

WEEK 1. MONDAY

There was something about smoking anywhere other than his trailer or the lot in front of Brian's that upset Jeremy. He felt like at any minute, someone would burst down his door for smoking weed. Carl had told him a hundred times that nothing would ever happen, but old fears died hard. He was always so on edge that simply breathing without weight on his shoulders was a monumental task that always pushed him to get as high as a kite.

Carl took his eyes off the screen and let go of the electronic pen, spinning his chair around. "What are you doing now? You've been quiet as hell, man." Two years into a graphic design degree, he decided to get an apartment instead of living on campus. There was something off about that place, plus having his own space just felt really nice.

"Trying not to think." He said in a droning, distant pitch. His index finger twitched, rapidly tapping his chest as he laid his hand on top of it. "Can't." The sound of Carl's CPU humming with those obnoxiously loud fans certainly wasn't helping. He'd leave the living room and go to his own room were it not for the fact that being alone wasn't the best for his mental health either.

"Have you tried—"

"I don't wanna hear your stupid hypnosis meditation tapes." Jeremy hissed, ears shooting up straight. "I don't care how 'good' they are," He accentuated the compliment with quotation marks before continuing. "I'm not going to listen to your new-age hippie bullshit. I've tried, but the guy's voice is too slow and smooth. It makes me think of my mom."

"Wasn't going to ask that. Also, gross."

"...Then what do you want, nerd?"

He tried to temper his tongue, a slight pang of shame creeping up his throat. One of the best parts of owning his trailer—besides not having to deal with his drunken piece of shit of a father—was that no one expected anything from him. He'd go entire days without bathing or changing clothes, sinking into his reclining chair and mindlessly staring at a constant stream of old cartoons, and no one would say shit to him. After all, he was in his home. He could do whatever the fuck he wanted.

Now, things were different. He had to move out of Echo because *no way* he'd stay there with Brian and Duke after the entire town went crazy. Whether it was out of naivete or pity, Carl was the only person in his contacts that didn't tell him to go fuck himself when asking for a place to crash, and without any effort from either of them, the small few weeks that Jeremy proposed while looking for a place of his own had become an indefinite engagement. Now, five months in, he had lived in the ram's apartment while working at the burger joint nearby and trying to... well, *act like a normal person*, for lack of better words, took a lot of adjustment.

"Nothin' much. Just want to show you a little something."

Carl stood up from his chair, the seat creaking after *finally* being relieved of the pressure of more than three hundred and seventy pounds. The ram was already overweight before—not that Jeremy could call him out on it, lest he be a hypocrite and even more of an asshole than usual—but after moving out of Echo and coming back to university, the constant classes and the lack of Flynn’s lunches left the ram a happy customer of all the takeout places near their apartment. What resulted from his continuously worsening eating habits was an even more expansive figure, his previous self from just a year ago looking skinny in comparison. The pouch of fat he had for a stomach had ballooned into a flabby chunk of blubber—body brimming with adipose tissue hugging what was once a slightly chubby but toned build. Every inch of his body was engulfed by a thick layer of fat, pushing against his clothing and making him look like a pastry about to burst from how much filling had been stuffed inside. He bent down to grab something from his backpack, grunting as he searched through the copious amounts of binders and random folders that he had crammed inside.

Jeremy couldn’t help but notice his shorts riding down from the motion, his ass crack in full view. That was something else he noticed as well—Carl’s pants seemed to be unbearably tight. The fennec fox couldn’t even begin to imagine how it must feel to constantly have so much of one’s body squeezed and pinched by their own clothes. He visibly saw how the fat on Carl’s leg *expanded* once it stopped being compressed by his shorts. How he even managed to put them on in the first place was a mystery to Jeremy, and if he wasn’t so indebted to the ram, he would’ve pried into Carl to know already.

“Aha! There it is...”

Jeremy immediately recognized the small objects on Carl’s hand as blotter paper. One green, and the other a dark yellow. “Seriously? You’re going to take heavier stuff after the car crash?”

“Been taking them for stress relief and I haven’t seen any signs of a dead Chase, so I think that I’m okay.” Carl scooted up next to Jeremy on the couch, the springs underneath crying out in the form of a haunting screech. “I sometimes see funky stuff, but it’s okay as long as you have someone near. Sometimes I even invite Raven over. He ended up loving the stuff.”

“Really? The dog guy?”

“Yeah. Check it.”

Carl took out his phone to display a photo of him and Raven together. They were in Carl’s room together—probably while Jeremy was off on one of his shifts. Carl still looked the same, yet the same couldn’t be said for Raven. The husky had gone from a slim, slender build to a portly canine. He wasn’t downright obese like Carl, but it was clear that an ample amount of weight had been piled on top of him. His white-furred stomach peeked out from his similarly colored shirt, and the belt he always wore was nowhere to be seen.

