

Judy's Widening Perspective

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A Novella for Anon

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Since making a name for herself, Judy's life and career have slowed down. Though grateful for the shift, she can't deny the impact it's had on her figure. Her coworkers have been less than helpful in the matter, but she hasn't lost her resolve to shed those extra pounds. Will she succeed in returning to her former weight?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Bunny, a Male Fox, Rule 34, Gradual Weight Gain, Wardrobe and Furniture Malfunctions, Public Displays of Gluttony, Teasing and Encouragement, Feeding, M/F Sex, Rapid Weight Gain, Borderline Mobility

Chapter 01

The police station rumbled with the morning shift change, quaking with the steps of its largest officers while their smaller coworkers darted between them. The lobby filled with blue uniforms, some on their way in, others departing, creating a shifting sea that represented every animal family in the city. Herbivores and carnivores alike nodded and waved to each other as the responsibility for the city's safety passed between paws, embracing the unity that had so recently swept through the metropolis. It had hardly been a year since the settlement's most dangerous criminal faced justice, shattering the preconceptions that followed its residents from their feral roots. Some wounds were slow to heal, perpetuated by generations of hateful misinformation, though it was clear several steps had been taken in the right direction. The police force was a microcosm of such change, which had become a mixing pot of species and natures since the incident. Muzzles brightened as the bunny responsible for the enlightenment slipped through the station's doors, throwing herself into the tide of officers. Despite hardly rising to some of their knees, they parted before her and respected her space, taking great care to avoid stepping on her. Judy beamed with the vast improvement, returning their smiles and grins as she made her way to the front desk. Though there was less bounce in her step since her first day, what pep she retained rippled through her chubby frame, an unexpected reminder of her success. Her brow furrow as she considered bypassing the front desk, though its keeper spotted her before she made her choice. Clawhauser leaned over the sturdy counter and eagerly waved, sending her an invitation she couldn't refuse. Her plush paunch grumbled for breakfast as she approached, and the cheetah delightedly solved her problem with an offered donut.

"Good morning Clawhauser~" she greeted. "I see you brought in breakfast again."

"It's the only way to start the day as far as I'm concerned!" One of his paws glided over the soft swell of his uniform-clad gut, emphasizing his point. "I bought a little extra for you too. It's the least I can do for everything you've done."

Judy blushed slightly and hesitated to take the donuts. "It's no big deal," she admitted. "We gotta look out for each other, you know?" To the bunny, covering what little paperwork he accrued truly was a small favor, but she wasn't going to stifle his appreciation.

"No big deal? Girl, you have saved my bacon more times than I care to count. Breakfast is on me." He fished a box of donuts from beneath the counter and proudly offered them all.

"I can't take all your breakfast."

"Oh, you won't." The overweight cheetah snaked his tail out of sight and showed a second box, mostly empty. "I might have started buying a few extra to hand out."

Judy fished for another reason to turn them down, but his expression faltered in the pause.

Worry filled his eyes that he'd somehow offended her, and he started to withdraw his offer. She found her answer in a snap decision. "In that case, don't mind if I do."

The cat's cheery demeanor returned the instant she accepted the high calorie gift and she cemented the gesture by reaching in and taking a bite from the first thing she grabbed. Jelly filling flooded into her mouth, and for an instant she wondered why she was so reluctant to accept it. "Did you find a new shop or something? These are better than usual."

"Right," Clawhauser beamed. "They're still from that little bakery down the street, but I think they changed their recipe."

Judy stuffed the rest of the pastry into her mouth and reveled in its flavor, then gulped it down with a groan of approval. She regained her self-restraint as she reached for a second one, stopping her cold and bringing a knowing grin to Clawhauser's muzzle.

"I'll make sure to bring you a few more tomorrow, don't worry," he whispered.

The bunny mustered a slight nod, then darted off for her desk before she dug her hole deeper.

The department's offices greeted her with modest murmurs of conversations, a pleasant change from the commotion beyond them. The bunny's pace slowed as she slipped through the doorway and navigated to her desk, turning and sidestepping between those of her coworkers. The heat in her muzzle rekindled as her hips grazed tables and bumped chairs, though thankfully, few of her fellow officers witnessed her lapse of grace. Even if they had, they likely wouldn't have cared anyway. She was hardly the only one to gain weight once paperwork gradually dominated their jobs, though it was especially obvious on her figure. She was nearing the largest uniform size in her class, and every brush of her hips reminded her. The bunny's thoughts drifted to designing an exercise plan as she pulled her chair out, then immediately undercut herself with a second donut. Its rich glaze coated her mouth and tantalized her taste buds as she took bite after bite, cramming the entire pastry into her cheeks without realizing it. She closed her eyes and basked in sugary bliss, until a laugh from behind snapped her to reality. The lapine officer narrowly avoided choking as she swallowed her treat whole, then spun to find Nick sneaking behind her and taking his seat. A torrent of emotions flashed across her eyes as her muzzle blazed with embarrassment, stunned until the fox eventually spoke up.

"Looks like your diet is going well, carrots," he teased.

"It's not my fault Clawhauser is pushing his sweets onto me," she defended. "I'd be fine if he didn't bring in extras."

"You know you can just turn them down, right~? It's not like he's stuffing them into your muzzle."

"That's way easier said than done, and you know it. I can't hurt his feelings like that."

"He'll probably see it as more for him," the fox suggested. "He doesn't try to hide his donut lust like you do."

The heat in Judy's cheeks rekindled. "I do not lust for donuts."

"Your uniform suggests otherwise~"

Before Judy could fire back, Nick reached over and squeezed the plush swell of her belly. It pressed to her uniform and left nothing to the imagination, highlighting every roll on her stomach and revealing her love-handles with perfect definition. Her skirt clung to her thickened thighs with equal effort, conforming to the curves of her figure and nearly revealing her underwear. A decorative tie was the only thing concealing the straining buttons of her shirt, and her sleeves constricted her arms to the point of discomfort. Nick's brazen gesture stunned her long enough for him to explore the hills and valleys of her side, though she recovered her wits and swatted his hand away when he went for her belly.

"Feels like you're about due for an upgrade," the fox grinned.

"I told you not to do that here," she whisper-hissed.

Nick raised his hands. "You're right, I'm sorry. I'll wait until our shift ends next time."

Judy sighed. "Sorry I snapped. It's just- I haven't figured out how to work his extra weight off yet. My route's too long to run without the cart, and it's hard to find time after work to exercise."

The fox wrapped an arm around her and hugged her to his side. "I know, it's not easy." Nick patted his own modest middle to highlight his sympathy. "We'll figure something out though. Maybe you can get a route that's actually walkable."

Judy idly took another donut from the box and chomped into its chocolate glaze. "I want to try something else first. I think it'll be easier to dodge Clawhauser and nip this in the bud."

"If you say so," Nick remarked. "Better start tomorrow though." His paw slipped from his middle to hers and gave it an affectionate pat. "You're not getting any less noticeable," he teased.

An inferno flared in Judy's cheeks, but she neglected to bat his palm away. "I just need to do it."

Nick's wit struck once more as he opened his muzzle to tease her again, but his words never made passed his lips. A shadow eclipsed the doorway, announcing the chief's arrival. Every officer present, Judy and Nick included, hastily straightened their desks and gathered

their papers, preparing everything needed for their morning meeting. The imposing bison flung the door open and ducked under its frame, squeezing himself into the then-silent office. Bogo assessed his force, then bellowed out his announcement. His call to head to the meeting room for their weekly huddle rang through the office and rolled through the department, spurring everyone to action as it rang to silence. Judy and Nick stood from their seats and strode toward the conference room together, letting their larger and smaller peers dart around them. The pair fell behind the stampede, Judy slowed by the constant need to pull her shirt down over her middle while Nick stayed with her for support. There were only two open seats in the room by the time they reached the modest conference room, which more closely resembled a classroom. Every eye on duty fell to the couple as they took their seats in the front row, then settled in and prepared for the day's briefing. The fox leaned back in his seat and followed the chief's assignments, while Judy found herself preoccupied with the donuts she left behind. Her stomach grumbled with need and tugged at her attention for the entire speech, drawing her focus away and stoking her appetite. A smirk crossed Nick's muzzle when her stomach's needy grumbles met his ears, and it earned snickers from those around her as well. Bogo ignored the disruptions and continued dispensing his directives, until everyone had their daily tasks. He dismissed them with a nod, and the meeting was adjourned.

Nick walked with Judy back to their stations, and he filled her in on the major points along the way. A smoldering embarrassment kept the bunny's cheeks warm for the walk, stuck on how a box of donuts could distract her so easily. She pondered that point until she returned to her seat and plopped down, then reached into the box without thought and resumed snacking. A rush of flavor dulled her concerns, and she only realized how eagerly she undermined herself when Nick pointed it out. Instead of putting the half-eaten pastry away however, she stuffed the rest of it into her cheeks and gulped it down with worrying ease. Her resolve to lose weight returned after she cleared her mouth, and she began her journey by throwing the rest of her breakfast away. Her nerve faltered when she picked the container up and realized more donuts remained, giving her pause. She looked to Nick for encouragement, who only offered an unhelpful shrug, then decided against discarding the trio of surviving pastries. The bunny simply couldn't bring herself to waste such delicious food, rationalizing her gluttonous weakness as a virtue. Nick started to offer to eat one or two of them for her, but by the time he thought to ask, she'd claimed two of them. The fox eyed the swelling dome of her belly and decided it best not to get between Judy and her sweets, then claimed his seat and began their paperwork. The lack of grand conspiracies had given both of them ample time to address the less exciting aspects of their job, and the chief had supplied them more than enough to keep them busy. Still, there would be time roam the streets later, and Nick dreamed up a light exercise plan for Judy while she pondered her lunch plans.

Chapter 02

Lunch came and went, the rest of the day followed, and the shift ended before found a chance to leave her desk. She wiped the crumbs of her snacks from her cheeks and filed away the day's paperwork, idly noting the tightness of her uniform. A faint pop sounded through the office when she bent over and reached into a file cabinet, freezing her in place. Her ears twitched as she struggled to place the sound, though on some level, she already knew what it was. The bunny carefully stowed her stack of documents and stood to her full, modest height, then hesitantly assessed the damage. Her paws roamed the front of her shirt and inspected each button, including the ones she could no longer see, and found her culprit. Though it hadn't shot off, one of the fasteners had popped loose and clung to her top by a single thread. Embarrassment flashed across her face as she snapped it off and hid it in her pocket to hide the malfunction. A quick glance around the room revealed she had escaped the notice of her peers, and a sigh of relief crossed her lips. She let her guard down, only for Nick to laugh to himself and clap her on the shoulder. The fox's giggle carried infinitely more mirth than malice, though that didn't do much for Judy's self-esteem. She turned and glared at the fox, who only smiled back and poked through the slight hole in her clothing.

"Looks like we need to get started on that work-out plan," he teased. "Or we can order the next size up of uniforms before you actually need them."

Judy let out a scoff that couldn't quite mask her embarrassment. "We won't need to do either," she remarked. "I had my last donut today. Starting tomorrow, no more."

"I hope you remember to tell Clawhauser that. He'll get you to pop every one of those buttons if you let him."

"I know, I know. That's why I'll be turning him down tomorrow. You wait and see."

Nick patted her on the back, figuring he'd antagonized her enough for the day. "I'll hold you to that if I have to. But that's a problem for tomorrow. Let's head home."

"Sounds like a good idea to me."

The pair departed the offices and stepped into the main lobby, where the night shift had already gathered. The ocean of officers exchanged greetings and well-wishes much as they had that morning, and the bunny and fox went their separate ways once they reached the streets.

Judy returned to her apartment, where the evening passed as uneventfully as the day. She prepared herself a modest dinner and went to bed at a reasonable hour, and before she knew it, it was time to return to the station. The lapine rose from bed and ran through her morning routine, showering off the remnants of her dreams and getting dressed for the day.

