

“So, the idiot’s gone and broken his leg, huh?”

That snide comment about his injury was enough to fill Maylow with more rage than he knew he had. The fox clenched his shaking fists as he stared at the plump green skunk leaning against the doorway, who looked more annoyed that his bed was being occupied by the fox than worried for said fox’s health. How dare that pudgy stinkbag stare at him with such apathy, such smugness! It made his blood boil.

But, unfortunately, the skunk was right. He was an idiot.

Maylow was an idiot who still liked to live dangerously, despite his cushy housing no longer requiring such risky endeavours. He was an idiot who still liked to fulfill sketchy contracts for an underground mafia, if nothing more than for the thrill of it. He was an idiot whose hobby left him with plenty of enemies who wanted him gone, and that is exactly what happened. The two-tailed fox had walked right into an ambush, where the only escape route was right out the window of a third story building. Unlike another certain two-tailed fox, Maylow could exactly hover through the air. Aside from a flimsy awning, there was nothing in the way of the 40 foot drop; Maylow knew he was in trouble by the horrible sound of his leg cracking alone. Adrenaline kept him moving for the time being, but once that wore off he was in agonizing pain, the grey fox barely able to hobble for more than a few minutes at a time. He was in trouble, helpless prey to the crime lords who wanted his head.

Conventional hospitals were simply out of the question. With how well known he was in the underbelly of the law, he’d be a sitting duck to any of his multiple enemies. This led him to where he was now, stuck in bed with a crudely-casted leg resting on a short stack of pillows, all in the house of a “friend.”

“So there’s gotta be a bounty on yer head by now, right? Think it’d be enough for a new TV?” The green skunk smirked, crossing his thick arms over his doughy chest. Zero, as he liked to be called, wasn’t quite the criminal mastermind Maylow was used to dealing with - the fat mustelid preferred pulling off great heists and robberies when he wasn’t glued to the pantry. However, the skunk’s natural talent for avoiding trouble made him the perfect place of refuge while Maylow recovered. Still, his obnoxious attitude was something the fox would have to deal with while he recovered. Oh well, any port in a storm.

The vulpine sighed. “When I can walk again, I’ll buy you another damn TV, ok?”

Zero snorted. “A TV’s not gonna cut it, fox. You’re laying in my room, on my four-poster king size bed that I paid for *me* to sleep in.” He jabbed his thumb against his chest for emphasis.

“Then I’ll buy you a bloody bed too! It’s not like your fatass ever leaves the couch anyways!”

“What was that?!” Zero’s pink nose flared, the big skunk stepping forward. “Ya got some nerve! Nothing’s stopping me from coming over there and breaking that other leg of yours!”

“Go ahead, try it! I’ll gladly break my foot off your fat ass, Cabbage!”

“What the hell does that even mean?!”

Maylow was just about to give a demonstration of what that meant when he heard the frantic scrambling down the hall. He glared at the skunk before settling back in bed right when a teenaged Zoroark bursted through the room, almost knocking Zero. “What’s happening? Why do I hear shouting?!”

Maylow felt his furious self ease up a bit at the sight of the dark-type pokemon, heaving a sigh of relief. That Zoroark, Sheero, was one of the very few furs in the world Maylow would consider a close friend. He was the polar opposite of his mentor Zero in many ways: humble, generous, caring, skinny. Sheero was the only reason Maylow hadn’t knocked Zero down a peg or two; the zoroark *adored* his thieving mentor, or rather the confidence the skunk exudes. Even so, the teenager had a good head on him, and the two vulpines had become fast friends when they had first met many years ago. Hell, it was Sheero who answered the door to a whimpering and desperate Maylow mere hours ago, who quickly escorted the injured fox into Zero’s room, who set up a makeshift cast and stand, and who was now carrying a large platter full of tea and biscuits, among other snacks.

Even if the zoroark’s presence was calming, it didn’t take long for Zero’s big mouth to completely ruin Maylow’s mood yet again. “The idiot here was just doing a reenactment of how he broke his leg: by, ya know, being an idiot.”

