and lingering arousal, the snolf panted as he looked up to the fox with blushing curiosity. "Are you just g-gonna keep torturing me? Or are you gonna answer?" Aaron huffed in faux irritation, the tone rather ruined by his nonstop purring.

Giggling again, the fox gently squished his pet's cheeks together, getting a little grunt of surprise. "Not my fault you're soooo cute when you're all curious," Zach crooned impishly, snickering when those amber eyes rolled, and yet he couldn't miss the way the snolf's tail wagged even more. Having had his fun, the fennec released those chubby features, before reaching to his side and taking up the box he'd brought over for this express reason. "Here, why don't you have a look yourself?"

That lupine head perked up, reaching out to take the box in his paws, before bringing it to his snout as he read what, to him, was rather small print. "Instabulk protein powder for livestock, for massive... gains," Aaron read out loud, only for his eyes to bulge with realization, his gaze lifting to meet the fox's eyes, "You... got weight gain powder? But how did you... know?"

Momentarily blinking like a deer caught in headlights, the fox quickly waved a paw as he chuckled awkwardly. As willing as Aaron had been to confess his true feelings, Zach still had some way to go before he had the courage to do the same. "I, uh, you know, I originally got it because I was thinking of getting into livestock, but," to turn the tides, the fennec reached out with another one of those toothy grins, though his cheeks were suspiciously rosey as he playfully pushed enough against the wolf's pooling gut to send it wobbling up against his groin, "I think I found a better use for it."

Aaron gasped as his belly was shoved, only to let out another shuddering moan at feeling that heft rippling between his thighs. That felt even better than when he did it himself. Shaking himself in an attempt to prevent himself from getting too worked up, the snolf focused on the box in his grasp a bit more intensely, grateful to have something on hand to settle his attention on aside from his own titillated excitement. "I... i-industrial-grade, huh?" he mumbled as he saw

that particular label, chuckling and looking up to the fox with another little, shy smirk, "S-so I'm your... cow now, huh?"

The fox couldn't miss that high ball, throwing a playful glance at the wolf's still-rippling abdomen and tilting his head. "I think... piggy would be more appropriate." Just to emphasize, Zach reached out once again, yet instead of shoving, he grabbed ahold of one of the heavy, flabby folds on Aaron's flank, squeezing the fat between his digits and giving it a little shake.

Just as the fox had expected, the snolf shuddered and moaned again at the impish groping, his paws covering his muzzle as he squirmed yet again. "G-gods, you're h-having too much fun with this!" Aaron huffed, glad that the curve of his gut kept Zach from seeing the way his haunches squeezed involuntarily. Still, it was all so lovely. How accepting the fox was, even if or maybe because it meant the snolf had doomed himself to eternal teasing. Besides, that grasp hadn't exactly been unwelcome.

Gingerly, the snolf curled a forelimb around his companion, pulling Zachary in against his pillowy chest with a soft, gentle purr of affection, joining in the soft titter the fox gave at being snuggled by the clingy giant. "I... um," Aaron mumbled over the fennec's head, tenderly brushing those oversized ears with his snout, somewhat unintentionally burying the fox's face in snolf flab and getting a few halfhearted shoves against the collar for it. Good gods, he was fat, wasn't he.

Shaking his head, and only making that fat ripple more against the fox, the snolf tried again. "I think... I'm okay with that," he mumbled, and when Zach leaned back to look up to him quizzically, the serpent flushed more while he clarified, "B-being your... p-piggy, I mean." Head ducking, the hybrid gave a sheepish grin, suddenly realizing he was essentially pinning his companion under his chest fat. Well, at least it wasn't his belly. The fox would just be completely buried, then.

Goooooods, tail, stop wagging at weird thoughts.

Huffing and puffing as he pulled himself free from beneath that jiggling tire of collar pudge, Zach could only scoff and shake his head as he reached up to boop his pet's snout. "Aww, you do, huh? Wuffy just wants his loving owner to spoil him rotten, hm?" the teasing remarks continued, though the fennec's flow was interrupted when he noticed something off about the neck he'd been pressed up against a moment ago.

With narrowed eyes, the fennec tilted his head as he leaned forward to investigate, gently brushing a digit over a scruffy patch of fur that looked sort of out of place. It didn't seem to have any grime in it, it just looked a little mussed. Which, after one glance at the sheer width of those neck folds and that hefty collar pudge, made a whole lot of sense. And it also gave Zach even more ammunition.

"I see your fur's getting a little... disheveled, there," the fox hummed as he glanced back up to the wolf's features, impish playfulness returning in full force when he placed a single digit right

under Aaron's chin to make him look into those blue eyes, "Wuffy can't even reach around his neck anymore and he still wants to pack on the pounds?"

The snolf blinked, before feeling his chin try to retreat against his collar reflexively, that palm under his muzzle keeping him looking right into the fox's eyes. "U-um, well... I have a... l-loving owner to help me groom, right?" he half-excused, half-suggested, before realizing just how presumptuous that sounded and adding quickly, "I mean, a-as long as you don't, uh, mind helping me with those h-hard to reach spots?" Which, at his size, was pretty much everywhere.

Smirking, the fox leaned over, slipping his digits into the crease between two of the supple rolls on Aaron's flank, once again earning a sharp gasp that shifted into a wavering moan. "Like here, for instance?" Zachary hummed playfully, evidently delighting in making his pet squirm by slipping his fingers in and out of that hefty fold.

Utterly helpless to resist, the snolf shivered and puffed, another tremble working through his spine, until he simply slumped on his side, panting and whimpering in complete euphoria. It was all too much, the poor snolf's senses blitzed in pleasure and ecstasy, his tongue lolling out while his owner snickered at the reaction. "Looks like a K.O.," Zach chuckled, patting that bulging middle fondly, before huffing as he got to his feet again, "Alright, scruffywuffy, looks like my pet needs a good bath; and if you're good about it, I'll see about making you more treats to help with that winter weight."

Even with as bliss-blitzed as he was, Aaron didn't have to be told twice, his ears flickering as he lifted his head from the floor, tail thud-wagging once again. "Gods, I'll be good," he huffed through the heavenly fog in his mind, still wearing that dopey smile while he rocked back, grunting low and rolling forward onto his belly, before puuushing hard and getting to his paws.

Only to freeze again.

Oh yeah, that development.

Ears splaying, the snolf looked to his flank, regarding his middle as it now rested firmly on the floor, those scant millimeters it had cleared before taken up by the food that now resided within. And Aaron wasn't the only one to notice, a fact that became clear when he noted the blue eyes that regarded him with surprise. Flank facing the fennec like it was, there wasn't much left to the imagination; he really had eaten enough to plant that gut on the floor again. Granted, it was less of a feat now that Aaron's middle naturally hung so close to the ground, but still, it was enough to briefly put a pause on Zachary's teasing as he regarded the curve with disbelief.

Those eyes held on his figure again had that fire burning in Aaron's heart, and it just kept brightening when the fox shook his head and gave him another teasing, if red-cheeked smile. "Damn, that's already a lot of snolf, though," the fennec chuckled, stepping in and reaching up to brush the fat pet's cheek, tittering at the heat he could feel under the feral's fur.

"Sheesh, I thought you said you were cold-blooded? You feel pretty warm to me!" Zach commented playfully, his other hand settling on the opposite cheek while the snolf fidgeted shyly, and yet those softened features pressed back against the touch as Aaron purred deeply.

"Alright, come on, wuffy," the fox tittered after a moment, ruffling those cheeks before turning and making to step around the feral, only to pause at the hybrid's abdomen, glancing down at where Aaron's middle met the ground. "Jeez, that really is one fat wuff," Zachary cooed teasingly, glancing back at his pet while his tail curled down, caressing the low sag of that paunch on his way by, "And you want even more? My goodness, you *have* gotten really greedy, haven't you?"

Aaron practically hung onto every word that left the fox's muzzle, ever so slightly leaning into the touch against his middle, until he let out a soft gasp when he nearly stumbled to that side after the fox had passed by. Blushing hard, yet grinning in utter delight, the snolf wobbled pantingly along after the fennec, following him right out the door...

And promptly coming to a sudden, rippling halt when the frame grasped his sides.

Letting out a mix between a grunt and a yelp, Aaron was left blinking for a moment in surprise, before feeling his ears hide among the fur of his scruff when he looked back to see his plump flanks squeezed by either side of the door. "Oh jeez," Zach's voice cut into the captured canine's observation, the snolf's face reddening even before he turned his attention back to the fox in front of him. Quick to notice the absence of those plodding pawfalls, the anthro had glanced back to investigate, only to stop in his tracks at the sight of his pet, thoroughly defeated by an inanimate edifice.

That shock shifted into a warm, yet impish grin as the fennec turned around and set his hands on his hips, tutting at the flushing lupine. "Are we going to need a bigger door now, too?" Zach chuckled, that smirk growing all the more amused as Aaron gave a little whine, squirming in the grasp of their home and rippling absolutely all over his entire body with every wiggling attempt to escape.

