

You sometimes wondered if meeting him was fate or just a string of accidents that had a happy ending. A botched show, a merciless crowd, and a crying comedian bumping into a random person that just so happened to be kind to his usually derided humor.

Whatever the case was, you ended up meeting up with him every day after his continuously failing shows in order to cheer him up. He seemed to be well enough at first, but all it took was just a few minutes of talking to him for the cheery facade to drop. He'd clutch his red hat, squeezing it as he explained how the other neighbors would throw trash and other objects at him for his—as deemed by the populace as unfunny—improv shows and comedy evenings.

When you heard about such vitriolic reactions, you halfway expected his jokes to be offensive or downright immoral, but instead, you were met with a rather... silly charm. The 'so bad it's good' kind of jokes that end up circling around into pure hilarity. You were the only person to ever laugh at his specific brand of humor, and that always seemed to be the medicine to his sadness.

Eventually, after spending your afternoons with him pretty much everywhere in the neighborhood, the two of you settled to meet in a cafe stationed in the very middle of the town. It wasn't too crowded—perfect for dealing with Barnaby's post-show stress. Not just that, but it sold all kinds of pastries and desserts for the beagle to enjoy. You liked your sweets well enough, but not like Barnaby did. The canine carried a massive sweet tooth in his greedy, hungering maw, and you were more than happy to indulge him.

He was shy about it at first, just like he was with everything else. He'd always order the smallest option possible to not appear like he had a craving for sugar, but it wasn't hard to tell that he would leave hungry if he did. Fortunately for you, all that was needed was a bit of pestering for him to give in to his wishes. The smile that would paint itself across his face when he first ordered that chocolate cake slice—cheeks full of cake, crumbs, and icing around his lips, and a goofy giggle from the sheer excitement he could not contain—was simply priceless.

"Are you okay?"

"Huh?"

"You were spacing out. Is everything okay?"

Right. You were in the cafe with him, just like every day. You couldn't believe that you had been going out with Barnaby for five straight months. It seemed to not be of great impotence to him—probably because he had gotten accustomed to you rather quickly. You, on the other hand, still found it bewildering that you had someone this charming so enthralled by you. It still didn't

seem real. For all you could know, you could just be dreaming and then you'd wake up in a Barnaby-less world.

"Yeah! Just... thinking about you."

"M-me?" The answer took the canine back. He dropped his teaspoon into the cup, tiny splatters of hot liquid splashing across the porcelain plate underneath. "W-well golly, that's very nice of you to say. What are you specifically thinking about?"

"Just ourselves in general, really. I'm really happy that we met, and I'm glad that we can share moments like these." You could barely keep your voice straight. It quivered and shivered with every word that left your mouth. "And you know, cheering you up with all these nice sweets. You definitely deserve it!"

"Oh, wow... You really find new ways to make a fella's heart flutter, dontcha?" Barnaby ran his paw down the back of his head. "I-I really appreciate you too! Sorry if I didn't make it clear. I'm a busy dog, after all."

"No need to apologize. You've made it very clear." Moving past the plate of cookies that you got just because you could, you took a sip of your own tea. It's sweet—just like him. Chapping your lips and setting it down, you then realized that he had once again ordered something far smaller than expected for him; two small cinnamon rolls, each one the size of his index finger. "Oh, Barnaby! I thought that you ordered the large slice. Why did you get something so small again?"

"W-well, I didn't have enough money in my pocket. That's the only thing that I could afford."

"Hey, you should've told me!" Without thinking about it, you pushed the plate of cookies toward Barnaby. "Here, eat this. You probably need the energy."

"W-woah, are you okay? You don't need to do this, you know?"

"Well, yeah! But I want to." You pushed further. You were adamant about making sure that he would eat all of them; the heart-shaped strawberry jam ones—chocolate chip—oatmeal—macarons—and many others that you didn't know the name of. "Please, think of it as a gift from me! For being such a good presence in my life, you know?"

"O-oh, well... if you insist..."

With a cookie in each hand, Barnaby began to scarf down the desserts with glee. Whatever modesty he had before you gave him the cookies seemed to vanish. The sugary flavor immediately obtained a stronghold in his mind, forcing adorable whines and yelps out of him from the sheer,

unadulterated joy that refused to be contained. Crumbs, icing, and filling fell on the table and on his rainbow-colored vest.

“And you were planning on just being satisfied with your cinnamon rolls, huh?”

