

A rush of sweet, intense smoke flowed out of the oven as Gideon retrieved the cookie tray. The sugary smog filled the air as he placed the tray across the kitchen counter, a variety of scents mixing into a thick, diabetic cloud that would've made anyone else but him dizzy with its overstimulating mix of aromas. Years of nonstop baking had left Gideon almost immune to the scent of sweets—content to be surrounded with dozens of pastries in a makeshift gas chamber of pure sugar turned into scents.

“Alright, I hope that I’m not late.” Swiping his phone’s gallery app, he quickly gave the photographed list of clients a quick rundown. While the financial boom of having moved to the big city was certainly welcomed—the thought of living anywhere else other than his mother’s house nothing but an elusive dream for years—the constant flow of requests was no walk in the park. Standards, price of ingredients, and quantity of pastries per client had all gone up at an alarming rate. He was still miraculously able to float above debt, but it was a tightrope that he always found himself walking. “Two apple pies for Myriam Kurakishi, forty cookies for the Greenpath Girl Scouts, and…” He leaned in closer to read, trying to make sure that he knew how to pronounce the name. “…A chocolate cake for B. Clehouser?”

The client had chosen a large cake—usually meant for parties. It was probably the hardest dessert to make out of the current batch, but that just made him all the prouder. He at least had the address—just two floors above his apartment—so he could phrase his question without trying to ask for his name. Gideon learned that lesson after having to deal with a sorority house of elephants that all had terrible handwriting. He had never seen someone so offended at mistaking ‘Bridgette’ as ‘Brittaneh’ in his entire life. Every time that he read out a name, the memory of that woman screaming at him remained.

He gently placed all the pastries on their corresponding boxes—lovingly crafted in pink cardboard with his logo stamped on the top; a photo of him holding a blueberry pie, winking at the camera. He had always thought that it was somewhat tacky, but everyone told him that it was great—a supposed sense of confidence that he never really saw, but who was he to argue with the public?

Gideon opened the door forward, then stacked the boxes together with a smaller one stored on the waist pocket of his apron and passed through. Smacking it closed with his butt, he ran to the elevator.

Pressing the button, he was relieved to see that the elevator was working. It seemed to constantly flip-flop between working and shutting down at random. It wasn't even a matter of maintenance. It would simply turn back on its own after a few moments. Living on the fourth floor, meant that he would be forced to go down the emergency stairs—taking around ten minutes to go down with the large packages in hand.

Thank god... Walking sucks. I remember when I had to do in-person deliveries back in the South.

Another benefit of working in the city was that there were a *lot* of people eager for employment. His post in Beastbook looking for a delivery driver was filled almost

immediately, leaving him free to stay at home and leave the hours of traffic to someone else instead.

Now on the reception floor, he waved at the guard behind the counter—happily chowing down one of his rainbow cupcakes. Frosting and sprinkles were smeared across the bear's muzzle, seemingly unaware of the mess present on his face. Emptied out, crumpled cupcake wrappers were scattered across the counter, crumbs surrounding them. "Morning, Terry." After discovering his passion for baking, he quickly discovered that the best way to someone's good side was through their stomach—especially for folks who worked boring, monotone positions. The rush of sugar, the crinkly sound of a wrapper being undone, the first bite; Gideon knew how it all made a person tick. The sight alone always made his chest warm, pride swelling from inside.

"Ello, Gray!" He mumbled with a full mouth, cheeks swelled like a squirrel's. "Your guy's waiting for you outside! Five minutes 'till he leaves, though. You know visitors aren't allowed to park in the parking lot."

"Roger that. Thanks for the favor."

The automatic door's chime went off. The parking lot was filled with old, ten-year-old cars that were in dire need of repairs—his included. That made Carlos' bright pink and modern motorcycle all the more standout. It might've been from growing out in a rural part of the country, but he always considered it reckless. Flashing wealth like that probably would inevitably lead to getting mugged. Of course, those thoughts were kept to himself. Beef with your only coworker was a recipe for disaster.

"What's on the update for today, boss?" The puma asked.

"Just two big ones. The insides of the cookies are chocolate, so they can't be reheated. They have to be warm for the event, so those go first."

"Perfect! Did you get my..." He leaned in closer, wriggling eyebrows at Gideon. "Weekly bonus?"

"Got it right here." He took the small box in the waist pocket, opening it to reveal a donut with blue frosting and chocolate sprinkles. "Blueberry donut for my favorite delivery driver. Made sure that I used the chocolate ones instead of the rainbow ones."

"The taste *is* different, Gideon. I swear that a baker like you should know the difference!"

"The chocolate coating is the only difference. The actual inside of the sprinkles is the same. The price difference is only because of the *perceived* difference between the rainbow and chocolate flavors." Gideon explained, the smug tone he had as a child breaking through the longer he talked. "The only reason that it tastes different is because your brain—"

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever!" Carlos rolled his eyes. "As long as you keep putting the chocolate sprinkles on the donut, I'll be a happy cat."

“Of course... Whatever floats your boat.” He gave Carlos the two boxes, leaving the latter one for himself to deliver.

Carlos twisted the key and the scooter’s engine revved up. “I’ll send you a message when the package arrives as usual!”

Before Gideon could even give the puma a thanks, Carlos sped off the parking lot, a trail of smoke left behind him.

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Gideon never really liked delivering things by himself. Meeting people in their own homes made him unsure of how he should act. What constituted as rude? It was different for each person, and being on their own home turf probably would only make them feel even more indignant over whatever possible mistakes he could make. All those fears were intensified by the fact that the client lived in the very same building as him.

With stilted breath, he knocked on the door. Almost immediately, the ground beneath him shook, heavy lumbering steps approaching the door. It was like a giant was barreling towards him, hitched breathing as he gripped the box.

“Sorry, SORRY! Will open... in just a second!”

A high-pitched, cheery voice came from the wall. For a second, Gideon thought that it was the spouse of whoever the thundering steps belonged to, but as he heard them resume again, he realized that the owner of the steps and the voice were one and the same. The juxtaposition of such titanic weight commanded by someone with such a friendly voice almost made him relax—yet as soon as he felt his chest untighten, the door creaked open—a scent similar to the one of his kitchen blasting through the open door.

“Sorry for taking so long! Had to make sure I was all dressed up before opening!”

Gideon's heart stopped. The air refused to flow from his lungs as the sight in front of him embedded itself into his mind; a massive, rotund mountain of pudge of a cheetah packed into a tight Gazelle shirt and grey sweatpants that were sagging downwards—the lower bits of a prominent set of love handles and muffin top available to the naked eye. The spots across his pelt were stretched across his large frame like an over-stretched image on editing software—usually beautiful patterns on the world's fiercest and gallant predators turned into a warped visage wrapped around his obese body. Most striking of all was his face—so filled with fat that his cheeks pushed up to near his shoulders, sagging downwards with a combo of three chins. His actual features—eyes nose and mouth—only composed a minuscule amount of the real state of his face.