Jeremy chuckled at the sight. “You’re a bad influence, Hendricks.”

“Always happy to help people let loose, you know?”

Seeing Carl so in control was still odd to Jeremy. He was used to the bumbling, shaking wreck of a rich kid who would constantly ask for more. The ram wasn't completely fine, but he was leagues better than he used to be.

"Sure. Just give me the thing already."

"We gotta do something first, though. You don't wanna start tripping without having your tank full."

"God dammit, Carl. This better not be one of your stupid bullshit offers to do one of those mukbang videos. I don't need Jenna giving me any more shit about my weight." His sister always seemed to have a comment locked and loaded about his rotund physique whenever they interacted. Jeremy was fat, sure—but side by side with Carl, he probably looked like a paragon of health. Why couldn't she focus more on his fatass roommate instead of him? "Plus, I don't like being recorded. Makes me feel all weird."

"Already know that, pal. But tripping while hungry is the worst. That shit saps your energy like a vampire sucking you dry."

Trying to ignore the suggestive, playful wriggling of the ram's eyebrows, Jeremy conceded. "Fine. Bring your trash food so we can do this already. I want to forget about the stupid whore who let her kid puke in the middle of the table."

"On it, boss."

Carl left the room, and almost immediately, Jeremy noticed the sweaty imprint of the bovine's ass left on the soft matting of the couch. "Fuck, he's *massive*." He said to himself, awkwardly looking at the giant sweat stain. He was amazed at how quickly he let himself go. All that it took was for him to stop working out for a few weeks for any drive to keep himself healthy to fade away. The snowballing happened before his very eyes, yet the fennec fox could barely even process it even now. *How can someone eat that much?*

"Sorry for taking so long. Had to make sure nothing spilled."

Carl was carrying pretty much the spitting image of what 'junk food' would look like if you searched the term up online; bags of chips with every flavor you could buy at the nearest convenience store—bottles of cola—sugary desserts with brightly colored packages—and a whole load of fried food. There was even more hidden underneath that Jeremy couldn't see, he just knew that it must taste really good and have a fuckton of calories. It seemed that the ram still had a smidge of muscle left—no other way he could carry the literal buffet he had on his hands.

"What the fuck? Why'd you bring so much stuff?"

"Well, like I said, being alone on a trip is no fun. I need my own fuel too, you know?" As he said it, the ram gently placed the avalanche of food onto the table in front of the couch before lifting up his hoodie, revealing the cream-furred mass of dough he had for a belly. "I got a *big* tank." He slammed his gut, the slap sounding particularly wet as drops of sweat flew from the impact.

Jeremy looked away on impulse, covering his muzzle with his paw. “Jesus Christ, Carl. Don’t do that. I don’t wanna see your fatass stomach. I already got my own to look at.” Looking at the food, a bitter mix of temptation and shame crawled up his throat. Jeremy was no stranger to binging—when you’re surrounded by a bunch of addicts, edibles and shitty 2000s B-grade horror movies are an excellent way to pass the time—but now that he was at least slightly soberer through the days, eating so freely had become a challenge. Then again, he didn’t have breakfast today, so maybe it wouldn’t be that bad. “Why do you have so much food?”

“I always have some in case I get bored and want to watch something. I usually feel better after eating, you know.”

“Ah.” Well, that explained it. “Well, whatever. Just make sure you don’t hog it all. You said that LSD leaves you all emptied out of energy, right?”

“Surprised that you never took it. Weren’t you the one trying to sell me some just a few months ago?”

“Just ‘cause I sell the stuff doesn’t mean I take it as well. I know my limits, dumbass.” Jeremy hissed. “Now give me my fucking BBQ chips, you fat fuck.”

“Takes one to know one.”

“Oh, shut up.”

Smiling, Carl handed Jeremy the bag of chips. The ram didn’t take his eyes off the fennec fox as he tore the bag open, tearing it more than he wanted and causing some of it to trickle out onto the table.

“Shit.” Jeremy scooped up the chips on the table, grabbing them all in a handful and shoving them into his mouth. “Alright, give me your thing.”

“Sure thing.”

Jeremy snatched the bottler paper and placed it on his tongue. He knew that it would take some time for the trip to start, so in the meantime, he began to take out some of the sugary sweets onto the table; two eclairs so stuffed with whipped cream that they were dribbling from the sides from the slight movement—a chocolate cupcake with icing of the same flavor—and three sugar cookies that Carl seemed to be completely fine with giving to him from the grimace he made as soon as he saw them be taken out of the bag.

“You’re gonna love this man,” Carl said, bottler paper already on his tongue. “This stuff clears my head. I make some of my best art after taking some.”

