

Collars and Calories

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A Commission for Tach012

Tach belongs to Tach

In an effort to make a little extra money, Tach volunteers to help a plump dragoness manage her weight by wearing a wondrous collar. Everything she eats will be transferred to him, allowing her to cheat on her diet without consequence, indefinitely. Will the job be worth it, or will the lynx learn to loathe his decision?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and contains a Male Lynx, a Female Dragoness, Unrestrained Gluttony, Gradual Weight Gain, Belly Stuffing, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Furniture Destruction, Weight-Based Embarrassment, Getting Stuck

Chapter 01

The soft clicks of nails against tile filled the modest bedroom, mixing with bird songs from beyond Tach's window. Soft morning light filtered through open curtains and reached across the carpet, warming the floor for the lynx's bare pads. His toes sank and curled into the plush fibers as he walked to his desk, still dripping from his wake-up shower. His chair softly creaked as he sat down, tipping the corners of his muzzle in a slight frown. His paws drifted to his stomach and gently squeezed his paunch after he turned his computer on, and he toyed with the idea of exercising as it booted. Artificial light flashed across his face as his OS welcomed him, and a steady rhythm of clacks poured from his fingers as he logged in. Several tabs sprang open as he picked up where he left off the night before, searching for a simple way to supplement his income. The cat's remote IT job paid well enough to keep a roof over his head and food on his table, as evidenced by his modest belly, though his savings account remained slimmer than he would have liked. He scanned a table of odd-job listings as he found his place, then settled in for the mind-numbing task of scanning headings.

Only a few minutes passed before Tach grew weary of such mindless work, however. The seventh page of listings proved every bit as uninteresting as the first, and his thoughts wandered as morning grogginess overcame his enthusiasm. The weight of his eyelids easily convinced him it was time for a break, and he pushed away from his desk and padded to his kitchen. He prepared a cup of coffee as he delved into his refrigerator, then fixed himself a modest breakfast while his drink brewed. His small platter of eggs and sausages was ready to eat by the time his favorite mug filled, and a content smile spread across his muzzle as he sampled their scents. His belly let out a low grumble of approval, spurring him to pop the first morsel in his mouth before he brought his meal to his bedroom. A soft hum of approval resonated in his chest, and a pair of quiet clinks broke his room's silence when he set the dishes beside his keyboard. The lynx settled back into place and resumed his endless scrolling while he idly munched, rolling his eyes at particularly absurd requests until he found one too outlandish to ignore. The need for a "surrogate food baby" grabbed his gaze and curiosity like nothing else, and his growing fascination demanded an investigation. With nothing better offers, he clicked the link.

A grin parted Tach's muzzle as the headline restated itself at the top of the page, followed by the details of the offer. His mirth faded as he read through the terms of the job, then returned when he realized it wasn't a joke. The description spoke of cutting edge technology, a pair of collars that linked the wearers in a strangely intimate way. Everything one ate was wirelessly transferred to the other, easing the challenging of dieting for one partner at the expense of the other. The lynx's intrigue deepened as he read. He had no reason to doubt the safety of the science, and the benefits of being paid to save on food proved uniquely enticing. Still, apprehension welled in his chest. The offer seemed too good to be true, and he decided a little extra research into the collars would be wise. Tach bookmarked the page and opened up a new tab, then dove into a world he had no idea existed. A cursory search revealed the widespread praise of the system, easing his worries of malfunction or fraud. The price associated with a pair of collars nearly made him spit his

drink however, though it also removed any worries of getting stiffed. A search for criticisms revealed only problems with vendors and customer support, finally tipping his decision in favor of the listing. He returned to it and quietly hoped it still stood, then let out a sigh of relief and submitted his contact information. The lynx checked several boxes and agreed to the terms, then leaned back in his seat, brimming with satisfaction.

The ping of an incoming email opened his eyes, and he tabbed to his inbox with cautious optimism. He blinked his shock away and stared at the owner's reply, received not ten seconds later. Tach skimmed the email and noted its important points, and adrenaline trickled into his nerves at the request to meet for lunch. He glanced to his clock and mentally crunched some numbers, then rushed to his closet to get dressed. It would be close, but if he got ready and left right away, he could make their improvised meeting. The lynx hopped into a pair of shorts and threw on a shirt, then slipped into his shoes and dashed out of his door. The bright jingle of keys announced his departure, and he stepped into the sun's blazing heat. With any luck, the offer would be worth leaving his cool abode.

The ring of a bell cut through murmuring conversations and announced Tach's arrival to the cafe. A pinch of dread twinged in his chest as he scanned the crowd, noting the complete lack of tables. He could only hope his client had already arrived and reserved a place, and his anxiety dissolved when he spotted someone matching the invitation's description. Another glance about revealed no one remotely approaching her likeness, and he carefully wove his way between filled furniture to greet her. The corpulent dragon met his gaze with a hopeful glint as he approached, and a fang-laced grin parted her snout when he sat down. A pang of fight-or-flight sparked in the lynx's chest while she appraised him, sizing him up as a cat would a mouse. The perceived tension dissipated with a melodic chuckle however, and the gilded dragon extended a large claw in greeting and shook his hand.

"You're cuter in person," she smiled. "You're Tach, yes?"

The lynx nodded. "I am. And that means you must be Eda"

"I am," she returned. "Come, sit. Let's talk over lunch."

Tach agreed and took the seat across from her.

"Thanks for coming on such short notice. I was already on my way over for lunch, and I really appreciate you meeting me here."

"It's no trouble at all. I don't live too far away from here, so it worked out well."

The sound of jingling jewelery filled the air when she motioned in understanding. "This probably won't come as a surprise to you, but I've decided I need to go on a diet." She pat

her belly to back up her assessment. "I've tried before, honestly, but I haven't had much luck with it. I've heard these collars can help with that, but I haven't been able to find anyone else willing to wear them."

Tach tilted his head. "That's strange. Everything I've seen online says they work great."

"Most of my friends are in a situation similar to mine," Eda admitted. "So they're too interested in losing their own weight to help me out."

The lynx nodded. "I might be getting to that point soon, but I think I can help you out in the meantime. How does this work?"

The dragon beamed with his willingness to continue. "It's almost scary simple," she began. "The collars are tied to an app, so you just need to download it on your phone, and then we can set up the contract. It handles the payments and everything, so you don't have to worry about me disappearing and stiffing you, and I don't have to worry about you running off with my gear."

The cat nodded as he searched through his phone, finding the program on it's app store with ease. The reviews were every bit as glowing as the others he'd researched, erasing his concerns of buggy software. He started the installation without a thought, then set his phone down while it downloaded and installed the program. "If you don't mind me asking, have you used these before?"

"Only for a day or two at a time. Mostly when I absolutely needed a cheat day." The dragoness chuckled. "Though, I did manage to find a 'surrogate' for a three day weekend a while back."

"Does it feel weird or hurt?"

"On my end, not at all. It's just like eating as normal until it's time to swallow, and it just doesn't hit your belly. I've never been on the other side of the equation, but no one ever complained about it," she shrugged. "Worried I might break your limits~?"

The lynx blushed and raised his paws. "Not at all, I'm just trying to figure out what I'm getting myself into. Is there any sort of safety measure or override?"

"Probably, but I've never seen the emergency measures trip. It'll calibrate to your body after you put it on, and that will make sure it doesn't try to pack you too full of food. Once it decides you're at capacity, it'll stop shifting calories and fill my belly instead."

The cat decided it best not to question if the dragon knew that from experience or not, and while he paused to consider his next question, his phone dinged and announced a successful install. Eda grinned with knowing anticipation as Tach opened the app and set up his account, then walked him through the contracting process.

“First, select ‘feedee’ and tap your phone to the collar. That’ll make sure you get the right one. I’ll send you the contract after that, and once you accept, we’ll be ready to go.”

Tach’s head rocked in affirmation and he skimmed the document, and the corners of his muzzle curled in a slight frown as he got into it. “This is a lot of paperwork. Do you mind if I take some time to look it over?”

“Not at all,” the dragon offered. “It doesn’t expire for a week, so I’ll need an answer before then, but take as much time as you need otherwise.” Eda finished her snack and drink in a single bite and slurp respectively, then excused herself from the table. “I hate to eat and run like this, but I have a meeting I need to get to. My contact info is buried somewhere in there, so feel free to call me if you have any questions.” She pushed her chair under the table with a bump of her substantial hips, then waddled out of the shop and into her car.

Tach ordered a modest sandwich and medium drink once alone, then ate his meal and reviewed the novel of a contract. He hardly delved a few pages in before he cleaned his plate, and his eyes stayed glued to his phone while he cleared his place and returned to his apartment.

