

A Cheetah's Chub Corruption

Using the light of setting sun, I was participating in my favorite activity. A pair of red running shoes and matching gym shorts served to keep my yellow furred, spotted legs moving, while simultaneously showing off the lanky tail that was essential to my identity as a cheetah woman. The premise of letting people take a gander at my impressive build is also what led to me wearing a loose, black tank top around my trim form. Even if no one said anything directly to me, my rounded ears flickered at each whisper of adoration or envy people muttered as I passed. Over the course of only a month at college, this routine had become an essential part of my school life.

My afternoon jogging sessions were on top of my regular training exercises I partook in to maintain my impressive, lithe figure. It was because of my skills as a runner that I was able to get a full ride scholarship through college. Food, board, and supplies were plentiful as long as I kept up the pace with my showings at competitions. This should have been enough of a motivator, but deep inside, my extracurricular activities were merely an excuse to further bask in people being jealous of my feline agility.

It was while reveling in the distant sound of sorority girls gawking at my well-built legs that I picked up a rumbling sound from my belly. Coming to a stop, I struggled to think of what I had eaten. My list was a pathetic one, consisting of only a protein shake and three energy bars that had been spread throughout the day. In the past, I had forced myself through this feeling to keep going, but all that ended up accomplishing was leaving me passed out on the ground.

Slowing to a crawl, I looked around to find a place to eat. Over the course of my run, I had managed to make my way into the small town adjacent to the university. There were a variety of shops and restaurants available for me to peruse, but I could feel my internal clock

down to a total collapse. Worried that my time was short, I made the rash decision to rush into the first place that I ran into.

The moment I stepped inside of the eatery, my whiskers tingled at the smell of greasy meat drifting into my nostrils. The aroma momentarily blinded me to the binding shades of red plastered on the signage and chairs spread throughout the dining area. Making my way towards the empty order line, I peeked my head up to read over a menu containing a plethora of different options that tried to make up for their lack in nutrition with an allegedly delicious taste. Above this offering of greasy indulgence was a sign with the name Glutton Burger emblazoned in obnoxious, yellow letters.

“Excuse me, miss?”

Tilting my head down, I met the gaze of a gazelle man. He had the standard appearance of tan fur contrasting against the white that lined the underside of his chin and went down his chest. Momentarily glancing at the set of black horns that had been filed down to nubs, I spotted “Taye” printed on the nametag attached to his red, collared shirt.

“Miss,” he repeated, “I don’t mean to be rude, but are you here to order something?”

“Just looking around right now,” I replied, glancing between his expectant gaze and the menu. “This isn’t really my kind of place.”

My words became hollow as a deep growl sounded out from my stomach. Though I tried to quiet the hunger pangs by pressing against my mid-section, the leftover weariness of my run made it drown out my attempts. Chewing on my lips as the embarrassing noises continued to emanate from my empty stomach, I begrudgingly turned back towards Taye.

“I’ll take...the number one combo I guess,” I relented in ordering.

“Right away,” he replied, quickly typing in the order. “Can I get your name?”

On reaction, I smiled to show off my fangs in a confident smile. “Kya,” I said, taking my place at one of the booths. “Make sure to memorize it, because I’m going to hit it big one day.”

“Right away, Ms. Kya,” he replied, the courteous response sending an unusual, ominous shudder down my spine.

Just as I felt like my body was about to give out from hunger, that’s when Taye placed a tray in front of me. Glutton Burger’s standard meal at the time was a medium soda, a small bag of fries, and a burger with a collection of cheese, onions, and other condiments. Picking up the sandwich, I winced at the droplets of grease that leaked out of the meat. Promising myself that I would be able to easily work off a small indulgence like this, I opened my mouth and took a bite.

The flavor that danced across my tongue was more than enough to override my health concerns. One taste turned into many more as I gobbled down the burger. In-between mouthfuls of the greased up meat, I would cleanse my pallet with handfuls of fries. Washing it all down with generous gulps from the soda, I failed to notice just how fast I was eating.