To Maylow’s surprise (and absolute delight) Sheero turned around and scolded, actually scolded, his mentor. “Please don’t agitate him, sir! He’s been through enough. He can’t recover if you’re stressing him out!”

Even Zero looked taken aback that his protege was talking back to him. The fat skunk opened his mouth to speak, then decided against it, huffing. “I’ll be in the living room,” he grunted under his breath before storming off, no doubt to stuff his face on the couch before passing out for the night.

Sheero sighed and set the tray down on the side of the bed, awkwardly fumbling with his knee-length hair. “I’m sorry about mister Zero, Maylow. He’s a nice guy once you get to know him.”

“I doubt that,” the fox snorted. Leaning forward, the vulpine’s green eyes widened as he looked closely at the tray before him. “Is...is that all for me?”

"I-it's nothing, really. I mean, I know it's late and all, but I thought you'd want a little something to nibble on before you sleep," the zoroark muttered, bashfully pulling on his hair.

The "little something" was anything but! The platter was filled with sandwiches, biscuits, cookies, even a pitcher of tea. Maylow could feel his tongue getting wet as he watched his friend pour him a cup, watching the steam rise from the pitcher. Jasmine tea, his favorite! "You shouldn't have, Sheero. Really."

"I can't leave a friend in need behind. Besides, I thought you'd, uh, want some company while you recover," the dark type said in his small, timid voice; a smile gently creeping along his pointy muzzle. Soon the cup had been poured, and Sheero carefully passed the piping hot liquid to his friend, holding it as carefully as a newborn. "Do you need any help eating?"

Maylow chuckled as he took the teacup. "It's just my leg that's broken, silly. I'm fine." Still, it warmed his heart to hear someone truly cared about him like that, just like how this cup was warming his paws. There weren't many out there willing to go out of their way to help someone else in his line of work. Smiling, the grey fox took a careful sip of his tea before reaching for a nearby cookie. Maybe this recovery period won't be so bad after all.

---

"Aaaaaand checkmate...At least, I believe this is a checkmate. Is it, Mr. Maylow?"

It totally was a checkmate. The 4th checkmate in a row, to be exact. Maylow's eyes widened at the chessboard before him, staring in disbelief at his own loss. He thought for sure he had outplayed Sheero this time, yet somehow the pokemon was always three steps ahead. Heck, Maylow didn't even realize he was losing until he was down to only three pieces. This zoroark was one sly fox!

The vulpine shook his head and chuckled. "Yup, that's checkmate. Damn, how did you get so good at chess, Sheero?"

Sheero blushed and looked down, the dark type hugging his long hair shyly to his chest. "I-I dunno, I just like playing these kinds of games a lot, I guess. A-are you upset?"

"Oh hush, you, I'm only teasing. Let's play another, I won't be satisfied until I finally beat you, or at least take your queen!" Maylow smirked, reaching towards his bedside table for his grilled cheese and bacon sandwich. He took a big bite out of his gooey 'wich and murred, washing it down with a sip from his favorite tea cup.

Just as Maylow predicted, his recovery was going by quite smoothly, although he mostly had Sheero to thank for that. The zoroark's school had shut down around the sametime as Maylow's injury thanks to some local virus, giving the pokemon plenty of free time to hang out

with the injured fox. Sheero was an absolute delight, the perfect guy to watch movies or play board or videogames with. He was easy going, surprisingly intelligent, and an excellent cook...boy, can he cook!

When he wasn't staying beside Maylow, Sheero spent all of his free time in the kitchen, testing his hand at the art of baking. Apparently, the zoroark had always wanted to try his hand at being a chef, and the recent circumstances was the perfect opportunity for him to give it a try. The pokemon tried making a variety of snacks and meals, quickly specializing in sweets and desserts, no doubt due to his own sweet tooth. Maylow loved it when his friend was in the kitchen; he had a blast sniffing at the air and letting his imagination run rampant at what sort of tasty treat his zoroark companion is making. He loved it almost as much as actually being the pokemon's taste tester. Heck, even when Sheero wasn't cooking, he would sometimes bring up several packaged snacks and canned drinks, leaving the fox's bedspace practically covered with food. Normally Maylow would never pass up on the opportunity for free food, but even he was starting to notice where all of the food has been going over the past month and a half.

