

Lion Fattening Day

By: Indi

Although it was his day off, Tycho found himself waking up just as early as usual, much to his frustration. The lion didn't bother trying to fall back asleep, instead reluctantly sliding out of bed and slipping into a tank top and shorts. Both were loose, and he appreciated how he didn't feel them clinging tightly to his rear or middle--unlike practically everything else in his wardrobe.

Tycho was an active person. At least, he *usually* was. He loved to bike, jog, swim—anything that gave him an excuse to be outside while working out. It was why he tended to sport at least the hint of abs and some muscle. Again, *usually*.

Unfortunately the lion also had a sweet tooth and a fondness for beer. In the past he'd kept his vices in check, but his roommate Indi had proven skilled at promoting overindulgence. Frequent baking and bar crawls had caused Tycho's waistline to steadily expand. His soft belly covered the old abs, and most of his muscles had become pudge. He wasn't huge, but he was undeniably plump.

What was worse was he hadn't decided whether it was a good change or a bad one yet. There was an unexpected pleasure in feeling a slight jiggle when he jogged, or having an appetite that allowed him to eat more at every meal. Of course he was also huffing and puffing more after rides and finding himself less eager to take the stairs. Not to mention having to buy new clothing once he'd outgrown all his old stuff.

Musing on the issue had become another part of Tycho's morning routine. On that day it was shortened as a wonderful aroma drifted into his nostrils. It made his stomach rumble—something else that'd become more common. Even before he left his room and walked down the hall he knew the source of the good smell—Indi was baking.

Sure enough, when Tycho wandered into the kitchen he found the blue jay pulling pies out of the fridge while something else baked in the oven. Even more food littered the counters, taking up nearly every available space. It didn't take Tycho long to notice it was all dessert. Cookies, donuts, pastries—nothing even remotely healthy.

Tycho wanted it all. Or at least his stomach did.

"Morning!" Indi cheerfully said as he found a place to squeeze in two chocolate pies before turning towards the oven to check on what was within. "Hope all the baking didn't wake you."

"No, didn't hear a thing. That's, uh...that's a lot of dessert you're making. Isn't it kind of early?"

"It's never too early for dessert! Donuts and muffins are a legitimate breakfast food, so why shouldn't pies and cake and cookies be, too?"

"Probably because we'd all be fat if they were." Tycho glanced down at his middle, giving it a slight frown.

"Nothing wrong with a bit of extra pudge here and there," Indi insisted. The blue jay was on the plump side himself. "But I do hope you enjoy it all, despite how fattening you think it may be."

Tycho was confused. "Wait, this is all for me?" More conflicting emotions, not how the lion wanted to start his day. "Indi that's way too much!"

"Nonsense! It's your day off and you deserve to treat yourself. And it's International Lion Day as well, even more reason to celebrate with a feast! Just consider it a cheat day."

Every day had felt like a cheat day with how much baking Indi had been doing. "Gorging on pastries is a bit more than just a cheat day."

"Well you don't *have* to eat it all at once. I know I'm still learning how to bake, so the taste of some things may be off." Indi sighed and turned away.

Tycho couldn't help but feel guilty. "No, everything's been really great, I swear! It's just—"

"Wonderful!" Indi interrupted.

He grabbed the two chocolate pies and ushered Tycho out of the kitchen and towards their

dining room table. The table was already nearly full of even more desserts, along with a few pitchers of chocolate milk. It was somewhat overwhelming for Tycho, but he still sat down in front of the assortment, not wanting his roommate's efforts to go to waste. Tycho told himself he'd sample a bit of everything, and once he'd had his fill he'd politely find a way to sneak off. Any leftovers would be dealt with over the next few days, their calories countered by longer trips to the gym.

Before Tycho could reach for anything a small plate of donuts was hovering in front of his muzzle, tempting him. "Try these first Tycho, they've got cream filling."

They were a favorite of Tycho's, and Indi knew it. The lion grabbed one and took a large bite out of it. A smile came across his face as soon as he tasted it. He quickly finished it off, and was encouraged to eat the others on the plate as well. Each was different to ensure Tycho wouldn't object.