"A-ah, uh..." He had seen dozens of heavy-set people in his life before—working in the countryside with food aplenty usually did that to people—but the man in front of him was probably the largest animal he had seen. He looked like the result of combining a cheetah with the body of an elephant. His shirt—limited edition merchandise from one of the pop star's last concerts—struggled to contain the titanic mass he had for a stomach. His

midsection spilled out from underneath the fabric like flan oozing out of a container too small for it. Even the parts of his torso that managed to fit around the shirt pushed the cloth to its limit—rolls of fat pushing outwards and creasing the fold around their mass. “Are you... Mister... Uh, ordered a chocolate cake?”

"Well, that's not my name per se, but I do certainly love ordering it!" The large cheetah said, proudly putting his hands on his thick, meaty thighs. The outer layer of flab from the sweatpants jiggled with the motion—a fact that the man seemed to be unaware of. Loud, booming Gazelle music was coming from a speaker inside. The obnoxious, fast-paced pop beats never failed to give Gideon a headache, yet he couldn't bring himself to care—every inch of his mind was enthralled and stupefied by the sight in front of him. “How much will it be? I forgot the price.”

“Fo-fifty bucks, sir...?” Gideon barely whimpered out, not even looking at the cheetah’s face—his eyes permanently glued to the massive pile of flab in front of him. “I-I don’t have change, so uh, if you had the...” His flowing chest spilled over his stomach, a pair of man breasts pushing against the shirt. They were the size of the fox’s head, doughy mounds of flesh that were drawing him in with their unnaturally large size and consistency. He didn’t know what they would feel like in his hands, yet his brain ran wild with possibilities. His hands trembled underneath the box, imagining clenching those soft masses with his clawed hands. “...Exact amount...”

“Oh, will be right back then!”

The cheetah turned around, giving Gideon a full view of his rump. Two round, massive ass cheeks dragged down the waistband of the sweatpants—ass crack in sight. The worst part was that the cheetah didn’t seem to be aware, happily strolling towards his living room. On top of the rumbling on the floor, each step caused his large behind to bounce up and down rhythmically in unison with the thumping.

...What is wrong with me?

Peeking inside, he saw that the entire apartment seemed to be filled to the brim with Gazelle merch and videogame consoles. A motion control videogame remote lay on the living room table beside a box of sugary cereal, a gallon of whole milk, and a large orange bowl with a spoon inside. Underneath the table were even more discarded boxes of cereals and other packaged sweets. Gideon felt like an intruder—an unwelcomed guest—but he couldn't stop himself from staring. It was like looking at a painting and finding more and more details the longer one looked; what looked to be a pillow the size of the cheetah's body with a pillowcase depicting a... *very* muscular tiger with skimpy shorts stashed on a chair near the couch—a large blue uniform—a gift basket filled with green flowers and chocolates.

The vibrant apartment was the complete opposite of his own apartment. Besides the large amount of baking equipment always strewn around his kitchen, there was nothing else of note with his apartment. A penny-pinching lifestyle had left him with a home with only the bare essentials—good for his finances, but it just made peering inside the home of someone with the complete opposite view on life even more confounding.

What kind of party could this guy be having? Maybe one of those... DeeEnnDee things that my cousin said he liked?

“Found it!”

Gideon suddenly flinched back, heaving as he realized that his fur was matted with buckets of sweat. He felt like he had ran a marathon without having taken a step. As the pudgy cheetah slowly approached him, it felt like just not the ground but the entire world was spinning.

“Phew! Almost didn’t find my wallet. Turns out that it was inside my pantry!”

“No worries at a-hall... uh, Mister...”

“Clawhauser, but you can call me Benjamin!” He said cheerily as he took the cardboard box with one hand and shook Gideon’s with the other. “I *just* found out about your business while scrolling through Instapaw last night and Oh. My. Gosh!” He squealed. “You make the *cutest* little desserts! Like, they have this super adorable homemade feel that all the cafes I visit don’t just get. Your logo’s super cute too, you’re *very* photogenic, you know?”

“Uh-huh.” Gideon blabbered.

“Well, here’s the money. I’m sure that I’m gonna *love* that cake.” He mewled. “Thank you so much for your service!”

“...Thanks.”

Gideon slowly waved at him, mindlessly gawking as the door closed in front of him. Even after the cheetah closed the door, the fox remained glued to the spot. It was like a jackhammer was pounding against his head, ripples of thoughts spreading to his brain like large stones crashing into a lake. He couldn’t pinpoint what he was even feeling—an intense rush of adrenaline that made him struggle to even get words out. Why did that cheetah make him feel so weird? He was a complete stranger—not a shred of familiarity... yet he made his heart pound as if it was going to explode.

“Dammit, am I sick or something? I just... can’t focus...” He trailed his hand down his face, cringing at the feeling of his sticky fur. “Eugh.”

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Out there in the south, Gideon never really saw the luster of social media. In a small town like his’, everyone knew each other. Constantly updating your profile seemed more like a show of vanity than anything else. Only now—with most of his family and friends living hours away from him—did he start to get the appeal.

Good thing he did—or perhaps it was a bad thing. He’d find out if he would come to regret what he was doing eventually—because he would’ve never been able to follow up on his meeting with his upstairs neighbor. Their meeting didn’t last for more than a few minutes,

but even after taking a shower and taking the rest of the day off to unwind, the rotund feline would just *not* leave his mind. Eventually, he caved under the curiosity of finding out *more* about him.

Scrolling down through Instapaw, the fox had found himself in a constant loop of looking at every post the cheetah had made, enthralled by how much there was to him; he was a police officer in the Zootopia police department—was probably the most obsessed Gazelle fan he had ever seen—and most importantly, he *really* liked food. Clawhauser would post a photo for every snack and meal he took. That at least explained the feline's... *size*—the cheetah's posting feed filled to the brim with pastries and baked goods. While some of the pics showed just the food, a lot of them displayed the photographer in question. He was always smiling—sharp fangs showed off with a smile.

“He’s seriously really into food...” Gideon muttered to himself as he scrolled through the cheetah’s posts. The way that he took such intense pleasure in the simple act of eating was enthralling. Gideon liked to *bake* more than eating. He still loved sweets—that’s the reason he got bullied about his weight for most of his life—but never to the degree that the cheetah showed.