"N-no, I can... mmmake it," the snolf grunted as he pushed against the doorframe with his forepaws, hind legs and tail shoving hard from behind, until with a sudden surge, that doughy hybrid came stumbling forward.

Suddenly regretting not moving to the side beforehand, Zach yipped as he hastily dodged out of the way, eyes wide while a whole lot of inertia went wobbling by him. As the shock wound down, the fennec let out a soft laugh, stepping over to the snolf who was still trying to get proper footing back around his jiggling form, face reddening more while a slim hand rested on his soft, doughy side. Looking back, the serpentine wolf gave a sheepish, contrite little smile, though that bashfulness was soothed as the fennec slipped a palm under his chin, humming to his pet gently.

"Poor wuff, did the mean, nasty door bully you?" the vulpine crooned teasingly, snickering while the softened features of his pet pressed warmly into his palm.

"H-hush, you," Aaron grumbled halfheartedly, even while giving that same dopey, bashful smile that had yet to leave his rounded face. That expression brightened as the fox laughed again, the snolf unable to hide the sheer affection that rose at his companion's mirth.

"Alright, come on," the fennec tittered, giving the snolf's muzzle a few pats before turning to the house, beckoning with his head, "Let's get you clean and tidy."

Only a few months ago, the proposition of a bath had been met with so much vehement resistance. Now, no such objections arose, and not simply because Aaron had resolved to become all the more obedient. No, what really had the snolf willing to endure the indignity of soaked fur was the idea of what came with it; those savvy hands working shampoo into his fur, pressing against his hide, sinking deliciously into deep, supple

"You gonna stand there staring or what?"

Blinking, the snolf's face reddened again when he realized he'd let his mind wander again, head lowering while he lumbered heavily over to the hose-wielding vulpine, the anthro standing with another amused smirk on his features. "Had to catch your breath there?" Zach teased, again giggling when his comment had Aaron blushing even more.

"M-maybe," the snolf mumbled sheepishly, huffing and puffing by the time he came to a stop, promptly plopping onto his haunches with a grunt. Again, that rounded paunch bounced and rippled heavily for several seconds after the shift, drawing the fox's eyes to stare at that jiggling dome with momentary wonder once more, only to slowly shake his head.

"That's a looot of wuff to clean," the farmer playfully observed, smirking up to the ducked head of head flabby pet, "You're gonna owe me for this, you know."

Gods, those words felt like Cupid's arrow all over again, flustering the fattened feral as he gave a few high-pitched murmurs, not quite forming intelligible words through the sheepish embarrassment that filled his breast and had him squirming on his haunches. Again grinning in cheeky glee at his pet's abashedness, the fennec leaned over and twisted the hose a few times, testing the water with his palm and giving a soft gasp.

"Jeez that's cold!" the fox yapped, shaking his hand free of the chilly drops and somewhat unintentionally flicking a few the hybrid's way. Blinking as he felt those cool flecks spattering his snout, Aaron's head lowered all the more, letting out a little whimper as he regarded the stream of water pouring against the ground.

"Aww," Zach cooed sympathetically, stepping in and cupping the feral's cheek with his free hand, "Don't worry, I'll make you something toasty to warm up with when we're done." Smiling, the fox added as he slid his palm down Aaron's jaw, giving the chub under his chin a playful pinch, "Besides, you've got plenty of insulation!"

"Z-Zaaaach!" Aaron whimpered as he shuddered in arousal and embarrassment, once more pressing his face into the fox's chest to hide his crimson blush, the anthro snickering while he brushed over the snolf's ears.

"Alright, alright," the fennec snickered impishly, patting the wolf's neck, "Down, boy, you're too damn tall."

Obediently, if still rather sheepishly, the snolf lowered himself onto his middle with a grunt, rolling to his flank to give his splayed middle more room. Brow cocking at the display, Zachary let out a soft whistle, shaking his head slowly after once again taking in just how damn far that soft, heaving gut pooled out beyond the feral's torso. "And he wants to get even fatter," the anthro chuckled incredulously, testing the water that ran from the hose once more as Aaron ducked into his collar once more, looking rather like he was trying to turtle into his own flabby neck tire. The sight was just so adorable. Beyond endearing, really.

"Alright, gonna be chilly," the fox stated, leaning over and brushing the snolf's head gently.

Nodding, Aaron took in a low breath while leaning into the gentle contact. "O-okay, I'm ready."

Giving a nod himself, Zach stepped back a bit, before aiming the hose at his prone pet, making sure to use his thumb in front of the flow to make the water spray rather than flow out freely. The result ended up being a drizzle of water that began to soak Aaron's pelt, who couldn't help the lil yip and whimper that left his maw at the sensation. The fox could only giggle softly at the reaction, crooning while he continued to spray up and down along the wolf's form.

"Aww, poor wuffy, I know it's a lil' cold, but you promised to be a good boy, right?" The fennec's muzzle broke into a grin as he tilted his head at his pet, though the feral soon noticed those features shifting to one of mounting disbelief as the snolf's soaked pelt began to lose its fluffiness, and consequently began to stick to the blubbery flesh beneath. Eyes widening slowly, Zach's tail gave a few flicks behind him as the appliance of water revealed the rolls, folds, creases and crevices that were previously hidden by all that fluffy fur, leaving truly nothing to the imagination about just how incredibly obese the lupine had gotten.

"O-Oh, damn," the fennec couldn't help scoffing in incredulous awe at the sight, taking in the wolf's figure with evident disbelief, fascination, and that persistent adoration, "W-Wow, your fluff really does hide just how plump you're getting, wuffy."

Those words just added to the shivers that had begun the moment the water soaked into Aaron's fur, getting his whole figure rippling heavily. Fortunately for the exceedingly well-padded lupine, the chill was only skin-deep, internally as warm as ever under all those layers of insulation, just as his owner had previously observed. Which of course meant the timid hybrid blushed all the deeper at having that tease prove all too true.

Looking back at himself after those last words, Aaron's ears flicked drops of water as he regarded his own folds with widened eyes. D-damn, he really was roly-polly under all the fur,

wasn't he? So many soft folds, jiggling against one another with his light shuddering, the sight making that long tail start to sway once more.

Eyes turning toward the fox that hosed him down, the snolf gave a little, sheepish chuckle, his forepaw brushing his moistened midsection self-consciously, leaving little claw-trails in the soaked pelt. "Y-you're one to tease about fluff," Aaron tried to quip back, though his bashful tone did little to help with his own playful mocking, not to mention the way his chin seemed determined to take up permanent residence within the neighborhood of his neck chub. From those splayed ears to the low posture of his head, the doughy lupine looked every bit like the submissive, pampered pet he'd become, even with his fur sopping wet.

"C-can we get to the l-lather now?" the snolf prompted, trying to resist the urge to shake the water from his head, lest he invoke the ire of the hose-bearing vulpine beside him, "I-I don't want to be out in the c-cold while soaking like this."

That request seemed to snap the fennec out of his staring, though it also made that playful smirk reappear. "Of course. Wouldn't want my poor, starving, emaciated wolf to catch a cold in this chilly weather, hm?" Zach cooed teasingly as he put the hose aside, grabbing the shampoo from beside the faucet and promptly squirting a handful of shampoo and conditioner onto his palm, "After all," the fox continued as he turned and stepped up to the prone lupine, gently pressing his palm right up against that pooling gut and starting to apply the lotion in slow, gradually widening circles, before giving a toothy grin as he playfully grasped a handful of yielding, malleable fat right from his pet's gut, the sheer depth of the layers of flab that coated his abdomen allowing that groping hand to easily grip a heavy handle of fat and wobble it around, "My wuff just has soooooo little insulation. He's practically wasting away, isn't he~?"

The moment those palms sank into Aaron's hide, he couldn't help but let out a low, shuddering moan of absolute bliss. It didn't matter that there was rather cold water soaking him all over; that discomfort was completely forgotten as soon as the lather began. And when supple handles of pudge found themselves squeezed between Zach's digits, it only intensified the speed of the snolf's euphoric panting, low murrns accompanying the slosh and sway of all that abundant flab.

Lip held snugly in the feral's mouth, Aaron felt his hind legs gripping against the lower curve of his gut once more, squeezing his own underbelly involuntarily with the sheer arousal brought on by Zachary's words and touch. "H-hah, just... a s-scrawny pup, y-yeah," the feral again tried to join in with the joking, yet his own comment was significantly warbled by the purr that he just couldn't control.

At that, the fennec's smirk only widened. "Oooh," planting both paws on that pooling paunch, the fox gently drew them down the exaggerated curve where it met the wooden patio, slipping both limbs under the squashed blubber to give it a few bounces from underneath, momentarily pausing at how heavy all that fat felt in his palms, "Are you now?"

Gasping sharply, another moan escaped the flummoxed lupine, his muzzle hanging open as his tongue lolled out of the side, head tipping back with the overwhelming pleasure. A hind leg even

started kicking out at the air involuntarily, just making all that heavy flab wobble about in the fennec's palm. Was this heaven?