Clarity came to me in the wake of a belch parting my lips. Grabbing for a napkin to clean my whiskers, I looked down at the tray to see only empty wrappers and a single crumb left behind. Glancing over to the left, I managed to see that Taye was eagerly watching the results of my meal.

“I see that you enjoyed your food,” he said, picking up the tray. “Can I interest you in a milkshake?”

“No, I really need to get going,” I replied, getting up from my seat. Trying to hide my stomach’s little food baby while I made my way out of the restaurant. “Thank you though.”

“No, thank you for being one of our first customers,” he said with a wave. “Hopefully the first of many.”

“Best of luck to you,” I said, at the time saying it out of courtesy rather than anything else. The comment was an excuse to end the interaction as fast as possible so I could get back to my jogging route. I was hoping that the run back to my dorm room would be enough to both work off the excess calories and ease the leftover indigestion in my gut.

With finals right around the corner, I had been forced to put aside things like hanging out with friends and my workout routines in favor of trying to actually study. Every night I was cramming as much knowledge into my brain as possible in an effort to avoid a grade so low not even my athletic prowess could make up for. I could feel some progress being made but knew that I was nowhere near fully understating the material enough to get anything over a D. This focus on academics unfortunately led me to have to make exceptions for my typically strict diet.

Just as the notes on the page began to blur before my eyes, I was broken out of my daze by a rumbling growl. Hearing a second groan emanate from my stomach, I slid my hand across it to try and calm it down. All that accomplished was reminding me of the small layer of chub I had accrued over the course of my intense study sessions. While most people couldn't notice the miniscule amount of pudge, I still winced at the feeling of my paws sliding across the extra padding. Hoping to get my mind off of my lack of exercise and solve my hunger issue, I scrolled through my phone to find something to eat.

The decision had been an easy one. I figured that I had earned a treat for my work, so I ordered my usual indulgence from Glutton Burger. While I waited for the food to arrive, I tried to keep my stomach settled by snacking from a small collection I had put together for the study

session. Halfway through a bag of chips, my ears perked up as I heard the knock on the door. Given a fresh surge of energy, I put my legs to work rushing over to door. Greeting me at the entrance was a warm, paper bag of food and a familiar face.

“Hello Kya,” Taye said, the gazelle greeting me with his typical smile.

“What are you doing here?” I asked. “Don’t you usually work the counter?”

“Yeah, but we’re a little shorthanded,” he replied with a shrug.

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Don’t be. The reason we’re so busy is because the business is really booming. There’s already talks of opening up several other locations throughout the city.”

“Congratulations then,” I said, trying to hurry him along as my hunger pangs reached their apex.

“Thank you,” he replied, handing over the bag. “It’s because of customers like you that we’re doing so well. That being the case, I left a little something extra in the bag for you. Think of it as a reward for being so loyal.”

With a wave, Taye took his leave. Considering how polite he was, I wasn’t about to bring up the fact that I only visited his location once or twice a month. Three if I was feeling especially needing of a reprieve from my strenuous exercises and diet. Regardless, I was more than happy to receive the prize of a second burger thrown inside of my take out bag.

Sitting down at my desk, I cleared away my study materials to create a makeshift feasting area. Unfurling the first burger, I let my hunger take control as I sunk my fangs into it.

Devouring through the fries at a rapid pace, I kept telling myself that the greasy potatoes would be enough to sate my hunger. However, licking up the remaining crumbs still left an emptiness in my stomach that begged me to go a little further.

Forgoing my initial plan to save the second burger for later, I unwrapped it like the other. Taking notice of the extra cheese and meat that Taye had slapped onto it, I opened up my maw to take a bite. Again, my ravenous appetite pushed me to finish the meal in record time. Though my rational side still called out about what the burger could do to my body, I was too hungry at the time to care.

