

Tele-Cooking

by Cerine Hero

He let his breath run slowly out his mouth and nose, feeling the warmth roll across his tongue and over his fangs. His body was sore, especially his ankles, and he wished he was at home right now. Inhaling again and feeling his chest press snug against the edge of the counter at the nurses' station, he let his glasses dangle loosely between his finger and thumb and rest his eyes.

All around him was barely-controlled chaos. Electronic noise, voices, the clattering of hard rubber wheels and claws on tile. Staff and doctors moving from one place to another at a brisk pace. The buzz of nurse call signals rang in his ears even when they weren't actually ringing. But he closed his eyes and rest his forehead on his palm, listening to his own heartbeat for a few moments.

Thump...

...thump...

...

...thump...

The world seemed to slow, and the noise and activity faded to someplace in the background. He breathed in and out, feeling his chest press against the counter, and then relax as he exhaled. His muscles in his face slowly relaxed, and he felt the tension in his tail slacken, letting it uncurl and rest gently at his ankles.

“Hey, Gray, got one for you.”

The tigyote opened his eyes again all too soon. Duty called. He pushed himself upright and placed his glasses on the bridge of his muzzle again before running a paw through his hair and tightening the half-ponytail at the nape of his skull again. One of his coworkers, a vixen in pink scrubs, put a chart on the counter in front of him.

“What is it?” he asked, waiting for his bleary eyes to focus again as he looked through his lenses.

“Take a look,” the other nurse told him, turning and heading off to take care of another patient.

Gray rolled his eyes and picked up the chart, running his fingers across until he found the patient name. His eyebrows shot upwards and he felt a burst of adrenaline fill his tired body as a smile crept across his muzzle. The gray-furred tigyote had his second wind, and he tucked the chart under one muscular arm as he headed down the hallway to the room that was listed. He knocked first and then stepped inside, and the shift of air from the wide hallway to the stuffy private room was like walking into soup.

There were two beds in the room, with the divider curtain drawn back and out of use because only one of them was currently occupied. On the bed lay a middle-aged tigress, typing on her phone as she held it braced against her gown-covered chest. When the door swung open, the white-furred woman looked up and her features immediately brightened as she saw Gray.

“Now *there* is my handsome boy,” she teased, her voice playfully melodic but innocently-toned. She set the phone down on the mattress beside her and waited as the tigyote walked over to the side of the bed.

“Good morning-” Gray stopped himself and checked his watch. “Good *afternoon*, Ms. Anilai. How are you feeling today?”

The tigress smiled at him. “Oh, perfectly fine now that you're here. You look exhausted, dear. How long have you been here?”

Gray stood next to the hospital bed and swung the patient monitor screen, hanging on its articulated plastic arm, over to where he could check all of the tigress's vitals. “Just a little after midnight,” he told her, writing down what he saw. “I think once I have you settled in, I'll be ready to head home. Let me see what we've got here for you today... alright, blood work and your regular treatments. I'll get those ready for you.”

“Don't rush on my account,” the tigress cooed, folding her paws over her lap as she watched the muscled tigyote put the chart in its slot on the bed and head over to the cabinets to get some supplies ready. Ms. Anilai was always playfully flirty with him, despite – or maybe because of – her age, and she was always pleasant and endearing. Gray enjoyed seeing her, and didn't mind her toothless advances.

As he prepped a blood sample, the tigress asked him, “So are you still single, Gray?”

The tigyote paused what he was doing and half-turned to look at her sideways, offering a quizzical look. “Actually, no, I'm not,” he explained.

Ms. Anilai straightened on the bed a little and tilted her head. “Let me guess: a cute little thing has captured your heart?”

“Well,” Gray answered, turning back around to the cabinet and laughing slightly, “cute, absolutely. But she's actually bigger than I am.”

“Does she work out, too?”

Gray chuckled. “I meant she's taller than me. By an inch.”

The tigress smiled warmly. “So... is she a tiger or a coyote?”

“She's a fox,” he told her, walking back over and pulling a stool across the floor so he could sit at the edge of the bed. Ms. Anilai happily handed him her arm and he took it in both paws, rubbing his thumb along her stripes so he could find a vein. “Sorry, not planning on having any little ones for you to babysit.”

“Oh, that's alright, dear,” she told him, waving her other paw, “you're young; you don't have to rush. So what does your tall fox girl do?”