An overwhelmed, half-purring whimper left the obese ophidian as he panted into the air, that thick, rippling tail coiling and squirming against itself. "G-gods, Zach," the snolf breathed hard, a paw lifting up to cover his own muzzle in an attempt to stifle another aroused vocalization, "Y-you're killing me over here!"

Ears perking up at that, the fennec cocked an eyebrow as he pulled his hands back and wiggled them teasingly, making to turn away. "You want me to stop right here, the—"

"N-no!"

Aaron blinked at just how hasty that negation had come, once more pulling his head in against his shoulders with a sheepish little grin as he glanced back to the blinking vulpine. "I-it's... n-nice," the snolf admitted mumblingly, tapping his paws together.

Smirking, the fox shuffled back to his previous position, starting to more-properly work the suds through Aaron's fur. Even without the teasing touches, the snolf couldn't help softly rumbling in pleasure, his eyes closing and head tilting back again while he panted upwards, making that blubbery gut wobble up and down along his torso. Those playful comments, platonic as they were meant to be, just kept hitting Aaron right in the back of the mind where it counted, each time flooding his whole system with hit after hit of dopamine. If he wasn't careful, he might just get hooked on that rush.

Not that he was complaining. Especially when the fox's adept digits worked so very *deliciously* across Aaron's paunch, pressing in with every motion to work the lather through all that silky fur. Beyond heavenly, the snolf simply didn't want the moment to end, even if he kept blushing hard at every little word that left his companion's still-teasing muzzle. That fluster intensified when the fox gave a bit more of a push into those flabby layers, crooning another playful comment that wound up getting cut off when the snolf's wide-open, blissfully-panting muzzle released a burp from the pressure.

Yipping in surprise, the snolf ducked his head again, cheeks dimpling with a familiar, timid grin that had his caretaker laughing brightly. The fox grinned right back as he leaned in, moving his hands to the feral's flank, pausing when sliding his lathered palm between two rolls made the lupine's entire body briefly tense, only for that head to slooowly fall to the ground, form rippling with a particularly intense shudder that had his paws twitching and kicking. And with that, the snolf was reduced to a purring puddle, dopey grin and half-lidded eyes revealing just how incredibly pleased he was with the whole situation; a stark contrast to the baths that had come before Aaron turned into a beached whale of a pampered pet.

Zach simply couldn't stop himself; he jumped at the opportunity not unlike a cheetah springing on its prey. "Aww," that crooning, half-purring tone cut through Aaron's blissful expression like butter, and the wolf felt a hand begin to gently slide in and out of a particularly deep crevice between his love handle and the roll of fat above it, "Wuffy seems to like this, huh? Which, if

I'm honest, makes a lot of sense," the fox just smirked as he reached over with his other hand, using both to gently pull those two heavy folds apart and finally let the skin breathe there, "It must have been a while since you felt air between those rolls, huh, wuffy? Sheesh, this trench's quite deep."

Moaning out another flustered whimper, Aaron felt his paws coming up over his face, his eyes squeezed shut with how hot and bothered he was getting. If only Zachary knew exactly what he was doing to the poor feral. The fox wasn't wrong, though; it felt almost strange having that moistened hide exposed to air after so long. Just another nail hit right on the head, another reminder of how incredibly well-fed he was getting.

Gods he just wanted more.

"MmmZaaach, s-staahp!" the snolf mumbled into his paws, unable to stop tittering and purring in sheer, blissful affection. Which just earned him a few more snickers as Zachary bounced the flab in his grasp. Flustered beyond words, Aaron could only squeak and squirm under the fox's touch, making all that chub jostle against the anthro as he let the fat rolls jiggle back together, patting them fondly before going back to his work.

Heavens above it was like every touch was unspoken praise of the corpulence the snolf had managed to attain, fuel to the fire of his desire for ever more of himself to share with the teasing vulpine. As Zach's hands slid up Aaron's torso, the feral obligingly lifted his forepaws, the limbs outstretching over his head, causing that sudsed-up belly to push against the fennec more and earning another impish little ruffle to his supple hide. He just couldn't get enough, leaning into those palms and huffing deeply, tail tapping the patio excitedly and sending a spray of water flying in the path of its wagging arch, unwittingly nailing the fox right in the back of the ear a few times.

Flicking those sensitive radar dishes, the fennec giggled once he glanced back to investigate and found that plump tail wiggling around, shaking his head as he turned to press more of that lotion right into Aaron's supple chest. In his position like this, Zach had to lean over the wolf's prone form, his svelte spine in a downwards arch that only emphasized a shapely vulpine rump that was a stark contrast to the lupine's blubbery haunches. Those amber eyes just kept staring up at the fox now that he was so close, submission and affection shimmering in the blissful gaze.

"Never thought I'd see the day when you weren't whining and whimpering during the entirety of a little bath," the fennec said softly as his hands worked up and up along the wolf's chest, periodically leaning down when he slid a palm down to the wolf's side, before pulling back up to continue, "Which is weird, given that this is taking a whole lot longer than before. I wonder why that could be?" at that last teasing remark, Zach had reached the tire of collar flab that was settled partially on the wolf's plump chest, playful grin visible once more as he pushing his hands right up against that drooping handle of fat, making it bounce while he rubbed the lotion into the flesh beneath, "I would have let you let yourself go earlier if I knew you'd become so obedient!"

Flustered practically out of his mind, Aaron could only stare at the fox that loomed over him now; ironic, given the sheer difference between their statures. And the way his neck pudge jiggled in the fennec's grasp; good heavens, he couldn't keep from leaning heavily into the touch. Zach was so close, so gentle, so warm. Even if he was deliberately pushing Aaron's buttons, the snolf could hardly say he wasn't thoroughly enjoying it. Besides, that vulpine smile really was charming.

Red as a tomato, the timid hybrid gave another little whine, before gently, gingerly leaning in and nuzzling at the anthro's chest, still purring intensely from all that touchy-feeling. The fox took the opportunity to curl his arms around the back of Aaron's neck, working the lather into the plump scruff of the obese ophidian. "A-a pet is supposed to be obedient, r-right?" Aaron mumbled back, barely coherent enough to formulate a proper sentence with how much pure bliss was running through his entire body. There was a quiet moment, before the snolf added in a quieter, shy voice, "A-and the, um, e-extra weight makes this f-feel really nice, t-to be honest."

The fennec could only chuckle at that, that smirk having apparently become a permanent fixture of his features. "Oh, I sorta figured that a few minutes ago, wuffy," he crooned playfully, his tail reaching back to teasingly brush over the wolf's pooled gut and earning another shudder of euphoria, before giving that exaggerated curve a few little pats that had its surface rippling subtly, "And yes, pets are supposed to listen to their owners. They get extra treats for being obedient, y'know."

Aaron perked up the moment the word "treat" was heard, a fact that had him blushing when he suddenly became self-aware of just how easy it was to get his attention with that single word. "J-just, um, d-don't ask me to run any m-marathons, yeah?"

"Oh?" Zachary tilted his head, his tail swaying over that lupine gut gently and intentionally settling over its curve in a way to emphasize its sheer girth, "Why not? I thought wuffy told me earlier he was just a scrawny pup?"

Flush deepening, the serpent once more turtled into his own flabby collar. "O-oh yeah, and s-scrawny pups, um, d-don't have much energy," he tried to play along, that silly little grin still plastered over his flustered features, "Th-they, um, g-gotta do a lot more carb-loading, hehe."

The fennec simply gripped the tire of flab that drooped from Aaron's neck, giving that handle of fat a little bounce that rippled down his chest. "Do you now? This pup looks like he's had quite a bit of carb-loading," And that tail gave the wolf's gut another teasing pat.

That shuddering moan again emerged, Aaron's own tail thumping heavily against the patio. "M-maybe," he murmured, tittering in self-conscious glee while leaning into the fox's grasp, "B-but, um, s-such a scrawny pup m-might need a little more."

Looking up hopefully, Aaron couldn't hide the pleasure that came simply from talking about indulging in such foods, emphasizing the gluttony the pair had fostered and nourished over the last months. A soft breeze flowing through the farm made the soaked hybrid shudder suddenly,

cheeks bouncing as he gave an involuntary "brrr" at the sensation, before smiling sheepishly up to his owner again. "U-um, time to rinse?"

The fox blinked at those chattering teeth, the teasing intermingling with care as he cupped his pet's chin in a hand while cooing to him playfully. "Aww, wuffy's starting to get cold. Well," pulling back with that impish grin, the fenne made sure to draw a digit all the way down from the flabby pet's chest to the apex of his gut as he passed by, grabbing the hose once again and turning back with that self-satisfied, amused expression, "Seems like you still don't have enough insulation, huh?"