She threw open her wardrobe to reveal a week's worth of identical uniforms, then selected one at random and plucked it from its hanger. The bunny clad herself in blue and black with swiftness befitting her species, slipping into her pants and wrapping her shirt around her back. She met her first unexpected challenge when she tried to fasten them shut, however, reminding her of both yesterday's wardrobe malfunction and her promise to herself. A sigh crossed her lips as she struggled to pull the flaps of her button-up shirt together, but came up a hair's width short every time. A frustrated huff rushed from her nose as she escalated her solution, stomping to her bed and laying back across the mattress. Her belly sank a few fractional inches under its own weight, then a little more when she sucked a breath in. She held it just long enough to fasten the buttons up, then let it out as her fingers danced up her chest. Her deft digits reached under her compressed muffin-top and addressed her skirt next, only just securing it in place. The bunny's plush thighs and love-handles ensured it couldn't go anywhere, however, especially when she rose to her feet. Developing rolls dug into the tight threads of her clothing as her weight settled, gently constricting her chest. Judy took a few deep breaths to ensure the integrity of her garments, and though they teetered on the edge of acceptability, she reluctantly passed them. The bunny then grabbed her badge and bounded for the door, wobbling and bouncing just a little more than she remembered.

When Judy arrived at the station, she willed herself invisible and slipped into the crowd of shift change. While she typically enjoyed the attention and friendliness of her peers, she dreaded it that day. Despite her efforts to hide behind the legs of her larger coworkers, she stuck out in the sea of officers, the soft grey of her exposed belly contrasting with the rich blue of her uniform. The chubby cheetah picked her from the crowd with ease and waved her over with his typical morning enthusiasm, which Judy matched with a forced smile. She greeted him and wished him a good day, though she failed to excuse herself before he offered his extra donuts. The bunny dug deep for the resolve to turn him down, though every time she met his expressive eyes her resolved faltered. She accepted his high calorie treats, and once they were in her paws, Judy couldn't stop herself from snacking on them. Crumbs littered her snout as she reached into the container and sated her appetite, then sprinkled onto her uniform as she reluctantly continued her rhythmic snacking. Her desk chair squeaked and squealed in protest when she finally reached it, a noise that snapped her out of her hungry haze and tugged her back to reality. Nick grinned knowingly when her breath caught in her throat, though she refused his offer to finish the box off for her. The bunny quickly scarfed down the remaining pastry, a "punishment" for her lapse in resolve, then reasserted her goal to cut them cold the next day. Skepticism glittered in the fox's eye, but he found the wisdom to keep his mouth shut. He merely restated his desire to help, and their day began in earnest as they brainstormed plans and schemes to break her sweet addiction.

Unfortunately for the increasingly plump bunny, the pattern of striving to hide and breaking her promise continued through the rest of the week. Judy quickly discovered such temptations sat on a slippery slope, and quitting was far harder than avoiding them in the first place. Each passing day added to her waistline, which in turn made it more and more difficult to escape Clawhauser's notice. She raced up to the highest size in her species

category in just a handful of shifts, her gluttonous growth accelerated by her generous coworker's compensation. The cheetah eagerly brought more and more of his treats in as Judy's portion grew, undermining what flimsy self-control she mustered. Despite her growing urgency, she never gathered the will to turn him down, even as her wardrobe malfunctions became more common. Her fellow officers even created a betting pool, wagering over who would next be struck by one of her flying buttons. Judy only learned of it when one burst free during a morning briefing, shooting across the room and striking one of Bogo's horns. The chief played it off with surprising grace, but the same could not be said of the wolf who won the pot. Judy's cheeks flushed crimson when he threw his arms in the air and howled, and though the ensuing chewing-out mended her pride a little, it didn't repair it completely. Nick sensed her unease and reached for her paw under their table and held it throughout the rest of the meeting. They were the last to leave when dismissed, and the pair shared an embrace before parting for their daily duties. A pang of shame welled up in Nick's chest as he watched Judy waddle across the station however, unable to take his eyes off her widened hips and fattened rear.

To Judy's relief, the rest of the morning passed quickly and uneventfully, even if she found it difficult to meet the gazes of her coworkers. Her head hung low as she slunk to the break room with her lunch in tow and took a seat. The subtle bend and creak of the bench was not lost on her, even in dull, constant noise of simultaneous conversations. She spread her meal across the table, arranging the modest sandwich and small salad, eying the ensemble with disdain. Her brow furrowed when her stomach let out a needy grumble, which she answered by shoving her most unhealthy food aside. Judy scooped her decedent sandwich and sweet desserts in her arms and dropped them into the garbage, then returned to her seat with a huff and stared at the leafy survivor. She squeezed a fork in one paw and jammed it into the plastic bowl with disappointment and frustration, then filled her mouth with the greens and chewed with disinterest. Judy fell into thought while she idly ate, allowing Nick to take the seat beside her without her notice. He watched her eat with uncharacteristic lethargy, and concern welled in his chest until he gave it a voice.

"You alright, carrots?"

"No," she said flatly.

"Bummed about the button thing?"

Her silence more than answered the question.

"Don't take it personally. Those guys will bet on literally anything. Just last week they put together a pool over refilling the water cooler."

"Nick, I know you're trying to help, but you're not helping."

The fox nodded. "Care to tell me what's bothering you, so I can?"

Judy sat up, lifted her belly from its bottom roll, and dropped it into her lap with a plop. "Usually when I put my mind to something, I can get results. But no matter what I try, I can't drop this weight. I can't even hold my ground and not get bigger."

It occurred to Nick that she had yet to refuse Clawhauser's continued offerings, but held his tongue instead of pointing that out. "You can do this, but you might need to approach this from a different angle. Maybe cut back on the donuts a little instead of cutting them cold?"

"I'm not compromising on this," she sighed. "I'm dropping this weight as soon as possible, even if it means never eating another donut for the rest of my life."

The fox nodded with more than a little skepticism. "Drastic, but I can appreciate the ambition. Still, I don't think eating salads only is a good idea. You need to keep your energy up so you can keep working." Nick slid his lunch over, a greasy burger and side of fries that was likely more fattening than the bunny's original meal. "After work, let's find something to replace your morning donuts. Can't eat them if you're already full, right?"

Judy's stomach grumbled at the approach of Nick's lunch, and in the back of her mind, the compulsion to scarf it down surged through her. The bunny's self-restraint held true, however, and she resisted long enough to think about Nick's offer. It didn't violate her no-donut diet, and it certainly seemed easier than altering her eating habits all at once. Her nose twitched with the burger's enticing scent, and her hunger spurred a swift decision. "That sounds like a good idea."

Nick's expression brightened with hers, and the pair shared a soft embrace. Despite their closeness, she failed to notice his rising pulse. "Go ahead and have my lunch," he murmured. "I'll run down to the cafe and pick up something else for me in a bit."

Judy nodded as she tore a bite from the delectable burger, and she was unable to stop a groan of approval from resonating in her chest. Maybe Nick was on to something.

Chapter 03

Judy's almost instant compromise set the tone for the entire endeavor, for better or worse. Unfortunately, the bunny only saw it as the latter. She let her appetite run wild day after day as she searched for a healthy alternative to donuts with Nick, and though her selections were technically less fattening, her portions far offset that benefit. In fact, it compounded her issue in a few short days. Boxes of rice snacks and towering salads served only to stretch her belly, spurring her to eat more and more to feel satisfyingly full. The effects truly ran out of control on cheat days, enabling her to gorge far beyond her previous capacity. In the back of her mind, Judy knew she needed to nip her new habits in the bud, though Nick certainly didn't make that an easy task. In the interest of helping her diet, the helpful fox took up cooking meals for them, a gesture that at the very least saved them a small fortune. Still, if she didn't know better, Judy would be inclined to think he was intentionally making her bigger. The smooth-talking fox always had a substantial dessert to cap off their dinners, a "reward" for sticking to her diet, despite her weight's continuing climb. The fox downplayed her growth and ensured her diet would work in due time, and her metabolism was simply resisting the change. Judy swallowed her doubts and went with his reasoning, and despite the growing tightness of her uniforms, stayed her course.

Unfortunately, she couldn't keep convincing herself of her delayed success forever.

Within a week of her wardrobe's mortifying malfunction, Judy found herself staring down another. The morning sun peeked through her window and scattered its warmth across her bedroom, filling the air with radiance. Judy ignored the beautiful sight entirely as she stared into her closet, sliding shirts left and right in a search for one that fit. Several sported small rips along seams, some in more embarrassing places than others, and the bunny found herself embroiled in the hunt for the least revealing one. Her ears perked when she spied one with only torn underarms, and she plucked it from its hanger with mixed delight and disappointment. She hugged the garment to her front for a rough idea of its fit, and its prognosis was not much better than the others. The garment only just spanned her waist, a testament to her patience with her diet. Her cheeks blazed at the thought of the station tailor's reaction, a vision that kindled mixed emotions in the back of her mind. Judy pushed them aside and took on the arduous task of cramming herself into the garment, resigning herself to spilling through the gaps in its buttons. She wedged her arms into place with relative ease, and the true challenge began as she looked down its front. Acting on experience, she flopped back onto her bed and wobbled with the landing, then sucked her belly in and fumbled with the clasps. Those closest to her neck knitted together with ease, and they grew more difficult to close as she went. To her mild shock and humiliation, she only reached the third one before she had to change tactics.

She squeezed her fattened breasts down and methodically worked her way to her belly, where her faintest breath threatened to undo her progress. Chasms between the buttons yawned open as her middle filled with breath, though thankfully, none shot free. Judy remained on her back and wiggled into her pants, utilizing the same technique to make

herself decent. She met resistance as soon as her waistband crossed over her knees, however, pulling tight around her tree-trunk thighs. Her mattress creaked and squeaked in distress when she doubled her efforts, shimmying from side to side to claim almost no progress. Her tenacity paid off, however, and she pulled the band up to her waist. She had no chance of zipping them up or fastening their button though, a problem she'd encountered a few days before. Fortunately, one of her elephant coworkers had been kind enough to loan her a belt. Judy slipped the length around her pants and drew it as tight as she could, then latched it in place and stood. Her top pulled tight against her rolls as gravity adjusted its hold, compressing her chest with noticeable pressure. Still, the bunny decided she could make do, until she caught a glance of herself in her bathroom mirror. A tingling chill ran through her chest with the sight of her midriff, vast and wobbling completely free of her uniform. It was dress code violation for sure, but at the very least, she needed to get to the station to solve the problem. With a sigh, she accepted her fate, gathered her things, and narrowly squeezed out of her doorway and waddled to the bus stop.

Judy's troubles didn't end there, however, and embarrassment followed her to the station. Her love handles spilled over into her neighboring seat on the bus, and every tiny bump sent ripples and shivers through her exposed rolls. Her fingers stayed at the hem of her shirt the entire ride, staying vigilant to keep it stretched over her belly. She found mixed success at least, keeping her shirt from becoming a sports bra though failing to hide her deepening belly button. Her love handles were a lost cause, however, one she was reminded of constantly by the transit's softly blowing air conditioning. She ignored the mixed stares of her fellow citizens to the best of her abilities, until she finally reached her stop. The oversized bunny lurched and wobbled as the bus pulled to the sidewalk, but failed to depart before her fellow passengers filled the walkway. The smaller riders scurried from her shadow as she waddled to the front of the cab, then squeezed through its doors and stumbled into the bustling city. Those traveling on foot couldn't take their eyes off of her as she ponderously lumbered the last leg of her commute, chipping away at her mental endurance and collapsing her posture. Her ears drooped and hid her face by the time she reached the station, though such a gesture did nothing to hide her identity. Clawhauser in particular saw through her attempted disguise with ease and darted across the lobby with his favored breakfast in tow. Judy struggled to gather the will to turn down his double dozen of donuts, but her resolution crumbled. Her belly grumbled with needy delight before she found her nerve, and she waddled to her workstation with more treats than ever.