“She is a cook. She has her own cooking show on the network.”

Ms. Anilai nodded knowingly. “Ah, a cook, that explains it.”

Gray glanced up, looking at her above the rim of his glasses. “Explains what?”

“Well, Gray, she must be a very good cook, because I can tell you've put on weight.”

The tigyote blushed slightly through his gray fur and canted his head a little in surprise. “Aha... well, I haven't gotten on the scale much this winter. But you're right, she is a very good cook.”

“That means she must love you,” the tigress chuffed as the tigyote took the blood sample, her gaze fixed on the tigyote's broad shoulders to avoid looking down. “Just don't forget to hit the gym, handsome!”

“I won't, I promise,” Gray told her, finishing up his job. “Alright, I'll get this down to the lab and let the doctor know you're here. And I will see you again in a couple months.”

“I will look forward to it,” Ms. Anilai told him, smiling broadly.

Gray grinned back and waved as he headed out of the room. As soon as the door swung shut behind him, he paused in the hallway and instinctively laid his paw on his belly, giving himself a soft squeeze through his scrubs.

How the hell did she notice?

It was nearly sunset when Gray got home, dragging himself in through the door of his apartment and pausing to collapse onto the back of his couch for a few minutes. Long shifts in winter invariably meant losing so much daylight. He didn't even have the wherewithal to hit the gym today, instead opting to just head straight home and resolve to go tomorrow. Besides, he had a date.

The tigyote pushed himself upright with a groan, taking his keys and wallet from his pockets and dropping them in the bowl by the door. Still wearing his scrubs, the tigyote pulled his phone from his front pocket and checked the messages. He had one from Erin.

Hey, done with my stream! Call anytime, just gonna relax a bit before I make dinner for Ceri and me. Don't work too hard~

Gray smiled, putting his phone back into his pocket as he walked into the kitchen. A little while ago, he'd gotten a video calling station for his kitchen counter so he and his girlfriend could chat while

cooking. Erin lived a few hours north, so they only got to see each other in the fur on special occasions. Gray set his glasses down beside the flat-screen device propped by his fridge and tried his best to fix his hair in the black-mirrored reflection.

“Call Erin,” he told the device. The screen lit up with a happy little animation around Erin's face as it began to ring.

A couple moments later, the screen blinked and began to show the inside of the vixen's kitchen. It also had a pleasantly-smiling chocolate fox right in the middle of it. Erin had her signature braid over her left shoulder, and her dark green eyes lit up as she looked at her boyfriend on her own screen.

“Hello, cutie,” she purred, waving her fingers. “Oh, gosh, you look exhausted. Long day?”

Gray braced his palms on the counter next to the screen and nodded. He let his head hang down, his gray hair falling over his striped neck. “Yeah,” he replied, half-sighing, “fourteen hour shift. I've been up since yesterday.”

“Goodness,” the fox told him. “You should've taken a nap!”

“Nah. I'm hungry, and I wanted to see you.”

Erin blushed, wiggling slightly on her side of the call. “Well, I can't argue with that. Did you get everything I sent you on the ingredient list?”

“I did,” he told her, pointing his thumb lazily towards the fridge. “It was an awful lot of food this time, though.”

“Oh.” Erin toyed with her braid. “I forgot; my recipes are all meant for the two of us up here, plus some for Rie or Megan. But hey, you'll have leftovers!”

“No complaints here,” he said, pushing himself upright again. The fox's eyes fluttered across her own screen, admiring his bared, striped triceps and the swell of his pecs underneath his scrubs. Gray cut his eyes sideways at the screen and smirked, flexing for her. “Are you heavier than normal?”

Erin nodded, taking a step back from her screen and patting her belly. She *was* big. The fox could gain weight at a rapid pace, and she liked being on the bigger side. But the way her middle wobbled under her sweater, she was on the bigger side of bigger now. Gray peeked at the fat that spilled out of the bottom of the sweater, all tan fur and doughy blubber.

“I am,” she confirmed for him, turning in place and hiking up her pants. The fox's bubble butt was filling her jeans, and the tigyote found himself leaning closer to his screen. “There's four and a half feet of snow outside, I can't even start digging out my car, and it won't melt for a while yet. So why not just blow up some if I can't go anywhere?”

