

Weighty Contract

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A Patreon Vignette for Tach

Tach belongs to Tach

After putting on a few extra pounds, Tach decides it's time to lose them and gets a gym membership. Unfortunately, the gym's unorthodox methods don't seem to work for him.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Male, Feline, Cat, Weight Gain, Fat, Chubby, Teasing, Feeding, Wardrobe Malfunction

Tach inwardly groaned as he examined himself in the full length mirror. The fit of his gym clothes proved exactly how often he used them. The flexible fabric clung to his soft curves and left little to the imagination, leaving the lynx to wonder exactly how much he belonged in a palace of body improvement. His gaze drifted from his flabby thighs to his tubby paunch, continuing upward passed his plush chest until settling on the beginnings of a double chin. Embarrassment tinted and warmed his cheeks, spurring him to look away from his own image. Fortunately, what he saw outside of the mirror did much to relieve his self-consciousness.

Scattered throughout the building, he spotted several others that at least appeared to be in his situation. Calorie-softened figures of every shape and size struggled to shed excess winter pounds, and each met varying degrees of success. Tach's self-critical eye softened as his perceived solitude dissipated, and his posture straightened with determination. With his confidence and resolve restored, the lynx strode deeper into the gym, intent on doing what he came there to do. Trainers and teachers alike recognized him as a new face and offered their greetings as he passed, though none tried to divert his path. Still, the short walk to the program coordinator's office was enough to raise his heart rate, a fact that only added to Tach's nerve. He took only a moment to catch his breath and knocked once on the door, prompting it to swing inward before he tapped it again.

A diminutive fox greeted him, perhaps only half his height and a third of his weight. She gave an unexpectedly hearty greeting and pulled him inside, showing a deceptive degree of strength. The flustered lynx stumbled into her office and nearly tripped over a chair, which fortunately fit him far better than hers would. Once Tach settled into his seat, the pair launched into a conversation regarding membership options. The feline had already made his choice to sign on, much to the fox's delight, it was simply a matter of finding his best option. The vulpine ran through their list of courses, each more extravagant than the last and always a better deal than the one before. Her cadence raced with swelling energy and enthusiasm for body improvement, soon barraging him with bullet points of information. Tach's patience and attention wore thin as she tossed out guarantees of weight loss, finally spurring him to sign the document before him. The fox swiftly shook his hand and filed it away, then sent him back out to the floor to meet his trainer.

As if summoned by his signing and binding, Tach's personal trainer emerged from the back rooms. If not for the raccoon's branded shirt, he would have mistaken her for another fresh member. She matched the lynx in height, though she had him beat in width. The curve of her plush stomach bounced beneath the hem of her shirt with each step, following the rhythm of her wide hips. Her chest tested the limits of her top, but what caught his eye most was the box of donuts cradled beneath her arm. A grin spread across her snout when they made eye contact across the room, and before she reached him, she plucked a pastry from her supply and devoured it in just a few greedy bites. She wiped the crumbs from her muzzle and introduced herself, shaking Tach's hand before offering him one of her treats. He politely declined. The raccoon took it in stride, then showed him around the facility.

The gym was not a large one, and there was little Tach hadn't already seen. Perhaps the

only new detail he noticed was the lack of experienced exercisers. The more he looked, the more it seemed as if everyone struggled with their soft paunches and thick thighs. Still, he followed along until the end of the show, where the raccoon directed him to a treadmill. She explained it was time to get an idea of his baseline endurance and energy. Tach obliged, stepping onto the machine while she fished something from her bag. A puzzled expression crossed the feline's face when she produced a small fishing pole, and it only deepened when she tied a donut to the end of its string. Tach simply stared for an empty moment while she waited for him to get started, hoping it was a joke. He realized it wasn't when she dangled the pastry at his nose and tilted her head toward the treadmill. Tach let out a somewhat begrudging sigh and relented, and he told himself to keep an open mind.

The lynx stumbled when his trainer set the machine in motion, but he swiftly adapted to its casual pace. The slow walk was hardly elevated his breath, and the trainer reminded him it wasn't meant to be strenuous when that thought crossed his eyes. Tach reaffirmed his trust in his professional trainer and played along, even when she tapped the donut to his muzzle. He did his best to ignore it, but as seconds turned to minutes, his appetite roused and tugged at his discipline. It abruptly lapsed when the treat swayed into his open mouth, prompting him to take a bite and gulp it down. Tach's pace faltered when he realized what he'd done, but the trainer remained encouraging. Despite the lynx's efforts to the contrary, he took several more accidental bites during his workout until there was nothing left. The raccoon added that to her notes and cut the treadmill off, then ended their session for the day. The lynx voiced his concerns about the weakness of his workout, but the trainer reassured him once more. Now that she knew what she was working with, the next session would be more productive.

Tach's next training session was not much different. Limited to simple warm up stretches and another light walk, the lynx burned more calories getting to gym than by being there. From the look of his peers that also committed to regular workouts, it seemed he wasn't the only one with that issue. Regardless, his trainer kept up the routine of motivating him with donuts, which to his retrospective dismay, proved effective in all the wrong ways. The lynx only made it a few sessions before his gym clothes began to fit different, clinging to his frame tighter and tighter. When Tach bought the next size up and delivered his concerns to his trainer, the raccoon simply complimented his outfit and hand-waved the doubts away. The lynx remained unconvinced however, and the longer the raccoon stuck to her methods, the stronger his resolve became. The situation came to a head three weeks into the program, when he struggled to squeeze his rounded rear into his new clothes. Each wiggle of his hips only jiggled his softening paunch and chest, and no amount of hopping or bouncing squeezed his flab passed his waistband. Tach eventually succeeded by laying back on his mattress and sucking his belly in, though the ordeal remained the straw that broke the camel's back.

"That does it, I'm canceling this membership."

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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