Judy reconsidered her methods as she pulled her chair out and plopped onto its flattened cushion, unleashing a protest of creaks and groans. She ignored the embarrassing sounds as she had every day before, though she couldn't help but notice a series of soft pops that accompanied them. She wiggled her hips and shifted her weight to replicate the noises, and in her curiosity succeeded. The bunny placed them when they sounded through the office one last time, exposing her rear to the cool air of the room. Time stopped when she realized she'd torn through her pants, and she chanced a look over her shoulder to confirm the damage. Her eyes widened when she spied her strained panties through a wide chasm in the denim, which revealed the full scale of her rump. Panic gripped her and she scrambled for a solution, that would get her to the station's tailor. She snatched a notebook

from her desk and held it over her rear, then dashed toward the back of the building. The split widened with her heavy footfalls, compounding her problem until she reached the relative privacy of the requisitions office. The wolf at the department's window blushed with Judy's situation, though maintained his professionalism long enough to search for a replacement pair of pants. Judy took a seat against the wall and hid her shame while he scoured the shelves of clothing and equipment, silently praying no one saw her rush into the room. For several minutes, it seemed she made a clean escape, though her hopes were soon dashed. She jumped in her seat when the door cracked open and Francine ducked under its frame. The pair locked eyes, and a torrent of mixed emotions swirled in Judy's chest.

"Oh, good morning Judy," the elephant greeted. "I didn't see you come back here. Are you all set on desk supplies?"

It took the bunny a moment to process the question, but once she did, relief swept over her. "Oh, I think I'm all set," she murmured. "I'll have to double check, but I-"

"Sorry Judy, it doesn't look like we have anything that'll fit in stock. I can special order something, but it'll take a few days."

A puzzled look crossed the elephant's face, which deepened with Judy's apparent despair. A few awkward seconds filled the air until she put the pieces together, igniting a blush of her own. It lingered as she considered what to say next, until she eventually decided she could help. "You know Judy, I have a spare set of pants that you can use. They'll probably be a bit big, but I don't think it's anything a belt can't solve."

The wolf excused himself from the conversation, avoiding the bunny's mortified expression. The mere implication she could loosely fit into an elephant's size class sent a shiver down her spine, though it wasn't a wholly unpleasant one. Still, reservations or not, Judy couldn't come up with a solution as immediate. She audibly gulped and swallowed her pride, then accepted the offer.

"That would be wonderful," she begrudgingly admitted. "Thank you so much."

Francine beamed, oblivious to her irritated undertone. "It's no trouble at all. I'll be right back."

Seconds seemed to stretch into hours while Judy waited on her borrowed garments, her patience dwindling. She practically snatched them from the elephant's hands when she finally returned, then dashed for the locker room as quickly as her thundering thighs could carry her. The bunny kept to the walls and avoided the most populated areas of the station, both hiding the damage to her wardrobe and escaping as much notice as possible. Despite her efforts, she drew several eyes along the way, including Nick's. The fox trailed her at a healthy distance until she vanished into the locker room, which cautiously he approached after. Once sure no one was looking, he cracked the door and confirmed Judy's solitude,

then snuck in to check on her. He tapped her on the shoulder and made her leap from her hide, and once she calmed down and slapped him, regaled him with the events of her morning. A subtle smirk spread across his muzzle while he listened, though he kept his fantasizing at bay until she freed herself from her ruined pants. He bit his lower lip and stifled a sound of appreciation when she bent over, unintentionally showing off the consequences of her failed diet. His focus frayed as he imagined groping and squeezing her plush hips, until she turned to face him.

For his patience, he nearly got his wish. Judy bounced and wobbled as she tugged and pulled the elephant's spare pants up, slipping them over her tree-trunk thighs and doughy rear. Her tail slipped into its slot with ease as she pulled the waistband into place, and she zipped them up and buttoned them shut. Judy let out a breath and allowed her belly to spill forward, filling what little space remained. Mixed emotions swirled through her chest, relieved to have solved her problem, but mortified to fit neatly in elephant's clothing. The bunny latched on the excessive length in her legs and handily dismissed the easy fit, convincing herself her solution wasn't embarrassingly prefect.

She turned to face Nick, breaking him from the trance of her expansive rear. "Could you find me something to cut these with? They're too long to roll up."

"Of course. Anything else?"

Judy looked down at to her belly, which still spilled from the hem of her shirt. "Can you find me a bigger shirt too?"

"I can't promise anything, but sure."

"You're a life saver," she sighed.

The fox slipped from the locker room, leaving Judy alone to contemplate her eventful morning.

Chapter 04

With Nick's help, Judy found a shirt that fit her bulk, though it still left little to the imagination. The lower roll of her belly peeked from its lower edge, only slightly more out of sight. Still, the overweight bunny was thankful for all the help she could get, and it was a stark improvement over her morning situation. She dwelt on that positive as she went through her day, ignoring the stares of mixed awe and pity brought on by her physique. The overweight officer spent most of her time at her desk as a result, scooted up close to its edge to hide her growing apron of a belly. She only broke away from her modest shelter for lunch, where the gazes of her peers eagerly followed. Their attention weighed heavy on her from the moment she entered the cafeteria, though the endless scrutiny proved to be a powerful motivator. Despite the allure of the cafeteria's buffet, she found the willpower to adhere to her diet and ventured instead to the salad bar. Her stomach let out a rumbling protest as she filled her plates with greens, piling them high until they nearly spilled over its edge. She compromised on her resolution when she reached the selection of dressings, however, defeating the purpose of her leafy meal with a generous downpour. A few of her coworkers rolled their eyes when she nearly drained the selection of dressings, then turned on her heel and waddled to her seat. It creaked in protest when her widened rear eclipsed it, and the table tipped toward her when she settled into place. She paid the flimsy furniture no mind while she reached for her fork, then dug into her gathered garden with delight.

She didn't notice Nick take the place beside her until he tapped her shoulder, sending a jolt of surprise through her rolling figure. Judy stifled a yelp into her fist, then shot her partner a glare as a grin spread across his face.

"Sorry carrots, I didn't realize salads were that enthralling," the fox teased.

"Please don't start," she groaned. "I've gotten enough teasing from everyone else."

Nick surveyed the room, noting the pairs of eyes that glanced up to the feasting bunny. "I was hoping that hadn't gotten to you," he admitted.

"It's pretty hard to ignore," Judy admitted. "I mean, I'm used to attention at this point, but not like this."

Nick pressed against her hip and wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "I completely understand. It's been a rough day, and you're just ready to be away from everyone."

"You're not wrong."

"Tell you what. Why don't you come over tonight? I'll cook dinner, and it'll be just the two of us."

"That sounds nice." Judy's belly rumbled in agreement.

Nick grinned and patted her back, then slid a sandwich beside her salad. "And here's a little something to hold you over until then. It's gonna be pretty tough to get through the day on just a salad, even for a bunny."

Judy gave him another half-glare but didn't dispute his point.

"See you tonight~"

With that, the fox departed and left Judy with her meal in relative peace. Her eating accelerated while she imagined what Nick would prepare, and before she realized her open gluttony, she finished her plate. The bunny finished off the sandwich in a few bites, then returned to the buffet for a second helping. Nick was probably right about her needing a more substantial meal.

Judy conquered a second and third plate, and with her ravenous hunger sated, the rest of her shift passed calmly. One of her paws stayed at her middle all day, exploring its soothing curve. The bunny hardly noticed the mixed stares of her peers as long as she focused on herself, and her dietary crisis drifted from her thoughts. Unfortunately, reality reasserted itself when she stood to leave. The bunny grew intensely aware of the width of her hips while she pushed through the crowd of departing officers, finding it much more difficult to navigate to the bus stop. She reached the shuttle just as the driver started to close the doors, and every eye on board turned to her when it tilted with her weight. It rocked back and forth until she paid her fare, and her gaze fell to the floor as she sought out a seat. Her hips spread across the entire bench when she sat down, and she did everything in her power to ignore the bouncing ripples unleashed by every bump in the road. Judy pulled her shirt down over her belly with every quake, then simply held it there until she reached her stop. The bunny did everything in her power to minimize her presence while she disembarked, though it was a losing fight at best. A sigh of relief tumbled from her muzzle when she touched down on the sidewalk, which soon turned to huffing and panting as she made her way to Nick's home. The last of her stamina flagged as she reached his door, and she doubled over to catch her breath before knocking. Judy hastily smoothed her fur down once she had the energy to do so, then announced her arrival with the last of her endurance.

The door opened at her touch, unlocked and unlatched, and the mixed scents of delectable food washed over her.

Judy's substantial stomach growled with need as while she breathed in the scents, layered and folded with several types of food. Individual components revealed themselves while she filled Nick's doorway, though instead of solving the puzzle, she let herself in and found the solution the easy way. She navigated to his kitchen, careful to avoid bumping tables and shelves along the way, until she found her companion preparing the last of their meal. A blush kindled in her muzzle when she realized he wore little more than an apron and some underwear, along with the smile that spread across his muzzle when he saw her.

"Ahh, you're early," Nick grinned. "Why don't you make yourself at home while I put on the finishing touches?" With a flourish, he directed her to the living room where a pair of small tables sat before a large couch.

"Wouldn't it be easier to eat at the dining table?"

"Maybe, but we can't watch movies from there," he countered.

Judy agreed, then left to claim her favorite spot on his couch.

She sank far deeper into the cushion than her previous visit, and she consciously ignored that fact and focused on the sounds coming from the kitchen. The bunny tuned her nose to the pleasant aromas wafting forth, picking out dishes and unintentionally stoking her appetite. Grilled fruits and vegetables stood at the forefront of the mix, along with spices and herbs from across the world. She idly wondered where and when Nick found the time to explore and perfect such recipes, though his arrival with the main course drew her from her thoughts. Her stomach rumbled and grumbled with audible need, spreading a sheepish grin across her muzzle and a broad smile across Nick's. He took it as a compliment and set her feast before her with delight, then laid out his own much more modest portions. Curiosity filled her eyes, until the fox explained he'd eaten more than he expected while sampling the food. She couldn't find fault with that, then dug into her meal while she retained enough presence of mind to maintain her manners. The fox had been right about the salad's failure to fill her, and he discovered just how right he was as she attacked the dish. She speared as much as she could on her fork and stuffed her muzzle to capacity, unleashing a tide of undeniably delicious flavors. A groan of approval resonated in her chest with her first bite, and each one after sustained its pleased note. Pride swelled in Nick's core as she indulged in the fruits of his labor, and his arousal began to stir in the presence of her awakened appetite.

The bunny's manners deteriorated as her portion diminished, and droplets of flavor stained her shirt by the time she finished. She covered her mouth in shame when she realized how much she slipped, and Nick leaned in to comfort her as tears welled in the corners of her eyes.

"I don't think I can do this," she confided. "This is just going to get worse and worse until I have to wear a circus tent."

The fox wrapped an arm around her shoulders and squeezed to her side. "You're too hard on yourself," he countered. "And besides, it's not all bad."

Judy wiggled from his embrace and hefted her belly. "What could possibly be good about this? I draw more attention than I did my fist day!"

"It's not all bad attention though. I'd bet most people are jealous."

"You're normally not this bad of a liar," she retorted. "I've seen the gawks and heard the snickers."

"Sure, there are some of those, but they're a lot easier to spot than the blushes you make."

"So I should be glad I'm impressing perverts?"

"Would it change your opinion if I admitted I was one of them?"

"Oh, come on," she sighed. "You're just trying to make me feel better. Maybe if it wasn't so much weight, sure, but we can't even cuddle like we used to."

"Not with that attitude," Nick grinned.

"You can't be serious. I'd crush you if I sat in your lap."

The fox shrugged. "If I die, I die. Besides, you should know by now I'm studier than I look."