His zoroark caretaker was getting pudgy, no doubt from sampling his own abundant wares. As Sheero leaned forward to grab the chess pieces on Maylow's side, the zoroark's soft grey belly slid across the board, knocking aside other pieces as well. The pokemon's pointy muzzle was starting to round out some, particularly by his cheeks and chin(s). It was quite strange seeing the once-thin zoroark now bordering between chubby and tubby, and while he was noticing how tight the pokemon's clothes were getting, Sheero never seemed to acknowledge his weight gain. Maylow shrugged and decided not to bring it up.

After all, he wasn't exactly lithe himself.

Maylow could tell he had put on quite a few already, just from the way his thick arms creased whenever he bent them. He could feel the excess pudge bunch up whenever he looked down, or the lack of space between his thighs. It wasn't exactly surprising to him; after all, he was laying on his back eating sweets, treats, and greasy meals most of the day. He was bound to grow a little thicker from all the lazing around. It wasn't a big deal, however, just a few pounds, right? After his cast was removed, maybe he could take Sheero out for a few morning jogs and help the both of them shed their excess weight. It would be his way of repaying the zoroark's generosity.

"Holy crap, you two are *still* eating?!"

Maylow perked up, then glared at the round figure standing in the doorway. Speaking of furs who should shed some pounds. The fox gulped down his mouthful of sandwich. "We're taking a quick snack break, Zero. Nothing wrong with that."

"Yeah, you said that the last time I checked on you two, and the time before that, and the time before that," the green skunk snorted, his hands on his wide hips as he glared at his

protege. "I expected as much from the dumb fox, but not from you, Sheero. You're starting to blow up like a balloon!"

The zoroark blushed and turned away, trying vainly to cover up his plump belly with his chubby arms. Seeing Zero treat his own student so poorly made Maylow seethe with anger. "You're one to talk, you overgrown cabbage! He could be 50 pounds heavier and he still wouldn't be the fattest one in this room."

To his surprise, the skunk actually snickered at that comment, causing the fox to frown. Has Zero finally given up trying to defend his own weight? Apparently not, as a plump green finger was pointed directly at him. "When it comes to fattest, I'm pretty sure you've taken the cake...literally *and* figuratively, of course."

"W-wha-?" Maylow stammered, completely caught off guard. What the heck was Zero talking about. "Has he lost his mind?" He asked Sheero, but the chubby zoroark was nervously looking down, away from the both of them.

Zero cackled again, and Maylow flushed pink. "The covers make me look bigger than I really am, dummy! See for yourself!" With that, the fox pulled aside the chessboard, peeled back the blankets and-

Oh...How long had *that* been there?!

Maylow's jaw dropped, bunching up his soft chins. No wonder he could balance the chessboard on his middle so easily now; his gut was *bigger* than the chessboard! The fox nervously pressed into his broad grey belly, ears wilting at the sight, the feeling of his middle engulfing his paws. He pressed deeper, hefting up the gelatinous blob in his arms before dropping it in a sloshy heap, letting it spread across his wide self. During that time, he could feel his perky moobs pressing against his furrowed paws, his pecs now able to fit into a B cup. He couldn't believe it; he knew he was getting heavier, but not over 200 pounds heavier!

Zero couldn't contain his laughter, his own middle bouncing with his snickering. "Damn, you're even bigger than I thought! I'd suggest sit ups if that gut of yours would even let you, fatty!" Clearly enjoying the idea of not being the fattest one in the room, the skunk held his own gut out and bounced it in his paws, before letting out another snicker and sauntering away.

Maylow was still in shock, constantly shaking and jostling his big grey belly, hearing it slosh about in his arms. How had he gotten so dang fat? He recalled those countless treats Sheero made earlier, and with a pang of guilt realized most of this weight was definitely earned, but still! How can he be a nimble spy if his footsteps rattle floorboards, or if he had to catch his breath climbing a flight of stairs. Could he even sneak onto rooftops without crashing through them?!