“I sure fucking hope so.”

Jeremy anxiously tapped away at his leg as he waited for the drug to take effect. Now with all the food in front of him, the urge to indulge was building up inside of him. He could hear his stomach

roaring out in hunger, wanting to be filled. It was as if that part of his body had gone from a part of his being to something foreign that lived inside of him. From the time he gave Carl some heavy stuff—still nowhere near as close as LSD—he knew that seeing things didn’t turn out so pretty. The food seemed to help, at least according to Carl.

“When is this shit kicking in?” He asked, feeling sweat going down the side of his face.

“It will be soon. Don’t worry. Just make sure that you take it slow.”

“I want to fucking eat man. You got me hungry.” It was hard to tell the time while tripping. The experience itself one where time seemed to fly at either a crawl or rocket-like speeds.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Carl asked, plucking a doughnut from a bag. The giant ring of dough was far larger than what a standard doughnut would look like. It took up almost his entire hand, a splurge of melted chocolate bursting out once Carl took a bite. “Go ahead, man.”

“What about the fucking paper thing?”

“Must have taken effect by now, bud. Relax.”

Jeremy didn’t have time to reach for the food before Carl did it first, grabbing one of the eclairs that he set up earlier. In the blink of an eye, he felt the dessert jammed into his mouth. Chocolate sauce and whipped cream smeared all around his muzzle as the ram tried to push the dessert deeper into his maw

It took his breath away for a second, shock and the sudden injection of the dessert’s flavor feeling like he was in an instant foodgasm. The sudden feeling of adrenaline stopped and was soon replaced by the comforting, delicious feeling of the dessert sliding down his throat. His tongue was already going crazy, licking away the chocolate off his muzzle until Carl grabbed his head and shoved the rest of the eclair into his mouth. The force of the action was enough to shove the dessert further down his throat, forcing him to feel the pain of the sugary pastry. The ache was electrifying—like adrenaline was rushing to each part of his body and leaving an addicting buzz.

“I told you that you’d love it,” Carl said, smiling as he saw the look of bliss that was clearly painted on Jeremy’s face. “Let’s go big.”

“...Fuck you, Carl.” He groaned, grabbing the other eclair and stuffing it into his maw. As much as he told himself that he hated the idea of letting the ram shove food into his mouth, his body was far too hungry and needy for him to deny himself. The taste of the dough, the rich chocolate, and the whipped cream were so addictingly sweet that he felt like had no other option but to continue.

“This shit is so good.” He said with a full mouth. Everything about the food was *so* right. It felt like heaven compared to all the cheap crap he’d eaten back when he lived alone in his trailer. He felt like a little kid mindlessly consuming all of his favorite snacks with a blissfully unaware gusto. Quickly working on the second eclair, he felt a warm sensation in the back of his throat that made him feel as if he was being wrapped around by a cozy blanket.

“You ready?” Carl asked, his voice bringing his attention back to the present.

“Huh?” Jeremy tilted his head. “For what?”

Both of their eyes darted towards the table, where all three cookies were still sitting. Jeremy could feel his mouth watering at the sight of knowing he was going to be able to devour the treats. He could feel a sense of blind hunger clawing around inside of him, wanting to latch onto something and gnaw off a chunk.

“Just trust me, dude. It’ll be worth it.”

“Okay...” Jeremy said, voice droning out into a flat tone.

WEEK 12. THURSDAY

Jeremy kept looking at himself in the mirror. Everything around him felt warped and morphing—like the world was continuously changing underneath his nose just to fuck with him. It left him perplexed about the reflection in front of him; clad in nothing but a pair of ill-fitting pink boxers that once belonged to Carl, the fennec fox had morphed from a stocky canine to sharing the same obese, doughy exterior as his roommate. His face had rounded out, any edge to his appearance now buried under the piles of adipose coating his head. His stomach extended forward, sagging down past his waist and covering a partial bit of his crotch. He didn’t think that the constant binging would creep up *this* fast on him.

“Hey, Jer. What toppings do you want your pizza to be?”

“Already told you. Meat lovers” He groggily said—face scrunched up as he pinched his chunky sides. They spilled from his waist like dough overflowing from a tray. Jeremy hated how they would always bellow out forward even after he tried pulling his pants up to contain the overflowing love handles. “Fuck, how do you deal with this? It feels like I’m wearing a mattress.”

“Think of it like constantly lifting, man. You’re helping your body work.” Carl teased, trying to adjust his wide rear on his chair. Parts of his ass—tightly packed into a pair of swimming trunks with an elastic waistband—hung in the air as the chair was unable to host the entirety of his rump. “Fuck, I need a new chair soon.”