Uncertainty played in her eyes while she gaged Nick's reaction, searching for sincerity. A few seconds of intense silence passed, and having found nothing to the contrary, Judy decided to test his word. "Fair enough~"

Nick leaned back and patted his lap in invitation, and the couch groaned and creaked when she accepted. Her overfilled belly spilled from her lap and slapped against her thighs, kindling a blush in both of their muzzles as she sidestepped into place. Her rear eclipsed the TV as she lined her hips up with his, and a burst of fleeting regret flashed across the fox's face when she sat down. The wind rushed from his chest, masked by the squeal of overworked springs. The overloaded furniture sagged with her weight as she settled, rocking with the ripples rolling through her flabby figure. Nick wrapped his arms around her waist as they quieted to nothing, only just clasping his fingers together around her middle. The padding of her ass offset the differences in their height, placing her head next to his instead of below it. That detail was not lost, and it inspired a blaze in Judy's cheeks. It only intensified when he rested his chin on her shoulder and relaxed against her softness, parting his hands to explore the curves of her figure. The bunny wiggled with ticklish delight as she put on their movie for the night, and for a moment, their focuses fixed on the screen. Opening credits rolled while Nick idly played with her belly, worming his fingers under its warm shelf and hefting it in his palms. Judy reveled in his affectionate attention, and when she did nothing to stop him, Nick explored further.

The movie failed to hold their attention as they fell into the details of her form, mapping every soft hill and valley she had to offer. Judy leaned back into his chest while he traced the curves of her arms, delicately pinching and squeezing her hanging rolls. A soft gasp tumbled from her lips as he gently stroked a path to her chest, playfully groping her softness. He lingered for only a few seconds before moving to her belly, following its gentle

geometry to her exposed navel. A shuddering gasp fluttered from her lips when he teased a blunted claw around its edge, igniting an unfamiliar arousal. Judy's hips and thighs bounced as she tried to twist away, and he soon relented in favor of new territory. Nick's hands parted once more and latched onto her swollen love-handles, gingerly testing his grip and further teasing her. The bunny's pulse quickened as the rounded points of his nails followed the slope of her thighs, meandering a winding path to and across the underside of her belly before reaching her lust. She instinctively rolled her hips and groaned under his touch, stoking their mutual arousal higher. She wiggled her hips and wagged her tail until the distinct outline of his lust found its way between her cheeks, nestled in the soft crevasse of her most prominent feature. A familiar sigh of need blew passed her ears as Nick tightened his grip, pulling her deeper into his lap. They rolled their hips together in unison, and in that moment, the movie ended as far as they were concerned.

"Let's *really* explore this extra weight."

The pair shed their clothes with an urgency reminiscent of their early days together, tossing garments aside without care of where they landed. Nick discarded his shirt and wiggled from his pants with relative ease, though Judy found her outfit much more reluctant to leave. Her top clung to the underside of her breasts and lifted them to her chin, rendering it impossible to remove. The fox watched her battle the strained fabric for several minutes, enjoying the show until Judy's patience thinned. With great care, he sliced into the cloth with a sharpened claw, then raked a tear along the bunny's back. The popping threads gave her pause, and a somewhat defeated sigh tumbled from her muzzle as she tore free. With a degree of hesitation, she let Nick do the same to her pants, freeing her doughy thighs to wobble free and eclipse his lap. They tugged the ruined garments free with mutual wiggling, and after coming to terms with getting cut out of her clothing, Judy's arousal returned. Nick explored the rolls and valleys of her figure in encouragement, pinching and groping her flab with shameless delight. He wrapped his arms around her middle and only just linked his fingers, then pressed into her softness. A comment about not having enough dinner sent a thrilling lance of embarrassment through her chest, and he wasted no time pressing that previously concealed desire. His fingers roamed her figure while he whispered estimates of her growth, grinding his hips against her plush rear with every growing number. Returning embarrassment threatened to spoil the bunny's moment as his teasing paws climbed to her chest, though she couldn't deny how much she enjoyed the attention. His lustful admiration proved contagious, and by the time he reached her doubled chin and softened cheeks, she leaned into his motions. A breathy sigh escaped her chest, and an arch of her back invite him lower.

Nick obliged without hesitation, gingerly tracing his claws through her fur until he reached her doughy thighs. Judy moaned with delight when he squeezed the plush rolls, then yelped with surprise when he abruptly lifted her from his lap. In the split instant of her bounce, Nick adjusted his hips and guided his cock to the crux of her legs. Her softness buried his lust entirely, and a shuddering moan resonated in his chest while he adjusted to the intense sensations. Judy grinned to herself and gently squished her legs together, claiming her momentary advantage. Her own need rose while Nick painted her fur with

pre, until he angled himself toward her entrance. His first brush over her clit stole the breath from her lungs, and his languid entry restored it with a gasp. Nick's arms squished into her belly as he tightened his grip and savored the moment, until Judy took charge and spurred him on. Though she could only move so much in his carnal embrace, she clenched and flexed her inner muscles, chipping away at his stamina until he saw no point in taking things slowly. A feral growl rumbled in his chest as his fingers sank deeper yet into her flab, and a flutter of bliss filled her chest before he claimed her. The creaking protests of their couch marked their rhythm as Nick gave into his need, testing its integrity with every bounce of his hips. Each impact sent a rolling wave through Judy's frame and broke her continuous moans, which rose in volume as he drove her toward orgasm. She squeezed her eyes shut and gave herself in the moment, groping her breasts, grabbing her belly, and indulging in their sensuous motion. His knot swelled and stretched her passage all too soon, though she encouraged by slamming back into him. The padding of her ass rippled and absorbed their combined blows, spurring them to pump and bounce harder and harder until Nick's tie took root.

Their pace broke, and shared bliss washed over both of them.

Judy and Nick's moans and cries blended in a duet of climax, resonating off the walls of his home until afterglow followed. They shared only a short moment of intimacy and appreciation after, curtailed by their dwindling stamina. Sleep claimed Nick swiftly and suddenly, and unable to free herself from his lap, Judy followed soon after.

Chapter 05

Judy slept the best she had in months, and with that refreshing experience came change. Exposed to the finer points of fat life and free from her own inhibitions, her misgivings outlook improved dramatically. She discussed the previous night with Nick over an expansive breakfast, sharing her change of opinion, much to his delight. To celebrate, the fox prepared several more courses and embraced her change of heart with glee. Judy pressed her limits and filled her belly with everything he cared to prepare, until their daily duties drug them away from the table. Nick delved into his wardrobe and found an old set of Judy's clothes so outdated she might as well have been nude, though they both agreed it would have to do until they reached the station. Nick watched the bunny with shameless arousal while he got dressed, slipping into his garments with much more ease. His tail flicked back and forth with interest as they left, and he let his waddling mate taking the lead. The fox only tore his gaze from her backside to lock the door. Their stroll to the bus stop was slow and ponderous, drawing the attention of everyone in sight. Tiny rodents darted from Judy's path and scattered from her wide shadow, avoiding the considerable blind-spot under her protruding belly. Judy only just managed to squeeze herself onto her typical section of the bus, and Nick took advantage of the tight space by leaning into her soft side. The other passengers were far less appreciative of her bulk, however, especially after accidentally wedging herself between seats and blocking the walkway. A spark of mixed embarrassment and excitement panged in her core when Nick got behind her and pushed her free, taking the opportunity to squish and squeeze her rolls in the process. They blended into the crowd once the bus pulled away, but the attention both of them gave her belly still drew some eyes. The shuttle tipped down and rocked up when they reached the police station and disembarked, and the pair strode away in mutual contentment.

Judy basked in the mixed gazes of her peers as she passed through the lobby and helped herself to Clawhauser's offerings, pilfering all four of his donut boxes before moving on to claim a new uniform. Nick wiggled his eyebrows at the stunned cheetah, then fell in line behind Judy, eager and interested to watch the ensuing show.

The wolf at the requisition counter blanched when Judy strode through the door, only just avoided grazing its frame with her hips and belly. Nick entered unnoticed behind her, then took a seat as she looked over the desk. The uniformed canine reached under its surface and produced a special uniform order sheet, and confusion crossed his muzzle when Judy pushed it away.

"I've changed my mind," she grinned. "I just need a bunny's medium."

The wolf waited for her expression to break and spoil the joke, but realized she was serious when it didn't. "You uhh, sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Since this is a rental, there's going to be a fee if it gets torn or damaged."

"I'm alright with that."

The canine spent a moment fishing for a reason to deny the bunny, but simply shrugged after a moment. He disappeared into the rows of hangers and shelves to his back, then reemerged with a tiny, pristine uniform. The soft scratches of pen against paper filled the air as Judy signed it out, and he handed it over with only a small degree of regret.

Judy took it and turned on her heel, lumbered toward the door, and traced a finger under Nick's chin as she passed. "I think I'm going to need some help getting into this, if you're up for the challenge," she murmured.

Nick sprung to his feet and followed her out, dutifully remaining in her shadow until they reached the locker rooms. Judy entered first, and once she confirmed the coast was clear, the fox snuck in.

Nick carefully shut the door in his wake, then turned to find Judy already undressed. She idly squished and played with her rolls while she waited for his attention, then struck a pose once she had it. His gaze traced every one of the new and numerous curves of her figure, drinking in her details while she strutted to a bench. The unfortunate seat bowed under her weight when she sat, sagging beneath her rear while she squeezed herself into her pants. The garment barely made it to her knees before it reached its limit, though the bunny was determined to make them fit. She coaxed Nick over with a sultry curl of her finger, then directed him to cut a slice up the inside of the pants. He obliged with a little skepticism, which dissipated when she tugged them up her thighs. The gap allowed them to climb higher, until her waistband became the limiting factor. Another set of careful cuts solved that problem as easily as the first, and she wiggled and wobbled until the garments crested the globes of her rear. The weight and squish of her hips kept them in place far better than any belt, though the widened chasms in the fabric nearly defeated the purpose. Nick admired her overflowing frame while she reached for her top, then slipped into it and barely pulled it over her chest. What once fit her comfortably was reduced to a sports bra, and that realization sent a trill of pleasure through both of them. Judy considered attempting to pull the garment down over the top roll of her middle, but dismissed that idea as quickly as it arrived. Why try to hide all the work they'd put into her figure?

Nick shamelessly approved of her dress code violations, and after exploring the garments' effects on her rolls, the two departed and found their way to their desks. The fox fetched an extra chair for Judy and slid it beside hers, allowing her to sit with relative comfort. Her hips failed to fill both seats by a wide margin, though a single one would have left her hanging over its edges. The bunny reached out for a clipboard and rested it on the rolls of her chest, where she carried out her day's work. A thrill danced on her nerves as she paid particular attention to the reactions of her peers, which varied from awed confusion to blatant admiration. Nick made no attempt to hide his ogling, and his productivity dropped to nothing as he watched her work. Every slight movement of her

arms sent waves through her figure, captivating him in a lewd trance. He only emerged from the smoldering state when lunch arrived, dragged back into reality with the shuffling of cafeteria-bound officers. A grin parted his muzzle while he watched Judy rise to join them, leaning forward on her desk for balance. Nick remembered his manners and helped her up after a few seconds of fruitless struggling, and it took most of his strength to return Judy to her feet. The pair waddled to the eatery in the wake of their peers, though split up soon after. Judy lumbered to the head of the buffet and worked her way down the line, while Nick sought out the sandwich bar and prepared a more modest meal.

Judy was well into her tiny mountain of food by the time the fox rejoined her, and his dish went mostly uneaten while she attacked hers.

Nick, along with several peers, watched in awe as Judy tore through a meal roughly the size of her former self. She shoveled spoonfuls of soups and casseroles alike into her greedy muzzle, chewing through them with uncharacteristic ferocity. Her thighs squeezed together beneath the table as visions of the night before played in her mind, kindling a covert lust that drove her shameless gluttony. Not only did she seek to create an encore of that landmark in her relationship, she was determined to improve upon it. Her first towering plate shrank and diminished with impressive speed as her resolve strengthened, drawing Nick in to help her as much as he could without causing a scene. He gathered her cleaned dish and discarded silverware once she licked up every drop of sauce and crumb of food, then departed to replenish her course. Most of her second serving had joined the first by the time he returned, and instead of fetching her yet more helpings, he took a more supportive role. The fox slid into her neighboring seat and squished to her side, then gently rubbed her belly beneath the table and out of sight. A groan of bliss resonated in her plush chest as he explored the tight roll of her stomach, a sound thankfully masked by her gluttonous feasting. He rolled and shuffled his hips as he indulged in one of his deepest fantasies, though the moment came to a close all too soon. The station clock struck the hour, and the cafeteria's occupants reluctantly retreated to their desks. The lusting pair was the last to leave, and they vowed to repeat their performance the next day.