“M-maylow?”

Maylow looked up to see Sheero’s concerned expression, and just like that his mood shifted from shock to anger. How dare Zero mock him and Sheero for doing the same thing the fat skunk does all day long?! “He thinks I’m fat? I’ll show him fat!” Too angry to properly think straight, the fat fox snatched up the rest of his sandwich and stuffed it into his maw, along with the next sandwich, and a cookie. Half an hour later, Maylow had passed out into a deep food coma, his swollen belly gurgling.

---

“You’re even bigger than I thought!”

Zero’s words continued to haunt Maylow. No matter how hard he tried to ignore it, the fox couldn’t deny the fact that he was growing very fat. Stuck on his back, he was burning next to no calories, while ingesting more than enough to give even an athlete a bit of a belly. Worst of all, the problem wasn’t mostly himself; Sheero was partially to blame as well.

The zoroark had insisted the fox stay completely still in bed, all while offering a wide range of food all day, everyday. Granted, it wasn’t like Sheero was force feeding Maylow, but having so much food right in arms reach, their combined scents constantly wafting into the fox’s fat snout - it was too much for even his own willpower to overcome. He would start off with a bite, and then a second, and then two more in rapid succession. Soon, he’d be greedily stuffing his face, only to pass out into another food coma and wake up feeling fatter than before.

And that was just the meals! Sheero always brought platters of snacks whenever he came to watch movies or play games, all of which were emptied less than an hour into their session. Maylow never even remembered nibbling on snacks during their time together, yet when their game or movie ended, he would find a pile of crumbs on his chubby muzzle and chest. Food was always involved when the two vulpines were together. With how often Sheero brought him food, the fox had to wonder if this was how Zero ended up so fat. The difference being, of course, that Zero had the luxury of moving around and burning off the calories at will.

Whenever Sheero wasn’t around, Maylow would try to do a few sit-ups just to try and at least stall his rapid weight of growth. The first time he did so, however, he could only manage to do about 10 before collapsing on his back in a panting frenzy. As the months wore on, that number was gradually reduced to 5, then to 2. Eventually, the fox couldn’t even lift his broad back off the bed anymore, the mere action sending his body into a jiggling frenzy that creaked the king size bed!

Even as his already-limited mobility dwindled, even as his vision was slowly filling with more and more of himself, Maylow couldn’t bring himself to say anything to Sheero. The pudgy zoroark always looked so happy seeing the fox finishing his plates of food, he couldn’t bring

himself to tell his caretaker to stop! He didn't want to hurt Sheero's feelings; the poor pokemon was already very sensitive, not to mention he had to deal with Zero of all people every day. Whenever he wanted to scold or reprimand the zoroark for letting the two of them go so much, Maylow would just sigh and tell himself to ignore it, preferably with food. He ignored the fact that he couldn't reach the farthest point of his belly anymore. He ignored the realization that his cheeks were constantly in his peripheral vision. He ignored feeling his fluffy tails slowly disappear into his advancing rear and back flab.

But he could not ignore the tv. Rather, the lack of tv.

When Maylow woke up one morning to discover his belly was obscuring over half of the tv, the fox knew things needed to change. He was no longer chubby, pudgy, or even tubby. The grey fox was *alarmingly* fat. His chubby neck was hidden beneath his pudgy dome-shaped head, his cheeks and chins combining into a single tire of pudge that both pressed against his muzzle and his chest. On his back, the fox's middle pancaked outwards on either side of him, spreading out across the bed like a circular amoeba, yet it was still towering high enough to hide his vision of the tv, or even his own legs for that matter. He tried wiggling those legs, and was not surprised to find his thighs were permanently smushed against each other.

The fox groaned, which turned into a roaring belch. This was getting beyond absurd. Even if his leg fully healed at this very moment, there was no way he could squeeze himself through the door to leave. Heck, with how little movement his muscles had been doing, he wasn't so sure he could even stand up on his own anymore! Yet again, Maylow found himself embarrassed at underestimating the sheer amount of weight he was putting on, only now understanding his predicament. He was a fat, lazy, stupid pancake of a vulpine.