“Might as well order two, because the way you eat, you’re gonna be double dipping in seats, fatass,” Jeremy said as he put his hands under his gut, lifting it only to see it drop. The way the large dome of a stomach jiggled up and down reminded him of a water balloon. *God, how heavy am I?*

“Would already have done it if I could. The backrest is all uncomfortable.” Carl explained before returning to the call. “Yeah. So one family-sized meat lovers and one family-sized pineapple pizza with two bottles of cola. Thanks.”

Jeremy scoffed. “Pineapple pizza? Seriously?”

“Love the sweet flavor. Plus, gotta get some fruits if we’re pigging out all the time. Gotta stay healthy.” The ram playfully explained. “And being large is not so bad. You get used to it.”

Jeremy kept staring at his reflection. There was something uncomfortable about it that he couldn’t quite put into words. What stared back at him was like the twisted product of a funhouse mirror. It didn’t feel like him, yet he knew it was. His stomach wobbled and shifted on its own, almost looking like an image being warped in a photo editing software. The tangy, bitter aftertaste of the bottler paper lingered in his mouth. With forty minutes since he put it on his tongue, Jeremy was growing impatient. He already had eaten earlier, hoping that it would temper his anxiety, but it only managed to do so for a short time.

Carl’s room was spacious, double the size of the cramped space of his entire trailer. Despite having his own room, Jeremy spent most of his time there or in the living room. He’d play video games with the ram—a luxury never afforded to him growing up—or watch him mindlessly draw sketches on his computer. Most of the time it would be porn, but it wasn’t like he was about to complain about a nice view.

“Hah. I get it. Once you start growing, it’s craaaaazy. It blends into the stuff you see once the high starts to hit.” Carl explained, grunting as he very *slowly* stood up. The ram moved at a snail’s pace, shallow breaths coming out of his mouth. At four hundred and fifty pounds, while still perfectly mobile, Carl was anything but agile. The ram had moved all of his classes online, bound to his seat for most of the day. The tiny amount of exercise he had when moving from his apartment to the Pueblo campus was *not* missed by the ram—more than happy to remain seated for almost an entire day, only getting up to get more food or go to the bathroom. His constant snacking had destroyed the structure of his eating habits, forgoing three meals a day to constantly indulging at all times independent of the time of day—a habit that had transferred to Jeremy by proxy. “Not to worry, bud. I’m here.”

“Thanks. I *totally* need more of your fatass influence in my life.” Jeremy whined, rubbing his hands around his stomach. “Fuck, I feel so *weird*.”

“Weird? Do you feel weird when I do... this?” Carl suddenly came up behind Jeremy, moving his hands to grip the sagging parts of his belly in between his hands.

“What the fuck?! Carl, get your fatass hands off me!” Jeremy screeched, trying to push the ram away from him but unable to shove the gigantic herbivore with his pitiful body strength. “What are you doing?!”

“Just checking the goooooods.” Carl hummed, chuckling to himself as he began to jiggle the doughy stomach up and down. “Dude, your belly’s hella fuzzy. It feels like a giant pillow.” He pushed his own stomach against the fennec fox’s back, trying to close the distance—belly compressing as he pushed forward.

“You’re being weird, man...” Despite the apprehension in his voice, Jeremy couldn’t deny the feeling of something tender growing inside. He knew that it was probably the LSD making him feel extra sensitive—Carl’s hands leaving an electrifying afterglow around his fat frame—but where that

feeling came from didn't matter. What *truly* mattered was that he couldn't get enough of it. The ram's hands were bulky, thick digits gently stroking the pile of dough he had for a stomach. Carl was moving with technique and poise, gently pinching with enough strength to not hurt him yet still pressing down on his fat. "You're like, treating me like a stress ball or something..."

"Bro, chill. Just making sure that you're all soft. It helps me think."

"So you *are* treating me like a stress ball, then."

"More like a stim toy, actually." Carl clarified. "Come on, we should relax together. You're tense as hell. I can feel it."

Jeremy rolled his eyes. "You can feel it through my fat fucking rolls, you weirdo?" The thought that someone would so greedily take hold of the sagging chunks of fat hanging from his body had something deep within Jeremy rumbling. He couldn't get the feeling out of his head. A part of his mind was screaming at him to gather his pride and push the ram away, but he loved the feeling of the chunks of adipose tissue all being *coveted*. His reflection—now even more warped to the point that he could barely recognize himself—was being sought out by someone just like him. With being met halfway in such a predicament, how could he not give in? Give in to mindless indulgence. Carl was clearly keeping him regardless of whether he worked the stupid job at the fast food joint or not. It all seemed so simple—the only obstacle was a sense of skepticism cultivated through the years. "God, what the fuck are you doing to me...?" He asked under his breath, cheeks flushing.