Judy and Nick did precisely that, and by the end of the week, they'd established a habit. The pair indulged in their shared love of flab and gluttony whenever possible, gathering a small following in the process. Some of their unexpected fans merely marveled at the sight of Judy's regular stuffing, curious as to how far she could push herself. Others watched her feasts as one would a train wreck, and still more made a game of her gorging. It only took a few days for a betting pool to form, and the leering gamblers covered every conceivable base, from wardrobe malfunctions to the number of plates she cleaned that day. Despite his impulses, Nick resisted the urge to join in and instead assisted Judy with her feasts. From running plates to feeding her faster than she could herself, he explored every aspect of his supporting role. The fox found his favorite facet when the station placed a cap on the buffet however, finding great joy in picking up food from the city's local restaurants to supplement her hamstrung banquettes. A quaint sandwich shop earned his favor more than any other, resulting in a habit of bringing the bunny multiple foot-long snacks a day. Judy's taste for the tangy and savory treats bloomed with her figure, and two became three became four,

until she reached the next of her major, hedonistic milestones.

Judy's favored bench had creaked and groaned beneath her rear since day one, and after several weeks of abuse, it finally gave in.

An echoing crack and boom resonated through the cafeteria when it finally collapsed under her weight, silencing every conversation in the room. The eyes of her peers fixed on her bloated figure as it wobbled to a stop, a process that took several, seemingly endless seconds. The tension in the air lingered until a hippo yelled out in celebration, shouting across the room to claim his winning bet. The announcement stoked a strange combination of shame and pride in the bunny's chest, which she considered until Nick rushed to her side and helped her up. The fox struggled until two more officers joined in the effort, hauling the lardy lapine to her feet. Judy brushed herself off once the shock and thrill of her victory wore off, then looked up to Nick with pride sparkling in her eyes. He wrapped his arms around her as far as he could and hugged her tight, then leaned in and whispered into her ear.

"We're celebrating this," he murmured while squeezing and groping her rolls. "Maybe not tonight, maybe not this week, but soon, I'm taking you out to dinner so we can repeat this."

A shiver ran down Judy's spine and wobbled through her thighs. "I'm holding you to that."

Chapter 06

The morning presented the pair with several difficulties, all of which revolved around Judy's size, though it was nothing a little ingenuity couldn't overcome. Nick improvised a jacket from a set of curtains, which concealed just enough of Judy's form to make her decent. The same eyes that had watched her commute hundreds of time before failed to stare any harder, though their effect on the bunny changed drastically. Where she once strove to hide from their scrutiny, the newly awakened Judy reveled in their attention. She skirted the edge of decency and reveled in their shocked wonder, basking under their gaze as a model would. Nick's constant squeezing and encouragement drove her enjoyment home, kindling an intense heat in her cheeks and core by the time they reached the station. The reactions to her figure repeated in her coworkers as Judy waddled through the lobby and to her post, intensified by familiarity. She bit her lower lip and stifled a groan as she squeezed through the station's hallways, rerouting to follow paths meant for traditionally larger species. She eventually reached the requisition office, and she nearly knocked the door off its frame with her entry. The wolf behind the counter stammered in her rotund presence, stoking the lusts in Judy's core until Nick squished passed her side. He explained the situation to the flabbergasted wolf, then helped himself to largest of the garments in supply. The vulpine cobbled together a uniform suitable for her in a matter of minutes, then draped his mate in the fabric tent. He sent her on her way with a pat to her rear, then followed in her considerable shadow to their desks. The morning meeting was well underway by the time they arrived, though their peers made a point to ignore their entrance. Assignments were distributed, and the business proceeded as normal.

Until lunch, at least.

Nick snuck from the cafeteria to supplement her meals as usual, though Judy found him worrying slow to return. She licked her plate clean and finished off her ration of servings in the meantime, wrapping up her final plate as he returned. Judy squished him to her chest and buried him in her rolls, until a needy gurgle from her belly spoiled their embrace. She reluctantly released him and asked where he went, though he ended her questions with a finger to her lips. He presented a generous meal of burgers to make up for his tardiness, then explained he was preparing a surprise. The bunny wiggled her hips in delight and begged for an answer, though he remained resolute in his secrecy. After moments of fruitless questioning, she shrugged and grudgingly let it go, then helped herself to her last lunch of the day. Nick leaned into her side and rubbed her subtly swelling belly, indulging in their shared hobby without modesty or shame. Judy leaned into his touch and let out muffled groans of delight, reveling in his attention. The pair fell into each other and basked in shared affections until lunch ended, curtailing their hedonistic moment. They returned to their desks with snacks in tow, and the bunny ate her way through a stack of paperwork. Time passed rapidly between her bites, and the end of the day arrived before she knew it. The bunny shrugged and gathered up an armful of treats for the trip home, then continued her feasting late into the night. A food coma carried her off into her dreams, and she woke the next day ready to repeat the cycle.

Days stretched to weeks once she established her hedonistic routine, snacking and gorging at every available opportunity. Not a moment passed where she didn't have a morsel in paw, and her figure flawlessly reflected her lifestyle. The size of her shirts and pants climbed constantly with the scale of her proportions, struggling to keep pace with her curves. Nick proved instrumental in her growth, supplying her with multiple extra lunches. Still, she grew to miss his lavishing attention as he devoted more and more of his break to finding her food. Each of his trips took longer than the last, until one day he simply didn't return. A pang of worry lanced through Judy's chest when the cafeteria emptied before his arrival, and she waddled to her desk with a noticeable slump. Her snacking suffered as she wondered about his whereabouts, until the buzz of her phone shook her from her thoughts. A grin spread across her sunken muzzle as she read it out, and her posture inflated with excitement. Whatever surprise he'd been preparing was finally ready. Her mind raced with possibilities, each more distracting and hedonistic than the last. She hardly made it through her first forms by the time her stomach rumbled and grumbled with anticipation, which proved loud enough to distract her coworkers. Some ignored it while others marveled at the swift return of her appetite, though she paid them no mind in either case. Solving Nick's mystery was her sole focus, and her train of thought only wavered when her workday ended. Per Nick's instruction, she raced home to fetch her finest outfit, then set course for his apartment afterward.

Judy panted and wheezed, winded by the resilience of her clothing. She bent over and grabbed the waist band of her jeans once again, then tugged with all her strength. "As much as I love this new figure, it hasn't been kind to my wardrobe," she sighed.

Nick stepped back far enough to appreciate the full view of the struggling bunny. "I disagree carrot cakes," he countered. "Your clothing's never looked better on you."

She wagged her hips again, cramming another fractional inch of her love-handles into her pants. "Of course you think that," she grinned. "But I'd like to avoid a public indecency charge."

"That's not happening in that outfit. Do you have anything else that might fit?"

She shook her head. "This is the larger of the two outfits I brought. Because I wasn't sure if the smaller one still fit," she trailed off.

Nick hugged her side and squeezed her belly. "I think you're looking at this the wrong way," he reassured. "You should be proud of how much weight you've put on so quickly."

"Maybe, but that's not going to make my clothes fit any better."

"Maybe not, but this will." Nick reached behind Judy and produced a small plastic case, then

fished out and brandished sewing needle to the light of the living room. A point of light slid across its surface as it caught the ceiling fan's glow, adding flair to the gesture.

Judy smiled with skepticism. "Are you gonna Frankenstein my clothes together?"

"That's Dr Frankenstein to you," he teased. "And yes. You've got two pairs of mostly identical jeans and your tops are similar enough to probably work together."

"When did you become a fashion expert~?"

"I've learned a few things foxing all the buttons you've shot off," he grinned. "Plus, imagine all the food we can buy if I start tailoring your clothes myself."

"I like the way you think."

"Good. Now hold your arms up and out so I can get some measurements."

Judy complied without hesitation, releasing her waistband and freeing her jeans to fall. A blush kindled in her cheeks when she realized her mistake, and it intensified when the garment caught on her plush thighs before it dropped entirely. Nick whistled at the display, but pushed his evident desires aside long enough to measure the bunny up. He fetched a roll of tape from his kit and stretched it along each of Judy's flabby arms, then jotted the number down on a notepad. Gentle waves rolled across her flabby frame as he moved and posed her, gathering up the information needed to mend and fit her composite outfit. The doughy bunny jumped and giggled with his "accidental" prods, growing more ticklish as he worked his way down her figure. The fox encountered his first snag when he tried to size her chest, finding the length of his tap lacking for the task. Mixed embarrassment and arousal blazed in Judy's core when he made the problem known, then reached into supplies for a second tape. That roll came up short as well, but combined with the other, it allowed him to continue quantifying her figure. Nick sank into the blind spot beneath her bust as his attention drifted to her middle, where he spent an extra moment groping and squeezing her soft rolls. Judy squeezed her thighs together and struggled to maintain her composure, and he rewarded her resolve with a pat and rub. Her endurance wavered when he moved to her thighs however, wrapping each of her tree trunks up and pulling the measuring strip tight. Her breath caught in her throat when he pressed his hand to her crotch and took the length of her leg, dragging his fingers across her lust before withdrawing. She met his smug gaze with a mixture of arousal and irritation when he stood up into her view, then teased her with a knowing smirk before turning his attention to her second set of clothes.

Judy started to disrobe, thought against his better judgment Nick stopped her. "I don't have a mannequin in your size, so you're gonna have to hold still for me."

The bunny made her skepticism obvious.

"I promise I'll be careful," he reassured her. "I'll buy you a dinner for every time I

accidentally stick you."

"That sounds like motivation to poke me," she teased.

"Maybe for the first or second time, but my savings account won't survive any more than that."

"Fair enough~"

Nick fetched a set of scissors from his kit and swiftly snipped her second outfit, then started integrating it into the first. Judy jumped and shivered as the blades dove into her top and effortlessly split its fabric, opening windows to be filled with new material. Her rolls spilled and wobbled from the opened chasms, escaping into the cool air of the fox's home before he mended them. He pinched bundles of fabric together and maneuvered the sheets between clamps, holding the fused garments together while he worked to finalize sizes. His measuring tape circled her curves again and again, wrapping the shirt tighter and tighter around Judy's form with each pass. He struck a balance between flowing and form-fitting, showcasing the rolls of her belly without filling in all the blanks. He wove in stripes down her sides and followed the hills of her love-handles, leaving a trail of pins in his wake. Judy remained almost perfectly still despite his teasing touches, and he rewarded her efforts with one of the best fitting tops of her life. Nick put away his pack of tacks and exchanged it with a needle and thread, then finalized the custom garment. He pulled it off and over her shoulders with care and delicately spread it across his table, then turned the shirt inside out. The fox double checked his work to ensure nothing had fallen loose, then set the fabric in place with several trails of stitching. His threadwork reached commercial quality as he moved up and down the garment. Only resting once it was complete. Nick turned it in on itself and returned its patterns to its outer surface, then brought it to Judy with a prideful smirk.

She wiggled into the top while he repeated the process on her pants, surpassing his own pace once warmed up. The solid blues proved much more simple to work with as well, removing design from the process. He had his fittings in place by the time Judy wiggled into her one of a kind top, and his flying fingers proved more distracting than before. She bounced on her heels as his blunted claws grazed through the fur of her thighs, mistakenly mimicking a stage of their foreplay. A blush kindled in her cheeks when Nick leaned into the teasing, squeezing and groping her rear under the guise of fitting her pants. A needy whine resonated in Judy's plush chest as he stoked her need, though in the interest of time, he relented before their self-control collapsed. He laid broad panels of denim over her rear and molded them to her figure, then pinned them into place and shaped the fit around her thighs. Once established, he tugged the garment to her ankles, then invited her to step out of them. Judy complied with an aroused huff, then watched him work his magic once more. She redressed herself under his appraising eye after he returned, ensuring the pants carried a tolerable fit. The over-sized bunny struck poses and lifted her arms over head, putting her outfit through her paces while Nick searched for weaknesses in his work. His scrutiny sent a trill of pleasure up her spine, which only intensified once the clothing

passed his inspection. The fox wrapped his arms as far around her middle as he could and embraced her flabby frame, satisfied he could both help her and put his new talents to work. High fashion it wasn't, but it was a labor of love and would keep her out of indecency charges.