Mmmm, pancakes...

Maylow's stomach gurgled loudly at the thought of breakfast, causing the vulpine to bite his lip. Dieting was going to be much harder than he thought. Thankfully, Sheero was right at the door as if answering that gut's cries for help, the pudgy zoroark smiling. "Good morning, Maylow! Breakfast is ready."

Oh no, he brought food! Maylow winced when he looked at his caretaker, realizing the gains weren't all one way. While not as quickly as the bed-bound fox, Sheero was swelling up quite rapidly from the influx of food, looking more and more like his mentor with every passing day. No, he was even *bigger* than Zero! The only clothing Sheero managed to find that still fit his plump body was Zero's old sweatshirt and pants, and even those were starting to fall apart at the seams! Nothing could contain that big round belly that bounced against his thighs, or that thick curvy rear that took up two seats.

No matter how fat the two of them grew, however, Sheero never seemed to notice, or at least acknowledge it. He didn't see anything wrong with having to saunter his way over to the

fox, or how he had to place the large tray of food on Maylow's table of a gut. His only inclination that something was off was when he finally noticed Maylow's worried look. "Oh no, what's wrong? Did I overcook them?"

"No no, you're fine!" Maylow grunted. God, even his voice had gotten deeper and richer, like it belonged to a beast four times the size of a normal fox. His stomach let out another roar as he regarded the tray atop of his gut: stacks of pancakes and waffles drenched in butter, syrup, and whipped cream, with heaping mounds of sausages and bacon for sides, and an entire jug of whole milk. All fitting perfectly on his gut. Without thinking, the fat fox dove towards the bacon, and with a huff realized that his flabby moobs got in the way. Was he seriously too fat to reach for his own food?! Not quite, for with another lunge, he was able to reach the pile of bacon before him, and stuffed it straight down his gullet, crumbs and grease coating his doughy muzzle.

What was he doing? Why was he still eating? He asked himself that and more as he grabbed for more and more meat, stuffing himself like a machine. Sheero just stood beside him smiling softly, the chubby zoroark occasionally taking a small bite for himself, adding more to the untold amounts of food he most likely ate before coming up here to feed him. Maylow gulped and sighed. This was it.

"Sheero...can I *bwurp* say something?" Maylow muttered, licking his muzzle. No going back now. He was going to say what was on his mind, even if it hurt the poor zoroark's feelings. The fox already thought out what he was going to say next. *Sheero, look at us. We're getting way too doughy! We need to cut back on all the carbs and sugar right away, or else I'm never leaving this bed!*

"Actually, Mr. Maylow, is it ok if I say something first?"

Maylow blinked. This was the first time the timid zoroark had ever asked for anything before. It certainly showed, as he awkwardly tugged at his hair, struggling to reach it past his broad shoulders. Perhaps he came to the same conclusion?

"Go ahead, mate." Maylow nodded. The least he could do was hear out his friend first.

Sheero smiled softly, then looked down. "I, uh...I dunno how to put this. I'm sorry, I'm...I'm really awkward, I know. I mean, that's kinda the point I wanted to make. I...I'm really bad at making friends and stuff, ever since I was a little zoruua. I, uh, don't think I've had a friendship that lasted more than a few months, really, outside from you, of course."

Maylow smiled softly, his thick cheeks dimpling. He understood exactly where the poor zoroark was coming from, or so he thought. He was about to say something, when Sheero continued. "B-but you're not just a friend! At least, I don't think so! You're like a big brother in a way, someone I can count on for help and advice, a-and you're a ton of fun to be with. Don't get

me wrong, I really like being Zero's apprentice, but outside of, uh, 'work,' we don't really do much together. But these last few months have been the most fun I've had in my life! I've never watched the entire director's cut of Lord of the Rings with someone before, and you kept asking questions that were lots of fun for me to answer!