Those same details that he looked out for when someone was eating... the cheetah probably showed them daily without even a hint of embarrassment. Maybe that's why he couldn't stop thinking about him. The idea of the feline absolutely demolishing a slice of cake he made with gusto and without restraint captivated him. To express such glee without shame was something that Gideon only thought of in a negative light before. Videos of people eating copious amounts of food online before always left him feeling... *odd*. He wasn't directly repulsed, but it always stuck in his mind. Now, that kind of situation with Clawhauser was *addicting*. *I bet a guy like him can take two... maybe three slices no problem...* It was an idea of pure allure—the apex of what his sweets could make someone feel.

Screw it.

He didn't know what he was doing and he was *very* sure that he'd end up regretting it, but he couldn't resist the urge. Scrolling back up to the top of his profile, he hit on the small mail icon to the right of his profile.

@GideonBakes: Good evening! It's Gideon, the one from the baking service you ordered earlier this day. I wanted to ask how the cake went? Was it good, and did your other guests enjoy it as well?

He hit send before he could second-guess himself, his pulse quickening as he waited for a response. The air of professionalism was a defense—he wasn't satisfying his curiosity. He was simply making a follow-up question for the sake of his business. No one could hold that against him, right?

The gray dots on the left side of his screen began to pop up, Gideon immediately throwing the phone down onto the bed. That regret was starting to swell up almost immediately.

“Nonono, what was I thinking?! I’ve never done a follow-up question before. No one does that crap, it’s just annoying marketing stuff!” He told himself, speaking faster and faster to himself. “Oh, please don’t tell me that I screwed myself out of a frequent customer. Ohhhh god, I fucked up—“

@ClawPopFan: Omg hiiii!!! I’m so glad that you contacted me. This is the BEST. CAKE. EVER! I absolutely loved it, probably the best I’ve had in years!

He imagined those sharp dentures of his crunching down on the cake—tearing through the dough and the nuts inside, a barbed feline tongue scraping off the bits of icing that would get over his massive, pudgy face. Why did he think that? Why couldn’t he *stop* thinking that? No other client had ever had such an intense grip on his brain before. He could even imagine Clawhauser mewling with each bite, that high-pitched voice of his reaching a crescendo, topped off with finger licking and—

Gideon. No. Stop. You’re being weird. He mentally chided himself. *Stop being weird.*

@GideonBakes: I’m very glad to hear that! Did the other guests appreciate the slices?

@Clawpopfan: Guests? Don’t be silly! That was all just for me :P I just got my bonus and I wanted to treat myself!

Gideon’s heart stopped—no. Not just his heart. Everything in his body. What was he supposed to think about that? The idea of someone binging copious amounts of food wasn’t even an imaginary fantasy. Just two floors above him, a cheetah had thoroughly devoured an entire cake in the span of a few hours. He didn’t think it was possible for someone to eat that much... well, anyone but the feline, really.

He definitely had the body type to chow down all that sugar and calories without even breaking a sweat. His stomach must’ve been bottomless—loud, churning gurgles coming from his midsection as all those slices were digested. *Maybe he even drank them with milk too... god, that must’ve been so rich...*

The fox bit his lip, shuddering at the thought. Even if Benjamin was right in front of him, it would’ve been impossible to see the way that his Adam’s Apple would bob with each succulent gulp—a quick moan accompanying it—with his fat chins sagging down from his face.

That just made him crave the sight even harder.

@GideonBakes: Oh, apologies for the mistake! The cakes are usually under the desserts for events section, so I just assumed.

@Clawpopfan: Don’t fret over that. I loved the cake! Is there anything else you wanted to ask?

You're losing him. He's getting bored. He couldn't just let it end here. Gideon's head kept pounding. He wanted to keep hearing about him eating. He needed to know how it would all go down his throat, food shoveled inside like an assembly line dumping everything on it into an endless void.

@GideonBakes: Well, is there any other dessert or pastry from my page that has caught your interest? We're holding a variety of discounts for your next order if your first order is over \$40.

It was a bald-faced lie. He *never* did discounts—not even for special dates like Valentine's days or Christmas. He just never saw the good in trying to attract even more clients if he had a perfect stream of clients. This was different. Clawhauser was something *more* than just a client. What exactly the cheetah was... Gideon didn't know. He'd figure it out later.

@Clawpopfan: Oh my gosh, are you forrealsies? That's so cool! Does it hold up for EVERYTHING in your shop? Because if so, I'm STARVING for some churros.

@GideonBakes: Yeah! All of my menu is open to you.

Gideon felt a lump in his throat. He had to keep going. His breathing turned jagged, panting as he tapped on the screen, pushing the phone closer and closer against his face—entranced by every word that the feline sent his way.

@GideonBakes: Of course, if your order still reaches \$40 with the discount, you'll get an even larger discount for the next one.

@Clawpopfan: OMG. Then \$40 worth of churros. No doubt. If it teeters a little bit above that, no worries! Just round it as close to that number.

“Holy shit.” Each bag of churros usually held seven churros with chocolate sauce, glazed with sugar, and coated with sugar—worth seven dollars. Six total bags for forty-two dollars and forty-two churros. One bag alone was usually enough for a person... so of course, he jumped onto his feet and made a mad dash to his kitchen. He'd already look

He flicked the light open, feeling his head pounding with intense desire.

@GideonBakes: \$42 for seven bags. When do you want them?

@Clawpopfan: Dunno if it's possible, but is it okay if I can get it as soon as possible? Just in an hour or two. I'm binging all the seasons of my favorite series and the churros would go perfect as the dessert for my meal.

This time, Gideon didn't even falter. He didn't need reassurance from himself.

@GideonBakes: Of course. No problem.

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Gideon's feet tapped incessantly against the floor. In a couple of minutes, whatever fresh sensation he felt across his body had been eroded as he began to sweat profusely all over again. The back of his shirt was pressing against his fur, every inch of his body just screaming at him to go back as soon as he delivered the churros, but body impulses were nothing in the face of morbid curiosity.

The door creaked open again, the obese cheetah revealing himself to him yet again. For a few moments, Gideon thought that the image he had built up in his head of the feline was just the product of his sudden fascination, the camera adding a few pounds with bad angles, and an overactive imagination, but with him standing right in front of him, he realized that Clawhauser was just as fat as he hoped.

Hoped? He only noticed his train of thought was heading in such a direction after the words passed through his mind.

"Helloooooo? Earth to Gideon?"

"Oh, shit—I mean, sorry." Gideon chuckled. "You said that these were for a... *binging* session?" Even just thinking about the word while frying the dough back in the kitchen made him bite down on his lips. He had to use all of his self-restraint to not do so while looking back at Benjamin.

"Well, I am technically going to be binging them while I watch!" He giggled to himself, Gideon feeling like he was just hit with a sledgehammer to the face.

Why why why did you say it like that. Why did you phrase it like that. That's the worst way to phrase that.