"I hope you don't regret setting this precedent," Judy smirked. "I might have quite a bit of work for you."

"Let's save that discussion for another night," he murmured. "We're not running late yet, but we will be if I have to fix any more of your clothes."

"You still haven't told me where we're going."

"It's a surprise," he teased. "But trust me when I say you're going to love it."

"I hope you're right. Otherwise we'll be stopping for fast food on the way back."

"Like we're not already doing that."

Judy smiled and leaned into his chest. "You suggested it, not me."

"Fair enough," he playfully conceded. "Ready to go?"

"I've never been more ready."

Nick bowed and motioned for the door, inviting her to take the lead. The waddling bunny did just that, leaving him in her wake until she reached the entrance of his home. She turned to her side and managed to open the way, though that was as far as she got. Her belly scraped the far edge of the frame before she finished her first step, wedging her in place with her own flab. Nick chuckled to himself as she reached out for his help, then braced against her soft side and pushed. It only took a slight amount of effort to free her, though they both took it as a sign of greater things to come.

"You should probably think about getting a wider door," Judy suggested.

"I'll look into it when we get back. Provided we don't destroy it on our way in."

Chapter 07

Nick locked his door and the pair made their way to the bus stop. The fox followed in Judy's broad shadow, allowing her to use her size to her full advantage. Crowds parted in their path as the over-sized bunny lumbered on, wobbling with every step. Rodents scattered from her path as if she was forty feet tall, giving Judy an extremely wide berth. The sight of them making way spread a grin across her face, though most of their reactions took place in the blindspot of her belly. Still, Nick made sure to fill her in on the details, both to stoke her ego and ensure no one got stepped on. His attention lapsed when they reached the stop, and their adventure continued without pause. The bus arrived before Judy sat down and sacrificed her momentum, but the vehicle's narrow entryway stole it anyway. It rocked and bounced when her hips wedged into the metallic frame, creaking and squealing with the force of her bulk. The bunny braced herself and wiggled her hips to squeeze through, though even with Nick's enthusiastic help, she failed to advance more than a few inches. The driver's patience waned with each failed shove, until the boar completely lost his temper. Every rider watched Judy as he berated her for wasting his time, mortifying and rooting her in place. Nick considered jumping into the confrontation, though a moment's hesitation stole that opportunity away. The boar pushed Judy loose with a burst of strength, nearly knocking her onto her rear and atop Nick. The bus pulled away before the pair recovered, an act that would have left them stranded if not for Nick's foresight.

The fox plucked his phone from his pocket and called in a favor, securing a ride capable of handling her weight. Time passed at a glacial pace while they waited, and after what felt like an eternity, a large truck pulled up to the stop. The driver leaned out the window and confirmed Nick's request, then opened the door for the hefty rabbit. Judy smirked and measured the first step up, then lifted and dropped her foot onto it. The vehicle pitched more than the bus had, though its custom doors admitted her hips without issue. Nick snuck into her shadow and helped her into her seat, then took his own in the passenger's place. The bunny's hips and rear dominated the cushioned bench, and every bounce and bump in the road sent ripples through her figure, though she couldn't deny the improvement over public transportation. Nick and the driver shared whispers regarding their destination, maintaining the surprise for the increasingly eager rabbit. It wasn't difficult to piece together the nature of their outing, as eating out made up the majority of their dates, though she had yet to uncover their exact destination. Possibilities danced through her head and tantalized her increasingly hungry taste buds, culminating in a thunderstorm of rumbling from her belly. Nick barely concealed his arousal as her gluttony echoed through the cab, and by the time they reached their stop, he had to wrap his tail around his waist to preserve his modesty.

Judy disembarked with surprising grace for her size, landing on the sidewalk without stumble or falter. Judy's pulse quickened as she gradually recognized her surroundings, narrowing the possible locales considerably. Reasonably there was only one choice, and it had been a dream of hers to visit since she first moved to the city. A squeal of delight leapt from her chest and she bounced on her heels when Nick all but confirmed her suspicions,

and she tugged him against her belly when he actually did. The bunny struggled to reach over her flab and bury him in her chest, but Nick was more than happy to assist. Their soft embrace persisted until Judy's rolling middle rumbled loud enough to send tremors through the two of them, spurring them to part. Nick lead the way and held the door open, though it wasn't enough to clear Judy's broad hips. The host of the restaurant dashed from his podium and opened the other of the double set, and the bunny waddled through with minimal effort. Nick squeezed around her as the host returned to his post, then claimed their reservation.

"You must be Mr. Wilde, yes," the weasel asked.

"My reputation precedes me."

"Indeed it does. It's not every night someone reserves the entire venue."

Judy's jaw dropped, and Nick simply let her process the revelation. "Nick." She stammered, "How did you afford this?"

"Don't worry about that too much," he grinned. "Let's just say I called in some favors from a past life."

Possibilities played across her inner vision as she pondered his implications, though she took his advice and dropped the issue before her imagination ran out of control.

Before either of them could continue that conversation, the weasel gathered a pair of menus and guided them out of the restaurant's lobby. "Right this way please. I trust you won't have any trouble finding your seats, but I'd be neglecting my duty if I didn't bring you to them."

The host's word proved true as soon as they rounded the corner. What was typically home to upwards of a hundred seats had been reduced to a vast, regal expanse occupied by a sole table. It looked large enough to seat six or seven typical patrons, but for the mismatched pair, it looked to be the perfect size. On one side of the circular table sat an over-sized chair fit for the largest elephant, and next to it rested one suitable for a fox. The detail in their accommodations stole her breath, and she hugged Nick to her soft side once she regained the composure to do so. He squeezed her love handle and patted her rear just out of the host's sight, maintaining a modicum of modesty until they sat down. The weasel pulled Judy's chair out and offered it to her while Nick took his, though he struggled to push it back in toward to the table. Her weight proved insurmountable until he set his stance and shoved with his whole body, until her soft rolls stopped her at the table's edge. The lurch sent a ripple through her frame, just enough to stoke her appetite. A gluttonous growl roared from her middle as he passed the pair their menus, and he swiftly excused himself before he became part of her dinner. They leaned into each other in a shared half-hug, then opened their menus and began building their feasts. Judy's greed grew as she browsed the selections, until a small detail caught her attention.

"Nick," she asked. "I don't see any prices on this menu."

"That's because they're not there, carrot cakes~"

Judy was visibly puzzled.

"Don't worry about prices tonight. Everything's already taken care of."

"Really?"

"Really. You could order everything on the menu if you really wanted to. Heck, you could do it twice."

The bunny's belly grumbled at the mere suggestion of doubling the menu. Her inner gluttony battled with her sense of reason as she mulled the option over, but in reality, there was no contest. "I hope you're not bluffing, because I might just do that."

The fox patted her side. "No tricks tonight~ I mean it."

Judy nodded and grinned. "Two menus it is then."

Their waiter arrived shortly after, and the pair picked their plates. The bunny's reputation preceded her, though all the warning in the world couldn't have prepared the well-dressed weasel. He took Judy seriously once she confirmed and reconfirmed her choice, not bothering to take it down on his notepad. He took Nick's order as normal however, then dashed off and returned with their drinks. He placed a cup of soda before the fox, then left a full pitcher in front of Judy. The act sent a waggle of delight through her hips, and she reached out to take advantage of his foresight. Nick simply watched as she lifted it to her chins and drained nearly a third of it in one swig, then put it down and sigh with satisfaction. He shamelessly squished and rubbed her belly as the fizzy drink settled into place, ensuring her appetite remained sharp. The kitchen roared to life as they fell into their own little world, an act made easy by the solitude of the restaurant. The fox leaned into her side and murmured soft encouragements while kneading and exploring the rolls of her belly, reaching into her custom dress and tracing over her stretch marks. He speculated on which were new and which were not, thoroughly exploring their wavy lengths. His affectionate scrutiny caught her breath in her throat on several occasions, and Judy consciously worked to keep her moans down as the scents of a feast in preparation filled the air. His persistence forced the bunny to squeeze her thighs together and bite her finger to avoid groaning out, hesitant to let her hedonism fly before their food arrives. Fortunately, Judy didn't need to keep her guard up for long.

Nick withdrew from her side as a battalion of waiters marched toward their table, each loaded down with all the food they could carry. The first of the group approached the fox and set a decadent lasagna down before him, dripping and glistening with sauces and

flavors. After ensuring it met his satisfaction, the lead waiter departed and made room for their counterparts. They circled the table and placed their dishes wherever there was space, creating rings of courses that traveled out from the center of the table. Judy drew on every ounce of her self-control to stop herself from digging in then and there, despite Nick's undermining encouragement. He whistled appreciatively with every wave of food and lamented his choice to the bunny, going on and on about how delicious everything looked. Every word chipped away at Judy's restraint, and every eternal second of waiting drove her hunger higher. She licked her lips and hugged her belly until the last of the group laid their platter down, covering the final available inch of the table. The bunny held herself together until they turned and walked away, then lunged at the feast with the ferocity of a rabid animal. Nick nibbled away at his dish at a casual pace while she eschewed utensils and manners, lifting handfuls of spaghetti and whole chicken breasts to her mouth without shame. The sounds of her feasting filled the expansive room and echoed from the walls, announcing her hedonism to an empty theater. Nick's eating slowed to a crawl in the presence of her gorging, transfixed with a level of gluttony that previously only existed in his dreams. He seized the gaps between her plates to nibble on his own meal, though his attention always snapped back to her as she reclaimed and gained momentum.

Judy's gluttony bloomed unimpeded, encouraged by Nick's shameless admiration. In the back of her mind, the bunny marveled at her gastric progress, able to claim half a menu in a single sitting without breaking a sweat. The pit of her stomach growled and grumbled continuously for more and more, requests and demands she obliged without hesitation. As she raced through the back of her second quarter however, a thought tickled the back of her mind. As expansive as her capacity had become, she couldn't remember being able to effortlessly eat for such a long time. A sense of fullness typically built in her core by then, though it was suspiciously absent despite her efforts. Her pace slowed and her attention split as she turned to Nick and searched his eyes for mischief. The somewhat pudgy vulpine couldn't hide the spark in his pupils even if he wanted to, and a knowing grin spread across Judy's food-stained muzzle as she put the pieces together. She considered pausing to press her thoughts, though by then she didn't need to. Her belly let out a gurgle loud enough to echo through the room, and flab piled onto her figure pounds at a time. The bunny's already tight clothing strained to contain her figure as her rolls advanced in a flabby avalanche, spilling across the table and over the edges of her seat. Her top split from her bottom and rode the swell of her middle up and under her chest, while her swelling thighs split her skirt along its stitches. Her chair cracked and fractured as her rear eclipsed its back, encouraging to press on until it broke entirely. A low thump rolled through the building's foundation when it finally gave way, sending a titanic wave through her figure and further shredding her clothing. Nick withdrew from his plate and watched it slide toward Judy as her rolls tipped the table in her favor, then simply watched her finish the menu off while his own middle swelled.

Quiet filled the hall only when Judy licked the last of her plates clean, then stacked them in a gleaming tower of porcelain at her sides. She reclined into the rolls of her back and shamelessly rubbed her middle, enticing the fox in to help massage the expanse. Before he could lift himself from his seat however, the train of waiters returned for their encore.

"Your second servings, ma'am and sir."

