

Weighty Exodus

By Victor Waite

21-05-06

A Patron Vignette for Tach

Tach belongs to Tach

Tach is ready to reap the fruits of his labor and break free from the gym's contract. Will his weigh-in put him over the mark, or will he remain at the whims of fine print?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Mature readers and the following tags apply: Male, Feline, Lynx, Weight Gain, Feeding, Fat, Weigh-in, Exercise, Gym

Tach pulled his car into the gym's parking lot, took in a deep breath, and instantly regretted it. His horn blared across the paved expanse until he sucked his belly back in, muzzle red with a mixture of embarrassment and accomplishment. The lynx shrank back into his car as the eyes of equally overweight patrons turned to him, a gesture that only tested its suspension system. He recovered his composure, then wiggled his hips and extracted himself from his vehicle. Tach's car creaked in protest once more when he leaned back inside and grabbed his bag, only just reaching across his console without getting stuck. His shorts clung to his flabby rear and his belly sagged into his shirt until he withdrew, and that simple stretch depleted most of his diminished stamina. Tach planted a paw on the roof of his car and leaned over to catch his breath, inadvertently blending in with his peers. Once he recovered, he joined the small crowd gathered at the building's door, and when the clock struck opening time, an employee let them in.

While Tach found himself in good company while he waddled through the gym, he stood out from his counterparts in his progress. The lynx's lumbering peers seemed content to wait their contracts out, where he sought to make the gym regret deceiving him, despite embracing their challenge. Determination gleamed in his eyes as he neared one of the building's many treadmills, where his trainer greeted him with a knowing wink. The raccoon motioned for him to start without her, and she dashed off to help her less focused students while he prepared. Tach set his bag down at the equipment's side, then reached in and retrieved one of several bottles. The container filled his fingers with a viscous weight, and Tach wasted no time twisting its cap off and chugging its contents. An enhanced milkshake of his trainer's design flowed into his muzzle and filled his cheeks, flooding him with a potently sweet flavor. His stomach rumbled in delight, a sound that quieted down as he relaxed his throat and let it flow.

"You're starting to get pretty good at that," his trainer teased. "Are you sure you don't want to stick around after your contract? You might have a place here as a trainer." The raccoon punctuated her question with a pat to his stomach, sending a soft ripple through his frame.

Tach didn't answer until he finished off his drink and let out a satisfied sigh. "I'm sure," he bristled. "I'm not in the business of tricking folks."

"Oh, it would be a crime to make you a salesperson with a figure like this. You'd be one of our special trainers, probably. For the folks that want to max their gains."

"I'll think about it," Tach sighed, mostly to get her off his back. "For now, let's get this session going. I think today's the day I hit my goal."

"That's the spirit~"

His trainer gestured toward the treadmill, and Tach waddled onto it. Plastic popped and metal groaned when the lynx stepped onto the machine, and a labored buzz spurred it to motion. Tach tipped forward when its belt lurched forward, though he easily reclaimed his balance and kept up. The raccoon set the tread to a pitifully low speed, slower than his

pendulous gait into the building, his go-to pace after he embraced his gains. Every lumbering, heavy step sent a ripple up Tach's tree-trunk thighs and through his swaying middle, and the space between them let the each bounce play out. For the first few minutes, the raccoon simply admired her handiwork. That reflection ended when Tach's middle grumbled with a demanding need however, motivating her to reach for a small stack of donut boxes. A familiar, enticing scent dominated Tach's senses when she opened the first one, and his saliva reflexively pooled when she plucked one from the bunch and waved it in front of his muzzle.

Her less experienced pupils would have resisted the temptation, or perhaps leaned in for a mere nibble, but Tach put them to shame.

The lynx lurched with a speed at odds with his size, catching the dangling treat in his muzzle. He coiled his tongue through the donut's center and tugged it into his mouth with experienced ease, claiming the pastry in a single bite. Crumbs rained down on his top as he collapsed and folded it between his lips, and they went forgotten as he chewed. A deep gulp sounded out not seconds later, and a satisfied sigh poured from his empty muzzle. His trainer wasted no time offering a second donut, and then a third and fourth as the lynx hit his stride. The way Tach tore through the gym's supply of snacks was an athletic feat in itself. His body moved as one, his breathing and swallowing synchronized with his footfalls, and the pace he reached far exceeded anything an untrained foodie could hope to reach. Tach recalled every lesson from his trainer and put them to practice like a second nature, swelling his stomach with hundreds, then thousands of calories.