Finishing off the greasy sandwich, I took care to lick the crumbs clinging to my paws. With one hand cleaned off, I set it to work massaging my belly to help with my digestion. The comforting feeling helped me to overlook the small bump the feast had given to my mid-section. What was more important was gently pushing out the bubbles inside through a series of burps.

My self-massage was put on hold as an eerie groan emanated from my gut. A few more presses into my stomach pushed out a squeaky fart that flicked my tail. The smell crinkled my nose and forced me to get out of my chair. Staggering over to a window to get some fresh air, I was still astounded that I was able to create such a foul expulsion. Owing it all to a one time, bad decision to overindulge, I tried to empty out the rest of my gas before closing up the window and resuming my study session.

Everywhere I ran, my ears could pick up the words being passed among the other students. They ranged in severity in terms of how relentless they were with their observations, but they all focused on my body's worsening condition. Some of these comments I had heard echoed amongst my fellow runners back in the locker room. These moments where my body was on display for them to gawk at were more than enough to remind me that I needed to take better care of myself to avoid losing the thing I held so dear.

Trying to ignore the gossip amongst the students, I tried to push myself to run as fast as possible. Aside from my mental hang ups, my biggest obstacle was my own body. Not even halfway through my run, I could already feel the chub around my thighs starting to chafe. Constant stops had to be made to pull the fabric of my shorts out from betwixt my bubble butt. A once loose tank top now seemed painted onto my torso thanks to the way it hugged my D-cup breasts. Worst of all, each one of my heavy foot falls shook around my exposed, chubby belly to remind me of the over 200 pounds I was currently lugging around because of my bad decisions.

My task was made all the more difficult thanks to the rumbling noises coming from my stomach. Even after trying to cut back on my unhealthy eating habits, my digestion was still a mess thanks to multiple binge sessions brought upon by my own stress. The sweat clinging to my fur was sprinkled across the sidewalk as I was forced to let out a guttural belch. My tail flicked around in the wake of a rancid fart that I was unable to stop. Though the smell managed to turn away some of my onlookers, the odor singing my nose forced me to start running again in an attempt to escape the fumes.

Inevitably, neither my stamina nor my need to get away from my aura of stink could keep me going. Left as a sweaty mess, I leaned up against the side of a nearby building in order to catch my breath. I was just supposed to stay there for a few minutes to regain stamina and hopefully push out any lingering bubbles from my system. Unfortunately, a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP from my rear didn't go unnoticed.

“Kya? Are you alright?”

The question shook off some of my exhaustion. Turning myself around, I spotted Taye once more. In the time since I last saw him, his uniform had been upgraded to a yellow dress shirt and a bright red tie. The first time I had seen him like this, he was so eager to tell me about

his promotion to a store manager after two long years of work. However, there wasn't any sign of pride on his face this time. Only concern as she made his way over to me.

"What happened?" he asked, offering me his hand.

"I'm okay," I said, trying to push myself to get back to running. "Just a little over UUUUURRP exertion is all. Should be fine after I rest for a moment."

"Well don't do it out here," he replied, taking me by the wrist to lead me towards the building's entrance. In my rush to fight off my body's various problems I had failed to realize that I had once more made my way over to Glutton Burger. "Come inside and have a seat," he continued, helping me stagger into the building.

Too tired to argue, I allowed the gazelle man to lead me over to a booth seat. It was humiliating feeling my belly push up against the table, but my weary legs and sore thighs welcomed the chance to sit. Leaning back and using a napkin to dab away some of the sweat from my face and chest, I tried to ignore the smell of greasy food drifting into my nose. The aroma became impossible to ignore as a platter was placed right in front of me.

"Go ahead and eat up," Taye said, placing a milkshake next to the larger order of burgers and fries. "You've more than earned this. My treat."

I wanted to argue with him. It was because of his food that I was stuck in this mess. The greasy meals had been the constant temptation that had affected my athletic ability and even my grades. Several embarrassing visits to the campus doctor had shown me just how poorly my health was thanks to my growing addiction. Still, I was unable to say no under the duress of the hungry growls emanating from my stomach.