Aaron again perked up instantaneously, even after seeing that dreaded hose lift from the ground. "W-well, I, um, w-wouldn't say no~" he purred shyly, before yapping out when the water hit his neck, ears splaying while Zachary snickered mischievously.

With how much snolf there was, it took a while to get the suds back out of his fur. And yet even with the unpleasant water, Aaron still found himself wagging again as Zachary got in and worked the rinse through his pelt. A particularly intense shudder came again when the fox lifted up the folds on his flank to get the water into the doughy crevices, the conflicting sensation having the poor feral both whining and purring at the same time, much to his companion's amusement.

Shivering by the time it was over, the snolf was all too eager to get back inside, an effort made easier by his moistened fur, even after the towel-drying he received. Wriggling through the doorway, the snolf padded over to his pillows and flopped right in, finding a blanket soon to follow and drape over his figure as Zachary settled at his side, crooning to him in approval and affection.

Another week of ease and pampering went by in a blur, the snolf finding again that his every want was catered to with adoring devotion. And yet now, with everything out in the open, the previous awkwardness around the pet's climbing weight had been replaced by cheeky teasing and playful touches all over the flabby feral's figure. Despite how embarrassing it all was, Aaron just couldn't get enough. He just kept wanting more; more food, more love, more cuddles, more him.

And more of himself he did get. With the calorie boost provided by the powder Zachary had purchased, Aaron's weight truly began climbing. That belly didn't take too long at all to find itself permanently planted on the ground, no matter how tall the snolf tried to stand. It seemed like the era of air between his torso and ground had truly gone; and gods above, Aaron loved every bit of the new era. Just waddling around felt incredible, the floor itself providing a continuous massage against his passing midsection with every step, so much so that it actually got the snolf up and moving more than when he was "skinnier". A fact that had his companion evidently all sorts of amused, watching with curiosity and affection as Aaron slowly became more open about enjoying his own heft.

It was odd, to be sure. And yet, seeing his pet so happy was enough to dismiss the oddity of it all. If this was what Aaron wanted and it was impossible to miss how much he wanted it then Zachary was happy to help him keep getting heftier.

After all, it supplied him with more ammunition for teasing every day.

Catching the snolf indulgently kneading his own belly, or nuzzling into the soft curve of his neck, or even embracing or being embraced by the doughy coils of his tail became a more and more frequent occurrence. And Zach didn't miss a single opportunity to playfully tug the snolf's chain for it. It was just so damn fun to see Aaron squirm when he pushed the snolf's buttons, especially since that heft emphasized every embarrassed motion.

And that wasn't the only time that heft was emphasized, either. With his desire confessed, Aaron found his courage rising enough that he even began to get a little playful with his bulk, himself. His rump remaining high in the air while he lowered his chest to eat, tapping his hind paws to make the belly that had sloshed up his torso sway side to side. Laying sprawled broadly on his flank, one paw resting on the curve of his gut and drawing slow, indulgent strokes that traced the contours of every curve on the way by. Every touch was electrifying, whether his own or his owner's, though the latter was all the more addicting. Those anthro digits were just so much better at providing tender caresses. Even if they invariably came with playful comments.

Aaron's one regret that came with gaining so very much heft was that he could no longer come close to being able to ascend the stairs and join Zachary for bed. It was growing more common for the snolf to lay prone at the end of the day under a gloriously-filled stomach, only to whimper subtly when it was time for his companion to sleep, those puppy-eyes watching the fox ascend the stairs with clingy affection. That endearing look plucked at the fennec's heartstrings every time, enough that he started to shift the furniture from the office downstairs up to his bedroom, swapping the two spaces out.

The snolf was eager to offer his assistance the moment he realized what Zach was doing, and though his flexibility and endurance were rather below what they'd used to be, he was still a big, bulky predator, well able to assist with moving the heavier furniture. At least until the time came for them to be moved up the stairs. Still, the doughy feral did his best to help, and it gave him all the more opportunity to playfully, if rather blushinglly emphasize his own heftiness.

Finally, after a day's work, the bedroom was fully shifted downstairs, and a wheezing, puffing snolf squirmed in through the door that was much too narrow for his liking. Falling into the cushions at the foot of Zachary's bed, Aaron siiiighed long after all that work, sloshing heavily onto his back and just... regarding his own hill of a belly with lingering affection. That expression wasn't missed by the fox who came in behind him, and of course the teasing was soon to follow, though in Aaron's position, he just didn't mind.

Oh he blushed his head off, of course. But the words were so lovely. A sort of praise that was all Zachary's own. And teasing as they were, those very comments served to embolden the snolf more and more.

So much so that the snolf began to sidle up to his companion just a bit more, "accidentally" bumping against the fox with his tubby flank, or "unintentionally" pushing his chest up against the fennec's back as he prepared breakfast. Scoffing and shoving incredulously, the vulpine

teased the fat feral for taking up so much more space, unaware that he was just encouraging the snolf to get a bit more forward by the day.

Which would explain why, when the fox was in the middle of going through some produce-related paperwork, the fennec suddenly felt the chair he was sitting in scoot several inches forward, supple, silky pudge pushing against the backs of his ears while a familiar, huffing breath panted above. Brow furrowing, the vulpine tilted his head back, an ear flicking at the sound of a belly that gurgled low, already full of food by the time afternoon had come around, and yet the expression Zach found above him was unmistakable.

Pleading eyes, splayed ears, chins tucked into his collar, Aaron looked down at his companion as he tapped his paws against the floor to either side of the chair that his chest and belly smooshed around, making the enveloping pudge jiggle against the backs of Zachary's arms. Those round cheeks held familiar crimson, dimpling with a timid smile that accompanied a soft, subtle whimper. "U-um, are you busy?" the snolf asked, even though he could clearly see the pen still in Zach's grasp, carrying on regardless, "I-I, um... I'm h-hungry again."

"Again?" The fox smirked at the sight and that begging whine, taking a moment to put his pen and paper down and reach back with a hand, settling his palm right on the side of that squished gut and give a few, teasing little rubs, "Or still?"

Head squishing into his shoulders even more, the serpentine wolf's paw reached up to rub the back of his neck, pushing even more of his chubby chest against the chair while his tail thumped the ground behind him. "S... s-still," Aaron admitted, heart fluttering as he regarded the fennec's eyes. Truth be told, the snolf hadn't really felt full since that fateful day in the barn. Sated, yes, but full? Well, that bar had been set just a bit too high. And it left Aaron with a stomach that just kept asking for more, even after his portion sizes had doubled over the last week. And especially over the last few days, that satiation seemed to last shorter and shorter before the hunger returned as strong as ever.

Of course, he couldn't miss the effect it had on his figure; even the most oblivious of pets wouldn't fail to notice how their middle never left the ground, or how it would squash heavily out to his sides when he laid down, spreading into a luxurious sprawl if he went prone and pressing down over his whole torso like the most wonderful, silky weighted blanket. Or simply rolling heavily out before Aaron, as it was doing now, the malleable tide of blubber pressing around Zach's chair like it was trying to consume the seat by osmosis. And still, he just kept begging for more.

"Is, um, th-this a bad time?" Aaron asked in a sheepish, yet begging sort of whimper, paw lowering from his neck to rest on the side of his gut, stroking the soft curve idly, his tail tip brushing the lower curves of the opposite side. A habit that had come more out in the open in recent days, previously too anxious to allow himself to even touch his middle with an audience, now almost eager to draw those blue eyes with the path of his paw along his midsection.

Oversized ears flickering, the fennec's head tilted as he noticed the way that paw reached down to settle on that flabby gut and begin self-consciously rubbing across its surface while its owner

just begged for even more food. Even after a day spent gorging on more calories than he'd realistically need in a week's time, this wolf just kept on asking for more and more. As baffling as that continuous gluttony was, Zach couldn't deny a certain cuteness it carried.

How could he, when there was literal tons of wolf looking down at him over the curve of his gut and asking to be fed again.

"A-Aww, of course not," the fennec ended up defaulting back to that crooning, playful tone, putting his work items aside as he pushed himself up, the shift in position causing his chair to press deep into Aaron's gut behind him. Grunting, the snolf didn't have time to even feel the burp rising before it flew out of his muzzle, the serpent's head lowering again when the fox paused and looked over to him with an amused expression, which only became moreso when the extra space it opened up in Aaron's gut immediately let out a growling demand to be filled again.

"S-Sheesh," Zach couldn't help chuckling in disbelief, stepping aside and pulling his chair back so it wasn't squashing into the wolf's flab anymore, watching with an amused sort of awe as all that blubber immediately wobbled back into its natural position, pooling out heavily in front of the feral and completely filling out the space between his thighs, "You really are getting quite gluttonous, aren't you, pet?"