"Yeah. I can feel it." Carl added, rubbing Jeremy's even more. "In fact, I feel like I can do this." He leaned back, increasing the distance between him and Jeremy. The ram then pulled the fennec in, nestling the fox's hefty fat ass and the entirety of his stomach against his own soft belly as the two crashed on top of Carl's bed, the mattress just barely holding on under the combined weight of the two overweight animals.

Jeremy could feel just how much of his body Carl could comfortably handle pushing around. The ram was so big that Jeremy's belly mound was nothing compared to the lardy, sagging gut that the ram had. The feeling of his soft flesh pressing against him made Jeremy shudder, forced to look closer now that Carl was making sure their bodies were rubbing against each other. Carl's love handles spilled even further, a set of two more rolls atop the bottom one. A set of hefty man boobs that made Heather look as flat as a road in comparison rested above his stomach, sagging on top of the giant dome of blubber—a set of perky, brown nipples that drew his attention in. God, he wanted to pinch them so bad.

"You a boob guy? Cause you're staring at my tits." Carl asked out of the blue.

The sudden question, for some reason, caused Jeremy to erupt in question. He felt so fucking stupid and happy at the same time. "Heheh. Heheheheh!" His laugh was shrill and raspy, the result of constant smoking showing clear as day as he cackled without restraint. "This is so fucking ridiculous. You and me. Together."

“Ridiculous? What’s ridiculous about two fatties being together?” Carl started to shift again, moving his hands down to the fennec’s thighs, gently stroking them with his fingertips. “Look at us. We’re both fucking awesome.”

“Hehehe, I fucking know. It’s so fucking silly, though. You and me. Together.” Jeremy replied, his eyes staring deeply into Carl’s, his own hand resting atop Carl’s right shoulder. “There’s something really fucking wrong with us to enjoy this. Dude.” Jeremy giggled again, head tilting slightly back and forth like a bobblehead in need of adjustment. “But like, I also enjoy being fucked up. It’s nice. I like mooching off ya, fucking fat weirdo.”

“I know you do.” Carl hummed.

The two just lay there for a while, not doing anything but staring at each other. The moment was awkward, yet both found themselves comfortable in it.

“So really, what’s with the sudden spooning?” The fennec fox asked, still mildly apprehensive.

“That’s just how I roll, dude.” The ram responded, taking both hands and placing them on Jeremy’s huge, doughy belly, gently caressing his body with them. “What are you talking about? We always spoon together.”

“We do?” Jeremy asked, confused. “When?”

“Since now.”

“Oh... oh man,” Jeremy laughed once more, his chest shaking with his giggles. “I’m so fucked up.”

“Well, duh. That’s what happens when you’re on heavy stuff.”

“So are you! What’s your point?” Jeremy inquired with a smirk, snagging his arm behind Carl’s fluffy neck and pulling their bodies even closer, bellies smooshing up like two piles of dough smashing against each other.

“I’m just saying, man. You’re not fucking normal when you’re fucked up.” Carl said, smiling. “I love it.”

“I love it too. Love this life.” Jeremy suddenly blurted out.

“Love? Where did that come from, dude? Whoa, look at your eyes. You’re halfway gone.” Carl took a second to admire the fox’s deep, blue eyes. They were glassy and distant, seeming to see into some unseen realm. “I love it too, man. I never thought my life would be like this.”

“What!? Like what!? Oh, shit. I’m getting fucking weird.” He was momentarily aware of the sudden bout of affection he spouted out, quickly looking away and muttering curse words under his breath.

“Hehe. No, not like that.” Carl insisted, snagging a small chunk of Jeremy’s fat and giving it a small squeeze. “I mean, I didn’t think I’d get so fucking fat. I knew I was a fatass, but I never thought I’d reach this stage. But you know? I fucking love it.”

“Heeh.” Jeremy chortled, Carl’s words calming him down momentarily. “You’re a terrible influence.”

“You know, I wouldn’t be able to do this shit if you didn’t follow my footsteps either,” Carl emphasized, squeezing Jeremy’s fat even harder. “This is all fucking fantastic.”

His honeyed words of encouragement forced a smile out of Jeremy, making him break out in a giggle as he felt another jolt of pleasure shoot through his body. He loved how Carl made him feel, loved the way his fat was worshipped and adored. It was a feeling he had never experienced before, and he never wanted it to end.

“Carl, I—”

But before he could say anything else, the sound of the doorbell pierced through the apartment.

“Pizzas are here!” Carl excitedly waddled out of bed, fetching a hoodie that was incredibly tight and ill-fitting for his obese frame. The sleeves were rolled up, unable to go past his shoulders thanks to his flabby arms. It was a miracle that he even managed to put it on, the fabric just barely managed to go to the area above his belly button.