Tearing open the wrappers with my paws, I set upon the meal like a rabid beast. In the midst of my feasting, I failed to completely hold back the gas that had been building up inside of

me. Between bites of food and slurps of milkshake, belches managed to constantly burst out of my mouth. Wriggling around in my seat and bumping my gut up against the table pushed out a deluge of flatulence that mixed in with the odor of my feast. This display of unhinged gluttony only ended once I had licked my platter clean.

Taking a moment to clean my lips and rub at my stuffed belly, I noticed Taye staring at me from nearby. “Why are you looking at me like UUUURRRPP that?” I asked, assuming that he thought I was absolutely disgusting.

“You’re amazing,” he replied, picking up the remains of my feast. “I’ve never seen anyone eat like that. It was really impressive. Can I get you anything else? We just got our ice cream machine working again.”

Chewing on my lip, I managed to barely suppress a lingering burp to reply with a gentle nod of my head.

While the rest of my classmates were busy preparing for their finals or partying it up before their graduation day, I was in my apartment getting ready to face a challenge far more difficult than any race or test. The pitiful performance at my last track meet meant that my days of getting a free ride scholarship were over. Even worse, my inability to pay for college had the after effect of my folks giving me the ultimatum that I either had to find a way to make my own funds or move back home. Unwilling and unable to return to my parents to show them the disappointment that was their daughter, I made a drastic decision.

Using up the last of my savings, I had sprung for a collection of cameras and streaming equipment. After getting through the initial hurdle of getting everything set up in my bedroom,

then came the task of laying out the multiple take out bags within reaching distance. After making sure the lights were in place and the stream wasn't going to explode when I went live, all that was left was to make one last check of the main event: my body.

I couldn't help myself from letting out a sigh of disappointment as I stepped out front of my mirror. The body that I had once been so eager to show off now filled me with a sense a sense of anxiety every time I was forced to look at my own reflection. For the evening's event I had managed to squeeze my 400 pounds of furry flab into a black, two-piece swimsuit. Despite trying to get an outfit for my enlarged sizes, the bikini still managed to just barely fit around my F-cup breasts. Every slight shift of my feet forced me to fix the lower part of the suit to free the wedgie from betwixt my thick, fuzzy ass cheeks. As humiliating as it was to wear something that fully displayed my bulbous gut, I knew it was the only way I could make ends meet.

Seating myself on the edge of my bed, I slapped my paw against the control panel to go live. "H-hello," I said, my years of confidently speaking in front of others doing nothing to help me at the moment. "You can call me...the...the...Chubby Cheetah Girl. I'm here t-to stuff myself like a rabid animal. I...hope you enjoy the show."

Glancing over at the growing number of people starting to tune in, I acted fast to both capitalize on the initial burst of interest and avoid letting my nerves get the better of me. Opening up the first bag, I blindly grabbed the food inside and shoved it into my mouth. The taste of fried chicken hitting my tongue helped to suppress my nerves as well as wake up my appetite to fully indulge myself in the feast.

Over the course of the evening, I scarfed down every single bite of food I had gathered for the stream. All the while, I made sure to pose for the camera to show off my body's features as I ate. It was bittersweet seeing the donations flooding in to encourage my poor eating habits. I

appreciated the money that would save me from being kicked out of my apartment, but it wasn't enough to make me overlook the grumbling noises from my gut.

Too lost in trying to finish off the last bit of food from my collection, I didn't bother to hold back the gas inside. My viewers were given a chance to hear a rippling PHHHHHHRRRRTTTTT rumble out of my rear mere moments before a BWOOOOOORRRRPP came rolling up my throat to tickle my whiskers. Though none of the people watching could smell the resulting fumes, my nose was still swift to remind me just how bad my digestion issues were. However, the viewers did get a chance to see the way each expulsion jiggled around my flab and flicked around my tail. As degrading as it was to have this shameful moment broadcast to complete strangers, it no doubt had a hand in keeping the donation total rising higher and higher.