Tach's stomach filled and sagged as his trainer reached for her final box, gradually adding difficulty to his lumbering pace. Between bites he reached for his shirt and tugged it over the growing dome of his gut, only for his next step to send it sliding back up that tight curve. The pressure in his belly stole his breath and winded him with each motion, but he refused to give up. The raccoon rewarded his determination with an affectionate pat on on his belly, then doubled up on her feeding. Tach's cheeks swelled to capacity as he claimed two of the desserts in a single bite, but what time he saved there was lost when he swallowed. It took several gulps to send the twin pastries down to his stomach, a complication that chipped away at his endurance that much faster. The lynx's legs trembled with exhaustion by the time his trainer emptied the last box, and that last bite nearly sent him tumbling down. Still, Tach managed clear what was hopefully the last of his sessions, and he crumpled against the treadmill's rails when the raccoon cut it off.

His huffs and pants filled the air while she waited for him to catch his breath, then gave him a pat on the back. "You hang here and finish recovering, big guy. I'll be right back with the scale."

Tach did just that, hunched over the treadmill's controls and breathing as deeply as his stuffed middle allowed. A pair of squeaky wheels caught his attention, and he reclaimed his composure just in time to watch the raccoon finish wheeling it up.

"Step on when you're ready Tach."

The lynx gingerly pushed away from the treadmill and found his balance, then lumbered to the hospital-grade scale. It sported a pair of rails for patient stability and boasted a platform wide enough for the most generous hips, but even still, Tach's frame brushed its sides. His stomach pressed against and squished around its central post once he got both feet on it, and his plush chest hid the display from his gaze. A blush tinted his chubby cheeks when the scale beeped in acknowledgment of his presence, and after calculating his weight, it repeated the sound. He looked to his trainer, who stared back, grinning knowingly.

"Well, what does the scale say Tach," she teased.

"You know I can't see it from here," he murmured.

She strode to his side and traced her fingertips across his middle, then dipped them into his folds and lifted that roll of flab. "My oh my, you're a natural at this."

"Did I meet the goal?"

"You did! You got your extra fifty pounds, plus fifteen more on the house. Congratulations~"

That revelation stunned Tach until another spurred his frustration. "Wait, last time I was still ten under. How did I gain that in a week?!"

The raccoon shrugged. "What can I say? You're a natural. But we also discovered the scale hadn't been calibrated in years over the weekend, so that might have something to do with it."

Fortunately, Tach didn't have the energy or willpower to get mad over it.

The raccoon took in a breath and let it out. "Well Tach, I suppose you want to go home now. No point in hanging around now that you've stuck it to us," she grinned.

Tach wiggled his hips and stepped back from the scale, dislodging himself from its rails. "Yeah, home sounds pretty good right now." Unfortunately, his recovering stamina only lasted a few steps.

"Here, let me help you to your car." The trainer draped his flabby arm over her shoulders and leaned into his side, taking some stress off his exhausted legs. The pair took it slow, lumbering across the gym together and earning a few looks of jealousy from the other patrons. That was the farthest thing from Tach's mind, however. Once free from the fear of collapsing before an audience, the lynx's thoughts focused on the sensation of her rubbing his bely. It was a subtle motion, hardly distinguishable from a helpful hold, but once he noticed, he couldn't ignore it. Tach relished it until he crossed the parking lot, where she

stole another squeeze while helping him into his car. Before he closed his door and drove off, the raccoon leaned in and slipped him a card.

"If you ever decide to push yourself further and want a little more personal attention than a gym can provide, I do private training on the side." She punctuated the offer with a wink and dropped her card on the seat, then turned on her heel and left the lynx to consider her offer.

The lynx's thoughts slipped to places other than her offer, however. The sway and pop of her hips drew his eyes toward her wide waist and thunderous thighs, both of which had grown in their time together. Tach grinned to himself and pondered if it was simply a consequence of her environment, or if he played some role in her own growth. He shrugged those notions away before he dwelt on them too long, however. In the pit of his softened gut, he had a feeling he would see her again eventually, be it at a home gym or buffet.

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~

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/victorthemaker/>
<https://www.weasyl.com/~victorthemaker>
<https://victorthemaker.sofurry.com/>
<https://furrylife.online/profile/12672-victor-waite/>

If you would like to support my work, I have a Patreon page and I'm usually open for commissions

<https://www.patreon.com/WaiteInkworks>
<https://commiss.io/victorwaite>