“W-well, I just didn’t want you to spend money on me...” He said with a full mouth, looking away from you with his small tail wagging fiercely. It was just barely visible, but with how much Barnaby was shifting in his seat—squirming from the embarrassment of being doted on—you could get a good look at it. Each bite made the small nub move faster and faster, excitement pouring out of every part of his body that wasn’t his quivering mouth.

“But you look so happy!” You teased, leaning in further. “And I like seeing you happy, B.”

“Y-you do, huh?” Stopping himself from grabbing the last chocolate chip cookie, he gently rubbed circles around his stomach. “Well, if you’re happy... I’m happy, so maybe I should let ‘ya treat me, then.”

“Great!” You turned to the waiter and called him over loudly, making some people turn their heads. You were definitely going to apologize to Barnaby for putting him in on the spot later on in the day, but you couldn’t manage to keep your excitement down. You knew that the reason you were so immediately smitten—even before seeing his comedy act—was because of his soft physique. He was big and huggable, and a part of you always wanted to further amplify that aspect of him. Of course, with all that he had on his plate, you didn’t think that bringing it up would be wise; giving him one more expectation to live up to would just sour his already waning mood.

Now, however, it was different. He had given you the go to help him overindulge in the harmless vice of eating. Barnaby opened the door for you, and without a second thought, you jumped into it.

You ordered pretty much everything else that you knew Barnaby liked; that chocolate cake you gave him during that fateful cafe date—a giant cookie with a width that matched his head—brownies with hot fudge and ice cream—and so much more. You didn’t waste any time waiting for the order to arrive either. Scooting your chair closer to him, you popped one cinnamon roll after the other to fill up his mouth. With your hands dreamily placed upon your cheeks, you watched him chew while smitten and taken aback by the sudden forwardness at the same time.

“W-woah...”

“No need to worry, B. You should just relax. Think of this as a gift.” Gently tilting the teacup against his lips, you had him drink his honey tea in one continuous chug. You wanted to make sure

that he had eaten everything to make space for the extra food that you had ordered in reckless abandon. “Come on now, B! I know that you like being a well-fed puppy, right?”

Barnaby whined even more at the teasing. You had him completely wrapped around your finger. His entire body and mind were at your beck and call, the promise of treats and love far too tantalizing for him to refuse. He simply opened his mouth as soon as the food arrived.

And of course, you obliged.

He opened his mouth as much as he could to get the maximum amount of food inside. His cheeks swelled with broken-down dough and chocolate filling. You didn’t give him any space to talk—not out of malice, but because you wanted him to spend every second enraptured by the joy of being fed by someone he loved. The constant yipping and yapping from Barnaby made his craving clear as day.

The food from the plate began to disappear at an alarming rate. Even more patrons began turning their heads at you. Fortunately, Barnaby was far too enthralled by the food to pay attention. It was better that way. He didn’t deserve to be self-conscious about his weight anyways.

The top of his vest continued getting stained as you continued your assault. You interspersed the feeding with tilting a free milkshake that came with the order from requesting so much food. The sight of his Adam’s apple bobbing almost nonstop. Tracing your hand around his stomach, the sense of it being filled was *cathartically palpable*. It was like a water balloon slowly being filled up, and the fact that you were the one causing it certainly helped the rush of euphoria hit even harder.

“G-gah... mgh...” He held your hand away from his mouth, catching his breath and trying to steady himself. He corrected his posture, having slid down the chair in his food-driven haze. “T-thank ya, but... gimme a minute...”

“Getting full, big guy?”

“N-nah, just... need to catch my breath...” He gave his stomach a hearty pair of pats, letting out a sigh of relief. The aggrandization that you put him through, all the food serving to build his wounded ego up, had left an almost love-drunk expression on Barnaby’s face. It was like he was in a pleasant dream, far less anxious. It was probably the sheer amount of sugar dulling his senses, bliss and wonder present in every single breath he drew. “Woah... I never knew that being fed... could be so good.”

“I was wondering when you’d let me do it.”

“Y-you wanted to do it? For how long?”

You giggled at the question. Were you that subtle or was he just really oblivious? The answer probably was a mix of both, but it didn't really matter. The cat was out of the bag anyways. "Open wide, big boy."

Giggling at the pet name, Barnaby did as you tenderly demanded of him. You broke the cookie into pieces and began feeding it to him, making him take gulps out of the milkshake. His belly had gone from a plushy pile of blue dough that you always wanted to sink your hand into, to a taut, round midsection that felt like a basketball with how tightly round it was.

After he swallowed, you looked at him while running your hands around his stomach. "Wanna do this tomorrow?"

Barnaby smiled back. "Maybe."