The low glow of Tach’s monitor reflected of his glasses as he scanned the last paragraphs of the endless terms and conditions, highlighting the exhaustion in his eyes. The vast majority of it was dedicated to protecting the collar’s company, absolving them of responsibility should something go wrong, but the lynx had little reason to fear a malfunction. The lines that worried him most pertained to his arrangement with the dragoness. Due to the dangers of an unexpected removal, the collars could not be unlatched until the contract was broken, and the documents drawn up by the corpulent reptile had no expiration date. Tach’s brow furrowed as he slurped his noodles, and he continued searching for what exactly that meant. His eyes scanned line after line of dense text, sifting through pages until he found an explanation. Ending the agreement required the consent of both parties, a fact that introduced a tinge of apprehension into the cat’s chest. It dissipated as he read on however, discovering that each failed attempt to reach a severance agreement would result in a rise in fees. The lynx leaned back in his seat and reflected on the details. On the off chance he found himself stuck with the collar for longer than intended, he would be handsomely rewarded for the inconvenience. Coupled with the device’s over-stuffing prevention, he had difficulty finding a downside to the deal. His gaze drifted to the quantum accessory as his reservations fell away, and after a moment of hesitation, he lifted it to his neck and fastened it in place. His phone vibrated in acknowledgment as the device connected to its servers, and he waited for the dragoness to don her counterpart.

Mere seconds later, Tach’s phone shook across his desk again, and a wave of tingling static raced through his pelt. His fur bristled and he squirmed in his chair while the collar scanned him, generating a report of his gastric capabilities. The data played across the

screen of his phone as it filled in, though his metrics hardly concerned him in that moment. His mind fogged as electric sparks tugged at his thoughts, and his appetite rose and fell like waves upon a beach. The cat clutched his belly in his arms and doubled over, unable to handle the unnatural shifts. Fortunately, the analyzing pulses declined as quickly as they began, and a soft ding announced the diagnostic completion. A list of green check-marks confirmed the collar passed its self tests, and a spinning icon denoted the forming connection. Lights flashed from the accessory and bounced off his monitor as it reached out across the city, seeking its partner's signal. A soft vibration announced the discovery of its target, and without fanfare, linked him to the rotund reptile. A notification on his phone was the only indication of the successful tunnel, and Tach hesitantly prodded the device for a reaction. Its inert state lined up with his expectations, and with his worries abated, returned to his meal. Shameless slurps filled the air as he resumed clearing his bowl, until one of his many mouthfuls caught in his throat. An almost painful swallow relieved the discomfort, and his head tilted while he pondered what happened. A notification reading "transmission in progress" answered his nonverbal question, and mixed feeling rose in his chest as his stomach crept over his waistband and into his lap.

It seemed the dragoness ate just as much as her stature implied, and second thoughts filtered into his head. Tach dismissed them quickly, however. He could simply meet with her again and end the contract, and even if he only lasted a few days, he'd be much wealthier for the experience.

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Chapter 02

Tach drummed his fingers and clicked his claws along his desk, filling the air with the beat of his frustration. He reached and pulled his shirt down the swell of his belly once more, then refreshed his inbox for the hundredth time that day. Unlike the rest of him, the lynx's patience thinned while his emails reloaded, then populated with the same set of sent messages. He let out an irritated huff as he switched to his outbox, then quadruple checked the addresses again. Soft light illuminated his chubbed cheeks when he referenced his phone and skimmed the dragoness's contact info, verifying it yet again. It was exactly as correct as the first time he double checked, and dread welled in his chest with the reaffirmed impasse. A sharp squeak from his chair announced his exasperated recline, and a faint heat warmed his cheeks when he realized just how much louder the sound had become. His embarrassment deepened when the soft breeze of air conditioning caressed the exposed curve of his belly, reminding him to tug his shirt down again. The fabric retreated the instant he raised his arms even slightly, finally prodding him into action. His brow furrowed as he pushed away from his desk and rose to his feet, and his accumulated pudge wobbled with his determined gait. The lynx tugged the tight garment over his head and tossed it into his hamper, then delved into his closet for a more fitting outfit. In the back of his mind, he knew only one or two at most still fit, which was exactly why he needed to find one. His wardrobe was in dire need of an update, and thanks to his increasing fees, he had more than enough funds to make it happen.

The cat plucked shirt after shirt and spread them across his front, only to find them lacking. At best, they hugged his rolling frame like a gym top, and at worst left nothing to the imagination. He idly drew a finger over the obvious indent of his navel and across the curve of his love handles, torn over ending his closet raid and making due or holding out for a better fit. His next pick exposed every roll and valley of his paunch, however, and with a sigh of resignation, he returned to his previous choice. The feline considered wearing a jacket to hide the consequences of his client's gluttony, but a glance at the weather report dissuaded him. The triple-digit heat was harsh enough on its own, and the embarrassment brought on by his flab seemed slightly more appealing than that brought by sweating. Still, he couldn't bring himself to expose his chubby thighs with a pair of shorts, and instead squeezed into the lightest jeans he owned. The unyielding waist band endowed him with a billowing muffin top and threatened to squeeze the breath from his belly, but after a few seconds of bouncing on his heels, Tach secured their button. Both his shirt and pants stretched and popped when he let out his held breath, though they maintained his modesty well enough for a public excursion. The cat mentally prepared for the day ahead, then fetched a bottle of water from his fridge and stepped into the brutal summer heat. Exhaustion washed over him like a steaming wave, but he gathered his endurance and waddled to the bus stop.

His wait on that shaded bench was mercifully short, and the bus arrived and welcomed him with a rush of air conditioning before he melted. He nodded to the driver and paid his fare, then squeezed his way between the seats to an open bench near the back. His blush returned and strengthened each time his love handles bumped a poorly-cushioned

backrest, and he tried to ignore the eyes of the other passengers as he took his seat. The bus lurched from its stop the instant his widened rear touched down, and his gaze drifted out the window into the city beyond as they pulled away. The summer climate was palpable even through the polished glass, and he wiped his brow as the vehicle's underpowered cooler struggled to compete. Tach thanked his stars for what thin comfort it provided however, and he consciously focused on the positives as he pulled his shirt over his belly. His paw never strayed far from the hem, engaged in a constant battle to keep the developing roll covered. It kept him intensely aware of every tiny bump in the road, though it helped the time pass until he arrived at the mall. Tach remained planted in his seat while furs ahead of him rose and departed, intent on spending as little time as possible standing in front of leering eyes. He jumped up with a wobble and rushed to the front just before the doors shut, and the feline offered a hasty thanks to the driver as he departed. The cat's breaths came in ragged pants by the time he crossed the sweltering parking lot and reached the chilled sanctuary, though he quickly recovered once inside.

A constant stream of furs flowed along building's many walkways, a detail that struck Tach as both a blessing and curse. On the one hand, there were literally thousands of eyes to fuel his self-consciousness, but also hundreds of folks of as many sizes and shapes to blend in with. He focused on the latter and wandered deep into the multi-level structure, eying storefronts and signs until he found a map. He found where he stood on the diagram, and then figured out his destination from there. Of the tens of clothes shops scattered about, only a few sounded like they'd have something in his size, and Tach set his sights on the nearest one. With his destination selected, his idle stride turned to a swift power-walk that sent ripples through his flab with every footfall. A blush kindled in his cheeks with the constant reminders of his size, and his gaze fell to the floor as he willed himself invisible. He wove through groups of shoppers and sped toward the store as fast as he could, ignoring the occasional snickers and laughs that reached his ears. His fingers found the edge of his shirt with each overheard outburst and tugged it down, only for it to retreat on his next step. Nerves wracked the feline by the time he finished his brisk trek, and made a point to avoid salespeople on his way to the appropriate section of the store. The workers kept a watchful eye on him as he swiped sets of shirts and pants from hangers without thought, ready to stop his potential shoplifting. They collectively relaxed when he rushed to the dressing rooms and sealed himself inside, eager to slip into better-fitting garments and end his embarrassing outing.

Within the cramped closet, Tach sighed with relief, slumped against the wall, and slid onto a small seat. His head tipped back as he huffed and struggled to catch his breath, recovering from the stress of his trip. The rising and falling of his soft chest gradually slowed, until he took a deep breath and let it out. Once cooled and calmed, he started trying on his selection. Tach's shirt clung to his pelt and tugged at his fur as he pulled it over his head, and his pants hugged his hips as he waggled free. The heat in his muzzle kindled with the ordeal of disrobing, then intensified when he spotted himself in a full-length mirror. He cupped the modest overhang of his belly and bounced it in his fingers before turning and checking his teat, examining the dragoness's damage to his figure. He made a mental note to buy larger underwear once finished in the booth, then plucked his first shirt from its

hanger and wrapped it around himself. The button-up front fit his new figure much better than its pull-over counterparts, at least until he attempted to fasten it shut. The top few buttons posed no problems, linking together with ease, but he found the limits of their reach as he moved down the swell of his stomach. The lynx sucked his gut in and finished setting them, then cautiously let his belly out. The garment stretched as tight as his old shirt, though he withheld judgment until he stepped into a new pair of pants. He pulled them over his thickened thighs without issue, but his middle provided problems yet again. The shelf of his belly spilled over the waistband and fought his every effort to squeeze onto them, forcing him to pull it in yet again. Tach was nearly blue in the face by the time he secured them in place, and the garment squeezed him almost to the point of pain when he relaxed. Disappointment crossed his eyes when he appraised the outfit in the mirror. He liked the patterns and colors, which were both soft and complimentary to his fur, though the fit leaved much to be desired. The cat decided the next size up would fit him well, and he began disrobing to test that theory.