"But I meant that I was going to watch all the episodes in a row! I usually do this every few months. I gotta make sure that I'm all up to date with the lore of my favorite series. My fanfics have to be as canon-compliant as possible!"

Gideon slowly nodded—half of the words out of Clawhauser's mouth complete gibberish to him. "Well, uh... I hope that you have fun. I made this churros... the best I could... uh..." Once again, words refused to cooperate with him. "S-sorry, it's really late and I'm a little bit tired right now."

"Aww, well aren't you a hard worker?" He cooed, scooting down to be at Gideon's eye level—unaware of how his dangling stomach pushed against his bent knees. "I really appreciate that you made these for little 'ol me! You live two floors below me, right?"

If the word binging was enough to completely shut down Gideon's brain, the barrage of compliments was like his entire brain shut off for a few moments. He would've dropped the entire bag of churros if it wasn't for Benjamin grabbing them from his frozen hands.

“Yeah.” He finally muttered.

“Well, if you ever want to join me, my door’s always open! I’m currently on season 2, but I can always recap everything for you!” He cheerily offered. “It’s not too often that I get to talk to my neighbors. Most of them are all kind of stuck up or don’t like the stuff I like.”

“So... I can... Go into your apartment?” *And watch you eat?*

“Well, yeah. Dunno how else you’d be able to watch.”

"That... that does sound nice!" Gideon's tail wagged behind him, and dust swept into the air. "Are you watching right now? If you don't mind... maybe I could..."

“Oh, of course! Come in!” Clawhauser stomped his way to the couch, motioning for Gideon to come in. The cheetah seemingly didn’t even think twice about it, patting the vacant side of the furniture with excitement to match an overexcited cub in the middle of a sugar rush. “I’ll explain everything to ya. Won’t take more than... ten minutes or so?” He plopped down the large bag of churros on the table. “Come on!”

Slowly, Gideon moved inside, holding his hand close to his chest. The intense aroma of sweets turned stronger—a head-splitting mix between artificially scented castles and artificial sweeteners from processed sweets. He could easily imagine him mindlessly scarfing down dessert after dessert all day long to produce such a potent scent. *God, I wanna see him eat so bad... It's so wrong, but... it'd be so cute at the same time!* He realized that the couch was slightly tilting in Benjamin's direction, the other half pushed slightly into the air like a seesaw. Benjamin seemed completely indifferent—either resigned or unaware. Both outcomes tickled Gideon's brain in very unique ways—ways that made his entire face beet red.

He sat down, the couch’s springs creaking out in agony as even more weight was piled on top of them.

“So, the idea is that there are things called Adepts and Minos. Adepts are—“

Gideon could barely focus on whatever Clawhauser was saying as the cheetah slowly bent forward—the giant dough ball of a stomach being pushed down against his legs—as the cheetah reached for a churro from the massive bag. The fox’s eyes were glued to the carnivore’s lips as they parted slightly to take a bite of the fried dough pastry. The sight of the cheetah's plush lips wrapping around the churro was too much for Gideon to handle. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, tugging at his collar.

“Mhm, so sweet! So glad that I decided to get these.” He moaned. “Gosh, you’re the best baker ever!”

“A-ah, thank you! You really are... too kind.” Gideon said in a low tone.

“Anyways, so then, Gunvolt uses his electrical powers to raise the elevator up—“

Clawhauser grabbed churro after churro, barely chewing them as he gorged them down without shame. His stubby fingers were caked in oil and sugar, the sweet glaze dripping from his face every time he licked his lips to savor the flavor. Gideon watched with wide eyes as the cheetah continued to ravage through the bag of churros, astonished by his lack of self-control. He felt like a moth drawn to a giant fire—something that he should despise alluring him completely.

The cheetah paused for a moment before quickly snatching up two churros at once, nearly tripping over himself to get as many into his stomach as possible. He was moving almost like he was on autopilot—sustenance was his only goal.

As the episode played on, Gideon's attention was solely focused on the way Clawhauser's belly jiggled with every movement he made. Every time he reached for another churro, his belly bounced and wobbled like a bowl full of jelly. Gideon couldn't help but imagine sinking his fingers into the soft flesh of the feline's belly, feeling the weight of it in his hands.

...There's something seriously wrong with me... but I can't stop. No. I could... but... I don't want to.

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Gideon's conscience refused to let him sit with his actions. As he used a roller to flatten the dough—back and forth in a repetitive motion—the state of the cheetah's body weighed heavily on him. Most people would be appalled if they found out that he was intentionally trying to fatten up his already obese neighbor. The feline certainly didn't need more reasons to gorge on caloric, sugary pastries, and Gideon was providing him with one every day. He didn't even like the show they were watching daily all that much—he found the already convoluted storytelling completely turned incomprehensible by the time the concept of alternate universes got introduced all of a sudden in the last episode of season 3, but he just kept coming back with pastry in hand.

Clawhauser apparently got a pretty hefty salary. One thing that Gideon noted was that the cheetah was practically incapable of ever keeping quiet. Even when supposedly approaching 'confidential' topics, the chatterbox of a feline would always spill things out amid a sugar rush.

A paid sabbatical... With the body that he has, I don't even know what work he was doing at the police station. He looks like he hasn't had a day of exercise in years. A negative to most, a tantalizing allure for him. No exercise meant one less thing that would get in the way of their meetings. Plus, I mean... he seems happy. It's not like I'm doing anything TOO wrong, right?

His phone's notification went off. Wiping the dough off his hands, Carlos' name on the notification screen graced him. "Dammit, already?" He'd need to finish Clawhauser's cookies later. The cheetah didn't seem to be the kind of person to be mad with a delayed delivery anyway.

Going down the elevator, Gideon felt his phone's buzzing go off constantly. Even if he didn't have his hands busy with a stack of boxes, the fox wouldn't have answered out of sheer spite at being rushed. *You can't rush a good dessert.* He had told Carlos that many times, but it seemed that the puma still never learned. To deal with the angry, petulant woes of angry customers was obviously an insufferable ordeal, but delivering something *literally* half-baked would escalate the situation into a blowout that would definitely tank the decent online score his shop had.

"Jeez, what has him so antsy?"

The doors opened, and immediately—joined by the elevator's chime—was the sound of frantic screaming coming from the outside. Gideon's tail shot upwards, frazzled and upright like a warning light as he slowly walked forward, claws rubbing against the bottom of the cardboard box. *What the hell?* His immediate thought should've been to run back up and call the police, but that prickly part of his brain—the one that made him push himself to the limit to finish an order even against this better judgment—puppeteered him forward.

"G-guh..."

A loud, pained groan came from behind the counter. He recognized the ursine growls as Terry's, quickly stashing the boxes on the counter and peeking behind it.