"Thank you so BOOOOOOUUUUURRRRPPP much for the support," I belched out, sitting myself in the center of the bed, surrounded by the remnants of my feast. "P-please tune in next time for another eating session with the Chubby--"

The rest of my sign off was drowned out by another BRRRAAAAPPPPPP bursting out of my rear. With the viewers leaving a flurry of donations in the wake of my fart, I shut off the stream. Heaving myself out of bed, I began the arduous process of cleaning up my mess and easing my stomach. Sliding my hand against my stuffed belly, I was left with the epiphany that the thing I had hated for ruining my life was indeed the key to fixing my financial problems. That didn't make dealing with the post-meal gas problems any easier to bear.

I was already ten minutes late for my stream, but by now my audience was used to it. Over the past year of entertaining them with my body's gluttonous features, I had run into a plethora of different issues to starting on time. They ranged from things such as having to wait for the arrival of large food orders or me being indecisive about what outfit, if any, to wear to show off my figure. Unfortunately, this delay was part of my rapidly declining ability to move under my own power.

Keeping a tight grip on my recently acquired cane, I shuffled as fast as I could to my bed. Each tap of the stick against the floor transferred ripples up my blubbery arms and into my bulky form. The way each heavy step shook around the furry gut making up the majority of my 600 pound self. As I was contemplating giving my viewers a look at my encumbered mobility, I was hurried along by a groaning sound coming from my gut. Frantically wobbling my double wide rear back and forth, I tried to hurry to my bed before the pressure became too much. Rolling onto the mattress and hearing the springs beneath protest against my weight, I dug between the cleavage of my head-sized breasts to dig out a remote to control the stream. Chewing on my lip to try and hold onto the precious bubbles inside, I nearly let it all out from relief as I finally grasped the device between my sausage-like fingers.

Turning on the camera feed and waiting until I saw the viewer numbers at an acceptable level, I finally let out the gas that had been building up. The first release was a long BWOOOOOOOOORRRPP from my mouth that tickled my whiskers and put my rows of chins through a jiggling fit. Feeling the pressure migrate lower, I rolled my flabby form over to present my bare ass to the camera. Lifting up my tail, I unleashed the storm inside through a minute long PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT. As the fart petered off, my ears perked up to the familiar sound of a bevy of donations flooding in as reward for my sloppy display.

“Hello UUUUURRRPPP everyone,” I said, stretching the fake smile across my chubby face that I usually put on for my streams. “I hope you enjoyed the big BWOOOOOORRRPPP gassy start to tonight’s activities. It’s just a small UUUURRRP taste of what’s to come.”

Leaning myself over despite the protests of my bed, I began to pull in the various food stuffs I had ordered for the night’s event. The spread was the typical showing of greasy, fattening meals that were sure to wreak havoc on my digestion while keeping my already sizable form growing. It was all in service of maintaining my degrading health in exchange for a stable income.

Just as I was about to take a bite of an overstuffed burrito, I had to stop as I saw my cane in my peripheral vision. The stick was propped up against a wall, just outside of the cameras’ view. The stark reminder of being unable to see past my gut made me hesitate to indulge in another meal. This was probably my last chance to back out of this lifestyle and try to get back to my original self. However, that notion was dismissed as always by a hungry growl from my stomach and the ding of more donations.

Sinking my teeth into the burrito, the taste that greeted my tongue was more than enough to make me ignore the meat and cheese that spilled out from the other end. The various smears that piled onto my chunky, furry body served as a snack for my ravenous appetite while I fished around for my next helping. In a matter of minutes, my frantic chewing was joined in by gas erupting from both ends. Not wanting to let my audience down, I showed no restraint in letting the burps and farts fly as I ate. The expulsions left a fresh cloud of rancid fumes to fill my room and sink itself into my flesh. As the odor hit my nose, I was reminded of how I used to be so reviled by the awful smells my body could produce. Now, they barely phased me as I opened up my mouth to let out a belch and take another bite of food.