Unfortunately, luck had other plans.

A familiar static tingle rushed from his neck and washed down his body, an announcement he'd learned to dread. His stomach dropped as the collar hummed to life, preparing to dump another buffet's worth of calories into his softened belly. Tach sucked his middle in and fumbled with his pants, desperate to undo them while he still could. A faint flavor danced on the back of his tongue before leaping down his throat, and several more followed it as the dragoness started her next feast in earnest. A distant queasiness built in his chest as the still unfamiliar sensations of eating without eating crashed upon him, though thankfully faded as his body adapted. A growing weight pooled in his gut as he grappled with the uncooperative garment, and he rapidly lost what little ground gained as his muffin-top swelled. Unyielding denim dug into his plush overhang and imprinted its patterns as he grew more desperate, until he finally cut his losses. Tach extended a sharp claw and cut the offending button away, releasing the pressure of his gut before it tore fabric. The round projectile bounced off the wall and skittered across the floor, rattling out of sight as he turned his focus to his shirt. His plush grey fur escaped through gaps between its buttons, exposing the consequences of his unusual employment and rendering the top mostly useless. His breath shortened as his overfilling belly battled the straining cloth, competing with his chest for limited space. The lynx made a token effort to salvage it and free himself without ruining anything, though it met much the same fate as his pants. The button across the peak of his middle shot off before his fingers found it, starting a chain reaction before he could react. The unmistakable sound of high-velocity plastic filled the booth as his flab burst free, leaving the lynx with crimson cheeks and exposed rolls. In the back of his mind, he thought he heard an attendant ask if he needed help, though he was far too steeped in embarrassment to answer. Though no one has seen the display of second-hand gluttony, Tach knew that would change as soon as he stepped back into the open.

His mind raced as he struggled to form a plan and save face, but his ability to do so dwindled as his client gorged herself. His heart sank as he conjured and eliminated plot after plot, a process that eventually forced him to confront reality. No matter what, he had

to leave the booth and find another set of clothes. Tach looked his reflection in the eyes and ignored the growing swell of his middle, then mustered his nerve and opened the door. His sagging middle luckily hid his downed zipper and the open front of his shirt hardly seemed out of place during summer, though his blush rekindled as the collective gaze of several employees fell on him. He looked down and did his best to ignore them as he slunk to the men's section, and his ears flattened to his head, and he reviewed the selection. His confidence dissolved when he realized he was wearing their largest size, and his plans to revitalize his wardrobe crumbled. The cat stood stock still and wracked his brain, recalling the map at the front of the mall and reviewing his options. He pictured fuzzy text in his inner vision and strove to make it legible, but despite his efforts conjured vague impressions. A light tap to his shoulder broke his concentration and made him leap from his hide, earning a surprised chuckle from the employee at his back.

"Would you like some help finding something," the portly fox questioned.

Tach's muzzle blazed at the mere thought of his question, and after a minor bout of stammering, gave it form. "You wouldn't happen to have anything in a larger size, would you?"

The vulpine rose on his toes and glanced at the tag sticking from Tach's collar, then looked over the table of shirts before them. "I'm afraid not. You might want to try the specialty outlet at the other end of the mall for something a little more... fitting." He poked a finger into the lynx's love handle to punctuate his point, drawing an embarrassed mewl.

"I think I'll give them a shot," he meekly stated.

"Before you head that way, do you plan on buying what you're wearing?"

Tach's cheeks blazed and he hastily nodded. Even his outfit didn't fit, it'd be less trouble than trying change again.

"Good. Lets get you checked out."

The fox paraded Tach to the front of the store and rung up his goods with merciful swiftness, then sent him on his way into the mall's crowded corridors. The lynx's temporary garment left even less to the imagination than his former attire, parting to reveal his belly with every step. The rhythm of his bouncing flab grew heavy and slow as the dragoness continued her feasting, weighing him down with thousands of calories. There was little doubt in his mind she'd made him the heaviest he'd ever been, and she reached that milestone again with every meal. A scowl spread across his muzzle as he dwelt on that truth, eventually spurring him to reach for his phone and attempt the call the dragoness. His plush cheek squished to its glossy surface as he listened to it ring out to her voicemail once again, and his frustration leached into his voice as he left yet another message. He launched into a rant that only ended when he reached the limit of her inbox, forcing him to end it prematurely. His claw clacked against the phone's screen as he hung up, and once he

calmed down, looked up to find he was at his destination. Clothes of every style and size greeted him as he crossed the store's threshold, and he almost relaxed until a bovine saleswoman approached. Apprehension welled in his chest as the gap between them closed, though to his relief, she was much kinder than the previous clerk.

"Hello, welcome to Round and Wide. Is there anything I can help you find today?"

Tach found his voice with surprising ease in the chubby woman's presence. "I uhh, need to replace my wardrobe," he admitted. "The last place I went to didn't have anything in my size, and they sent me here."

"They were right to do so," she beamed. "We carry all the way up to 7X, but more importantly, we tailor everything to fit perfectly. And, the first measurements are on the house."

The thought that he might need more measurements later kindled a heat in his muzzle and a twinge of dread in his chest, but he ignored them for the moment. "That sounds great."

The cow nodded. "Excellent. Follow me, and I'll introduce you to our tailor."

Tach had no trouble following the saleswoman through wide aisles to the back of the store, where a nondescript pair of double doors waited for them. The woman unlocked and pushed them open, utilizing her weight to reveal a sparse but posh room beyond. It was little more than a pedestal, a set of mirrors, and a light rig, though each looked custom-crafted and perfectly tuned. The cow pounded a hoof on the doors and announced their presence, and shortly after, a diminutive mouse emerged from behind the reflective display. The wide-hipped rodent motioned for Tach to step up onto the miniature stage, and with a hint of hesitation, bashfully obliged. The mouse smiled and gaged the lynx's proportions with an appraising eye, the unfurled a tape measure and threw it around their nervous client. Tach's uneasy gaze bounced between his reflections and the experienced tailor, struggling to remain still and avoid embarrassing himself. He succeeded for the most part, though his filling middle kept him from following their instruction perfectly. The diminutive rodent showed surprising understanding, however, and Tach finally began to relax as they discussed the wonders of the collars. The feline explained with an obvious blush how he ended up with his figure on such short notice, earning a light chuckle from the mouse. The comparatively slim rodent shared their sympathy with a faint jealousy, and mentioned finding a similar side job of their own. The admission puzzled Tach as much as it flustered him, though by the time he figured out how to question their other interests without overt rudeness, the tailor completed their task. They waddled off out of sight, into a back room as swiftly as they entered, then returned moments later with several sets of clothes draped over their arm. Tach's luck changed as they explained they belonged to someone of a similar build who failed to complete their payments, and the rodent offered them at a steep discount. The lynx accepted without hesitation, and for the first time in weeks, slipped into something that almost fit his figure.

Tach's mood lifted as he twisted and turned and studied each of his reflections, surprised he could look so good in such a state. The colors complimented his fur and formed a unified ensemble, drawing the eye away from his most obvious rolls. Still, the fit was not quite ideal. Tufts of grey fur poked from gaps between his shirt and pants, and the upper garment squeezed his chest with a constant, noticeable tightness. The spaces between its buttons remained closed for the moment, but the lynx imagined that in a few short hours. A similar tightness hugged his thighs and rear, though his calves enjoyed a quality fit that ran to his ankles. After a moment of consideration, the lynx gave the tailor his approval. There was simply no better option for the cost, and buying nothing after the rodent's efforts seemed like it would be a slap in the face. Tach collected the rest of his garments before his self-consciousness spoiled his minor victory, then walked with something resembling confidence to the front of the store. A heat kindled in his muzzle when the bovine woman complimented his choices, commenting that she hoped to see him wearing them soon. Before the kind words had a chance to knock him off guard, however, a familiar flutter filled his chest. Dread followed in its wake when he realized it was time for the dragoness's dessert, and he hastily gathered his bags before his wardrobe malfunctioned. The bovine clerk watched him speed off with minor confusion, wondering if something she said offended him.

The lynx cursed the greedy dragoness under his breath and power walked to the bus stop, determined to end the parade of embarrassment his day had become. He brushed off the continually growing weight in his middle and slipped between gaps in the crowd, a maneuver that grew more difficult as his middle filled. Despite his client's efforts, he exited the mall and crossed its parking lot without compromising his clothing, and he let out a sigh of relief as he fell onto the stop's bench. He blushed only slightly when it bounced and creaked under his weight, though thankfully, no one else was there to hear it. The lynx counted his blessings, then fished his phone from his pocket and texted the dragoness. He had little hope she would break her prolonged silence, especially in the middle of a meal, though he couldn't fault himself for trying. The lynx's luck had turned once already, so perhaps he could keep the streak would continue.