He was lying on his back, the broken remains of his office chairs and a burst-open cardboard box with eclairs laid beside him. The seat, base, and cylinder of the chair that held the two together were strewn around as if the chair had been disassembled. Four of the five wheels were still attached to the base, with one having rolled far away from him. The bear writhed in pain, chest and face marred with chocolate and whipped cream, one éclair in his hands and two others that *burst* upon landing on the ground in such a potent fall.

"O-oh my god, what happened?! Are you okay?!"

"N-ngh, yes..." The bear groaned, slowly trying to lift himself up—his upper torso rubbing up against the burgeoning orb he had for a stomach—before falling back to the ground, an exasperated sigh parting his lips. "Dammit, I-I need you to call the police... and an ambulance! S-someone's getting robbed outside!"

"W-WHAT?!" Gideon turned his head, a chill passing through his spine as he realized what the chaos happening outside was. Carlos was backing away from a man who was seemingly threatening him, holding onto the puma's scooter. "Oh, you can't be serious..."

“I-I tried to stop him, but that stupid chair broke when I moved too fast... Mgh...” Terry sharply inhaled, clenching his fangs. “Dammit! Ugh, the hospital bill is going to kill me... I knew I should’ve laid off the stupid pastries...”

Gideon suddenly stopped, only now taking in how Terry’s body had... *changed*. He dropped a large box of pastries on his counter every week for months now. The act itself had become a complete routine to him—only ever focusing on him on the way to deliver the goods to Carlos. Besides gazing at a few bites—relishing in the feeling of his food being savored—he never took too much stock into Terry himself.

He did know what he looked like when he first bought the apartment and Terry explained the rules of the building—he was fat, but in the way that most adults in their 40s way were. The absolute mountain of a bear that was standing right in front of him was *not* that. His security guard uniform *barely* fit him—wrapping around tightly his uniform. The buttons of his shirt were holding on together for dear life—tufts of brow fur peeking through the gaps. Large, chunky arms and meaty legs were stuffed into a uniform that could barely bend around their girth.

Am I... responsible for this? The thought both horrified and mystified Gideon. Even without putting any effort on his part, he managed to turn a mildly overweight man into someone trapped by their own obesity. With how heavy he was, in combination with the broken office chair told a story that infested Gideon's brain—a story that he wanted to repeat with another protagonist at the helm. *He knows when to stop, right? I mean, everyone is responsible for their choices... So if I push this to make him even bigger... it's not really my fault, is it?*

Suddenly, the emergency stairs door burst open. Clawhauser *barreled* through the entrance, his weight carrying his momentum forward all the way like a boulder rolling down a mountain.

He crashed into the wall, the entire room rumbling from the impact before he bounced back like a giant beach ball rolling back from a wall.

“Holy crap, are you okay?!” The fox asked while kneeling down next to him. “What in the world were you doing?!” Looking from top to bottom, Benjamin was slathered in buckets of his own sudor. He was obviously prone to sweating before thanks to his girth—the wet imprint of his massive frame left on his couch was always present after a few hours into their show-binging sessions—but nothing to this degree. He didn't move—seemingly more out of exhaustion rather than an injury like Terry's. His police badge moved in unison with his jagged breathing, attached to an anime shirt that had seen better days, almost looking like a makeshift bra more than an actual shirt—probably the first thing that he could get, considering that for as shameless as the cheetah was with his appearance, he still had the foresight to pick clothes that *attempted* to hide his body.

“S-saw trouble... had to... mgh, help!” He slowly started to get up, his large stomach rubbing down against the reception floor and slathering it with perspiration.

Gideon stared in awe—the sight almost like a giant leviathan stomping down on the ground far too small for someone their size—as Clawhauser got up. A red pair of tight workout shorts contained his ass tautly, each ass cheek even more pronounced. The fabric was stretched so wide that it almost looked skin-tight. He felt like a disgusting pervert for focusing on such a detail in a moment like this, but the cheetah's presence alone was enough to make him captive to his worst impulses. His eyes were glued to the two round, shaking mounds of muscles *engulfed* by fat and cellulite as he ran towards the door, stumbling desperately as he rushed through with his protruding stomach—his midsection pushing the glass doors away like a jiggly battering ram.

“S-stop!” He screamed—a poor attempt at intimidation with his squeaky cadence. “Drop the gun, sir! Or I’ll shoot!” He was heaving, hands shaking.

Oh. Of course he had a gun. *Dammit, what do I do—*

“Is this seriously the best that the police department can bring? Pah!” The man—a freakishly large rodent clad in a trench coat and wearing a hat so large that it obscured almost the entirety of his face—scoffed. Carlos was to the side, hands up in the air. “Get lost, tubby. This scooter’s mine. Limited edition Temsik scooter like this baby would make me a killing.”

“I’m warning you—“

He twirled his weapon with poise—like he was moving an instrument. “And you parroted protocol. I don’t even have a gun, bud.” It was a butterfly knife—golden and shiny, resembling an ornament more than a blade

Before Clawhauser could even react, the thief lunged at the cheetah—driving his elbow into his doughy chest. His gun flew into the air as he was sent to the ground, whining while Carlos stood by in shock.

The thief chuckled to himself as he pushed his feet against the cheetah's stomach, sinking it as if he were stepping into a deep puddle of thick mud. “I think I’ll keep this, buddy.” He bent down and cut the part of the shirt that had the cheetah’s badge on it. “Lucky token from a lucky cat! Kehehe!”

“W-wait, that’s mine—“

“Shaddup, tubby.” He bluntly said before hopping onto the stolen bike, and speeding off into the streets.

As the thief left, Gideon rushed to the parking lot. No words were spoken as he tried helping up the large cheetah—to little avail, their size difference only weighing on him once he tried raising him by one of his chunky, doughy arms. *Most* of the limb was completely caked in fat, Gideon needing to clutch his arm to get the base of the arm. “Are you okay?”

“Mgh, my feet hurts...” He moaned in pain.

“What about you, Carlos?”

“...I quit.” The puma uttered. “At least for the moment. I gotta get my bike back. Police seem to have failed me, so I'll need to try again.” The last bit of the sentence was scornfully delivered to Clawhauser, much to the cheetah's chagrin. “Ugh, I hope my insurance helps...”

“Let's hope.” That's all Gideon could say. “I still brought you your donut, if that serves for any consolation.”

Carlos sighed. “Might as well get a silver lining out of this.” He woefully received the pastry, immediately chowing it down once taken out of the bag. “I better file the report quick. I don't want that thing sold off to some collector in Europe.”

“What happened, actually? You sent me a ton of messages—“

“Guy was following me for a while. Wanted you to hurry up.” The puma explained. “But what done is done, I suppose. I'll see you around.”

As Carlos shoved the final remains of the donut, Gideon couldn't help but notice something.