The teasing remark was accompanied by a gentle pat to that still-jiggling paunch by the fennec's tail, Zach turning to the shelves above his desk and reaching up with practiced motions. Having grown rather used to supplying his pet with treats at basically every few minutes, the fox had begun filling every room with emergency snacks, so he always had something to reach for when his pet inevitably came waddling in and begging to be fed. Turning back, the fennec tore the package open and poured its contents of brownie bites into the emptied bowl he'd eaten his lunch out of, before stepping right up to the wolf. "If you keep this up," crooned the fox as he leaned against Aaron's side, intentionally pressing a hand right into those flabby folds while he pressed the bowl full of brownie bites right up against the feral's maw, tipping it back gently, "You might just turn into a landwhale, you know?"

Aaron's eyes went wide the moment those treats suddenly invaded his space, heart immediately starting to thud heavily in his chest. O-oh gods was this really happening? Was Zachary... forcing him to eat?

Well, no, not really. And yet that lingering hope for that very thing had taken Aaron rather by surprise, just as much as the descriptor that the fennec had chosen for his pet. Not exactly able to answer verbally at that moment, the snolf nonetheless obediently started to eat, his cheeks deepening their crimson as he took eager, if abashed mouthfuls. After a few bites, a forepaw lifted from the floor, hesitating in the air briefly, before settling over Zach's shoulders, ever so slightly pulling the fox a bit closer in affection.

This was such a perfect way to eat. And it only became moreso when the fox opened his muzzle again, teasing, adoring croons like fuel to the fire in Aaron's heart.

“Theere’s a good wuff. My, my, someone wasn’t kidding about *still* being hungry,” As those words trickled into the wolf’s mind, he also felt the fennec’s free hand gently roam from his flank to the side of his gut, patting the flabby mound lovingly.

Shivering in pleasure, the snolf moaned as he ate all the more ravenously from the praise. He couldn't help begging whimpers escaping his muzzle, pleading for more even while he was in the middle of eating, every touch, every word spurring that hunger to burn more hotly. Just like the warmth that spread in Aaron's chest, hind legs tensing yet again to grip at the flabby gut that took up the entire space between the limbs. More. Gods above, he needed more.

The bowl was soon sparkling like every dish put in front of the snolf, and still he kept licking at the emptied container as though hoping more pastries would magically grace his tongue. Panting by the time he'd managed to snap out of that feeding frenzy, Aaron shuddered as he huffed softly, looking down at the fox and giving a soft, timid whine, "Mm... m-more?"

“Aww!” Zach just kept on crooning, giggling as he pulled back and placed the bowl on his desk, taking a moment to look his pet up and down, eyes lingering on that pear-shaped figure in insuppressible awe, especially on the belly that sprawled out so far in front of the seated feral, “That still wasn’t enough? Gods above, but I could have sworn I remember that I have been feeding you practically *all* day! Sheesh, wuffy.”

Inevitably flustered by all the teasing, Aaron couldn't help the shy grin that dimpled his cheeks again. He really had become a glutton, hadn't he? Gods, but he just couldn't help himself. He wanted he *needed* more.

"I-I'm still hungry, though," the snolf murmured in his brassy, pleading tone, tail wagging like crazy behind him while he begged like the spoiled pet he'd become, "M... more?"

Scoffing, the fox didn't leave his pet pleading for long, turning toward the door and drawing his tail along the snolf's flank on the way by while mumbling about what a huge commitment just sating this big wolf was becoming. And though he blushed predictably, Aaron couldn't help the grin that lingered in his features, groaning while he rolled onto his paws and waddled heavily to the bedding he'd been given in the room. Flopping in with a hearty whump, the snolf siiighed blissfully.

Warm, cozy, and belly near-permanently burdened with literally thousands of calories. This was absolutely the best life he could imagine. Of course that didn't mean there wasn't room for improvement.

Regarding the door, Aaron rubbed and kneaded at his soft, yet subtly-tightened middle as he waited for the next course in what had turned into one long meal throughout the day, his tail rubbing the places on his belly that had become impossible for his paws to reach. D-damn, even that fact alone had his chest burning with warmth. He was so, so fat. He couldn't even reach all of his middle, even with all four paws, needing his lengthy coils in order to reach the apex of that belly.

And oh, did it feel lovely to reach. To press his tail into the heft, fat squishing into fat while he rocked his belly up and down his own torso, huffing and shuddering in euphoric bliss all the while. Gods, if only Zach would...

Biting his lip, the snolf looked to the door again, hot and bothered pants accompanying the wag of food-anticipation. More... more and more, he just kept wanting more. Even if it did make him into a... what had Zach called him before?

Landwhale?

Shivering at the word, Aaron moaned again just from sheer arousal. G-gods, he wanted to earn that title. More than anything.

Well, maybe not anything, the snolf thought the next moment, the image of Zachary's grinning features coming immediately to mind. But, maybe a close second. Yeah.

And gosh, when that bowl had been pushed in his face like that...

Could he... get Zach to do that again?

Tail pounding harder at the thought, Aaron perked up when the fox returned, carrying a tray with one of the cakes he'd started baking before, finding a certain efficiency in keeping the oven cooking through the day. After all, the snolf had taken to asking for ungodly amounts of food at all hours, and the convenience of having such copious foods on hand at any time helped keep Aaron... well, if not sated, then at least tided over until the next meal arrived.

Paws tippy-tapping the floor in his supine pose, Aaron squirmed as his tail thrashed in anticipation, bumping into the fox's chair several times. Before Zachary could set the tray down, however, the fennec was caught a bit off-guard when he noticed his pet laying there with his muzzle open. Expectantly.

Blinking and tilting his head at the sight, the fennec closed the distance between the pair with careful steps, keeping an eye on that incredibly heavy tail as it wiggled around in evident excitement. "Jeez, someone's looking forward to more," the fox scoffed and giggled, placing the tray beside the supine lupine and sighing as he straightened his back, glancing back over to his open, begging maw with a smirk, "What? Got something to say, wuffy? Why do you ha— oh, shoot... wait..."

Zach stopped as he glanced back over to the tray, noting the lack of frosting on both his cakes and the brownies he'd prepared. That just wouldn't do. Not with a wolf with a sweet tooth the size of Texas. "Hold on, I forgot your frosting. We can't have that, can we? You certainly need all the calories you can get for that winter weight, huh?" Flashing a teasing smirk, the fox reached over with his tail to pat that curving gut for emphasis, earning another little, pleased gasp before turning to leave once again and fetch that crucial ingredient for his fattened pet.

Blinking with his muzzle still open for a moment, the snolf closed his muzzle as he regarded the pastries in front of him, belly growling impatiently. Well, at least he had his milkshake to hold him over until the fox made his return. Tail wagging again, the snolf made to dip his muzzle into the glass only to pause as he remembered something he happened to see when the fox had his desk drawers open to fetch those brownies.

Slowly, the snolf's head lifted, regarding the desk for long moments. W-would it be bad of him to go rifling through the drawers? Or well, not exactly rifling, really. He knew exactly where that colorful box he'd spotted was. And well, it *was* meant for his use, after all. So...

Unable to resist, the snakish wolf craned his neck as his tail slid toward the desk, the tufted end delicately pulling open the drawer that had his full attention. Feeling around the inside, the serpent perked up as he grasped around the container, lifting up the box of familiar powder while an eager purr picked up in his chest. There was probably some of this already in the milkshake.

That thought had him pausing, the feral looking at the beverage for a moment. There was already thousands of calories in there, certainly enough to help him pack on the pounds already. Did he really need to add even more? All it would do is make him put the weight on faster...

The package was in Aaron's paws the next moment, clumsily fumbling with the cardboard flaps, before giving a little, growly huff as he just chomped the top of the box off. Much faster. Smirking to himself, that expression turned flushed as he looked between the box and his drink a few times.

Just... a little. For added flavor. Y-yeah.

Looking at himself, the snolf gave a soft little whimper again, as though pleading with himself. Not to reconsider; but to go all in, even after getting another solid look at the state of his figure.

Just a little. To get him closer to that... landwhale phys

He was holding the box upside-down.

Blinking, the snolf stared at the pile of powder in his glass. What did he just do? He shouldn't... fuck, *nobody* should have that many calories at once. He could still scoop some of that back out, put it in the box, try to... Okay, a bitten-open box was definitely not going to be hidden effectively. Still, he could pull back a bit, before he... before...

That... really was a lot of calories right there. And gosh, maybe he ruined the powder's ability to be stored long-term. It'd be an awful waste to let it spoil. Y-yeah, it was the *responsible* thing now to just commit.

Yeah.

Definitely.

Glancing at the door, the snolf fidgeted for a moment before arching his head over the milkshake and poking a digit through the powder to stir. Just the scent alone told Aaron exactly how densely-sugary that beverage now was, his tongue flicking at the air and catching hovering particles of powder in anticipation. Gods, he... he was really doing this, wasn't he?

Too late to back out, now. The milkshake was blended once more, the fluid level having risen significantly with the added powder's presence. How would it taste?

He could only wonder for so long, before leaning in and, tentatively, taking a lick.