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Chapter 03

A heavy sigh crossed Tach's lips as he reached for his phone, a regular part of his disappointing ritual. He unlocked the screen to a flood of outbound messages, all of which unread, then huffed again. The lynx opened a new thread and pasted in a request for contact, then sent it off without fanfare or hope. Though a small part of him clung to the possibility of a response from the dragoness, he couldn't bring himself to hope the trend would end that day. By the same token, he couldn't bring himself to stop trying, even if his opinion of his situation had lightened. A hand drifted across his plush middle and raked through his equally soft fur, idly appreciating the additions to his figure. His wallet shared in his client's gluttonous bounty as well, swollen with compounding extension fees. The cat's windfall sat atop his savings in food, leaving him considerably better off than he expected. With his bountiful income came unexpected consequences, however. Since his initial visit, he'd made several trips to the mall's tailor to have his clothing refitted, a process only slightly less pricey than replacing them outright. His newfound friends at the business made the excursions worthwhile at least, and his thoughts drifted to the plump bovine cashier as he pulled his shirt down over his gut. A faint blush warmed his cheeks as he dwelt on her compliments, and he briefly contemplated an outing merely for the sake of visiting. His stomach rumbled and demanded a detour to the food court, spoiling the moment.

A pang of hunger lanced through his core as his belly colored his thoughts, filling his inner visions with the sights and sounds of the food court. Tach rolled his eyes and quelled his near-constant hunger with a chocolate bar, biting off a significant chunk and swiftly gulping it down. The morsel hardly made a dent in his well-trained appetite, but it blunted the worst of his ravenous desires for the moment. The lynx then reviewed his drink and snack stash, surveying his sodas and checking his chips. Even without the dragoness's intervention, he had more than enough to tie him over for the evening. Confident in his reserves, he settled into his seat and closed out everything on his desktop, then logged into his long-time hobby. A modest MMO launcher splashed across his monitor, and the clack of his keys filled the air as he entered his information. His chair creaked in protest as he leaned over his belly to enter his credentials, then groaned in relief when he reclined back. A jaunty theme filled the air while the game checked for updates, then ushered him to a character selection screen. An idealized reflection of himself posed and flexed on a rotating platform, encouraging a hint of admiration before he entered the digital world beyond. The music cut to the sounds of a bustling city, where he and its residents materialized against a fantastic backdrop. His interface populated next, including a modest chat window. The text that populated it was anything but, however.

Tach's ears folded to his head as messages reminding him of his lateness scrolled by as fast as he could read, courtesy of his guildmates.

Knock it off guys, there's still five minutes before we start

Yeah, but you're still the last one here, his raid leader teased. Are you good to go?

Of course, the lynx replied. You really think I'd miss clear night?

Not willingly, but you seemed a bit out of it last week. Do we need to find a substitute?

Tach's muzzle blazed. One of the dragoness's many binges had struck at the worst possible moment, plunging him into a food coma mere seconds before virtual victory.

Your silence is making me a little nervous. I don't mind tracking someone down if I need to, I just need to know before we start.

The arrival of the message snapped him from his haze, and he quickly replied. *No, no. I'm good. Just a little distracted.*

Then spend the next couple minutes getting your head clear. I think we can pull this off tonight if everyone's here and present.

The lynx nodded and steeled his resolve. Regardless of the dragoness's inevitable and gluttonous interruptions, he would stay in his chair and see their weeks-spanning efforts through. Tach preemptively loosened his belt and reached for his headset, then pulled it over his ears and switched it on. Several electronic voices verified a successful connection, and the banter of his guildmates filtered in. Despite his leader's comments, he was the second one in the chat room, beating everyone else by a significant margin. He muted his microphone and opened a bottle of soda while he waited, breaking his room's relative silence with a loud hiss. The sharp scent of carbonation stung his nose as he took a swig, then swallowed it down with a gratified sigh. A bust of caffeine surged through his nerves with the slight taste alone, banishing his late-afternoon sleepiness. He took another and another sip to draw out the buzz, and by the time he set the bottle down, his team was ready to begin. Tach took the electronic hold off his microphone and let his friends know he was ready, and after they echoed his call, the team stepped into a swirling portal and flowed to a far-off land. A torrent of light and color ebbed and flowed across the cat's screen as it loaded their encounter, inspiring a flutter of anticipation in the lynx's chest. Tach's brow furrowed as something else joined it, which he quickly pinned as his collar's vibrating prelude. His stomach dropped with dread as the rainbow vortex faded, revealing a vast cavern and equally vast dragon. The boss eyed the raiders with malice as they stepped into its domain, but refused to make the first strike. While it loomed over them, the lynx's leader reviewed their strategies.

Tach made a genuine effort to listen, though his fatigued familiarity with the topic let his thoughts drift to his own dragoness. The longer he dwelt on her approaching snack attack, the more confused he became. Unlike her typical binges, she seemed to be eating with uncharacteristic restraint. His paw drifted under the edge of his shirt and disappeared entirely beneath its overhang, where he confirmed its unusually slow growth. The cat wondered if he'd acquired more of the reptile's capacity than he realized, but a second check eased his mind. Surely she hadn't ruined his metabolism that much. A ready check

from his team dragged him back to reality, and he followed them to their positions. Half of the group stood back near the entrance of the arena, ready to dispatch the dragon's minions while those in the front distracted him. A countdown played across his screen once everyone reached their post, and when it hit zero, the leader lobbed his shield at the imposing boss. A bellowing roar of fury shook the cavern and rang in Tach's ears, beginning the battle with a shower of boulders. The digital raiders danced around the fringe of the battlefield and dodged the opening volley with practiced precision, then snapped back to their positions as dozens of smaller cries joined in an echoing chorus. A horde of kobolds poured into the cavern clearing at the call of their master, each holding an over-sized potion of strength high above their head. With more reflex than thought, Tach and his group lunged into the hoard, snatching the concoctions from their claws and claiming them for themselves. A faint blush tinted the cat's cheeks as he watched his character chug colossal glass after glass, boosting their power at the price of their speed and figure. The cat's virtual reflection was only just smaller than himself, and he teetered on the edge of destroying his armor.

The chaos of combat broke for a brief instant while a final kobold leapt to the center of arena, then resumed at full tilt when they charged Tach's character. The primal dilemma of fight or flight panged in his chest, and his focus faltered when he tried to remember the next step in the encounter's sequence. Fortunately, the raid leader took the lynx's hesitation out of play. A bolt of radiant lightning fell from the heavens and drew the minion's attention, turning their wild sprint toward himself and dragon. The armored paladin side-stepped the charge and sent the lizard stumbling into their towering foe, and the corrosive concoction splashed and spattered the area. The boss reeled in equal parts surprise and pain, and the rest of the group seized their chance to strike. Tach's character sloshed and wobbled at the boss with all the ferocity they could muster, then spent their stolen strength potions in a single strike. The first cracked the mighty dragon's armor, and the following blows from his teammates chipped the rest away. The villain's health bar appeared once it was finally vulnerable, and the battle proceeded into its second phase, as it had every week before. Tach leaned forward and reached over his stomach as glowing circles migrated across the battlefield in merciless waves, and his perception shrank to his monitor as he devoted all of his attention to dodging them. His teammates followed suit, and despite a few minor hiccups, they maintained a rhythmic pace of offense and defense that slowly carried them toward victory.

The slow swelling of the cat's belly escaped his single-minded focus for several minutes, until its curvature grew too great to ignore.

The lynx squeezed his eyes shut and wiped his face during a lull in combat, trying to scrub the fuzz from his focus. He succeeded and sharpened his attention only briefly, but couldn't stop his slow, hazy descent into a powerful high. A pang of concern lanced through his chest until he remembered the dragoness's quasi-legal supplements, brought to the forefront of his senses by a stifled burp. The aftertaste of edibles was unmistakable, and his train of thought derailed as he sought a way to mitigate their effect. A call from his raid leader returned him to reality, and panic fuddled his fingers while he recovered from his

mental lapse. A burst of light restored his character's health and repaired the rhythm of the battle, but several penalties lingered and compounded. He failed to turn his character away from the dragon while realigning his claws on his keyboard, and the boss promptly locked him out of his controls with a hypnotic swirl. His avatar swelled with flab and burst from their protective robes, rendering them immobile and unable to continue. Chatter filled his ears while his teammates compensated, though their voices lost their distinction as dragoness's laced brownies took effect. With nothing better to do, Tach reached to the side and plucked a bag of chips from his pile of snacks and pulled it open. The following pop easily reached his microphone and captured his teammates' attention, however. Somewhat aware of his situation, they couldn't resist the chance to poke fun at the cat.

"If you get fat in the game, you get fat in real life," the healer commented.

Tach's cheeks blazed and indignity slipped into his answer. "It's not my fault," he stated through a mouthful of chips. "That dragoness had more of her pot brownies tonight."

"Dude, you have to get this under control," his raid leader sighed. "This can't keep happening."

"I will, I will," Tach answered. The muffled crinkling of bags filled their voice chat as he pushed his snacks aside. "I know what's going on now, I can keep it together."

"Alright, we'll reset the run and keep trying," the leader conceded. "Everyone off."