Is that a potbelly?

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Terry was taken to the hospital for his back. Apparently, someone else who was 'more qualified for the job' would take over the position—Gideon couldn't help but think that it just meant anyone who wasn't morbidly obese.

“Why did you go down the stairs?” He asked, trying his hardest to help Clawhauser waddle out the elevator doors. “Six whole floors... how did you even manage to run that down?” The inquisitive tone for such a simple action slipped. It was a task that he wouldn't have thought as anything remotely close to a challenge, but with the lumbering cheetah, he couldn't help but imagine his chunky body bouncing up and down as he ran down the stairs.

“Elevator... broke down...” He panted, tongue lolling out his mouth as he struggled to breathe. “Mgh... had to... help...”

“I know, big guy.” Gideon tried to be comforting—not that he was that good at it. More than a decade of taking out your aggression on other people didn't do a mind good. “At least you tried, right?”

“Chief Bogo was right...” His voice broke, clenching his eyes closed while the two of them approached his apartment.

Bogo? Judy mentioned that name once. Is that their boss?

“Door’s open. You can just... come in.”

Gideon took the invitation, stepping in as best he could while still supporting the cheetah. He couldn't resist the temptation to trace his fingers across Benjamin's arms. They were incredibly soft as if the fox was grabbing onto a stress toy.

“Hey...” Clawhauser muttered under his breath “Could you help me onto the couch? I don’t think I can manage it on my own anymore...”

The fox nodded his head in agreement before helping Clawhauser stand up properly. Heaving and adjusting himself around Gideon, the cheetah slowly brought himself up towards the edge of the couch. Gideon had to adjust himself and hold his legs up so that the feline could slide over properly without having to use too much force, the excruciating feline moans like nails against a chalkboard.

Once Benjamin was settled down on the couch, Gideon perched on the edge of the couch, watching the heavyset cheetah. He could see the pain etched across his face, every breath sounding like a wheeze. Gideon knew that he should leave, that he had more client orders soon, but he couldn't bring himself to move. Instead, he reached out and tucked a loose strand of fur behind Benjamin's ear, watching as the cheetah's eyes fluttered closed at the small touch.

He was surprised when the cheetah’s hand reached out and grabbed onto his own, the weight of his paw heavy against Gideon's fingers. "Thank you," He whispered, his voice ragged and hoarse. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

Gideon blinked, caught off guard by the sudden emotional confession. “What are you saying? I’m just a pastry chef. Nothing compared to being a police officer.”

“I’m the world’s worst police officer...” The feline whined. “My boss said that I was too out of shape and told me to take a sabbatical to lose all the weight. I, uh... didn’t end up doing that, as you can see.”

Oh, I could tell. “Well, was that sabbatical mandatory? Or did your boss just want it?”

“I... I don’t know. I just thought that I had to take it, since—“

“Then no need to worry about it, in my book.” *I just want to make him happy. If the sabbatical isn’t legally enforced, he doesn’t have to follow orders... so no harm no foul.* He pondered. “Hey, since your leg is hurting a bit, how about I treat you to something? On the house.”

Clawhauser gasped, folded ears shooting straight up. “Do you really mean that?”

“Of course. How does ice cream cake sound? I got strawberry or—“

“Oh, oh! Strawberry. I love fruity stuff.”

Gideon chuckled to himself. “One strawberry ice cream cake coming up, buddy.”

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Gideon was glad that the cheetah didn’t question him about bringing the entire cake instead of just one slice from his apartment. Sugar always seemed to pacify the feline into absolute complacency, nary a bit of suspicion in his mind from the looks of it. Having placed the entire thing—served in a transparent glass tray—on the f table, Clawhauser’s heavy tail was swiping back and forth on the couch.

“Are you sure that this is all for me?”

“Totally. Think of it as a boon for being my number one client.” The fox pulled a long, sharp knife from the block on the counter. He grasped the hilt with both hands and slowly glided it through the smooth, white cake, taking extra care to make sure the slice was thick and ample. After removing the piece, he set it onto a plate and turned around, an affectionate grin adorning his muzzle. “And I think it’s about time you earned a reward...”

They were completely alone—isolated from the prying eyes of the world. Gideon could feel his own degeneracy puppeteering him into doing something as bold as this, but he didn’t resist. To be guided by strings of pure debauchery and impulse made him feel alive. His paw gripped the slice, frosting, and dough slathered around his fingers as he slowly pushed the cake slice toward the cheetah’s mouth.

Clawhauser’s eyes widened and his lips parted, allowing the sugary treat to enter. Nothing but faint, whisper-like moans came from him—confusion and elation swirling around his confused mind. His tongue licked along the edges of the slice, savoring the sweet flavor that filled his mouth—cheeks swelling from the large amount of dough packed inside. Gideon had to push a little farther, the entirety of the slice a titanic task for the cheetah to tackle.

The once-confused feline now had a look of surprised ecstasy on his face as he savored the deliciousness. The velvety soft texture of the ice cream—combined with the crunchiness of the strawberry ice cream cake—made him sink into his seat. The sugary mix of ingredients all melted in his mouth, an ecstasy-filled purr filling the air.

He accepted it so easily. He wants this too... I just know it. He used his other hand to push deep against the cheetah’s stomach. The feeling of his fingers sinking into the pudge—flab morphing around the pressure and enveloping his digits—was like touching a piece of

heaven itself. Gideon greedily wriggled his fingers around Benjamin's stomach, still making sure that he was eating. *I love the way he eats. I love his body. I love his appetite.*

I love him...

Gideon—sadly—took his hands off Clawhauser. Only for a moment, of course. He brandished the knife and cut through the cake yet again. “You better eat it quick. We don’t want it to melt, right?”

“O-of course!” The cheetah yelped—hands clenched and face red. “But, don’t you want some?”

“Me?” Gideon took one last look at the cheetah’s protruding stomach. “Nah. I think I’ll be fine.”

“Why? I mean, it’s so tasty. I feel bad just hogging it all.”

Oh, you’re hogging it alright. “Well, because this is *your* cheat day. Might as well treat you to something nice...”

“W-well... okay! But after this, I’ll try to get back in shape. This is just some goodbye food!”

Oh, sure you will. “Sounds perfect!” *We’ll see if that ends up panning out...*

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The ground underneath them shook repeatedly. Gideon watched from the sidelines as Clawhauser continued hopping up and down. The cheetah had at least gone through the effort of finding some at-home workout videos to and get some exercise in. He was originally going to go to the gym, but after some... *convincing* from Gideon, he ended up staying at home out of supposed convenience.

In reality, Gideon just wanted him as near him and his food as possible.