"In fact..." Sheero stared down, his paws moving from his hair to his belly. "I'm...kinda glad you broke your leg. N-not to be mean or anything!" The zoroark yelped, holding up his thick arms defensively. "A-and I don't mean just so I have you around to hang out with, either. I've...really liked being with you before all this too, and...your line of work really scares me. I, uh, get really scared when you're gone for a long time and think something horrible happened to you. So seeing you safe in our house, away from all those bad people makes me feel much more reassured that you're ok. I-I'm sorry if that offends you, Mr. Maylow, I just really, really worry about you a lot. I can't help it..."

The room was completely silent as Sheero finished his exposition, the only sounds being Maylow's gurgling stomach and heavy breathing. He wasn't expecting *that* at all. The fat fox felt his poor heart cry out for the whimpering zoroark, no longer upset with how fat he had made the two of them grow. In fact, it actually dawned on Maylow that the zoroark had intentionally fattened them up so as to prevent the fox from returning to his previous occupation; that zoroark was one crafty fox!

"Sheero..." Maylow started. Even his eyes were feeling watery at the emotional scene. No one had ever cared so much for him before, both in tending to his every need during recovery as well as intentionally fattening him up to stop him from returning to his life of crime. It was all so touching...

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Sheero sniffled, rubbing a chunky paw across his squishy cheeks. "I didn't mean to say all that, it all just...fell out. But I'm still happy I got all that off my chest. What was it you wanted to say before?"

Oh, right. Maylow thought for a moment about what he wanted to say before learning about Sheero's thoughts on him, before slowly smiling. "I wanted to ask if I could get a second helping of pancakes after this. I'm feeling really peckish this morning for some reason."

Sheero's round face lit up like a Christmas tree, his eyes practically sparkling. "O-of course, Mr. Maylow!" He squealed, dashing for the door. However, he stopped himself right before he left the room, his fat body stumbling forward awkwardly, saying back and forth. "E-erh, are you sure? Aren't you worried about your weight, Mr. Maylow?"

It was the first time Sheero had brought up their fattened bodies. Maylow couldn't help but chuckle at that reaction, giving his gut a firm slap hard enough to almost spill the contents on top of it over himself. "Eh, screw it. Who cares how fat I get, so long as I have the best caretaker around to help me!"

Sheero yelped in joy, waddling over to give the fox the fattest hug he had ever received. It was awkward, given the sheer amount of padding they shared, but at the same time it was also soft and comforting, like being caressed by a living mattress. "Thank you, Maylow," Sheero sniffled, squeezing the fox bulk tightly. "I'll cook up the tastiest, most filling breakfast yet, just you wait!"

---

Zero flinched as he heard pained yelping from upstairs, the skunk groaning. Even with the tv blaring, he couldn't drown out the sound of Maylow whimpering in distress, his chubby fingers closing into fists. He hadn't bothered to check up on the annoying vulpine in months and figured Maylow would leave once he had recovered, yet that apparently wasn't the case.

Another yelp, this time followed by Sheero yelling back, a sound not even Zero heard often. The green skunk wrinkled his snout in annoyance before finally sighing. "Guess I better go check it out."

He placed his palms on the armrests of his sofa and *hauled* himself onto his feet, his apron of a gut slapping against his thighs. Sheero had been cooking up a storm as of late, with some of the scraps sometimes disappearing under the master thief's watch. It was only a couple bites here and there, yet Zero found himself growing a bit thicker as a result, his 3XL jacket now skin tight against his shoulders and wrists. Just what the hell was Sheero putting in his food?

Slowly, the lumbering skunk waddled his way towards his bedroom, huffing as he climbed the stairs, feeling his knees dig into his hanging underbelly. It was about time he finally kicked out that good-for-nothing fox. He had plenty of time to recover; if he wasn't in fighting shape after nearly an entire year of resting, then that's his problem, not Zero's! Almost to his room, the fat skunk flinched as another wail echoed throughout his hallway, the skunk's teeth gritting. Picking up his lumbering pace, Zero slammed open the door. "What the hell is going o-"

He cut himself off. There was no way he could have prepared himself for the sight before him.