At the command, everyone ran to the edge of the arena and leapt into the pit and plummeted to their end. The draconic boss let out a victorious roar that resonated through the virtual caverns, then faded away to transparency. He reappeared moments later on his rocky throne, waiting for the next set of foolish adventurers to challenge his rule. The party flickered back into existence at the level's entrance, then regrouped for their next attempt. Characters flashed with magical empowerments and wrapped themselves in glittering arcane walls, stacking the odds in their favor as much as possible. Tach ran down his pre-fight checklist and verified his restored stat bonuses, then signed off as ready to go. His guildmates followed, and once everyone finished their recovery, the group stepped into the ring once more. A wall of rocks sealed them in with the dragon, and his booming acknowledgment rattled the cave as it had every time before. The group's most armored member stepped forward once again, then threw their shield with all their might and restarted the cycle again. As expected, the battle went smoother the second time. The group conquered gimmicks and mechanics with rehearsed ease, chipping through phase after phase. Tach relaxed his mental guard as they broke territory new to the night, his focus split between recalling the digital dance and the demanding sensations rumbling from his middle. His middle escaped from the bottom of his shirt as the dragoness followed her laced treats with a truly impressive binge, packing his stomach with thousands of calories of junk food. The lag between the collar and his appetite made his second-hand munchies impossible to ignore, and he found himself reaching for snacks during lulls in combat. His willpower gave out as the boss charged in its ultimate attack, rooting the players in place

and granting an opportunity he couldn't resist.

The shameless shuffling of plastic filled the lynx's room as he lunged and retrieved his chips, nearly sacrificing his balance in the process. The unexpected weight of his belly spilled from his lap and squished into his armrest, stalling his fingers just shy of his goal. With a grunt of effort, he wheeled away from his keyboard just far enough to reach, then returned with his prize before he was missed. Tach mashed buttons at the game's command with one hand while the other delved into the half-depleted bag, jamming chips into his mouth as quickly as he ate them. Crumbs tumbled over his second chin and bounced off his swollen belly as he feasted and tapped, struggling to address both demands without compromising either. The scales slowly tipped against the lynx and his comrades, and the tables reversed at the last possible instant. The camera zoomed out as a cataclysmic explosion razed the arena, catching the entire party and reducing them to ash. The screen faded to white, and the arena's entrance gradually came back into focus with the encounter's reset. Murmurs of disapproval and disappointment filled the voice channel, until the group leader's voice cut through the noise.

"Tach, what the hell," the leader accused. "We *just* talked about this. You can't raid and snack at the same time. If you absolutely have to, at least wait until we're between runs."

"What makes you so sure I dropped the ball?"

"We all heard you going at that bag man. You're not as subtle as you think you are."

The lynx's cheeks flushed with embarrassment, and his other friends chimed in before he found the words to defend himself.

"Cut him some slack, none of us would be subtle with that much extra weight."

"It was hard enough to carry the group before you doubled in size."

"Maybe we should just roll him into the boss and flatten him."

"That's enough," the raid leader snapped. "I'm not letting any fights or anything break out over this." They took a deep breath and let it out into their microphone. "Let's take a ten minute break. Snack, use the restroom, do whatever so you're ready for the next run. I want to get through at least one of these."

The group agreed, and the sounds of creaking chairs filled the chat as the party briefly broke. Tach remained at his screen however, unwilling to risk moving and upsetting his filling belly. A faint heat kindled in his cheeks as he raked his claws over the sensitive swell, surveying the latest damage to his figure. The hem of his shirt clung to the ridge of his belly button, stretching over its upper roll as it continued to grow. His hips and love handles dug into the sides of his seat with much more pressure than they had a few short minutes before, and his thighs squished together to prop up the swell of his middle. His brow

furrowed with a mixture of curiosity and confusion while he tried to remember which stretch marks were new and which had recently formed, though he soon decided such distinctions didn't matter. The lynx shrugged to himself and opened one of his sodas with a hiss, then gulped down a deep swig. His belly grumbled and growled with the bubbly addition, subtly increasing the pressure in his middle. Tach went for a second regardless, unable to properly account for his accented appetite and the sneaky inflow of food. His eyes hazed over as his second-hand high deepened, and a gurgling growl filled the room as he scooped his entire stash in a single, sluggish motion. His keyboard vanished under a tide of food, mostly healthy options with a few indulgent items mixed in. Despite his range of choice, Tach reached over granola bars and trail mixes for a box of snack cakes, then tore into it and stuffed the first one into his muzzle. The return of one of his guildmates reminded him to mute his microphone, concealing the sounds of his gluttonous snacking from his peers. He scarfed down a second and third by the time the rest of the group returned, and he hastily cleared his mouth and announced his readiness to continue. He kept the morsels well within reach, however, opting to draw on his compromised will rather than fully deny himself.

The raid leader commenced another ready check, and the group jumped into the battle fully warmed up. Tach squeezed his eyes shut and reset his focus each time his thoughts drifted, bringing his gaze away from his treats and back to his encounter. His resolve crumbled as the dragoness helped herself to another round of edibles, however, which overwhelmed his considerably smaller physiology. Only the constant stream of instructions from his raid leader and force of habit held his concentration intact, and as his stomach grew more bold and needy in its demands, those grips on reality grew less effective. One mistake was all it took to bring his character to their knees, and temporarily freed from the responsibility of battle, Tach crammed another snack cake into his muzzle. There was no hiding the crinkling of plastic and smacking of lips as he fully gave into temptation, and his guildmates teased him without mercy. The cat's cheeks flushed bright with embarrassment as he feebly deflected their accusations, and he only undermined himself further with every bite. His slowing train of thought derailed entirely when he reached the limits of his clothing, and his revived character keeled over again when he reached down to loosen his belt. The tight dome of his belly gracelessly flopped into his lap once free, though his relief came at the cost of his shirt. His friends teetered on the edge of victory and defeat as threads popped and snapped, announcing his lurching journey away from his desk. The cat doubled over himself and struggled to keep his fingers in place, though precision escaped him at his extended range. The friction of his swelling thighs against his desk was the only thing holding him in place, though his curves worked against him and threatened to push him free. He finally planted his feet in a last ditch effort to spare himself further humiliation, succeeding in creating unstable equilibrium.

Unfortunately, neither dragon in his life could allow him to salvage the night.

A final surge of calories from his draconian client sent his belly spilling over the edge of his seat and wedging his thighs open, overwhelming the collar's limits for a brief, hedonistic moment. Buttons flew from his shirt as his fluffy middle burst free, plinking and

clattering across the room. Shock and surprise tipped his delicate balance, and his chair loudly protested the shift in weight. A sharp pop rose above the din of the virtual battle, preluding a boom that shook the room. Splinters of plastic scattered in every direction when Tach's chair finally collapsed, turning him over to the merciless grip of gravity. His doorway-destroying ass both bore the brunt of his fall and shattered his chair, though it did nothing to temper the shock and embarrassment of so suddenly staring at his ceiling. The group's chatter stopped cold as the echoes of his fall filled the channel, and a moment of silence hung in the air while the dragon finished off the party and the lynx wobbled to rest. His mountainous middle hid his screen, but he didn't need to see it to know the dragon swiftly finished his friends off. Tach simply laid on the floor and recovered from the humiliation of his tumble, silently hoping his leg caught the wire of his headset and ejected him from the scrutiny of his guildmates. The raid leader recovered their wits first and broke Tach's hopes before he regained the wits to pick himself up.

"Tach, I think I know what happened, but I want to hear it from you. Did you just break your chair?"

"Uhhh, maybe? In any case, I'm on the floor right now."

"Are you alright?"

"I might be sore in a little while, but for now, yeah. I don't think I can get up though."

One of his guildmates snickered.

"Are you sure?"

The lynx gathered his strength and rolled from side to side, trying to build momentum and get his arms under him. The slightest movement drew a protesting gurgle from his belly however, which swept through his form as a wave of nausea.

"Not without making myself sick," he admitted. "I don't have a spare chair anyway."

The raid leader sighed. "Alright, lets take a half hour break everyone. If I can't find a substitute by then, I guess we'll call it a night. Take care of yourself Tach, and we'll try again next week."

Soft beeps announced the departure of his guildmates, until he was alone in the virtual chat room. The hazy high fogging his thoughts muffled the embarrassing sting of the night's events, but also dulled his motivation to get up. The lynx simply sprawled and wobbled on the floor, his efforts spoiled by the sporadic returns of his collar. Every little shift and rolled freed more space in his middle and re-established the link, topping him off again and again until strength and mobility left him. A few hours passed before he managed to rock to his feet, then lumbered to bed and collapsed onto his mattress. The generously-sized bed felt particularly small beneath him, though that realization left as quickly as it came. The

feline's snores filled the air soon after, and he drifted into food-laced dreams.