He watched with gusto as the tubby cheetah hopped around, paws lifting and dropping in tandem with each other through a long session of jumping jacks. The counter of the television had just barely begun to count down, yet the feline's labored breathing had begun to turn so loud they were overtaking the video's sound. The woman in the video happily performed jumping jacks at lighting speed, performing three in the time it took Benjamin to complete a single one.

Clawhauser's face was covered in a pink, warm hue that glistened with the sweat running down. With every jump, his cheeks jiggled and his flab bounced around, depriving him of speech—his moaning and complaining turned into warbled, incomprehensible sounds. His

tongue hung out of his mouth as he breathed through his mouth like a mindless dog, moving solely through inertia and strength of will.

The thin cyan-blue fabric of his muscle shirt strained to contain the cheetah's upper body, stretching to the very limit as more than half of his upper frame was left completely exposed.

The fleshy rolls of his thighs strained the fabric of his shorts nearly beyond capacity, almost ripping despite his lack of physical strength. The white stitching that held the fabric together was wiggling with each jumping jack, the tight clothing slowly giving out under the immense straining.

The bright neon pink fabric had begun to fray and tear in places, Benjamin constantly shifting and squirming to avoid rubbing against the rough edges of worn material. His fat hung above his tightly packed shorts, jiggling like Jell-O relentlessly—the sound of his sweat-marred rolls akin to two pieces of meat being slapped against each other.

Gideon had to turn away for a moment—not out of disgust, but out of pure, overwhelming awe. The morbidly obese feline kept bouncing around with all his might, the fat rolls and wrinkles of skin rippling every time his fat frame *smashed* against the ground after a jump. His tight workout clothes stretched to the limit their absolute limits, squeaking against each twitch and jump.

It was a struggle for the cheetah to stay in motion, struggling to breathe—dry heaving non-ceasing. Ever the dramatic one, his moans were a dry, coarse, arrange of discord that made him sound as if he was at death's door.

“Ngh, ugh... ngh...”

Just then, Gideon’s phone alarm suddenly went off—the shrill beeping noise cutting through the air like a knife.

The feline immediately stopped, his tired figure dropped onto the floor as he laid down on his back, panting heavily as if he had just run a marathon. He pulled off his shirt with a single motion, revealing the rest of his whale-like physique. His man boobs sagged downwards, formless and wrinkly with stretch marks.

“Time for your protein shake!” Gideon announced with a smile as he looked up at the panting cheetah from his seat. “It’ll help replenish all that energy you burned off!”

Clawhauser yelped in relief. “Finally... It’s so hoooooot...” He whined.

Gideon handed him a large and thick chocolate shake filled to the brim with thick brownie chunks swimming through the cacao-y liquid. He knew full well that it wasn't a protein shake, but rather just a sweet treat to reward Benjamin for his hard work. That was the

justification he used in his head, and it had gotten him *this* far with his endeavors in widening Benjamin's body—it clearly was good enough.

The cheetah's mouth watered as he immediately brought the cup to his lips, taking in huge gulps of the delicious liquid. He either didn't seem to mind or realize what he was being fed—eagerly accepting the shakes day after day. The chunky brownie bits filled Clawhauser's mouth with every sip, a rush of satisfaction following every swallow. He moaned in a sugar rush-driven euphoria, savoring every last drop before he finally put the cup down. "Mmmm... That was delicious!" A satisfied smile crossed his face as he licked the remaining brownie crumbs from his lips. "You really know how to encourage someone.

As he finished wiping his mouth, Gideon gave him an approving nod. "Just doing my job. Let's take a rest, alright?"

"Yessir!" Clawhauser saluted with pride before crashing down onto the spot where Gideon was sitting earlier.

"Take as much time as you need, bud." A wave of pride washed over him as he admired the results of his work. The cheetah was growing more rotund by the day—and Gideon couldn't be prouder. He had worked so hard to ensure that Clawhauser was getting all the right amount of calories and sloth he needed to grow bigger and bigger, and it was paying off in spades. The hefty feline had become a living testament to Gideon's dedication—and there was nothing more satisfying than watching him bask in gluttony and the false illusion of self-improvement. "After all, you need to make sure you're all big and strong, right?"

"That's right! I'm sure that I'll be looking as buff as the Chief in no time!"

Sure you will... Well, not as buff, but definitely as big. Maybe even bigger. Gideon couldn't help but chuckle at the cheetah's ambition. His strange, obscene fascination found the way Clawhauser was so driven to become even bigger and more powerful—even if he was completely unaware of what it would mean for his health—adorable. A part of him was well aware that it was wrong to feed him desserts and milkshakes every day, but he couldn't stop himself. There was something special in watching a once-fat feline bloom into a heavy, rotund figure that was well on his way to surpassing the realm of obesity—one which he could proudly call his own. *This cheetah's mine...* That possessive streak that had long been dormant was now in full force—bound to keep the feline down his path of gluttony.

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Gideon fiddled with the key ring—moving past the keys to his apartment, his mom's house back in the south, and his storage unit—until he found the copy to Clawhauser's apartment. "I'm here, Benjamin!" He got no response as he walked past the door, but he was used to it. The cheetah was usually asleep at this time of the day, after all.

He took out a massive stack of pancakes from a plastic bag and served it up on a tray in the kitchen. The smell of sweet syrup and warm, freshly cooked batter wafted through the small apartment—an undeniable sense of elation and comfort flowing through his nostrils.

Now carrying a giant breakfast fit for the retired officer, he quietly opened the door, an endless pile of empty containers and wrappers greeting him as he stepped inside

Clawhauser's room. He was lying on a pile of clothes and linens, snoring away in blissful ignorance.

Clawhauser's immobile, morbidly obese body was a sight to behold—one which Gideon could stare at with an intense mixture of admiration and guilt. His fur had taken on a darker hue due to all the grease that he consistently spilled over countless meals. His cheeks were incredibly plump, and what little whiskers he had left were barely visible beneath those round orbs of flab. Even though he was permanently stuck in this position, Clawhauser still managed to project an aura of satisfaction and comfort—his face forever stuck in a wide, adorable smile even when deep in slumber.

His stomach now extended to reach below his knees—his entire body pinned down under the immense weight of his belly. The formless mountain of dough churned loudly, the sound akin to the whirring of a jet engine with its deep pitch and volume. His feet peeked out from underneath his massive midsection—large, sausage-like digits wriggling in his sleep.

So many layers of fat had been wrapped around his body that his arms had become useless sacks of meat—barely any mobility left in them. A plus to Gideon, since it meant that now all of his meals would be delivered by hand-feeding only.

The bed that was once enough for him had long been replaced with a custom-made contraption, one that was built to cater specifically to his needs. It was now an oversized mattress, complete with reinforced sides and back supports—the cheetah having become its permanent resident ever since it arrived home.