Nearing the end of my meal and my time on stream, I let rip another long fart as a reward for a rather large donation. As the explosive burst died down, my ears picked up the sound of my phone ringing. Looking across the various stains littering my fur, I dug through my folds to locate the device. Managing to get my hands on the phone, I put the stream on standby mode as I put it up to my ear.

“Hello this is BWOOOOORRPPP Kya.”

“Kya? I thought you went by the Chubby Cheetah Girl these days.”

The voice sounded familiar. It was something I had heard countless times when I had ordered from the establishment that had started all of this. “Taye, is that UUURRRP you?”

“Indeed I am. Sorry to interrupt your stream. Especially since it was going so well.”

I licked my lips clean to gather my thoughts. “You’re watching my stream?”

“Yes, I try to see every single one. I’m one of your biggest fans.”

A cursory glance through my donation history later would confirm his claim. I still recall the hours I spent looking over every anonymous message he had sent over the course of the past year. The notes ranged from simple compliments for my slobby self to suggestions on what I should stuff myself with next. However, my mind was more concerned about a different matter.

“What do you want?” I asked.

“To offer you an opportunity. I still remember you as one of Glutton Burger’s first, and still largest customer. As thanks, I would like to offer you a job at our company to do some promotions for us.”

“Like a sponsored BWOOOOORRPP stream?”

“Sort of. I’ll get in contact with you later about the details. For now, I’ll leave you to finish your meal.”

As his voice was replaced with silence, I turned back towards one of the chat screens. Amongst the various people coming in to ask when I was coming back, my eyes tried to find Taye's username. Unwilling to let my hunger and fans wait any longer, I tucked my phone back into my folds and turned the cameras back on to show off the last few bites of my stuffing session.

The usual comfort of my room was nowhere to be found as I made my way through the studio. Reactions from the crew let me know how long they had been working for the Glutton Burger advertisement branch. The more experienced workers were able to greet me with a hello before quickly getting out of my way to go about their business. New employees ranged in their initial behavior around me, either by trying to work through my smell to get close and introduce themselves or be sent running away from me. It always amused me a little to see the way people ran off, reminding me of something that had become impossible for my current body.

Careful not to roll over any wires or bump into any expensive equipment, I expertly drove around my mobility scooter. The vehicle had been custom made to handle my over 800 pounds of fat as I went about my daily duties. These features included a chair wide enough to be considered a couch that traded off the ability to go through narrow doorways in exchange for providing comfort for my tail and massive rear. Rather than the standard handles, I controlled the scooter with button presses on a remote in my pudgy fingers. With no steering wheel in the way, there was room for both my jutting, fuzzy, M-cup breasts and a container for my snacks. However, the best feature was the set of cushions along the lower front of the device that

provided comfort for my bulged out gut that prevented my horrifying digestive tract from being too riled up ahead of showtime.

“Kya!” Taye shouted out, standing out from the rest of the crew with his red suit and his ability to run straight towards my slobby form. “You came just in time. Did you have a chance to sample the new products?”

“And then BWOOOOOOORRRPPP some,” I replied, a few crumbs from the meal flying out of my mouth to either roll down my chins or get entangled in my belly’s fur.

“Any critiques?”

“More of UUUURRRPP this stuff,” I answered, sliding my fingers through the droplets of orange sauce besmirching my chest fur.

“I’ll make sure to let the chefs know for future batches. For now though, let’s get you ready for the shoot.”

“Lead the way,” I said, following after Taye after letting loose a brunt BRRRAAAAPPPPP from my rear.

Before we could actually start on the day’s main task, I had to get properly suited up. Most of the time, I was able to freely roam the studio with my bare, slobby body on display. This was both for a lack of proper clothing that fit me comfortably and the fact that most people had seen me nude thanks to my frequent streams. However, I still needed to make myself decent for the shoot that day; requiring a bit of help from other crew members to help me into the outfit.