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Chapter 04

A soft ding rang through Tach's apartment, signaling the arrival of another payment. The hefty lynx leaned over his own belly and grabbed his phone from the other side of the couch, then lazily swiped a finger across the screen and opened it up. His brow arched with pleasant surprise when he noticed another increase in his fees, though it fell when he considered what to spend it on. His growing figure had taken quite the toll on his home, and he ran through a mental list of everything in need of repair. A sigh crossed the feline's muzzle as he realized virtually every piece of furniture in his home fell into that category. Chairs, metal and plastic and wood alike struggled to support his rolling frame, each marked with the cracks and splinters of his bulk. Only two had collapsed under him, though he knew that number would rise very quickly. Tach reached an idle arm around his belly and let it rest on his plush curve. The cat's bed was in need similar need of attention, sporting a damaged frame and collapsed mattress. On some level he knew nothing would retain its spring long under his mass, though the broken support spans under his box spring did little to help. Still, he seemed to sleep well enough for the moment. Letting the dragoness's nightly food comas take him had proved more effective than any sleep medicine. Tach shuffled his wide hips and drew a groan of protest from his couch as he re-situated himself. Replacing his sofa would likely be the best course of action. The cushions lost their spring long ago, and several posts on the frame were held together by force of habit alone. The colossal cat made up his mind with a nod to himself, then rocked himself forward and back until he gained the momentum to get up.

His couch thanked its gods with a creak and groan as his weight lifted off, and Tach wobbled to rest as he found his balance. The floor itself squeaked in his heavy shadow as it adjusted to his presence, announcing his movement to his downstairs neighbor. His lumbering path wrapped around the living room and brought him behind the his couch's sagging cushions, which presented him with another problem. The space between the wall and his sofa only just admitted his figure, leaving no wiggle room. Tach paused and hefted his belly in his arms, furrowing his brow as he gaged his fullness. His exploring fingers sank with ease into his plush softness, bringing a slight blush to his muzzle and implying he could still navigate the narrow passage. He decided to run the risk of getting stuck instead of sliding his furniture back, then turned and sidestepped toward his room. His flabby rear pressed and spread against the wall, squishing out enough to rival his love handles in width. His tail nestled into the small of his back and brushed his path with every laborious step, adding to the shuffle of his movement. The feline's muffin top rested on the back of the couch and jostled and jiggled with a regular rhythm, offering some relief to its constant weight. His journey was slow and steady, though eventually we reached the alcove of his bedroom door. Slightly wider, it granted just enough room to move freely, though the door itself snatched that luxury away. Tach took in a deep breath and prepared himself, then turned and squished himself through the unyielding frame.

The plush curve of his belly grazed the entryway, which had been rubbed smooth over the previous weeks. His rounded ass pressed against the door and forced it fully open as he passed, granting him a few fractional inches of clearance. His cheeks flushed bright as he

realized he needed every bit of it and more, and his lumbering pace faltered at his widest point. A wiggle and a lunge was all it took to dislodge himself, though he knew he wouldn't be able to do that for long. A groan resonated in his chest as he thought through the process of getting a wider doorway installed, idly retrieving his wallet as he figured out how to submit his request. His thoughts derailed when he reached for his pocket, however, finding the space far too tight for the leather fold. Tach groaned to himself and reached one arm across his plush belly, then used both to jam his wallet into his pants with all his strength. His thigh fought for all the space it could, but soon enough his softness yielded and admitted the compressed fold. Its profile stood starkly against his plush curve, fitting neatly into a worn and stretched outline. At least the lynx wouldn't have to worry about it bouncing out. With his preparations complete, Tach returned to the trial of his bedroom door. He sucked his belly in and turned to his side, then sidestepped one of his wide hips through with relative ease. His pace again slowed as the doughy peak of his belly approached the frame, only slightly grazing the rubbed-smooth frame as he passed. For a moment, he congratulated himself for so quickly adapting to his figure, but the dragoness spoiled the moment with her characteristic worst-possible timing.

A familiar static buzz on Tach's neck unleashed a pulse of dread and adrenaline, breaking his concentration. His plush middle spilled forward with a surprised gasp and squished deeply around the door frame, conforming to its geometry perfectly and leaving no room to move. A faint slosh echoed down the hallway when the collar kicked on properly and flooded him with fluid, firming his belly with carbonated weight and filling his head with an alcoholic buzz. His head swam with the abrupt influx and stalled his thoughts as yet more booze washed into his middle, rooting him in place until he finally shook the shock off. Tach regained his composure and sucked in his gut as much as possible, though he was powerless to stop the dragoness's keg-stand. He only succeeded in sloshing the amber ocean in his stomach about, unleashing a cloud of carbonation that rushed up his throat and escaped as a shameless belch. His cheeks tinted crimson with the eruption, though his embarrassment dwindled with each successive outburst. Each failed attempt to wiggle or slosh free was punctuated with another bome-rattling burp, until finally, he exhausted himself and gave up. The lynx slumped over his tightening belly and leaned on the far side of the frame for support, allowing his fattened ass to squish around the post behind him. He hardly cared about digging himself deeper into his hole in that moment, but resolved to either widen the doors of his home or move to a new place that already had them. His head floated on a torrent of mixed emotions, though as the beer suffused his figure, they seemed less and less important. His inhibitions weakened, and his suppressed feelings gradually rose to the forefront of his thought.

Tach couldn't hope to wiggle out of his shirt, which was pinned in place by the pressure of his belly, so he did the next best thing. His paws slipped under its hem and glided through his plush pelt, tracing over the constellations of his stretch marks. Each touch sparked him with a mote of pleasure, which compounded and encouraged his indulgent exploration. The sensitive lines formed so frequently he could hardly keep track of which were new and had been there for days, but that didn't stop him from enjoying them. A drunken giggle tumbled from his muzzle as he shifted gears and hefted at his overhanging

middle, squeezing and groping at the folds on either side of the doorway. The plush rolls filled his hands and spilled through his fingers, quite the improvement from the modest paunch he sported before his ordeal. Tach wiggled and rolled his hips as much as his constraints allowed as his hands migrated to his love-handles, then down to his hips. A giddy grin spread across his muzzle as he explored his favorite part of his caloric transformation, and he traced over his furniture-destroying curves. The heat in his muzzle intensified as he recalled all the crushed chairs in the last few weeks of his life, both his own and unfortunate public casualties. An incident with a bus stop bench bubbled to the forefront of those, dredging up embarrassed shame and perverse pride. He traced his paws to the peaks of his hips for a rough idea of their width, and the latter emotion overtook the former when he realized his scale. Another rush of beer washed away even those fantasies, bringing him back to the present moment as his middle dug deeper into temporary architectural prison.

The bloated lynx wiggled and shimmied for even an inch of extra space, but found not even that. Tach reached down to his belly and squished it inward in a final attempt to escape, but only earned another belch for his efforts. His deepening buzz dulled the panic he knew should be gripping his thoughts, and by the same token made it increasingly difficult find a solution. Without other options, Tach simply braced himself against the frame and pushed, hoping to either press himself down or bow the wood out. His palms dug into the painted wood as he exerted all the strength he had left, using his size to his advantage. His generous padding distributed the force and prevented it from becoming painful, though that did nothing to boost his strength. He screwed his eyes shut and dug deep for extra energy, and his efforts were rewarded with renewed chorus of creaking. Hairline cracks widened into substantial chasms as he rocked and pushed and shoved, bashing his door into the wall with every repetition. The lynx turned until his hip kept constant pressure on the door, jamming it open and taxing its hinges in exchange for more leverage. When he reached the limits of his ability, the pressure in his middle carried him farther, providing the last little push he needed. The first pop hardly reached his ears, but the ones that followed proved significantly harder to ignore. One side of the frame gave and crunched into the drywall beyond, and the compromised doorway swiftly yielded to Tach's shoving. Hinges burst free from their mounts when he fell free, and twin thumps resonated through the apartment. One marked the lynx's graceless landing, the other announced the door's flat fall.

It took Tach a moment to realize he was free, but once he did, he rolled onto his back and tended to his bruised middle. His entire body jiggled and wobbled as he soothed his aches and pains, which ran up his front in a tangible stripe. Luckily, the alcohol sloshing in his stomach dulled the discomfort, but the relief came at the cost of his balance. It took him several tries to roll onto his front and prop himself up, a task barely possible on the best of his days. The cat's belly spread across the floor even after he climbed to his hands and knees, and its considerable weight tugged him back down at every possible opportunity. Eventually he mustered the coordination to slosh to his feet, and with the help of his couch, Tach maintained his balance long enough to slump over its back. In an increasingly common occurrence, his belly rumbled and growled, deciding his next move for him. He

lumbered toward his kitchen with a drunken gait, constantly keeping one paw in contact with a wall. The lynx's bare claws clacked on hard tile as he crossed the threshold to his favorite room in the house, tracing his path to his refrigerator. A rush of cold washed over his plush figure when he reached in and retrieved a jug of water, then leaned to the side of the appliance and fetched a loaf of bread. He carried his snack to his couch and gracelessly plopped down, then drank a deep swig and popped slices of bread into his muzzle. His belly groaned and gurgled in protest of the added fluid, though the beverage and snack quickly took the edge off his buzz. Tach's mind cleared enough to keep an unsteady focus, which he devoted wholly to tracking down the dragoness.