Chapter 08

An awkward silence hung in the air while the team of waiters took her feast's collateral damage, though luckily for the hungry pair, they produced a swift solution. Three of them set their treys down and circled around the ruined table, then wiggled and wedged it free from the folds of Judy's belly. The bunny and fox relished the waves it sent through her figure, though the rest of the serving team moved a second table in before they could act on their kindled lusts. Judy's flab kept the edge of the replacement out of reach, granting them a moment to lay out the second spread. The waiters filled every available inch with practiced ease, restoring the pair's banquet to its previous state. Nick claimed his second plate while Judy wiggled and scooted in, burying the edge of the table back in the folds of her belly. Its upper shelf pushed plates together and spilled dishes into each other, though its lower curve supported her own weight and kept it mostly level. Nick's comparatively quiet slurping filled the air between them while Judy plotted her plan of attack, quickly settling on reaching for the closest dish. She plucked a plate of shrimp scampi from the porcelain ridge surrounding her middle, then lifted it to her chins without fanfare. Nick's eyes widened and his pants tightened as she tipped the platter up and poured it into her waiting jaws, only dripping a few drops onto her chubby cheeks in the process. The bunny relaxed her throat and let the meal fall freely into her growling middle, which burbled with short lived satisfaction. She lapped up the lingering sauce and added the plate to the growing pile at her side, then squeezed her thighs together and relished the delights of a hastened metabolism. Each one of her rolls imperceptibly widened, subtly adding to the tightness of her clothes and spurring her onward.

The gluttonous bunny reached for plate after plate, dumping them down her gullet until she depleted and devoured everything in reach. The table creaked and tilted under her weight as she leaned forward, and her bloated belly impeded her more than expected. The lower roll of her stomach dipped down to the floor and spread across soft carpet, keeping her somewhat balanced despite her efforts. The wings of flab beneath her arms swung with her desperate grabs, sapping her strength and slowing her efforts. She planted her feet behind her apron of a belly in a bid for leverage, and to her delighted surprise, made progress. Muscles trained against her overweight frame flexed under layers of soft padding, slowly carrying her to the next tier of her feast. Judy stayed her gluttony long enough to slide several courses closer before gravity tipped her back into place, and her ravenous hunger surged to replace the precious calories burned in her efforts. Nick's shirt popped open as he leaned forward in his own seat, struggling to finish off his relatively meager portion. The comparatively slim fox finished his off in the time it took Judy to devour her second wave, and a grin spread across his muzzle as she lurched forward once again. He waddled around the table before she invested herself in a fruitless struggle however, circling to her side of the table to slide the dishes closer. The bunny thanked him between bites and swallows, eagerly gulping down everything he presented. The fox fed her at a leisurely pace, limited by his own lethargy, though he found the motivation to accelerate when Judy continued her gorging without signs of slowing.

Unaccustomed to the constant tug and sway of his own belly, Nick couldn't keep up for long. He guided plates and dishes to Judy's muzzle until she'd cleared roughly half the table, then surrendered to laziness and dropped back into his seat. His chair let out a sharp groan of protest, though it was nothing compared to the straining creaks of the table. Spurred on by ravenous hunger, Judy found the strength to command her flabby figure, mustering the strength to roll toward the table. Her stomach squished against the floor and spread far beyond her sides as she shifted her weight, bringing her mouth to the table's edge while tipping it down to her lip. Nick watched with shameless awe until the furniture obscured his vision, prompting him to straighten his back and stretch up. He watched the dishes hold steady on the increasingly steep incline, and his pulse raced while it climbed higher. Both of them knew it was only a matter of time before one plate gave way, and the rest would no doubt tumble toward her maw with it. A ceramic clatter confirmed their shared prediction, but neither were quite ready for the caloric avalanche. Judy let out a muffled shout of surprise and outstretched her arms to catch the sliding feast, and Nick reached out to stop the table from falling. His claw carved through the table's cloth and lodged into the wood beneath, setting his grip and halting the potential disaster. The fox peered over its edge to make sure Judy was alright, and a heated grin spread across his muzzle when he found her gorging herself once more.

The bunny held the tide of plates back and slurped their contents, filling her muzzle to the brim with minimal loss. Sauces and flavors seeped into the fur of her cheeks and dripped onto her stretched dress, though not a single crumb escaped her greed. The sounds of her swallowing filled the air as she abandoned chewing entirely, gulping her morsels down whole. Nick watched every bulge and swell ripple down her throat and disappear behind her chest, kindling a heat in his core that expressed itself as an obvious bulge in his pants. One of his paws ventured between his thighs as the table lightened, and the pair fantasied about the feast's impact on Judy's form. Fortunately, reality did much of the work for them. Threads popped and snapped in droves as Judy powered through the final leg of her banquet, revealing widening swaths of plush, grey fur. Her dress split around her legs and climbed her swelling thighs with every extra pound, only to be hidden under her advancing middle. The lower curve of her stomach flowed over and out of her lap like a molasses landslide, covering both her thighs and the floor with lethargic vigor. The splinters of her chair vanished under her expanding rear, eclipsing her tail along the way. Her breasts burst from her failing top with a crackling tear, wobbling to rest over the taught swell of her stuffed belly. The flab swaddling her arms thickened until her sleeves hugged her like armbands, making it harder and harder to keep shoveling food into her muzzle. Her lusts bloomed with her figure as fullness finally caught up to her, and her thighs quivered with shameless delight as she licked her last plate clean. She only realized the conclusion of her feast after sweeping her hands across the table several times, reluctantly accepting the lack of food. Her stomach was less amicable to the idea, but calmed down as everything settled into place.

Judy wiggled and struggled to roll back onto her rear, but the weight in her middle kept her pinned. "Nick," she huffed. "You're the best."

The fox laid a paw over his lap-filling middle and grinned. "I know carrot cakes, you don't have to remind me." He leaned back in his seat, which creaked and bent beneath him. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, but I didn't think you'd actually take on the double menu."

"I can probably do another if you still doubt me and my belly," she teased.

"As much as I would love to see that, I think they're out of food," Nick chuckled. "Looks like we cleaned them out."

"I cleaned them out."

"You did indeed~" The fox rolled onto his feet and strode to Judy's side, then sat on the floor and leaned against her flab. She was a couch in her own right, and she only got softer as the food in her belly found its way to the rest of her figure. "I'm gonna have to call in another favor to get you home. We'd be hard pressed to squish you into a truck bed."

Judy stretched out and relaxed into her plush curves. "You're not wrong, but you're getting ahead of yourself. I don't think I can fit through the doors anymore."

Realization dawned on Nick's face. "I think you're right. We need to knock some walls down to get you out of here."

The thought sent a shiver of delight down the bunny's spine and through her hidden tail.

"That won't be necessary," the host cut in. "We have a loading dock in the back that should be able to accommodate you." The weasel then reached behind his back and produced a pair of dessert menus. "Before we establish an exit plan however, would either of you be interested in dessert?"

Judy and Nick locked eyes, and her growling belly answered for the both of them.

"We'll take two of everything on the menu."

"To go, if possible."

The weasel nodded. "Of course. When you're ready, come through the kitchen to the back and we'll load you up on one of our delivery trucks with your order."

A shared look confirmed Judy and Nick were ready to depart, and the pair began the herculean task of getting the bunny to their loading dock.

The entire apartment building trembled with Judy's footsteps, echoing through its

hallways like thunder. On the cusp of mobility, each of her steps only carried her a few inches, a stark change from the bounding hops that once carried her down crowded sidewalks. Each footfall sent a ripple through her flab and drove her gluttonous growth to the forefront of her mind, kindling a heat in her core that never quite extinguished. She cared little for her lack of clothing as her thighs shuffled passed one another, which sounded her advance with the soft shuffle of fur against fur. Her double apron belly reached beyond her knees and strove to the floor with gravity's constant pull, forcing her to work against her own bulk. Still, she managed to march down the corridor over several minutes, riding her considerable momentum until she reached the door to Nick's home. The bunny reached into her canyon-esque cleavage and produced a key, then turned her side to the entrance and unlocked the door after a small amount of fumbling. A mix of lust and apprehension panged in her chest as she measured her hips and belly against the its frame, finding it lacking for her dimensions. She sucked in her middle to little effect, then crab-walked the apartment. Her soft bulk rubbed against smoothed wood as she pressed through, making progress until she reached her widest point. The door-frame dug into her rolls and stopped her cold, spurring her to adjust her stance and try again. The entryway provided precious little space for maneuvering, though she squeezed inside just as Nick and a train of delivery weasels rounded the corner. A knowing smirk crossed his muzzle as he watched the last of her plush love-handle lurch inside, painting a picture of her arousing and embarrassing ordeal. His fantasies stirred as he followed, then manifested when he stepped inside.

His eyes met Judy's just as she turned around and plopped down on his couch, announcing her rest with a resonating thump. Her cheeks blazed as the noise diminished to nothing, then flared once again when the sofa collapsed. Judy's thighs quivered with the impact as she utterly destroyed the well-worn seat, crushing its cushions under her titanic rear and splintering its armrests with her soft hips. Several seconds passed before she wobbled to rest, presenting Nick with a chance to find his favorite place on his new couch. Judy blushed and squirmed as he squished and kneaded her rolls, seeking out the softest one while desserts piled up around them. He found his favorite spot on the bottom swell of her belly, then took his place between her legs. Her flabby thighs squished against the sides of his own middle as he wiggled into place, and he sank into her blind-spot when he reclined fully. The fox idly rubbed his own doughy roll until the delivery weasels dropped off the last of their desserts, then departed and left them in privacy.

The pair enjoyed the intimate moment until a needy growl sent tremors through Judy's belly. "Sounds like you're ready for dessert," he teased.

"Well, I did burn quite a few calories walking here."

"Oh, we can't have that," Nick murmured. "We need to fill you back up."

"I couldn't agree more~"

The bunny wiggled and squirmed as Nick climbed up her rolls, squeezing and groping until

he reached her multiple chins. "Then open up, carrot cakes~"

Chapter 09

Judy leaned back into the remains of the couch, easing the slope of her middle and dropping her jaw. Nick took his time wiggling from her plush rolls and sitting up, then leaned over her thighs and secured the first of their desserts. He balanced a cake in one paw and squeezed the bunny's belly with the other, then tested his grip and climbed toward her chins. Judy squirmed in ticklish anticipation as he scaled her lower shelf, but found the self control to avoid shaking him loose. The fox's own belly sagged into her softness and brushed up through her cleavage, sending a thrill through both of them. Nick grinned and pushed his gut deeper into her canyon until pressure and friction held him in place. Judy audibly gulped and visibly drooled as he brought the cake to her lips, gently pressing her lips into its frosting. She groaned with needy delight and leaned forward to claim her prize, only to bite into empty air when Nick jerked it away. Confusion crossed her muzzle, which turned to playfulness when he brought it back in. Judy caught on and played his game, shortening her hungry lunges gradually drawing him in. The fox laughed to himself when she struck out a final time, beating his speed enough to bite into the delectable treat. A groan of bliss resonated in her chest and threatened to dislodge her lover, spurring him to renew his grip while she chewed. Judy reached out and grabbed the cake with both hands, only just reaching it as she bit down. Half the pastry vanished in a single bite, and the other followed before Nick fully reclaimed his grip. His arousal stirred while he watched its substantial bulge slip down her throat and behind her chest, plopping into the cauldron of her stomach with a muffled splash. The bunny hummed with glee and massaged her flabby shelves as the subtly expanded, fueled by the lingering effects of their special dinner. Nick ground his arousal between her plush breasts, rewarding himself for his efforts before fetching another dish from the pile.

Judy's buried tail wagged with delight when he produced a tray of several dozen cupcakes, and she opened her maw in gluttonous anticipation. Her rumbling stomach resonated in the open passage of her throat, eagerly demanding Nick feed her the next round of desserts. The temptation to do just was almost overwhelming, though he resisted it in favor of something a little slower paced. He stripped the paper cup from a single treat and placed it neatly on her tongue, then swiftly withdrew his hand before she chomped down. Her gullet swelled once more when she swallowed it whole, and her brow arched with an unspoken challenge. Nick accepted the hedonistic proposal with a nod, then placed two morsels on her tongue when she opened her mouth again. The bunny slurped them up as before, bulging her chubby cheeks out before finishing them off in a solitary gulp, sending them to her gut as easily as the first. Judy popped her mouth open with a sigh of delight, only for Nick to cram three more into her cavernous maw. A bud of frosting escaped from her lips when she snapped then shut, and her brow furrowed in effort as she coped with the trio. She resisted her instincts to chew and swallowed them whole, both showcasing her gluttonous skills and spurring Nick's feeding onward. She groaned with satisfaction and dropped her jaws again, though Nick bucked the pattern and caught her off guard. A strained sound of surprise tumbled from her lips when he held her mouth open and tossed a cupcake to the back of her muzzle, followed by another and another. The

bunny panicked for a brief instant before catching on, then leaned into his accelerated feeding.