Eyes widened. Tail straightened. Ears perked. And the next moment, Aaron was up on his haunches with rather impressive speed for his bulk, the glass held greedily to his muzzle in his paws while he just fucking *chugged*. He couldn't let go of the cup, desperately gulping away while his tail caressed the lower reaches of his paunch indulgently. Gods, fuck... it was so dense, so rich, so creamy, the snolf barely breathing between virtually desperate gulps.

Quite the sight to walk in on, really.

Frozen in shock as he simply watched with the retrieved frosting in his hand, Zach stared at his pet as he chugged his milkshake like he had been dehydrated for days. Sat up on his haunches as he was, the fox was given a clear view of that profile, marveling at the sheer *width* on display, and only blinking more and tilting his head when he could swear he saw the curve of that gut creeping over the floor with every needy, whimpering swallow the wolf made.

"U-uh, jeez," the fennec scoffed in disbelief as he walked in, completely missing the torn box beside the flabby pet as his eyes focused on his head and neck, baffled by the way that padded neck and collar flab undulated with each heavy gulp, "I see... wuffy couldn't wait? G-God, you are... really chugg—"

Squeaking through his muzzle in shock at the sound of his owner's voice, Aaron gasped as he pulled his muzzle away, tail hastily pushing the box beside him in the first hiding spot he could think of; directly under his own gut. "H-hey!" the serpent greeted hastily, flashing a rather forced, shake-coated grin, "U-uh, hi, um... it's... really good, heh."

Before the snolf could continue, his stomach let out a low, rumbling groan. As though posing the question, "what the hell did you just put in me?" And yet, the sound that followed had an entirely different tone, as though to follow up with another question, "and why the hell did you *stop* putting it in me?"

The fennec's ears flicked at that sound, and without the knowledge of just what was in that milkshake, he smirked as he walked right back over to his pet. Placing the frosting on the tray for now, Zach made his way in front of the wolf, playfully leaning into the gut that pooled out in front of the wolf in order to reach up and put a finger just below the milkshake, teasingly bumping it up against Aaron's muzzle once again.

"That tummy sounds like it wants more."

Gasping, the snolf felt his heart fluttering again, and though he almost hesitated, Aaron was a good pet; he would never disobey even a nonverbal command. Even if the one giving it lacked rather critical information about the beverage he was encouraging the serpent to chug down.

Huffing heavily, the snolf tipped his head back as he drank, and drank, and drank, giving soft moans of utter bliss at both the flavor and having his companion there to watch. It was just unfortunate that the snolf was so caught up in the rubbing the fox gave to his middle and the crooning "good boy" he received that he didn't feel his middle lifting a bit. Just enough for the corner of a colorful box to peek out from its hiding place.

The fennec, as preoccupied as he was with teasing his flabby pet, couldn't help but notice the slight bump he felt against one of his feet from below. And, upon glancing down to investigate and spending a few seconds tilting his head this way and that while he tried to figure out what exactly he was looking at, almost immediately furrowed his brows in confusion as it clicked.

Was that...?

"W-Wait, what?" the fox mumbled as he stepped back a bit and reached down, having to use his other paw to lift up on the lower curve of Aaron's gut a bit more with a grunt of effort, before reaching in with his free hand to grab the box and pull it out. The moment the torn open cardboard package was out in the open, Zach cocked an eyebrow as he glanced back up to his still-chugging pet in confusion, "What is this doing here?"

It took a moment for Aaron to register the fox's words, somewhat unwilling to pull his muzzle out of the glass, at least until the last of that milkshake slid into his gullet. And still he held the cup over his muzzle as he kept his maw wide open, catching every last drop that he could, before finally letting out a huff and looking down with a long, pleased sigh, rubbing his middle with one paw as he investigated what the fox was

Oh.

Ears wilting, the snolf's face hit new levels of red when he realized he was caught, head squishing into his collar yet again. "I-I, um," Aaron mumbled, glancing between the conspicuously-empty box, the still-open drawer it had been filched from, and the now-drained glass in his paw. That was really all it took for Zach to piece things together.

The fennec stared. Stared hard. At Aaron, at the open drawer, at the emptied milkshake, and then at the empty box in his hands. Oh, Gods above, he didn't, did he?

"You... y-you... did you just pour..." the fox scoffed in utter disbelief as he wiggled the box in his grasp, before letting his gaze drift all the way down to Aaron's pooling gut, "Did you just pour this entire box of gainer powder in your m-milkshake?" Zach mumbled out in mounting incredulity and concern, only to perk up as he quickly held onto the box with both paws once again, pulling it up to his snout and turning it around so he could read the back.

And then widened his eyes to a point that Aaron had never seen before, those oversized ears wilting, that fluffy tail standing straight, the fox gradually glancing up from the box and looking right at that gurgling, churning gut. “You just chugged this whole thing, didn’t you?”

Aaron whimpered at the question, his eyes falling as he fidgeted with the glass in his paws, that fat, coiling tail tucking from his haunches around the underside of his gut. That soft dome rumbled and groaned, apparently in both complete confusion about what to do with a calorie load as dense as it had just received, and at the same time growling hungrily, demanding even more. It was all so flustering, so embarrassing.

So... arousing.

Shuddering, the serpent slowly lifted his gaze, regarding his owner with the shimmering eyes of a dog whose master had just caught them stealing food from the cupboard. "Mm... m-maybe?"

“Maybe?” Zachary scoffed again, and the wolf could see an uncharacteristic little flush appear on those fluffy cheeks as those big ears picked up on the loud, rumbling gurgles emitting from deep within that dome of alabaster flab, “Y-You just chugged like a week’s worth of calories, wuffy. You... really wanted to fatten yourself *this* much?”

That head lowered more, the snolf whining contritely as he shuddered excitedly, contrasting emotions making his ears wilt even as his tail thumped against his middle. That final question had the hybrid's whole face pink, and yet he didn't deny it, turning the glass in his grasp while he looked into Zachary's eyes. He didn't really know how to answer that question. Except to lift the glass up to his muzzle again, blushing hard while he slowly, deliberately lapped up what remained clinging to the sides of the glass, making sure the fox was watching the whole time and then...

Hold the glass out toward the fox, a sheepish, yet earnest little smile on his features while he shuddered in arousal and whimpered with that familiar, begging tone, "M-more?"

Zachary had no real response to that at first. He could only watch in insuppressible awe and incredulity as the wolf slowly raised the glass back up to his maw, licked it clean of any leftover, fattening calories, then promptly begged for even more. After consuming a week’s worth of calories. He just wanted more?

“M-More? A-Aaron, you... you just drank enough t-to nourish a dozen l-livestock,” the fennec breathed out in disbelief, glancing back down to that gurgling gut and blinking when he noticed the way it was currently being squeezed further out in front of him by those meaty thighs. Well, that was interesting? Was he squishing his haunches together like that because of being caught? It had to be anxiety, right?

Just the thought made the fennec’s incredulity give way to that urge to comfort, a paw reaching out to settle on the surface of that squished, loudly grumling gut and start tracing circles into its flabby handles. “G-Gosh, your tummy is *so* loud. Did... did you down it in one go? You... you

sure you aren't s-sick or achey anywhere? I... you might as well have stuffed yourself full of jelly like last time for how many calories you just consume—”

The rumble that cut Zachary off sure didn't sound ill; just very, very insistent. That gut was a bit more willing to speak up than Aaron himself was in that moment, utterly flustered as he was when he realized just how many calories he'd eaten at once. And yet, rather than regret, Zach could swear the information was greeted by excitement glittering in the snolf's eyes. Licking his lips, the snolf dithered for a moment, before perking up slightly when the fox reached up, taking the glass from his paws.

"You really want me to make you another one?" Zach asked in disbelief as he tilted his head, trying his hardest to get past his shock by resorting to his playful teasing once again, "You realize it might *really* turn you into a... whale, right?"

Like a magic word, that singular moniker had the feral perking up even more, only to blush when he caught himself. Still, it was enough for Zachary to catch, and the fennec froze when he recognized the irrepressible glee and anticipation that had flashed through in that split second, before the familiar rose of abashedness concealed the expression once more. Did he really want Zachary to bring him another calorie bomb like that?

Well, he couldn't deny the desire, and yet lingering uncertainty had him hesitating, paws still brushing his middle in an attempt to soothe the rumbling dome, until he asked once more in a small, timid voice, "Is th-that bad?"

That single, familiar question was like a cheat code at this point. All at once, that incredulity and disbelief and concern was replaced by that all-too-familiar adoration. How on earth was he supposed to say no, when Aaron was looking down at him with those folded ears, those big, puppy eyes, that ducked head and rolled collar flab? It was just so... godsdamned adorable.

Endearing enough to overpower common sense. And also to remind the fox that, as utterly absurd as that request was, he had agreed to let the wolf let himself go even more.

"You... Gods," Zach shook his head as he scoffed and rubbed his neck with his free hand, before looking the wolf over once again, lingering on that rumbling gut as he slowly turned, and, while leaving, glanced over his shoulder with that smirk, "You really just want even more, don't you? You might not fit through the bedroom door anymore if you keep this up, fatty."