A mixed blessing, his inebriation proved to be the push he needed to resort to his backup backup plan.

The cat waddled to his computer with snacks in tow, then dropped his weight onto his new chair's crushed cushion. Its padding had lost its spring in a few pitiful days, though Tach's naturally plush flab more than made up for the loss. He wiggled his hips and wedged himself between armrests, much to the chair's dismay, then delved into the realm of social media. Dozens of sent but unopened messages greeted him when he clicked into his conversations, and from there he navigated to the dragoness's page. Something between a smirk and a scowl crossed his muzzle as he scrolled through her posted pictures, a combination of her most frequented restaurants and the results of her "diet". The heat in the lynx's muzzle rekindled as he noted her increasingly scanty clothing, showing off more and more of her developing rolls. A small part of him was happy the reptile was still gaining weight, though the fact his numbers likely outpaced hers did not go unnoticed. He shook that point of perverse pleasure from his mind, then searched for a pattern in her posts. Several quickly emerged, though they were of little use on their own. The fact she frequented buffets was a given, but when cross referenced with their locations, useful information emerged. The dragoness had a taste for the gourmet, and she rarely ate lunch outside of a small section of the city. Tach stifled a belch into his fist and grinned with victory. If he picked one of those restaurants and staked it out every day, it would only be a matter of time before he crossed paths with the corpulent reptile. Tach picked the most appealing one from the list and wrote his plan down before it dispersed in a drunken haze, then retreated to his couch to ride out the rest of the night.

Shortly after he sat down, his foresight paid off. A rumble resonated in his ribs as the dragoness switched from drinking to eating, unleashing a drunken, gluttonous rampage on some poor, unknown restaurant. The cat groaned and rubbed over his filling belly as she tore through serving after serving, packing hundreds and thousands of calories into the sloshing ocean within his stomach. Traces of hot wings and ranch traveled on his breath as his burps became less and less frequent, soaking up some of the booze in his belly at the cost of burning his middle. His eyes watered as spice bubbled up from his core, eventually spurring him to rise from his seat and fetch a gallon of milk. Spurred by blazing discomfort and hindered by his swaying balance, he barely made it to his refrigerator without toppling over. Relief filled his eyes when he grabbed the chilled jug and lifted it to his lips, then swallowed gulp after gulp until the ivory beverage extinguished the fire in his throat. A

deep sigh tumbled from his lips and he wiped the milk mustache from his upper lip, then brought the drink back to the overworked couch. It creaked in protest of his return, though its complaints fell on deaf ears. The cat resumed his chugging each time another wave of wings invaded his stomach, cycling between easing the fullness in his belly and quenching the furnace in his gut. His doughy middle spread his thighs and spilled passed his knees before he realized it, and he began to wonder if the collar had finally met its match. An onslaught of onion rings answered his question, stuffing every last bit of free space in his middle. The cat silently prayed for the device's safeguard to kick on, and a static buzz soon answered his pleas.

Tach let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding, then reclined as far back his couch allowed.

The wobbling dome of his stomach obscured a portion of his vision, hiding his toes and blocking the TV. His pudgy chest weighed on his lungs and jiggled with every labored breath, as did the rest of his figure. His hips filled every inch of space and more between cushioned armrests, and his doughy love handles spilled over their tops. His middle overfilled his lap, which was already larger than normal thanks to his tree-trunk thighs. Even his calves felt the weight of the dragoness's extended binges, heavy and wobbling with weeks of sustained gluttony. His arms fared little better, slowed by wings of flab that swung with every motion. A pair of extra chins padded his formerly distinct jawline, and his cheeks glowed with pudgy softness. One some level, he marveled and appreciated the speed and degree of his transformation, though the larger part of him was more than ready to end it. He glanced across the room and made sure his research still sat his desk, then steeled his resolve to begin his stake-out the next day. The lynx vowed to return to his selected restaurant every day for as long as it took, and his drunken belly rumbled in agreement. Tach's muzzle heated when he realized he was essentially pledging to take on the dragoness's "diet," though such a risk was worth the reward of reclaiming control of his metabolism. Exhaustion swept over him as his meal settled and sapped his strength, plunging him into a food coma on his over-used couch. His bread fell from his fingertips as dreams seized him, delivering him to a realm not too unlike his own.

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Chapter 05

The creak of straining furniture cut through the quiet conversations of the buffet, announcing Tach's efforts to get comfortable in his tiny seats. A blush tinted his muzzle as a few patrons turned his direction, though he quickly shook them from his thoughts and returned to his work. A flurry of tapping keys filled the quiet that followed, only pausing when the lynx reached to his side and drove his fork into his lunch. A bundle of noodles twisted onto its prongs and hung on until he slurped them free, filling his cheeks with some of the best Chinese food his town had to offer. He couldn't stop a groan of approval from resonating in his chest, though he savored the flavors for only a few seconds before swallowing. A second serving followed the first, and before the cat could stop himself, he'd devoured his entire plate. His brow furrowed with a slight pang of disappointment, which he swiftly remedied. Tach's tree-trunk thighs pushed his chairs from his shadow as he stood, which scooting them across the tile and unleashing a harsh sound that drew more attention. Tach was too occupied with maintaining his balance to care, however, adjusting for the weight of his belly as it spilled from his lap and bounced from his shirt. A remnant of shame flashed in the back of his mind as his apron-like paunch swung free, though he suppressed it easily. Custom ordering shirts had proved quite expensive, and by the time they arrived, they only fit for a few days. The lower roll of his middle bounced against sweat-pants clad thighs as he lumbered to the buffet food bars, and he shamelessly collected three empty dishes for himself.

The elephantine lynx gathered his favorites and stacked them high on his tray, collecting enough food to feed a family. The dragoness's constant binging had altered both his appetite and inhibitions, driving him to keep his stretched stomach full as often as possible. To the cat, the decision to beat the dragoness at her own game was a natural one. He couldn't prevent her stuffings, but filling up before his client started meant less of her feast transferred to him. The cat ended up bloated either way, and doing it himself carried the satisfaction of rebellion. With that in mind, he returned to his twined throne and lined up his broad hips, then gingerly lowered himself. Two groans of protests rolled across the restaurant floor as the chairs begrudgingly bore his mass, and he set his gathered meals down with a clatter. One of his paws danced across his laptop's keyboard while the other sustained a constant stream of calories, splitting his attention between his work and gorging. Tach established a practiced rhythm in seconds, and the haze of what his days had become set in as he returned to his routine. Text filled his page at a surprising rate as he carved out lines and lines of code, a clear indication of his expertise. His pace only slowed as his gaze drifted to his clock, but even then his feeding paw continued at full tilt. He couldn't say for sure exactly when the dragoness would arrive, but in his gut he knew that moment couldn't be far away. The cat shrugged and wondered if he was simply thinking wishfully. As much as he had come to enjoy his buffet stake-outs, he was nearing three weeks of fruitless work, and his wardrobe would not tolerate much more failure.

Tach huffed and pulled up his list of restaurants and revised his future targets, until a soft ding at the front of the building drew his attention. His jaw dropped and his heart skipped a beat as a massively rotund silhouette squeezed through double doors, straining

their metal frames even more than he had. The figure stumbled forward when they finally slipped through, and their recovery sent tremors through the entire establishment. The lynx had trouble picking the details of her features until she stumbled from the sun's natural back-light, but once she did, there was no mistaking them. Enough jewelery to fill a vault dangled and swayed from her generous rolls, struggling to draw attention away from her monumental size. The glittering gems adorning her horns and decorating her cheeks had mild success in that, but the chains and strands lost in her rolls had the opposite effect. As she lumbered closer, it became apparent she'd put on nearly as much weight as Tach, which was a truly impressive feat given her starting position. She jingled with regal adornments as she scanned the buffet and searched for a place to sit, pausing only briefly when her gaze met Tach's. The gears in her head visibly turned as she struggled to place his familiar face, until they clicked and realization flashed in her eyes.

To the lynx's surprise, a broad smile parted her softened muzzle, and she excitedly waddled to his table.

The lynx tried and failed to find words as she claimed the two seats opposite of him, pushing them together just as he had and placing one cheek on each. Her smile faltered for an instant in the awkward silence between them, until she took it upon herself to break it. "I know I'm a little bigger than the last time you saw me, but surly you recognize me, right," she chuckled.

Tach blinked and eventually found his voice. "Of course I do," he stammered. "But weren't you supposed to be dieting? You've put on as much as I have!"

The dragoness grinned and patted her stomach. "Where did you get that idea? I just didn't want to gain weight as fast," she corrected.

Her explanation puzzled the lynx, though given his experience over the past months, he could almost see how someone would want that. "In any case," he pressed. "You don't have any right to keep dragging this out. I want these collars deactivated, and I want to start getting back to my old self."

It was the dragoness's turn to be confused. "Really? I haven't heard anything from you since the first time we met. I just figured you were enjoying it."

Had her remark not caught him so completely off guard, Tach would have exploded and unleashed months' worth of fury and frustration. The dragoness continued before he recovered enough to do so.