Jeremy watched his fat jiggle like a bowl of pudding as the ram waddled to the door, body wobbling with every step. He then looked down at his own pudgy frame, tenderly rubbing his stomach. For some reason, it wasn’t as tantalizing as when Carl did it.

WEEK 21. WEDNESDAY

Jeremy anxiously tapped his finger against his stomach. Why did he agree to this? Well, he knew why, but he still didn't want to believe that he was willing to delve so deeply into Carl's gluttony. It was one thing to indulge in vices nonstop in the comfort of his own home, but it was another whole thing to have people online gawk at him and Carl's gluttony for voyeuristic pleasure. It reminded him of how Micha loved to record himself jacking off or using a toy. He never understood the appeal—if anything, he could only see downsides to it; people would see your face—they would know you as the fat fuck that eats all day long—putting a performance in the vein of a freak show for everyone to see. What was the fun in all that?

"I think we're done." Carl turned around, each step he took taking a full second. The ground underneath him shook as he waddled his titanic frame through the room. At five hundred pounds, the ram was just barely able to move himself around. He could only remain standing for five minutes before he had to lean against a wall for support or having to scramble for a seat large enough to hold the two giant sweaty mounds that he had for a posterior. "Fuck, I really gotta hire someone to take care of setting up the camera. Shit's hard."

"Don't you have class today anyway? I don't get why we're doing this." Jeremy asked, clearly trying to find a way to back out of his responsibility.

"Taking a sabbatical. Want to know if content creation is my groove."

Jeremy looked down at himself—clad in nothing but a pair of the same swimming trunks that Carl had been wearing a few months earlier. They still reeked of marihuana and sweat, but it was the only thing that fit him. He didn't have a credit card like the ram, and he was far too proud to beg him for clothes. Of course, that resulted in him parading around the apartment shirtless 24/7—much to Carl's delight.

"Dude, no offense, but I don't think that this is going up on YouTube."

Carl snorted. "You're damn right. We're streaming it live."

"Oh my god. Is this like that bathwater shit I saw you looking up one time I went to your house? You're already very lucky that I agreed to come out shirtless, you fat fuck."

"No, no. Nothing like that. We'll just be eating live in front of tons of people that love to see big guys like us eat. I mean, eating feels good, right?" He rubbed the fennec's stomach, shutting Jeremy up and making him pout in flustered defiance. "Atta boy."

"Shut up, Carl." He tried to resist the alluring feel of the ram's hands against his stomach, but once Carl got going, Jeremy was bound to turn into putty. Whatever sense of decency and rationale would push him away from eating into morbid obesity always faded away at the gentle rubbing motion of Carl's fingers. Of course, he couldn't resist the temptation to fire back with curses and anger in an attempt to retain a small bit of decency.

"Now, let's put the food on frame." Carl placed a tray on the table in front of the bed. There was an array of chips, drinks, other snacks, and candy—all organized in a giant semi-circle that nearly filled the tray. There was a warm brownie as fat as Jeremy's fist, a plate of bacon that could fill a bathtub full of grease, and a dozen different hamburgers on the verge of sliding off the tray with how many of them were. "Alrighty then. Scoot over to the right a little, Jer. The pile of pizza slices is blocking the view of your navel. People love to look at stuff like that."

"Uh, okay..." He said while following the ram's orders. "Dude, the fact that you can afford all this stuff..."

"Only for my partner in crime." He said while winking.

"D-don't act like this isn't for yourself, fatass."

"Guilty~" Carl then fiddled with the laptop connected to the camera, typing something in before hitting the enter key and causing the light atop the camera to light up with a red glow. "Say hi to the camera."

"Wait, what? I mean, hi?" He nervously looked at the lens, clenching his hands together as he felt his face heat up. "I'm, uh. Wait, no. Not my real name. What the fuck do I say?"

"*Your username.*" He whispered while leaning in close to Jeremy. "Welcome to the stream, y'all," Carl said as he waved at the camera. "Your friend HendicksFat brought along a friend."

"Jer123." He said flatly. *God, what a stupid fucking username. I would've chosen something cooler if I knew that I had to say it out loud.* "So, uh... do we just eat?"

"This is my friend Jer's first mukbang stream, so I'll be guiding him through everything. I'm sure that you'll love having him over as much as I do!" Carl excitedly said as he reached for a piece of fried bread wrapped around bacon, grunting as he had to stretch to reach the greasy delight. "Mghhh! Oof, I need to bring this closer. Juuuuust get it a little bit nearer..." He said in a singalong tune. "Mghagh! There we go! Now, Jer. Open up."