“Absolutely no complaints here,” the hybrid teased. As he smiled at the thicker fox, a couple neurons fired in his brain. “Oh, yeah... that reminds me. One of my patients today told me I was getting fat, too.”

Erin turned around and came back to the screen. “Oh yeah?” She leaned closer and squinted, looking at his face. “I can maybe see it... Have you weighed yourself?”

“Here,” he told her, taking his own turn stepping back, “you tell me.”

The tigyote grabbed the bottom of his scrubs top and undershirt and lifted them both to his chest, exposing his middle for the vixen. Erin's eyes lit up and she rest her muzzle on her knuckles as she got a closer look at him. Holding up his shirt with one paw, the tigyote grabbed his middle. He never had much in the way of abs, since that required extreme dieting, and he liked being more solid, anyways. But he couldn't normally sink his fingertips into his belly, either, and give himself a jiggle. He was growing some healthy love handles on the sides, too, and he pinched his right-side hip before grabbing an inch of softness up higher on his waist. Honestly, the tigyote didn't realize how much weight he'd gained until right now, pawing and squishing his belly for his girlfriend. Gray turned sideways and looked at himself in the tiny outgoing view, noticing that he had a distinct gut curving slightly above the top of his waistband.

“You look *soft*,” Erin purred. “Yeah, maybe... twenty pounds? You've really bulked up, love!”

“Well, then.” Gray pulled his shirt back down.

“Hey, hey, hey!”

Smirking and rolling his eyes, the tigyote pulled his scrubs and undershirt completely off, coming back to the screen and smiling at the pudgy vixen. “Just a little winter weight, I guess. I'm also going to blame your cooking.”

“Oh, that's probably accurate,” Erin replied, laughing. “But gosh... you look hot.”

His eyebrows rose up. “Yeah?”

The fox wiggled on her end of the screen. “Yeah, you look thick and plush... I kinda think of you as this big stuffed animal to cuddle on and a little chubbiness is just... look, I wanna bury my face in that belly!” She blushed red and turned to make sure no one was watching from the kitchen doorway. “Are, um... your pecs softer?”

The tigyote puffed out his chest and pinned his pecs between his thick arms. They looked more padded now, but it was hard for him to tell past his muzzle. “What do you think? Full-on moobs?”

Erin giggled, blushing. “No, definitely not moobs, but I wouldn't complain about those, either...”

“Jeez, babe.”

The vixen bounced on her feet, and pat her paws on the counter in front of her, momentarily too excited to speak. As she calmed down, she stammered, “Okay, like... I know this might not be *your* thing so much, but I'm loving it. My big boy getting chubby... just, mmph.”

Gray ran his tongue across his teeth as he relaxed and drummed his fingers on his lightly-softened belly. “So... if we cook up this meal you sent me, and I eat all of it...”

The vixen's eyebrows sprang upwards and her eyes widened. “Would you?”

“How about this,” Gray offered, rolling his head on his shoulders and grabbing his cooking apron without bothering to put his shirt back on. “I just don't worry about my weight for a while. And you come down once the weather clears in spring and we'll see what happens.”

“I...” Erin was reaching critical excitement, biting her lip. Her massive tail was wiggling and swishing behind her like an industrial fan. “Can I feed you a carton of heavy cream?”

Gray flattened his ears down. “How many calories is that...?”

“You said you wouldn't worry about it!”

“Get two, then.”

“H-huff...”

“One of them is for you!”

Erin was practically jiggling as she bounced. “O-oh, yeah... sure. For each one I drink, you drink one.”

“That is *not* what I agreed to.” Gray laughed in exasperation, covering his face with one paw. What had he done? “Okay, let me get out the food and we'll get cooking, babe.”

Gray and Erin had begun a ritual of the vixen sending him one of her recipes, and he cooked it under her instruction over the video call. The tigyote wasn't a terrible cook or anything, but it was a fun way for the two of them to talk and do something together while they were apart. And it was almost as good as Erin's actual cooking. So with the excited fox watching, Gray whipped up a raptor breast stir-fry with vegetables. And like he promised, he got a large plate and piled it high with all three servings. The muscled hybrid took off his apron and started eating... and eating... and eating.

“This is a lot,” he mumbled halfway through the meal, leaning against the counter by the screen. He was already feeling stuffed, and he rubbed his full stomach. On the plus side, he wasn't jiggling as much now!