"What email address have you been trying?"

Tach jammed his paw into his pocket and nearly tore through his pants as he pulled his ripped free. "FatAssDragoness@fmail.com," he deadpanned.

The rotund reptile arched an eyebrow and fished her phone from her hip. Faint light flickered across her face, and a sheepish grin inched across her snout as she discovered the source of the problem. "I uhh, haven't connected that address to my new phone yet," she admitted. "I only have 'FatAssDr4goness'."

A torrent of emotions swirled in Tach's chest with the discovery. An overwhelming part of him was absolutely enraged, though it gave way to mirth and relief as he processed the facts. A smile cracked his muzzle, and he buried his face in his paws and let out a pained groan. "You know what? I'm just glad you weren't trying to disappear on me."

Her eyes widened when she logged into her forgotten account, only to be overtaken by a tsunami of unread messages. "Yeah, I can see how you'd get that idea," she sighed. "It probably doesn't matter too much by now, but I'm sorry."

"It's... alright. I learned a lot about myself through all this."

"Oh~? Care to elaborate?"

"I won't lie, I kinda started to enjoy getting big and full for a little bit. Before it turned my apartment against me."

"I remember those days," the dragoness chuckled. "Have you cracked any door frames yet, or just crushed your favorite chair?"

The lynx's snout heated. "I might have busted a door or two," he admitted. "But I was able to get them to widen it when they fixed it at least."

"That's good, because it looks like you'll be needing that extra width for a little while," she teased.

"You're not wrong. This is going to take a lot longer to work off than to put on," he sighed.

"Well, there's no need to rush into that right now, right? I'm happy to bump your fee up again or renegotiate if you have any interest in keeping that collar~"

The lynx hesitated long enough to put a glimmer of hope in the dragoness's eye, but struck it down. "No, I think I'm good," he grinned. "I'm done being a shameless glutton for a little while."

"Strong words for someone ten plates deep into lunch," the dragoness teased.

Tach's muzzle blazed. "It's not my fault you stretched my stomach so much."

"Fair, fair. It's a good look for you though."

"It might be if I didn't have to update my wardrobe weekly." The lynx drew in a breath and let out a sigh. "I'm not even sure where to start on sliming down though."

"I imagine you've got enough cash to get a pair of collars for yourself by now. They do actually help when you don't abuse them like I do."

"I doubt I'll have much luck finding a partner looking like this."

"Gods know I didn't," the dragoness laughed. "I'd just about given up by the time you answered my ad."

"Maybe that's not the best option then," Tach shrugged.

"It'll be the easiest one of you manage to find someone though. But I still think you look good with that weight, and I think you'd look even better if you kept the collar on for another week. Or two. Or three~"

On some level, Tach respected her tenacity. "I think I'm good for now," Tach grinned.

"Are you sure~?" the dragoness pressed. "Not even one more plate? For me?"

Tach breathed in deep and let it out. He mulled the the decision over, until his stomach grumbled and gurgled with greed. A blush tinted his muzzle as a grin spread across hers. "Alright," he relented. "One plate. Exactly one, and then the collars come off."

"You won't regret it," she teased. "It's about time you got to see me in action."

The dragoness stood from her seats and waddled to the buffet line, taking extra effort to sway her hips along the way. Those plush love handles narrowly avoided sending tables and chairs skittering alike, and she minimized her trail of destruction until she reached the line of lamps and warmers. A sly grin spread across her muzzle as she turned back to Tach, then grabbed a tray and loaded it up with food. A torrent of emotions swirled in the lynx's eyes while he watched her raid the serving platters, stacking her own high with samples from every station. The plastic panel bowed under her feast's weight by the time she reached the end of the line, and her already slow pace approached glacial speeds as she returned. Her steps were slow and measured, ensuring not a single crumb tumbled from her caloric mountain. The lynx's gaze narrowed to a glare as the gap between them closed, which only fueled the dragoness's mirthful smile. She dropped her titanic meal to the table and plopped her wide hips down, then leaned to the side and met Tach's eyes around the tower of meats and desserts. A moment of silence hung between them, until the feline eventually broke it.

"Really?"

"I'm not the one that forgot to define what a plate is for this," she grinned.

"I'm starting to wonder if you're part genie."

"This is far from the first time I've done something like this," the dragoness laughed.

"Fair enough," the lynx sighed. "Are you going to eat, or just gloat?"

"I can multitask."

Before Tach could reply, the dragoness opened her maw wide and stuffed her a generous helping of mixed portions into her mouth. Her cheeks swelled as she closed her jaws and chewed, then swallowed it mostly whole. A substantial bulge slid down her neck and hit the collar's rim, though failed to emerge from the other side. Instead, a faint buzz resonated through both of them, transferring the feast from one to the other as it had thousands of times before. Tach's breath caught in his throat as the mass of food dropped into his stomach, adding to his lunch with an audible gurgle. The lynx shivered and recovered while the dragoness took her next bite, far surpassing the first. She could hardly seal her lips around meal-sized portion, and her eyes squeezed shut as she claimed it whole and intact. Tach braced for the oncoming surge of calories when she succeeded, but there was little he could do to properly prepare. Tightness filled his chest as his gullet swelled to capacity, and he gulped several times to help it along its way. He tucked it away with the rest of his meal with a swig of soda, just in time for the dragoness's next helping.

Though she offered no mercy to Tach, the next gulp came with less strain, as did those after. Once warmed up, he matched the dragoness's pace, and that detail was not lost on either of them. The feline's stomach filled the space beneath the table as his companion feasted and gorged, reaching and surpassing his record capacity. The pressure in his belly rose from filling to discomforting, and a pang of panic shot through his chest until the collar finally cut off. An exhausted sigh tumbled from his lips, and he split his attention between recovering and watching the reptile finish off her mountain of food. Her middle battled for space with his as she tore through and finished off the rest of the tray, gathering up every scrap and crumb until there was nothing left. She stifled a belch into her fist and slumped back in her seats, then patted her belly and smiled at the lynx.

"Think you're gonna miss it?"

Tach's only hesitation came from processing her question, and once he did, shook his head. "Not in the slightest," he groaned.

"You liar," she playfully scolded. "Don't think I can't see that blush."

Her accusation only made it brighter, spurring him to relent. "Alright, maybe a little. But that doesn't change the fact I'd rather do it on my terms."

The dragoness nodded. "Fair enough. Let's get some paperwork done so you can indulge on

your own.”

Tach and the dragoness fetched their phones and opened the collars’ app, then sifted through screens until they found their contract. The rotund reptile found her copy easily, though Tach’s only revealed itself when he entered her updated email address. The terms of their agreement opened before him, and with it came several stats gathered over the course of the bargain. The lynx balked at the sight of how many calories she’d transferred, though the income that came with it dampened the blow. He compared his total payment to the number in his bank account, gathering an idea of just how much he’d spent updating his home and clothing. The difference between the two climbed until the dragoness clicked her claws across the table, drawing him back to reality with a sheepish grin. Tach bookmarked that information and returned to their binding page, then closed it out with the dragoness’s blessing. A burst of static radiated from his neck as the collar severed its connection, relinquishing his diet and appetite without fanfare. He reached behind his neck and unclashed the unit as the dragoness did the same, then placed it on the table.

“How’s it feel to be a freed glutton,” the dragoness teased.

Tach rubbed his neck and adjusted to the naked sensation in the device’s wake. “I don’t think I feel any different,” he admitted. “I still feel hungry too.”

“That’s all on you,” she grinned. “That collar didn’t to adjust your appetite, but it made it easy to give in and overeat.”

The lynx leaned back in his seat and draped his arms over his belly. “I kinda wish I knew that before I signed up.”

“It’s all in the user manual,” she offered. “But they do bury that little detail. I guess its so they can make more potential customers.”

“It’s not the worst thing in the world,” Tach admitted. “I’m not looking forward to how big my food budget’s going to get though. It was great letting you foot the bill for everything.”

“It’s not too late to carve out another contract if you’re already missing it~ I’m willing to do this as long as you are.”

“I’m not ready for that again yet. I need to think things over and see how I’d feel about getting even bigger. I’d probably need to move into a new place at the very least.”

“You know, I could hook you up with a new apartment if that’s what it takes~ I have a villa designed for people of our... stature, and there are plenty of open units.”

That offer truly gave Tach pause. His paw drifted to his double chins and he weighed the pros and cons, running through the logistics of making such a sudden change in lifestyle. “How long do I have to think about it?”

“As long as you need, cutie. I’ll even keep a slot open for you while you consider the option.”

“I might take you up on that, but I need to figure some other stuff out first.”

“Fair enough.” The dragoness started to ask another question, but a needy grumble from her belly derailed her train of thought. “I think I’ll help myself to some food before we continue this conversation. Do you mind if I eat with you?”

“Not at all.”

The dragoness looked genuinely delighted. “Wonderful~ Hope you saved enough for me.”

With that, she waddled to the food bars and stacked another set of plates high. The lynx couldn’t help but blush as he watched her move, wondering what he had gotten himself into.