

Weighty Consequences

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A Patreon Vignette for Tach

Tach belongs to Tach

Fed up with his loss of ground, Tach decides it's time to end his gym membership early. Unfortunately, terminating it early proves prohibitively expensive, and the lynx must find another way out. Perhaps if he can make himself unprofitable, the gym will end it.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Fat, Cat, Weight Gain, Overeating, Belly Stuffing, Teasing

Tach looked over his clothes and gathered his nerve. The lynx had no hope of neatly fitting into the gathered garments, but they were the most flexible of his surviving wardrobe. With a mixture of determination and apprehension, he stepped into his gym shorts and pulled them up. The light fabric glided across his fur until, until the waist band reached the shadow of his overhanging belly. The lynx's flabby thighs stretched the garment to its limits inches below his waist, leaving his boxers exposed. He closed the gap with a wiggle and shake of his hips, a gesture that sent a wobbling wave through the rest of him. A blush tinted Tach's muzzle while he pushed that sensation from his mind, focusing instead on getting dressed. His top slipped over his head and down his soft chest with relative ease, though he encountered a similar hurdle at his belly. His soft paunch peeked from beneath its edge no matter how many times he tugged it into place, and the task quickly proved to be more effort than it was worth. Belly exposed, Tach grabbed his keys and his copy of his gym contract, then stormed down to the building.

A cursory glance around the mirrored room revealed Tach wasn't the only one losing ground. Several other patrons, some that joined around the same time as him, struggled to keep even a leisurely pace on their routines. Freely hanging bellies and plumped chests bounced with laborious strides on treadmills, and shirts struggled to hold back heavy rolls of flab as their owners stretched. The gym's staff motivated students much the same way as Tach's trainer, tempting them onward with offers of fattening snacks. There was far more rewarding than working however, and the lynx's stomach let out a jealous grumble while he watched his peers feast and stuff themselves. A small part of him wished to join them, but he clutched the contract in his fist and remembered his goal.

Before he reached the manager's office, a familiar face intercepted him. His trainer emerged from the back rooms and spotted him from across the floor, and she rushed to greet him, box of donuts in hand. Another needy rumble sounded from his middle, though his frustration quelled his appetite when the raccoon stepped into his path.

"Tach, you're early," she grinned. "Just couldn't wait, hmm?"

The lynx took in a breath and let it out. "Look, this isn't working," he said, motioning to his softened figure. "I've actually gained weight with this contract. It's not worth the money, and I'm ending it today."

The raccoon took clear offense. "Not worth the money? Do you have any idea how good these food deals are? This is a steal, and it's not our fault you're not taking advantage of it," she glared. "Besides, there's a pretty steep fee for early contract termination. I don't think it's something you want to mess with."

When confusion filled Tach's face, the trainer snatched the bundle of papers from his grip and sifted through its pages. It took her a lengthy moment to find the clause, and once she pointed it out to Tach, he realized why he missed it. Buried deep in a block of microscopic text sat the passage in question, and the lynx's stomach dropped when he read it over. Terminating his membership early would result in him paying back or returning

everything. Everything from his outdated gym wardrobe to every single motivating snack, which proved far more expensive than anticipated. Moreover, it also applied to the weight he gained during his course. The cost of buying himself out proved substantial, even at a glance. Tach let out a sigh of resignation and prepared to relent, until he saw the smug look on his trainer's face. A potent mix of emotions surged through him, and with it came an idea.

If Tach couldn't break the contract himself, he would force the gym to do it.

A grin spread across the lynx's muzzle and he brushed passed his trainer. She shrugged to herself and thought little of the gesture, turning her attention to her other students. While she tempted other clients in ill-fitting gym clothing, Tach made his way to the gym's shake bar. The fox at the counter greeted him with mirth and took his order, noting his discount and applying it to the most expensive drink available. The wallet-breaker was nearly free with his membership, and Tach gleefully plunged his straw into its top and slurped it down, consuming thousands of calories in the span of minutes. The thick beverage pooled in his stomach and sat heavily in his middle, accentuating the weight already present. One of the lynx's hands drifted to his exposed paunch while it filled, relishing the damage dealt to the gym's budget. He ignored the growing tightness of his shirt and finished his order off, then requested another, much to the fox's amusement.

Tach pushed his body to the limit, well beyond what any of his "workouts" demanded. He passed the fox his card again and again, ordering shake after shake and gaining mass and momentum. His form-hugging top crept up the growing swell of his belly, eventually bunching beneath his plush chest. The lynx's tight, round middle sagged low between his thighs, obscuring the shorts that struggled against his swelling thighs. Soft love-handles hid his waist band, completely concealing the garment from several angles. Tach huffed and panted as his stuffed stomach competed with his lungs for space in his chest, shortening his breath as if he'd ran a marathon. The feline's pace slowed with lethargy as he stuffed himself to the brim, and he only stopped completely when his wallet ran dry. He lifted his final cup to his muzzle and chugged down the last remnants of his shake, and he nearly fell from his seat when he put it down to find his trainer sitting next to him.

"Let me guess," she grinned. "Thought you'd try to eat so much your contract isn't worth keeping anymore?"

After an empty moment, Tach nodded.

"Do you really think you're the first to think of that?"

The cat shook his head.

"You're right about that, more than you know," the raccoon teased. "And that's why we left the contract a little vague in some places. Did you see the bulk up clause?"

"The one that lets me out after I put on fifty pounds of muscle?"

"Yes, but no. You just have to put on fifty pounds. We don't really care if its muscle or fat." While that sunk in for the feline, she stood up and gave him a pat on the back. "Keep that up and you'll be free in no time."

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

I hope you enjoyed what you saw, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it~

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