The serpent once more lit up when the fox relented to the request, a dopey little half-smile dimpling a cheek as he watched the fennec go. And though he blushed at the name, there was an undeniable sort of elation that filled his chest. He was a fatty. That was completely undeniable by now. A big, soft... happy fatty.

Shivering at the thought, Aaron huffed as he just fell back into his pillows, letting out a low coo of complete bliss when his belly sloshed up and then down his torso, his paws resting on the dome and embracing around it. He... loved this. Every second of it, every blush it brought, every

wag that showed his true feelings. And as it ever had been, the singular urge for more just kept burning brighter.

It was a good thing Zachary had left the frosting and cakes there. Looking to the side, the snolf used his tail to tug the tray up, balancing it on his chest, before taking up the first of the brownies and just starting... to glut. Pushing each confection through his muzzle, barely chewing before forcing the next through his muzzle and pushing its predecessor down his greedy gullet.

More... more.

That need had him gorging ravenously, no crumb going to waste, licking his paws and muzzle clean all while stuffing his face. Gods, more...

The brownies were gone in moments, and it took both paws to lift that hearty cake from the tray. It was a good thing he still had three other limbs, his hind paws squirming and squeezing together, tail curling against his underbelly to gently sway it up and down once more, making the rumbling belly churn. Stoking his appetite, the snolf opened his maw, and just stuffed the whole cake in, snakishly wrapping his jaw around the entire confection before tilting his head back. Snake and wolf he might be, and yet there was only one animal on his mind.

The thought of a beached whale made the snolf flush as he power-gulped the lump of sugar. And who might have come to such an animal's rescue, but a handsome, brave fennec, bearing life-saving water. And snacks, of course. Plenty of snacks.

Aaron hadn't even realized he'd picked up the frosting dispenser until the nozzle was in his muzzle, his paws squeezing either side to chug down the pure, liquid sugar. More... more food, more calories... more weight. The snolf suckled at the nozzle even after the entire bag it was attached to was empty, finally letting it go and allowing his head to fall back, panting up into the air in decadent indulgence. Another empty tray another several thousand calories packed away.

One forepaw sprawled to his side and the other rubbing his middle, Aaron could swear that hill rose just barely-perceptibly higher. Though that may have been wishful thinking. Gods was he really wishing for that kind of view?

Yes. Yes he was.

Huffing, the snolf arched his back in arousal, his face pressing into the cushions below with how far tilted back his head was, pinching the flab of his scruff into accorded rolls. His paws both wandered over his middle, practically groping himself as he murred into the pillows against his muzzle. He was... such a glutton. And yet, Zachary just kept enabling him. More and more, always more.

Gods, he hoped it wouldn't stop.

The sound of Zachary's steps actually registering for once, Aaron almost stopped feeling himself up. And then, he just continued, brushing his middle indulgently while Zachary rounded

the corner, a reddened, yet eager smile on his features. One paw lifted from the curve of his middle, the fox freezing with wide-eyes in the doorway, taken aback by the almost teasing way that Aaron licked that paw free of crumbs, before letting it fold against his chest in a half begging-puppy pose, still rubbing his middle with the other paw.

Well... damn. He'd finished the tray already. And now those eyes were shimmering at Zachary above bashfully-blushing cheeks, the serpent's gaze shifting quickly to the oversized glass in the fox's grasp, while the fox's own vision was entirely focused on the bemusing, and yet... oddly charming display he'd been met with. That abashed face, the indulgent, yet pleading posture, the empty tray; that was one spoiled pet he was looking at, no mistake.

And still, Zachary stepped over, pausing for a moment, before somewhat awkwardly making to set the milkshake on the tray that was still balanced upon the snolf's chest. Only to stop, his ears flickering as he tilted his head at the change in Aaron's expression. From bashfully pleading little whimpers to a muzzle that was just hanging open, pointed up to the ceiling while those large paws folded at his chest, his snakish tongue flicking in anticipation.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what that pose meant. Any owner of canine pets knew that pose all too well, but to have it come from such a spoiled, pampered, overgrown, fattened wolf was something else entirely. Feeling his cheeks heating up subtly from just how far he'd enabled his pet to become a gluttonous, bottomless pit, Zachary couldn't help the soft, amused, adoring little chuckle that left his muzzle at the sight.

"S-Still hungry, I see," he mumbled with a little smirk, glancing down to the emptied tray on the snolf's chest, before looking back up his features with a tilted head and continuing in that teasing croon, "Still wasn't enough, was it, wuffy? Man, you really are getting spoiled, huh?" And, as aware as he was of the consequences of his actions, Zachary knew he was about to only exacerbate that issue.

"And dammit, I still just can't say no to that face, you... gluttonpup," scoffing away his remaining reservations, the fox stepped up beside Aaron's head, and after one last glance at that gut, gently placed the rim of the glass against his open maw, "I hope you know this is going right to your waistline." And with that, Zach tipped the glass up, sending the fattening, creamy, sugary milkshake right into that cavernous muzzle.

Oh, he knew. And it didn't stop Aaron from giving another soft, euphoric moan as he started to drink from Zach's grasp, the snolf's paws kneading at his own middle almost involuntarily. He was finally being fed again. And not by a lifeless machine this time; by the person he cared most about in the whole world.

It made the drink all the more delicious, knowing that Zach was aware of every calorie slipping through Aaron's lips, and yet still holding that glass for him. Steadily tipping it up, and up, and up, keeping a steady stream flowing through the hybrid's muzzle. Not once did he stop or hesitate once they began, the snolf feeling a fluttering hope in his chest. Maybe Zach wanted this, too?

G-gods, he wished it was true.

That thought was given support when Aaron felt a familiar tail patting his middle; not just affectionately, but encouragingly. F-fuck, he wasn't going to stop, not until every last drop was guzzled down. And as he gulped hard, the snolf lifted one of his forelimbs, slowly wrapping the soft, padded arm around his companion's own svelte middle, all while his eyes lazily slid down to regard the slowly, subtly-rising horizon of his stomach. That sight alone was enough to make his hind legs clench again, huffing and whimpering for more despite the glass already tipping up steeply.

“A-Aww, sooo hungry. You just can’t get enough, huh?”

He was. And gosh, he couldn't. And only feeling more ravenous with such teasing words, free paw pressing deep into his abdomen to probe the depths of such blubber, the limb around Zach gently, tentatively pulling the fox closer, until the anthro found his side pressing up against the dome of Aaron's gut. He could literally feel the rumbling of the stomach under all that blubber, the overworked organ contending with such an incredibly dense, hefty load even while groaning out for more.

The snolf whimpered when he felt the flow slowing, head lifting from the pillows and pressing his muzzle into the glass to lick every last drop from the inside, that tongue gliding along every surface within the cup until it was veritably sparkling. Finally flopping back after another few licks, the serpent let out another long, contented sigh. Full. G-gods, he was actually feeling full. Those milkshakes were so dense and hearty that he didn't even need an ungodly volume to feel sated after them.

It was so lovely. The feeling of all that nutrition sitting in his stomach, letting out whimpering huffs of delight, until the air he'd sucked in along with all that drink eventually worked up his gullet. Eyes widening, the snolf's free paw covered his muzzle, stifling that long, breathy belch before it could come out in an overt eruption, yet still he blushed as he looked dazedly to the fox beside him.

Gods h-he'd just done all that... right in front of those beautiful blues.

He should have been mortified, right?

So why couldn't he stop grinning through his deep blush?

Maybe because it had been those very hands that had provided so many calories. That had brushed his chest encouragingly while his fluffy tail caressed the snolf's middle. And even after the spectacle, those eyes held not a trace of disdain or disapproval; just love, care, and perhaps a little bit of impishness.

The snolf shuddered again when Zach set the glass and tray aside, before reaching out and cupping the serpent's doughy chins, brushing the sensitive rolls as Aaron let out a soft, purring sigh. "Feel better now, wuffy?" the fennec cooed, playful, yet earnest.

Slowly, Aaron gave a shallow nod. He hesitated again, before the paw that held Zachary gave another little pull, bringing the fox close enough for the snolf to lift his head and nuzzle at the anthro's chest, before falling back again. That belly, overburdened and gurgling, sloshed audibly once more, drawing the pair's gazes, the ophidian wolf marveling while he considered just how many calories he just chugged all at once, only to let out another moan of bliss when the tail draping over that gut gave the surface a gentle, comforting rub.

Zach really didn't mind. Even with knowing he was enabling the snolf to drink enough calories that he'd probably gain a noticeable amount overnight. Yet there the fox was, regarding his pet with so much affection, adoration, and even support. As though those eyes gave a wordless encouragement to the snolf's gluttonous dreams.

If only Zachary knew just *how* gluttonous those dreams were getting.

"Th... thanks," the snolf murmured, timidly quiet for a moment, before adding as he gave a little, shy smile, "O-owner."