“You can do it,” Erin cheered on, her muzzle resting on her knuckles as she watched her boyfriend gorge himself. “Keep rubbing your tummy...”

“Will that help?”

“...Yes,” the fox replied in a not-very-convincing tone.

“As long as you're having fun,” Gray replied, leaning over his plate again and trying to finish. He stuffed more forkfuls into his muzzle, feeling his stomach fill and stretch. Erin ogled the tigyote's broad shoulders and long hair as he knuckled down and ate.

Slowly but surely, the plate under him emptied. It was a *huge* amount of stir-fry, a lot more than he was used to eating, even for a guy with his kind of build. Gray claimed victory, tossing his fork down on the plate with a clatter and standing up straight, paws on his hips and his bloated belly bulging in front of him. He could just barely see the first wisps of belly fur past the horizon of his pecs as he looked down.

“Hey, love,” Erin whispered.

“Yes?” he replied, covering his muzzle as he burped.

“You look sexy...”

“I'm glad you think so,” Gray told her, holding his belly in both paws and exhaling slowly.

“Because I feel like a blimp.”

Erin bit her lip and wiggled her hindquarters on her side of the call. “Did... you eat that cake I sent you the other day? Before it snowed?”

“Not yet,” he admitted, and he turned a green eye in her direction, already knowing where she was going to go with this.

“Have a slice for me?” she asked, looping her tail behind her and trying to maximize her cuteness. “If you do, I'll give you some belly to enjoy...”

He couldn't say no to that; not with her plumped up, herself. Gray turned to the pantry and took out the still-boxed cake, setting it on the counter in front of the video screen. His brain was swimming and groggy after his massive meal, and from sleep exhaustion, and it took him three tries to line up his claw just right to cut open the tape seal Erin had put on the paper box. Inside was a modest-sized cake, fortunately not a huge birthday cake. Of course, he was certain the *next* time she sent him something, it would be twice as big as this.

Without a word, Gray cut a wedge from the cake, lifted it to his muzzle, and pressed it all between his jaws whole. Erin's eyes lit up in joy as she watched her boyfriend cram empty calories into his mouth for her. She melted on camera as he picked up a second slice and shoved it into his muzzle, too, just to watch her squirm and wiggle. But then, licking his muzzle, he pushed the rest of the cake aside and braced his arms on the counter, letting out a heavy breath.

“Hey, Gray,” Erin said quietly, “not to, um, say you're not always really attractive or anything, but that was the hottest thing I've seen you do...”

“You're welcome,” the tigyote replied, his eyelids half-lidded as he looked at her on the screen. “So, I gave you tummy...”

“I've got you, love.”

The vixen winked and stood up straight, pulling herself closer to the camera until her midsection almost completely filled the screen. Then she grabbed the front of her sweater and pulled upwards until an avalanche of tan-furred blubber spilled onto the counter below her with a hefty jiggle. Gray licked his nose and watched, despite his fatigue, as the fox rubbed her belly and bounced it, the fat weight slapping hard on the counter. While Erin teased him with her fatter tummy, he swore he saw a flash of pink and white at the corner of the screen, where the doorway to the hall was. But he was probably hallucinating.

“How was that?” Erin asked, her muzzle slightly peeking in from above frame.

“Amazing, babe,” the tigyote replied, unable to stifle a yawn. “Okay... I have to sleep. I can admire you more when I'm not as tired. Or stuffed.”

“Okay, go sleep off that meal,” the vixen teased. “My fat boy.”

Gray crashed immediately after hitting the bed, sleeping into morning. When he got up, he stepped into his bathroom and eyed his scale in the corner, but reminded himself he promised not to

mind his weight for the next couple months, no matter how curious he was to see what damage he'd done yesterday. Either way, he *felt* fat, and it was definitely a new sensation for him.

He hadn't decided yet if he liked it or not.

After showering, Gray checked his phone and found a message from his vixen waiting for him: *Hey, remember to finish that cake, okay? Don't want it going stale~*

Well, that sorted out breakfast. Gray stuffed himself with two more slices, and then the remaining four all disappeared throughout the day. When he hit the gym around noon, he found himself hyper-aware of his bulk every time his thighs pressed against his gut on the leg press. Had he really not noticed before now? It was hard to tell if others at the gym were staring at him for the usual reasons or for an unusual one.