"Wait, w-mpfh..." He moaned in pleasure as Carl forced the bread down his throat. He thought about spitting it out to make the ram ease up a bit, but the second that he swallowed, he craved another bite. That was the thing with Carl. Whenever he tried to resist, he couldn't help but fall back into the trap that the fat fuck had set up. He'd be yelling at him if he wasn't enjoying it. "M-mpf. Mm..."

Carl continued grabbing the food on the tray and feeding Jeremy, running his hands down Jeremy's obese Fennec fox form, refusing to let the obese canine get a moment of respite. His fat, grease-covered fingers glided through the white and gray fur of Jeremy's neck. Using his other hand, he scooped up a spoonful of ice cream from a tub between bunches of fried bananas and large meat pies and forced it into Jeremy's mouth, which hung open like an addled child waiting for more.

The ram then took a massive bite out of one of the many chicken drumsticks in a bucket before looking up at the camera. "We're juuust starting out, folks. I mean, look at us. Fatasses like us need

to eat till we're fit to pop." He grabbed his protruding belly, the flab of skin jiggling between slightly parted fingers. He twisted and turned to show off his striped boxers before he shifted to play with Jeremy's sagging stomach. "Fuck, I bet that you're all so eager to see us get even bigger. Especially my little buddy over here..." His eyes sparkled with mischievousness as he snatched two zebra cakes from the snack table. Grabbing Jeremy by the shoulders, he forced them into the fox's wide-open mouth, his cheeks puffing out like a squirrel's as he struggled to swallow the treats. Carl gave him a playful pinch on his bottom, Jeremy's fiery temper dissipating in an instant.

"Mphhh..." Jeremy let out an impish, high-pitched whine through his full mouth. His cheeks burned red, and embarrassment flooded his mind.

"Come on, tubby." Carl teased. "How about you grab stuff on your own? You're making me do all the work."

"Chause yhoo kheel futtin stoughff in mah fucking mouth!" Jeremy said, crumbs flying out of his mouth and splattering atop Carl's stomach. "If you want me to hurry up, how 'bout you stick to stuffing your own face?"

"Can't do that if you're too slow, bud. You gotta quicken the pace up if you want me to stop bossing you around."

"Bet."

Jeremy reached for the pile of chocolate donuts resting next to the pizza, immediately trying to swallow as fast as he could once he began to cram the sugary desserts into his maw. They barely grazed his fangs, the fox wanting to swallow them almost whole just to get a headstart on Carl. His eyes remained glued onto the ram as he pushed donut after donut into his mouth as if it was an assembly line, cheeks constantly full.

"Challenge accepted, Jer."

The ram snatched a handful of donuts in one go, shoving them into his mouth without chewing. He wasn't even trying to taste the sweet treats anymore, they were merely fuel for him and Jeremy's ever-growing bellies. His eyes were focused on Jeremy's movements, the competition pushing them more and more. The sound of gulping and chewing filled the room, a symphony of pure gluttony filling the room. The donation chime kept going off every few minutes, ravenous viewers demanding MORE from the pair. They quickly finished the donuts, only to wordlessly agree to move on to the rest of the food.

Fuck, he's eating so fast! No wonder he's so big... Jeremy's breath shortened, now having to take breaks in between bites—somehow feeling exhausted by simply having to reach forward to take more. Not just that, but with how fast he was gulping down, only the sound of his stomach struggling to churn the avalanche of sugar and grease made him aware of how quickly he delved into gluttony. His stomach was bloated, churning and gurgling as it continued to push outwards, further covering his swimming trunks. He paused for a moment, lucidity returning to him during that brief occurrence before continuing to chow down on all that stood around him.

Before long, Carl had finished off half of all the food on the table while Jeremy had only managed a fourth of it at best. But despite how impressive the ram's performance was, his belly had swelled considerably. It was incredibly rare to see him anything close to full, and even while seemingly nearing his capacity, Carl didn't slow down. He was like a machine fueled by nothing but the gusto of eating more than what any normal person would need.

The fox couldn't resist looking up at Carl in awe—not just for his borderline *supernatural* ability to continue eating. However, he quickly shook his head, before going back to finish off whatever food remained on the plate closest to him.

“Fuuuuck...” Carl whined, looking over at his half of the tray—completely empty—and then look at Jeremy's—a few slices of pizza, one drumstick remaining in his bucket, and an array of blueberry muffins with whipped cream on top of them. “Guess I won, huh?”

Jeremy couldn't help but pout. Why did he care so much about this stupid contest anyway? It was just to entertain a bunch of online freaks who got off to them being fat. Liking one's own body was one thing, but wanting to help two obese men get even fatter? They were both already struggling with mobility, their sagging stomachs reaching their knees and spilling even further to the point that the view of their own feet was obscured... who would be into that? And who would *care* what those people thought?