"Aww!" Zachary couldn't help squeaking in utter delight, crooning as he just grabbed ahold of the wolf's neck on either side, squishing those digits into his rolled folds while leaning over to gently, lovingly nuzzle his snout, "How can you be so cute?"

Aaron blushed all the more, yet he still felt his smile growing at the playful question. "N-natural talent?" the snolf suggested with a soft titter, the fox giggling along with him. After a moment, Aaron tentatively brought up his other paw, gingerly brushing at Zach's shoulder, before pulling up against his chest when shyness overtook him, head ducking into his chins.

"U-um," the snolf hummed, working up his nerve, and finally asking, "Do you think I could have milkshakes like those... with my meals, now?"

Now that made the fox pause. Blinking in disbelief once again, he slowly glanced back at his pet's supine form, taking in that curving gut for a moment, before looking back up to him with a tilted head. "E-Every meal? You want a milkshake like *that* with every meal? You... you're going to put on *so* much weight in d-days then, wuffy. And you're already quite, y'know," Zach reached over to squeeze a flabby fold from the wolf's neck for emphasis, "Overfed."

Oh, the snolf knew that for a fact; that only made the idea all the more enticing. "W-well, um, m-maybe with breakfast?" Aaron suggested tentatively, that goofy smile yet to fade from his features. "A-and also lunch?" he continued with a hopeful, irrepressible wag, tongue pulling over his lips while that excitement grew, "O-oh, and maybe just one more... for dessert?"

Furrowing his brows, the fennec tilted his head as he glanced down at his bashfully smiling pet. The way that plump chin bunched up into accordion rolls from that almost begging head-ducking was like a warm embrace to Zach's already warm heart, and he couldn't help flicking his tail and giving an adoring sort of scoff at the sight in spite of the absurdity of that request.

“So... basically every meal, then,” the fox surmised, that interpretation earning another bashful fold from the overfed wolf’s ears, which only made the anthro croon softly, “You really want me to make you milkshakes like that, huh, wuffy? You, uhm, you sure you didn’t miss when I said just how,” Zach glanced back at the supine feral’s figure, incredulous gaze settling on that curving, filled gut, taking in the hill of alabaster flab, fluff, and food in disbelief, “*Filling* they are?”

The question just made the snolf’s tail wiggle faster at the end, the white tuft a veritable blur that sent rippling undulations up Aaron’s coils. Even without the fennec’s report on that ridiculous calorie count he’d just inhaled, the serpent could feel the sheer density of that nutrient-bomb sitting in his gut. Not nearly as voluminous a meal as his record, perhaps, but certainly rivaling that incredible filling in terms of sheer nourishment, judging by how intensely the snolf’s gut worked at the veritable wrecking ball of food and drink it contained.

He could eat less than that legendary filling he’d received and still wind up gaining even more weight than it had packed onto his figure. The thought had Aaron shuddering as he panted excitedly, even while that shy face tucked in against his increasing chin-count, tubby cheeks red and dimpled in that silly, sheepish smile. Slowly, the serpent gave another tiny nod, his paws resting on the rising hill of his midsection to give the surface gentle, indulgent strokes, unable to resist the action even with Zachary there to cock a brow and tilt his head at the gesture.

Gods above, those blue eyes were just... lovely.

Blushing all the more, Aaron cleared his throat subtly, his gaze averting as he reached up to scratch at his rounded cheek. "Y-yeah, uh," the snolf murmured, his tone soft and self-conscious, yet undeniably pleased, "I'm a-actually full. For once. It's, um... r-really nice."

As absurd as it was, that statement had become so unexpected that it actually made the fox’s eyes widen. Looking back at his pet, the fennec tilted his head again, searching those subtly-padded features for moments, and only blinking in mounting confusion when he saw the sort of sated, pleased flush and self-indulgent pleasure that he’d always see after Aaron’s bigger meals. Especially that little ‘incident’ involving jelly.

Just the thought of having let Aaron consume *that* much food in one meal sent a mixture of worry and that persistent sense of awe up Zach’s spine. Pampering his pet was one thing, but the task was slowly becoming an operation that required quite a lot of upkeep. And a hefty budget, too. He couldn’t even begin to calculate how much profit he’d missed when the snolf somehow got his muzzle around that jelly nozzle, consuming weeks’ worth of income in a few hours.

But... he didn’t eat that much this time, right?

One glance at that curving gut answered that question; while still bloated with food by normal standards, it was nowhere near the size of the gut he’d walked in on in that barn. And yet, here the snolf was, reporting about his fullness in spite of having consumed seemingly a whole lot less.

Zach's features seemed to light up as a spark fired up in his mind, and although the memory of the gaining powder's calorie count made those fluffy cheeks redden and that blue gaze to drift to the wolf's deepened folds with an odd mixture of hesitation and adoration, the fox couldn't ignore the novel perspective he'd just come across. If all that gaining powder made his pet feel sated — not to mention beyond pleased with himself — and saved his owner from having to refill their pantry on the daily, well...

"You are?" the fox mumbled as he finally glanced back to the feral's face, immediately crooning at the abashed, deep blush that had crept up on those features while the anthro looked his flabby form over, "Did... did those two milkshakes really help fill you up, wuffy?" That teasing smirk returned at once at the question, the fennec's fluffy tail reaching back to intentionally settle over the curve of that alabaster gut, stroking up and down along the flabby surface curiously.

Shivering the moment the fox's hind limb rested on his middle, Aaron found himself panting all over again despite the abashed reddening that came over his features again. And still, the serpent gave a light huff while his head tilted back ever so slightly, his paws almost seeming to knead up at the air from both Zachary's gentle touch and his playful tone, unable to get enough of all that attention and affection. "Y-yeah," the snolf breathed out again through huffing pants that had his middle bouncing atop his prone figure, long tail gingerly curling against the fennec's torso to hold the fox in closer. Surrounded by ophidian softness, the vulpine found himself embraced by the warm, rippling heft of his pet, those soft coils rivaling Aaron's gut for sheer plushness at their widest point, and retaining pleasant, silky softness all throughout their rolly-polly length.

Chuckling from the gesture and nuzzling at those flabby coils, the fennec couldn't help giving a toothy grin as he tilted his head at his fattened feral. "That's... kinda new."

The snolf's head ducked again, grinning sheepishly as his tail tapped against Zach's back. "H-hey," Aaron faux-whined, his eyes averting once more while his paws folded against his chest in submissive fashion. "I've been f-full before," the serpent tried to object, though he couldn't keep the dopey glee from his voice even at the attempted rebuttle, not exactly helping his case when the next words out of his muzzle were, "J-just, um, not as often, lately."

Even with his eyes wandering, the snolf caught the fennec perking up at that, tentatively glancing back to see the fox regarding him with familiar adoration, tinged by incredulity. Gods, why was that look so exciting? Why did it have the snolf's rear legs involuntarily squeezing at the portion of his gut that had begun to settle permanently over the base of his tail in this supine position?

Whatever the reason, that expression alone was enough to have the shy serpent both purring and blushing, wagging and wriggling in embarrassed anticipation. That fluster deepened when a lean hand came up to cup one of Aaron's cheeks, the hybrid shuddering again just at that tender contact, yet leaning into the touch as his eyes closed and ears splayed submissively. The

resonations in the snolf's jiggling chest deepened when the fox's digits brushed the softened features of his face, letting out a low mix between whimpering and crooning in delight.

“A-Aww, poor wuffy,” the fennec cooed as his eyes drifted between Aaron’s own pair, far too consumed by that inexplicable urge — that insuppressible desire — to consider the literal tons of feral blubber that was wobbling just one glance away, “You’ve been going hungry?”

Aaron blinked, and soon that head ducked into his collar yet again, forming another series of rolls along the doughy tire. He had just insinuated that, hadn't he? And yet, he couldn't deny it; even after all that he'd been eating lately, that craving for more, more, and yet more hadn't been abated since that fateful day in the barn. At least until now, while his stomach rumbled both contentedly and a bit overwhelmedly at the burden it had been given to process.

Tentatively, the snolf let himself nod once more, slowly lifting his head as his tail brushed the fox's arm. "W-well, um, m-maybe a little," Aaron admitted, shy tone full of near-contriteness at the confession, "I've still been hungry after meals lately. Not, um, this one, though." Another pause, and the serpent's cheeks lifting into the slightest, hopeful little smile, "It's... okay to have more of that, um, supplement? It really helps me feel sated."

In that moment, with the fennec staring down at his pleading pet, the rest of Aaron’s fattened, flabby form was disregarded. It didn’t matter that the wolf had already gained enough weight for his gut to literally touch the ground as he walked, nor did the fox consider the fact that those side rolls had already deepened enough for him to lose an arm in. No, with him looking down at his pet, who was so bashfully yet so adorably looking away in evident self-consciousness, the decision was made before all the factors could even be considered. In that moment, Aaron learned just how true it was when Zach had said that he couldn’t say no to that face.

“W-Well, I guess I’ll have to order more of those boxes, it seems.”