For the next couple weeks, Gray and Erin kept up their ritual of digital dinner meet-ups. The vixen, loving this new game, teased her boyfriend as she got him to make bigger meals and encouraged him to overeat, and Gray happily delivered to see her smile and fog up her camera. After heading home from work a week into their new adventure, the tigyote found a package by his apartment door. Opening it, he discovered a double-layer chocolate devil cake with a note from Erin encouraging him to pig out.

"That's cheating, babe," he muttered to himself around mouthfuls of cake.

And while he was avoiding the scale, the tigyote definitely knew he was getting heavier by the day. His clothes were shrinking, tightening around his waist, his belly, and under his arms. His figure was transforming in the mirror as his gut bwoomped outwards, his arms and chest swelled up with mass, and his waistline thickened. A small roll of fat formed under his muzzle when he looked down at the gray belly bulging past his pecs now. He grabbed his belly in both paws and gave it a jiggle, feeling the pudgy weight bounce up and down on his body. The tigyote let go, and his gut sloshed back to rest above the waistband of his snug boxers.

He had to admit he didn't *hate* this...

The tigyote noticed his behavior changing as he got fatter. He began to rub his belly a lot, giving it a bounce when bored and patting it absent-mindedly all the time. Even without Erin's encouragement, Gray began to eat more, and picked up snacks to treat himself while at work and on the way home. He upped his protein bar intake, and that alone padded his frame heavily. The pounds piled on. In another week, the chubby, striped guy in the bathroom mirror was a *fat*, striped guy in the mirror.

Gray couldn't believe his eyes, pawing at his softened pecs before reaching down to lift up his gut and let go. The tubby paunch slapped onto the sink counter with a plop, just like how Erin had teased him that first night. When they met up to cook again later, he showed off his new *trick* to her, and the fox almost fainted.

"You are getting *so big*," she breathed, eyes wide as saucers.

"I can feel it," the overweight tigyote told her, rubbing the back of his head.

"How do you feel, though?" Erin asked, propping her muzzle on her palm and looking up at his eyes – or where his eyes were on her screen, which didn't match up with his view perfectly.

Gray licked his muzzle. "It's an experience. I feel enormous, and my belly jiggles when I walk now." He laughed. "I'm getting fewer date offers, at least, so there's that."

"But are you having fun?" she asked, tilting her head.

He licked his fangs. "Yeah, I am..."

Before he knew it, two months had passed, and the tigyote found himself pulling yet another double shift at the hospital. It was more work for his feet now than it had been, and he claimed one of the chairs at the nurses' station while he did some paperwork. Sitting down didn't do his scrubs any favors, though, because they were already struggling to contain his bulk even without him pushing his fattest parts out more. Gray tried to hike up his pants and take the pressure off his tail tie, but his heavy belly was just going to try to push them back down. And he had a definite roll of fur hanging out of the

top. Time to size up again, he realized...

His fox co-worker handed him another chart, eyed his belly quietly, and left. Gray just rolled his eyes and got up with a grunt, reading the room number and heading down the hall. His gut jiggled with every step, and he tugged his too-tight scrubs down over his belly hang as he pulled the room door open. And as he stepped inside, he saw a white-furred, middle-aged tigress there waiting for him. Immediately, he blushed red, swallowing hard.

Ms. Anilai smiled at him. "There's my boy," she said, tilting her head. "Gracious, Gray, come over here. Let me look at you."

The obese tigyote complied, walking over to the bed as he rubbed the back of his head. He looked down, past his butterball pecs, at the sphere of his belly poking out in front of him, stretching his scrubs top tight. The tigress gave him a poke in his gut, right above his obvious navel where the fabric was snug around his middle.

"You've ballooned up, Gray," she teased. A wry smile crossed her muzzle. "That girlfriend is doing a number on you, isn't she?"

"Well," he sighed, "after the last time you were here, I told her that I had gained weight, and she wanted to see me get bigger."

"You certainly did that," Ms. Anilai told him. "Is she enjoying it?"

Gray pulled over the stool, and it creaked as he sat his weight down. "Madly. It's her thing. She really digs muscles-"

"Who doesn't," the tigress interrupted with a smile.