Only a freak like them...

“Guess my friend's Jer a lil' bit of a sore loser, eh?” Carl elbowed Jeremy, his arm pushing deep into his spilling flab. “But I'm sure he'll be up and ‘running’ the next time we stream. I think that we'll be logging off for now. Hope you all had a good time!”

WEEK 49. THURSDAY

Jeremy was paralyzed.

Not by fear.

Not by anything in his system that had his muscles clamped up.

Not by something supernatural.

It was by himself. His fat body was pinning him against his bed, a giant mass of adipose tissue in the form of rolls upon rolls finally having gotten so big that it overpowered his already feeble muscles. He couldn't feel anything except for the weight of his own flab on top of him, and the way it contorted his body so he couldn't even tell where his limbs were anymore. It was like a blob of fat whose only person-like features were a pair of horrified eyes, a long snout, and a tail. The realization wasn't something sudden. It was like a minuscule drop tilting the largest glass in the world.

"Mmm... Php... Mphhh... FUCK!"

He felt the weight shift slightly, the lard around his frame jiggling like a giant blob of jello. He tried pushing back with all his strength, but it was to no avail. It was like trying to move a ton—and he wasn't that far off close. He was nearly 570 pounds. Just thinking about such a sentence with such mundanity made his stomach churn, and the worst part was that disgust wasn't the only feeling there. No, it was a strange, almost infectious sense of pride that he hated... but loved at the same time. Gluttony had become his vice, and he couldn't do anything about it.

Suddenly, Carl began to wake up. A deep, gruff yawn reverberated through the room. Usually, Jeremy was completely fine with the ram's slow nature—both mental and physical—but with the building panic, he didn't have time for Carl's lax attitude. "CARL!" He yelled, suddenly jolting the equally immobile ram up.

"I'm already awake... What's the problem?"

"The problem is that I can't get up, you fat fuck! You promised me that I'd still be able to walk and we'd stop when it was getting dangerous!"

"Oops. Guess I forgot."

A smile tugged at the corners of Carl's mouth. The ram looked quite comfortable and content with the way he looked and felt; proud of the extra weight he'd gained. It felt so natural that it almost seemed like it should always be there from the beginning like maybe this was the way he really should be. That's what Jeremy gathered at least

"And what's got you so tilted? Did you really think that I didn't have a backup plan?"

"...You better."

Carl chuckled again. "Don't worry about it! I think we both know who I'm gonna call."

"Oh..." A wave of realization hit Jeremy on the face as he realized what Carl meant. "Dude, seriously? Him?"

"Mhm," Carl said, clearly far more on board than the fox. "Now... Alexa?" The blue light of the device lit up, and with that, he had his queue. "I need to make a call."

WEEK 50. FRIDAY

Chase Hunter; Journalism Major. He was supposedly destined for great things—like writing about politicians who cheat on their wives or influencers who get themselves killed in stupid, ludicrous, and entirely preventable ways. Those subjects might sound like hell on earth for anyone in his career, but right now, it seemed a hundred times better than what he was doing at the moment. Having finished the camera setup, his only choice was to look at the unruly sight in front of him.

What Chase was looking at was almost enough to make him gag. The two occupants of the room were immobile, their bodies seemingly one with the bed. The fact that they were his friends—well, one friend and one person he knew—only made it ten times worse. They were twisted reflections of the persons from his past—two featureless blobs of dough, unable to move or do anything other than be there. Their bellies overflowed over their lardy, amorphous legs and onto the bed sheets, their chins and cheeks dotted with a thousand mini-mountains of fat. Sweat dripped from them onto the mattress below, absorbing the liquid like a sponge.

He had never seen anything so utterly disgusting in his life. They let themselves go so completely that they could barely even move, let alone take care of themselves. He found himself feeling a mixture of revulsion and pity as he watched the two lie there in their own blubber. Not just that, but to be so content while doing so. It all felt so bizarre that it was like something pulled out of a bizarre nightmare, but he couldn't deny reality... or the massive paycheck that Carl gave him to be his cameraman and caretaker. Still, he couldn't shake the feeling that he was intruding on something private, which only made Carl's insistence to get him involved all the more gag-inducing.

"I... don't see why not," Chase said, getting into position to record the two blobs on the bed. "But can we... you know... get ready? I wanna go home already, man."

"What does my co-star think?"

Jeremy groggily lifted his head up—neck completely caked in blubber—to glare at Chase. "The fuck are you waiting for, man?! We're ten minutes late!"

"Oh, uh... alright."

The cameras began to roll, and immediately, Chase left the room, unwilling to see god-knows-what they did once the witnesses to their gluttonous self-destruction began to egg them on.