Zero didn't see Sheero too often now that the zoroark had resigned himself to being Maylow's caretaker, but the rare times they did bump into each other, the pokemon always looked fatter and fatter. Now, he was wider than he was tall! The dark-type's gut hung past his knees, his limbs looking like enormous tubes of soft cookie dough, his knee-length hair now hip-length as it rode along his curvy rear. Sheero was incredibly fat, there can be no doubt. Maylow, on the other hand....

"Gaaaaah!" Maylow whimpered loudly, quivering with every shout. "Th-that hurts! Be careful, Sheero!"

"I'm trying! Stop moving so much!" Sheero leaned heavily against the bed, fighting against Maylow's middle. From his position, Zero could barely make out the light blue glint of the makeshift cast, hidden deep beneath rolls and rolls of dark grey pudge. Poor Sheero was wrestling, not just against his own impressive tum, but Maylow's as well! Just what the hell was going on?!

Maylow, on the other side of his immense gut, tried ignoring the pain by watching the ceiling-mounted tv above him, drinking his tea through a very long straw. Weighing far more than four digits hardly seemed to concern the massive fox, and why would it? After Sheero had come clean to him, Maylow no longer worried about how fat he was growing. In fact, he started to relish in his immensity, finding it fun to play with his new blubber! He felt like a fool for treating his chub like a curse, when really it was a blessing in disguise! It was an excuse to hang out with his favorite zoroark, while also serving as a disguise for the renegade vulpine. No one from back then would be able to look at the fox blob and be able to tell it's him!

But above all, he just loved getting to relax and play games all day. He considered it like an early retirement, really. He felt awful for getting so worked up over his gains that he didn't even notice how much fun he was having with Sheero. Now that he was past all that, he started to have fun hosting little eating contests between the two vulpines, or measuring the length of his gut to see how broad it grew until they ran out of measuring tape. Everything the two tubby vulpines did together involved an exorbitant amount of food, just the way he liked it.

Unfortunately, he couldn't quite enjoy the feeling of Sheero's scissors digging into his plump thighs. His leg had finally healed and his cast was starting to grow quite tight and itchy, yet they had clearly underestimated just how tight his cast was! The fox yelped as Sheero prodded his leg yet again with the sharp object. "C-careful!"

"I'm trying, Mr. Maylow!" Sheero grit his teeth, having to shout over the mountain of belly just to reach his friend. Maylow was massive, plain and simple. He covered, literally covered, the entirety of Zero's king-sized bed, much to the skunk's dismay. His billowing grey stomach pressed heavily against all four posts of the four-poster bed, like an ocean of blubber trying to engulf a lighthouse. His arms, the bloated water wings that they were, could barely bend enough for him to even feed himself. The fox's bloated legs were in a similar situation; his thighs constantly pressing against each other all the way down to his knees, which was ironically where his cast began. His puffy cheeks extended beyond the length of his own muzzle; the fox couldn't even look down without buying his nose in his own chins. Somewhere beneath his tonnage lay a legendary rear that engulfed the entirety of both of his tails. Safe to say, his adventuring days, or even his walking days, were officially over.

*SNIP*

It was the slightest of snips, yet it was enough for the cast to finally explode off of Maylow's leg, torn into a billion pieces like a party streamer. Maylow groaned in relief. "Urrf, that feels so much better..." With his leg free of its prison, the fox could finally focus on more important matters at hand, such as eating.

And ignoring Zero, who was now starting to shout. "My bed! What have you done to my bed?!"

Admittedly, the bed was creaking and groaning quite heavily beneath the two ton fox, but Maylow stuck his tongue out anyways. "I told you I'd get you a bed, Cabbage!" He smirked, patting his oversized tum.

As much as Zero wanted to throttle the obnoxious blob, the skunk sighed instead. "Fine, keep the damn bed."

With a huff, the tubby thief turned to walk away, scowling as he heard Maylow's voice. "Hey Sheero, since we don't have to worry about ruining Zero's bed anymore, think we can order pizza tonight?"