"-but the idea of feeding me and making me tubby really had her in a frenzy." He sighed and rest his paw on top of his belly. "To be honest, at first I was pretty ambivalent about it. I did it to make her happy. I just ate what she wanted me to, and a little extra to make her wriggle. But after a bit I think I just started eating for the sake of getting fatter."

"So are you doing it for her, or for yourself?"

Gray twitched his ears. "I mean, I'm definitely doing it for her, but beyond that... I'm not sure. I look at myself in the mirror and I just... kinda like how my belly is growing? Sorry, heh. This is probably too much information."

The tigress waved her paw. "My second husband got *much* fatter than you, dear. Don't worry about me."

"Thanks," Gray replied. He grabbed his belly and bounced it. "I do miss my stomach, honestly, but... this isn't bad? And if Erin likes it, I just... well, yeah, I've leaned into it."

"Well, if that's something the two of you enjoy, then that's good," the tigress told him. "And it's nice of you to let her have what she wants. But let me tell you some wisdom I've learned." She cupped her paw on the tigyote's cheek and pinched the extra meat there sweetly. "Don't lose sight of who *you* want to be, though. It's good to be accommodating in love, but you're a person yourself first."

Gray nodded, adjusting his glasses. "Thank you. She's coming to visit tomorrow, actually, so... we'll see."

"Think she might not agree?"

"No," the tigyote said, decisively. "She's not like that."

"That's wonderful to know," she told him, giving his belly another friendly pat. "Now then, I come here to see my handsome man and get my blood work done, and I'm waiting on one of those."

He laughed. "Yes, ma'am."

Gray thought about what he wanted on his way home. Streetlights flashed over his face as he drove down the barely-populated streets in the middle of the night, with the last flakes of winter snow striking his windshield and melting almost immediately. He thought about Erin, and how fat he'd gotten for her, and whether he wanted it. He thought about her, and how big she would get for him. How big she *had* gotten for him, to excite him. Feeding her supersized meals was an unbelievable thrill, first to

watch her eat with abandon and then to feel her growing curves. Watching his fox fatten every single day, and they would enjoy her heavier body together, getting closer and more affectionate. He thought of how she bit her lip and wiggled when he stuffed himself with that big meal...

Gray pulled into the drive-through of a restaurant that was open this hour. At the squawker box, he rolled his window down and leaned out. "Hey... I need three triple boxes, please..."

In the parking lot, he shoveled three orders of food into his muzzle. Big stack burgers, fries, and shakes. Each one of those meals was a day's worth of calories, and he stuffed himself with three of them. He swore he could feel himself getting fatter by the minute. Eating this much, purely for the sake of feeding himself, to get even bigger and heavier, was surprisingly exciting. The inherent guilt of it was less of a warning not to do it and more of a spice that made doing it more enticing.

By the time he was done, his belly was *massive*, bulging underneath his scrubs top. Gray tugged his top up to his pudgy pecs and his gut swelled outward another inch. He huffed and puffed, red in the face after his fit of gluttony, and he pat his paws on his huge stomach. It both jiggled and felt taut and stuffed. He leaned his head back and exhaled, sinking his fingers into the doughy roll of belly fat under his navel. The seat belt around his body felt tight against his new bulk, pinned under his gut and sinking into his plush chest. He reached under his tubby love handle and unhooked the seat belt, releasing his blubber, and he simply laid back and soaked in the aftermath of being a glutton for a while.

Fair was fair. When he wanted Erin to gain, she grew to the size of his couch. If she wanted him to get fat, he was going to put some effort into it. Getting fatter had grown exciting on its own for him. He could only imagine Erin's expression tomorrow, and it encouraged him to keep eating. After resting a bit, rubbing his bare belly fur, Gray headed to his apartment and hauled his fat ass upstairs. He was feeling his meal now, in addition to the rest of his pounds. He stopped by his kitchen to grab a wedge of cake the vixen had sent him and treated himself to a big dessert to top off his gluttonous meal. Then, feeling like a humongous balloon, the tigyote stumbled into his bedroom, changed into pajamas, and fell backwards into bed with a slosh of heavy weight.

He passed out immediately afterwards, woken up in bed by the sound of his doorbell. Gray sat up groggily, licking his muzzle. He brushed back his hair and put on his glasses as he half-waddled to his door, no shirt and pajama pants half-askew. The tigyote opened the door to see his girlfriend waiting in the hallway for him, and her muzzle dropped open instantly.