The bunny relaxed her throat and let the cupcakes tumble over her tongue, which stopped at the back of her tongue until her greedy muscles seized them. She learned and perfected the art of swallowing with an open mouth as Nick burned through the rest of the tray, feeding her a constant stream of high calories treats. A small part of her lamented the lack of time to savor their flavor, though raw hedonistic glee more than made up for it. The beached bunny squeezed her thighs together and rolled her hips with each rhythmic gulp, sending waves across her figure and jostling her refilling stomach. The fox rode the rising swell of her belly and increased his pace, testing the limits of Judy's gastric abilities. Her eyes gleamed and she rose to the challenge, and she soon sent the morsels to her belly faster than the fox could throw them. The tide turned against him even as he devoted both hands to the enthusiastic stuffing, until Judy lost herself to a feeding frenzy. She took him by surprise and ripped the tray from his grip, then brought it to her crumb-covered muzzle and tipped it to the ceiling. Not a single cupcake missed its hungry mark, and she dumped the remainder of the dessert down her gaping gullet. A spot of lust stained Nick's pants as he beheld the display, and wavering moan escaped his chest when he dropped the platter and licked her lips clean. Judy met the fox's awed gaze with a smug smirk, until a belch parted her smile. The bunny covered her mouth, though the rounded vulpine cared little about the outburst.

"These desserts aren't gonna last us the night if you keep eating like that," he teased.

"I'm not the one stuffing me for all I'm worth," she countered.

"And I'm not the one dumping whole trays into my muzzle."

"True. If you want to slow things down, I'm alright with that. It'd be nice to actually taste some of this food."

"You read my mind carrot cakes~"

Nick rolled to the side of Judy's sprawling middle and searched through the tower of desserts, then plucked out a colossal pie. His balance wavered until he slipped his other paw beneath it, and from there he carefully brought the heavy pastry between them. He wiggled and shuffled his hips until he slid down her upper roll, then rested the platter atop her breasts and his own belly. The pair watched the delicious treat like hawks until it proved stable, and Nick dug into it the next instant. He carved it into quarters and pried the first slice from the basin. Strands of blueberry jam stretched through the air as he pulled away, releasing a puff of steam and filling the room with its sweet scent. Judy's stomach rumbled with anticipation, though with noticeably less enthusiasm. She rubbed her swollen side and stoked her appetite, though without the help of Nick's secret ingredient, she couldn't reach the same ravenous heights she achieved at dinner. Still, the pair more than enjoyed her natural hunger. Nick smirked as she bit off a considerable chunk of the dessert

and filled her muzzle with its goodness, and he relished the moan of delight that resonated in her chest. He wrapped his thighs around her belly and kneaded the tight swell to the best of his abilities, massaging and softening her meals. The soft groans tumbling from her muzzle and the gurgles rumbling from her middle spurred him on, and her thickening flab steadily widened his stance. The bunny's toes curled beneath the rolling expanse of her belly as he squeezed all the right places, aiding her digestion and preserving her gluttonous momentum. A grin parted her muzzle when she felt his arousal prod against her rolls, surrounded on all sides by plush flab. His feeding faltered as carnal needs rose to the forefront of his focus, and Judy was more than happy to indulge his desires.

She lifted the half-eaten pie from her chest and placed a paw on his back, then shoved him deep into her plush embrace. The chubby fox vanished into her chest with the exception of his tail, which wagged with delight as he sank into her warmth. Judy squished her chest in around him and encouraged him with smoldering whispers, quickly coaxing him to shed his straining clothing. Subtle tears and gaps in his garments opened into chasms and canyons as he wiggled free, then tossed them across the room and to the floor. Judy laughed to herself as she felt his length grind across the floor of her deep cleavage, leaving a trail of lust in its wake. She shuffled and wiggled until his head emerged at her flabby chins, where she returned the favor of his feeding. The bunny pressed a wedge of pie into his mouth before he could react, though the explosion of flavor easily convinced him to play along. The fox rubbed his swelling middle as they traded bites of the pizza-sized dessert, though Judy's portions far outweighed his. The difference in their sizes made his growth much more obvious however, and it wasn't long before his bulging middle reached down and met hers. Nick rose from her breasts as they feasted in tandem, reducing it to empty plates as their figures filled. Judy laughed to herself as Nick lost himself in the same gluttonous haze that claimed her, and she briefly wondered if she set him on a path to a figure like her own. Heat bloomed in her core as her imagination ran with the notion, filling her inner vision with thoughts of their bloated frames and the buffets they'd ruin together.

Unfortunately, a tug from reality derailed her daydreams.

Judy reached out for the final leg of their feast, but found her range lacking. She turned and searched for the last surviving dish, then concerted her efforts on grabbing it once she spotted it. The weight of her arm kept it just beyond her grasp however, and every attempt to lean toward it only buried her deeper in her own flab. "Uhh, Nick?"

It took Nick a moment to rouse from his own hedonism and lethargy, but he answered eventually. "What's up carrot cakes?"

"I don't think I can move anymore."

The fox grinned broadly. "And that's a problem because...?"

A small pang of shame struck her chest, though hedonism and pride swiftly extinguished it. "There's still some food I can't reach."

"That is indeed a problem." Nick rocked and wobbled until he freed himself from her figure, then slid down her belly to the floor. His knees buckled under his new weight and sent him stumbling across the floor, though he recovered and adjusted to his rounded figure. He quietly estimated he'd eaten half his own weight in dessert, then vowed to bump that number up with their final serving. He plucked it from the graveyard of plates, then raised it into Judy's view. "Shall we split it?"

The bunny squished the sides of her belly in to check its capacity. With her rate of digestion returned to normalcy, the treats had piled up in her stomach considerably. Her pelt was spread tight enough to hint at the hide beneath, and the thought of eating another dish inspired a faint sense of nausea in her chest. "Yeah, that sounds good."

For the first time that evening, the pair savored a course together, trading cookies one by one. Lethargy gripped them as their feasting slowed, though they pressed on until they picked the platter clean. When only a single morsel remained, the pair locked eyes to determine who would claim it. Their gazes softened, and with a silent conversation, they split the final morsel. Nick broke the cookie cleanly in half and tossed one part to Judy, who snapped it out of the air before it bounced off her chins. The fox did the same with his, then leaned back into his lover's soft front.

Judy and Nick luxuriated in the sounds of their softly burbling bellies, until a powerful food coma claimed them minutes later.

Chapter 10

Judy hummed to herself and tore through a stack of paperwork, checking boxes and signing lines with well-practiced speed. Her figure-dominating rear wobbled back and forth with the motion of her hips, gently testing the limits of the station's reinforced floorboards and furniture. A soft sigh crossed her muzzle when she finished the packet resting on her chest, and she braced herself for the arduous task of fetching another. The beached bunny tossed the stack to her desk with experienced precision, expertly landing them in the outgoing stack. She wiggled and braced against the vast swell of her soft belly, sinking her fingers deep into her flab, then rolled forward with all her strength. The floor creaked under her shifting weight as her rolls flowed and spread, nudging her nest of desks away. She reeled back and rocked out once more, building momentum until she got her feet beneath her. Hidden muscles strained and flexed as she rose to her full height, only a few inches taller than her sitting stature. The lower roll of her belly receded and dragged along the carpet, supporting a significant portion of her mass. Judy's brow furrowed with effort as she grabbed the sides of her middle and turned, bumping her broadened hip against her main desk. She stuck a leg out and counterbalanced her chest as she leaned to the side, then grunted with effort and reached her flabby arm out. Judy only just pinched her next batch of reports between her nails, and she swiftly slid it closer before her stamina and balance gave out. Her vast cleavage threatened to swallow the documents as she clutched them to her chest, though she kept them out of her rolls as she returned to rest. A dull boom echoed through the station as she dropped back onto her rear, announcing the rhythm of her steady work. The bunny waited for the ripples running through her figure to dissipate before resuming her work, though she found herself pleasantly distracted until then.

"We should really talk to the chief about you working from home, carrot cakes."

A grin spread across her face, and she looked over her shoulder to the teasing fox. "You just want me to break the ice so you can too," she shot back. "Besides, I know you'd miss the view."

A faint blush tinted Nick's cheeks. "You're not wrong~ But it would be easier for you. At the very least you'd save a fortune on commuting."

The corpulent fox raised a compelling point, though Judy couldn't pass up the opportunity to tease him more. "True, but then I'll spend that money on delivery instead." The bunny reached back and plucked the box of donuts from his grip, set it on her chest, and helped herself to Nick's offering. "I'll have to hire someone to bring me donuts at home."

"Hey, Clawhauser bought those for *me*!"

Realization flashed across Judy's eyes. "That's why you want me at home, isn't it," she grinned. "You want all the food here to yourself~"

Nick's expression faltered, and she knew she had him.

Judy reached out to the middle fold of her belly, lifted it as much as her uniform would allow, then plopped it back down. "Face it, you want a figure just like mine, don't you?"

The fox blushed fiercely. "Well, I should get going. I got a *lot* of reports to catch up on."

"Oh, you mean these?" She plucked the pile of papers from her chest and waved them with a grin. "I was going to do these for you like all the others~"

Without acknowledging his failed bluff, Nick grabbed the papers and waddled away, parting office furniture with his wide hips and wider belly.

A mischievous grin spread across Judy's muzzle. She had suspicions that Nick envied her figure, and that all but confirmed them. She reached for her laptop with hedonistic intent and placed it on her chest, and the clicks and clacks of keys filled the air as she delved into the station's records. A few minutes of research revealed Nick's covert restaurant connections, a floundering pharmaceutical company in need of alternate funding avenues. Their files revealed their products were sound, though a collapsed deal left them with a surplus of highly specialized product. The wheels in her head turned as she browsed the list of quasi-legal substances, though she resisted temptation and stuck to her working plan. If Nick wanted a figure like hers, it was her duty to help him any way she could. The bunny made a note of the file's location in their archives, then lumbered to her feet once more. Her pulse quickened as she called upon her all her strength, lifting one foot and placing it before the other. Judy repeated that feat of strength once more, than again and again, until she wobbled into motion. Her peers met her gaze with thinly-veiled jealousy as they watched her lumber toward the archives, parting from her path and making way. Providing clearance proved more difficult for some of officers than others, however. The gluttony she inspired in Nick spread across the station, inflicting her coworkers with ravenous appetites. She grinned and wondered how many would eventually rival Clawhauser or herself, but pushed that thought aside as she reached her destination.

Judy grunted and groaned to herself and squeezed through the archive's door, one of the few that had not been updated to accommodate that station's rising average size. A few twists and lunges eventually saw her through, though a greater challenge waited within. Rows and rows of filing cabinets ran the length of the room, rising to the ceiling and packed tightly together. The gaps between were far too narrow for Judy to navigate, though thankfully luck was on her side. She found her target at the head of its row and at shoulder height, as if she was fated to find it. The bunny held her breath and wedged her chest between the towering records, then fumbled with the drawer until she eventually unlatched it. She retreated to get an overview of the documents' organization and dipped back in, finding her file exactly where it should be. The weight of the papers tugged at her uncertain grip, though she thankfully brought it to her chest before it slipped from her fingers. Judy held it up to the low light to confirm its identity, then tucked it deep into her

cleavage. Her plush breasts swallowed it entirely, and she departed with a wonderful plan.

It would take some phone calls and negotiating, but she had no doubt she'd be able recreate Nick's date night and turn the tables on the budding glutton.