Gideon sighed, shaking his head as he knelt down next to the cheetah's bed and gently stroked his head. "Hey, buddy..."

"Mgh...?" He slowly opened his eyes, purring and *trying* to raise his arms in unison with a yawn, only to quickly give up the second he tried. "Hi, Gideon... sorry, overslept a little."

"Got too busy watching season 4 again?" The fox mischievously asked—as if he didn't spur on that behavior even further.

"Yep. Wanted to rewatch that fight scene with ZedΩ. My viewers are waiting for my analysis video of his abilities." Long gone were the days of Benjamin Clawhauser being a police officer. Now, the cheetah spent his days blogging about his favorite shows with a speech-to-text program to help him write down his thoughts. He had tried to write them on his own, but even if his arms weren't completely useless, his chunky fingers would've made it impossible for him to write. "What about you? Are you doing okay?"

"Pretty fine, but let's not worry about that." Gideon placed the tray on top of Benjamin's stomach, using it as a makeshift table. "For now, we have more important things to worry about, like your breakfast."

And like the well-trained boyfriend he was, Clawhauser opened his mouth, drool already cascading from the sides of his fat maw.

Picking up a pancake and bringing it to Clawhauser's lips, Gideon watched the cheetah eagerly took a bite, his eyes rolling back in pleasure as the sweet, fluffy pancake melted in his mouth.

Benjamin's eyes rolled back in pleasure, the sweet syrup and fluffy pancake hitting his taste buds like a bomb of bliss. With each bite, he moaned in delight, savoring every last crumb and drop that Gideon fed him—scraping the sides of his muzzle with his tongue to scavenge every last crumb and drop of syrup.

“Mmm, God, this is amazing...” Benjamin muttered in between mouthfuls, his cheeks bulging with food as he spoke. “You’re the best.”

“Anything for you, Benjy...” Gideon replied with a soft smile. “We have six more pancakes to go. Think that’ll be enough for a guy like you?”

“Well, you know I’m always up for seconds. If you have the time, I’d love to go for a round two!”

“I *always* have time for my big kitty.”

The words made the large clumps of fur around Clawhauser’s frazzle up. “A-alright... Don’t push yourself too hard, okay?”

“No need to think about that, Benjy. Here comes pancake #2!”

Gideon fed him another bite, watching as the cheetah's jaws moved in slow, exaggerated motions, the sugary mass melting in his mouth. Benjamin's body began to stir with excitement, his massive belly churning and gurgling as he consumed more and more pancakes. They all slid down his stomach effortlessly. The fox couldn't help but feel a surge of arousal as he watched the cheetah eat, his round, plush body wriggling with pleasure as he indulged in his gluttony.

By the time Gideon finished feeding Benjamin, he had consumed a whopping eight pancakes. His toes curled with satisfaction, and he let out a contented sigh. “That was sooo good...” He muttered under his breath, his voice muffled by the pillow of fats around his mouth.

“Alrighty, now that you had your fun, let’s get you some *exercise*, alright?” Gideon couldn’t help himself in being coy. It was true that a simple physical task would be a war of attrition for the cheetah, so he was right in a sense. “Sit up!” He said firmly—his cadence almost like an army general’s.

The large cheetah let out a discontent sigh. “Alriiiiight...” A loud, shrill groan began to erupt from Clawhauser’s mouth. The rolls of fat around his mouth strained alongside his breath as he began to inch forward by millimeters, the sweat trapped between him and the bed matting the sheets. His arms jiggled as he tried to reach out, sausage fingers writhing as he desperately tried to reach for Gideon.

“You’re doing great, Benjy!” Gideon cheered as he moved two pillows from the back of the bed and placed them underneath the cheetah’s back, providing extra support for his tired body. “Alright, rest now.”

"Hmphh!" The cheetah struggled for breath, panting as he now remained slanted on the bed instead of flatly lying on it. "Alright... let's... go..."

Gideon grinned, grabbing ahold of Clawhauser's hands and slowly beginning to pull him forward. With each tug, the cheetah inched closer and closer toward Gideon until his body was upright on the bed. The effort left both of them drenched in sweat, but with a sense of accomplishment on their faces—Gideon from lust-ridden euphoria and Clawhauser from his sloth.

"Good boy!" Gideon cooed. "You earned an extra snack this afternoon."

"Oh, really?!" He asked with childlike glee. "Gosh, you really are the best—"

"Ah ah ah." Gideon chanted. "Don't get too ahead. We still need to finish your exercise. Now that you sat up, we need you to get at least a minute of standing."

"A minute?! Wasn't it just thirty seconds last week?"

"We're upping the training! Now, make sure to hold onto the handle. I'll help you move your arms, alright."

"Okaaaaay..." The cheetah solemnly said in a sing-song tune.

Gideon slowly wrapped his hands around Clawhauser's wrists, feeling the soft, flabby flesh beneath his fingers. He carefully guided the cheetah's arms toward the cable's handle, not wanting to tire him out too much. The fox felt the heat emanating from the cheetah's body, the velvety softness of his flab as he lifted him up and into position.

It was a slow and arduous process, but eventually, Clawhauser managed to grasp onto it with a shaky grip. While he was on tight for a good grip on the handle, Gideon steadied him with one hand and gently massaged the cheetah's arms with the other.

"Alright, not let's take a deep breath before you stand up, alright?"

"Hooooo... okay..."

Pushing himself forward, he *slowly* rose up from the bed—the springs creaking out in relief as they were relieved of holding up his titanic mass. His knees wobbled beneath him as he slowly raised himself off the bed, his hands shaking wildly as he tried to keep his balance. "Mghhhh, crud!"

"You can do it, Benjy!" Gideon encouraged from below him, only lifting his head up to catch the occasional glimpse of Clawhauser. "You got this! Come on, you can do it!"

Clawhauser's entire body wobbled. He was just *barely* managing to hold onto the handle, struggling to remain afloat. As the seconds ticked down, he continued, wobbling and panting.

Gideon watched with glee as Clawhauser whined and wobbled his body—the sight of his new obese body giving him an immense feeling of satisfaction. The cheetah was so big now that he was like a beached whale—struggling against the tide just to get by. It was a beautiful sight, something that made Gideon's heart swell with excitement.

Finally, the seconds ticked down to zero. Clawhauser had managed to hold himself up for the required time, collapsing back onto the bed in victory—the springs creaking out in agony. “I-I did it!” He cheered in delight, puffed out from all the exertion.

“You sure did! Good job! You earned another treat!” Gideon praised in response, patting the cheetah’s belly in satisfaction as he lay there exhausted on the bed. “I’ll go make them. What’s on the menu, big guy?”

“Hm... How about a chocolate cake?”

Gideon grinned. “That’s a good boy.”