"Gray, you... whoa," she breathed. She was a little bit heavier than her normal size, herself, probably pushing four hundred pounds. That made her heavier than Gray, for sure, but he was *definitely* beating her in the amount of weight he'd put on above his "normal."

"Hey, babe," he said, too sleepy still to think of anything better to say.

Erin dragged her suitcase into the apartment and pushed the door shut, almost squashing her tail in her excitement. Even fat, the fox was *mostly* tail. She got her paws on his bare belly, and the feeling of her fingers in his fur was like a jolt of lightning, perking the striped butterball awake and making his shaggy tail wag behind him.

"I just saw you like, a couple days ago!" the vixen gasped. "You've gotten *fat*! Maybe I'm just not getting a good look through the screen..."

"Well," Gray admitted, "I've been eating a ton, not including your cooking..."

Her eyes sparkled. "Yeah?" The fox slid her arms up his body and felt his arms, sinking her claws into the meat around his muscles.

"Mmhmm. Come here, I'll tell you about it..."

They headed to the couch, and the fattened tigyote flopped onto the seat, feeling the cushion sink deeply under his weight. His heart raced as Erin disrobed before joining him, pulling off her winter coat and then her cute top and jeans, all pudgy rolls in black underwear. Gray placed his paws on her flanks and leaned in to kiss her belly, feeling the butter-soft blubber on her middle squish around his muzzle. Erin laid him on his back, his gut sloshing heavily on top of him, and she sat next to him,

massaging her paws up and down his huge frame.

While they teased each other, Gray told her about his meal the night before. The vixen listened in rapt attention, her ears focused on him, as he described the greasy burgers and the shakes, how bloated he felt afterwards, and in particular how much it thrilled him to try to fatten himself up. He told everything he'd experienced getting heavier over the winter, from his clothes tightening to the way people were looking at him differently. And he admitted enjoying every pound...

“So,” Erin asked, resting her muzzle on the curve of his belly, “how much bigger do you want to get?”

Gray twisted his muzzle, reaching down and running his knuckles along the vixen's jaw and cheeks to brush down her fur. “To be honest... once it warms up I want to slim back down.”

Erin's ears tipped slightly, and she nodded, making his belly fat jiggle under her muzzle. “Okay. I understand. Swim shape and all that when you come up to see me and Ceri.”

“Right.” He exhaled, looking down at her soft eyes. The vixen looked deflated a bit, so he reached up with his paw and ran his fingers through her loose hair and cradled her ear. “But...”

Erin's ears and eyebrows stood at attention.

“Until I put you in the car to send you back home,” he promised, “you get to feed me everything not nailed down. Including a lot of heavy cream...” He got his paws under her arms and hefted her up onto his body so he could kiss her deeply, and the fox melted as she kissed him back, her enormous tail poofing and curling above her. “And I can't promise I won't just get fat again in the future. Especially with your cooking...”

Erin grinned at him and licked his chin, heaving her obese weight off the couch and heading into the kitchen. She returned a moment later, carrying two cartons of heavy cream in her paws. As Gray grunted and sat himself up on the couch again, she told him, “I see you were prepared.”

“I promised.”

The fox sat on the couch beside him and purred as he wrapped an arm around her, jiggling one of her back rolls under the fabric of her bra. “So, I get to make you as fat as I can for the next week,” she explained, “and if I make you enjoy it enough, I can keep sending you big meals...”

“Babe...”

“I'm teasing,” she told him, leaning against his body and holding the carton to his muzzle. The smell was rich with the promise of a bigger, heavier belly, and Gray felt a shiver go down his spine. Erin saw his reaction and a feral grin spread across her muzzle. “I'll help you slim down, promise. I did a good job with Rienne. Twice. And she got bigger muscles both times. But you can't deny that you're loving being my fat boy.”

As Gray let her pour the heavy cream into his muzzle, leaning his head back and rubbing his belly, he definitely couldn't deny it. He gorged on an absurd number of calories, feeling Erin's fingers around his navel. He could hear her purring in his ear as his belly bulged, full of cream. The first carton emptied, and Erin opened the second one, putting it to Gray's lips before he had a chance to protest. And he chugged it down all the same, chuffing under his breath.

He never agreed to two cartons of heavy cream. But he did have four more in the fridge...

* * * * *

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