Through the harsh pulling of fabric and more than a few gassy expulsions pushed out in the process, they were able to cover up my more risqué proportions. While the bright red bikini top matched the Glutton Burger colors, it did little to hold back my heaving bosom. The fabric was capable of stretching across the meaty mammaries, but the way my plump nipples poked

through meant that the editing team would have their work cut out for them during post production. Thankfully, the red swimsuit bottom sunk in-between my butt cheeks didn't have to worry too much about covering up anything. The extra bit of fabric was just in case of the unlikely event that my drooping belly failed to cover up my groin.

Finishing off my company appearance with a red cap bearing the Gluttony Burger title balanced atop my head, I made my way over to the shooting area. Enlisting the help of Taye and a few other crew members, I begrudgingly heaved myself out of my seat. Even with the added hands helping me waddle into place, it was an arduous challenge that left a sheen of sweat to mingle in with my fur. Appreciative of the pair of chairs that had been placed behind the table in front of the white screen, I took my spot and settled in while they got the equipment ready.

Biding my time rubbing at my belly and releasing a bevy of gas bubbles from both ends, my eyes drifted across the room. My perpetual lethargy was momentarily broke as I spotted someone across the room. The orange fur and black stripes on her body identified her as a tiger woman, while the impressive build of her body in a pair of gym shorts and tank top made her out to be a type of athlete. When our gazes met, I watched as her body shuddered a bit. It almost appeared as if she was horrified by my visage. For me, it was like looking at an image of my former self before I fell down the path of gluttony.

“Who BWOOOOORRRRPPP is that?” I asked Taye.

“Oh, that's Talika,” he replied, having to speak up over the sound of food wrappers being undone. “She's a world class runner that will be using the studio after us for a cereal commercial.”

A twinge of sick glee made me open my mouth to show off a toothy grin. “Interesting,” I commented, just as the crew finished their preparations.

As the cameras started to roll, I did my part of holding up the various sandwiches to show them off. Waiting just long enough to demonstrate how delicious the greasy burgers were, I would open up my mouth to eat them in a handful of bites. Done showing off the variety of Glutton Burger's menu, I was given free reign to eat to my heart's content. Without hesitation, I fell into my usual routine of showing my appreciation of the food by unleashing the gas contained within my gut.

This sloppy display wasn't part of the advertising campaign; that portion had ended moments after my demonstration. The high quality cameras capturing every BWOOOOOORRPPPP from my mouth and BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP from my rear was intended to provide me with countless hours of content for my fans. Even as I was busy enjoying the indulgent feast, there was a twinge of excitement as I thought about how happy it would make my viewers to see another one of my stuffing sessions. So caught up in the delights of my taste buds, rancid gas, and entertaining my loyal audience, I failed to notice how close I was to finishing off the feast until I was licking my fingers clean of any remaining crumbs.

"Excellent work," Taye said as soon as the cameras stopped rolling. "That should be more than enough footage for the two of us."

"There's never UUUUURRPP enough," I belched back at him. "You should know that. Are there any more BWOOOOORRRPP of the new burgers?" Purposefully leaning away from him, I let a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT blast right into the gazelle man's face. "I could use some fuel to make up for what I just BOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUURRRRPP used."

"Right away," Taye replied, hurrying to meet my demands.

As the crew gathered up a post-shooting feast to me, I once more looked towards the tiger woman. She had failed to move from her spot, having been left stunned by my display. The main

difference was the hint of interest behind her eyes that made me wonder if I had had the same look when I first entered that Glutton Burger all those years ago.

Though I pondered warning the tiger woman the dangers of the greasy meals, my attention turned towards the crew members that had come to bring me back to my room. Settling down into my scooter's seat and helping myself to the new batch of snacks they had brought out to me, I let my mind wander to the idea of her eventually becoming as corrupt as I was. As evil as the thought was, I couldn't help getting excited at the idea of a dual stuffing session of two sloppy, super-sized felines.