"Oh and how could I forget these, the glaze is a new recipe I tried out!" Two new donuts were added to the plate, filling it right back up and undoing Tycho's progress.

Tycho might have complained if the donuts didn't taste so good. Indi was constantly chatting up each and every donut, explaining how long it'd taken to perfect them, or where he'd found the recipe, or what small aspect was new about them. The talk kept Tycho distracted enough to slowly lose track of just how many donuts he'd eaten or how many Indi was adding to his plate. All he did was eat and listen and eat.

Then without warning the donut plate was gone and a plate with slices of pie was in its place. "I know chocolate pie is your favorite so I've been working on a few variants!"

He spoke the truth, and no further enticing was required to get Tycho to dig in. Again more slices found their way onto the plate as Tycho ate, and again constant chatter kept the lion unaware of his own gluttony.

Exactly as Indi had hoped.

There was always a full plate of dessert within reach of Tycho, never a moment the lion wasn't chewing or swallowing or going for another bite. All the while his belly was swelling, the tank top growing tighter and tighter until the lion's belly eventually peeked out from under it. At times he'd recognize the sensation of fullness, but then a new cookie or donut or cake would draw his full attention.

Indi's scheme worked far longer than even he'd expected. It wasn't until Tycho's bulging belly pressed hard into the table that the lion was able to tear himself away from the endless stream of desserts.

As Tycho looked down on his round gut he blushed. "Oh crud, how did I eat so much!" He gave his middle a disapproving poke. "Okay, not another bite, I'm stuffed!"

"But you have the day off, you should relax and enjoy it with lots of good food." Indi waved a cream puff in front of Tycho.

"I think I've had more than enough food for one day already," Tycho insisted, giving his gut a wobble for emphasis.

Indi frowned. "Well if that's how you really feel..." the blue jay said as he walked behind Tycho's chair, "...then I'll just have to force ya to celebrate today!"

Tycho yelped as a length of rope abruptly swung around his middle and tightened, digging into his gut. He tried to leave his chair but the rope kept him firmly in place. All he got from his effort was an embarrassing belch. Indi was moving swiftly, producing more rope to tie Tycho's arms to the chair as well. Before long the lion was safely secured.

"Damn it Indi, let—*uorrrrrrrp*—me go!" Tycho demanded.

"Not until you've eaten all your breakfast! Can't let a poor lion starve on Lion Day, after all~"

"I'm already stuffed, there's no way I'm—*mmmmmmmmph!*"

A donut muffled Tycho's protest while heralding the more aggressive phase of his breakfast. Indi gleefully crammed dessert after dessert into the lion's mouth. Occasionally Tycho would get a quick word or growl in, only to be silenced right away by something fattening and delicious. He

wiggled and kicked with all his might, but all that did was exhaust him.

More, there was always more. Tycho's gut was swelling outward, growing rounder and heavier with every pie and cake Indi force-fed him. The rope binding him was steadily digging into his bulging belly. The sensation served as both a reminder to how helpless he was and just how big he was getting. Of course the sporadic pokes and squeezes from Indi's talons did so as well.

The more Tycho was stuffed the deeper he blushed. He was furious at Indi for stuffing him silly against his will, yet also couldn't deny feeling *some* degree of joy from being fed. Or maybe it was from getting bigger. Or the fact he was unwilling? It was all confusing to the lion, who wasn't sure he wanted to figure it out.

When the table was finally emptied Tycho thought his ordeal was over. His belly already filled his whole lap, a doughy dome full of enough sweets to fatten him up good. Then he felt the wheeled chair he was trapped in being pulled.

"Where—*bworrrrrrrp*—are you taking me!"

"To the rest of your meal of course!" Indi replied as he pushed Tycho towards the kitchen. "Ran out of room on the table so I had to keep about half of it on the counters and in the fridge."

For a moment Tycho stopped squirming. "Oh, no no no, I'm already too big dude!" Even with renewed vigor all his struggling managed to do was wobble his belly and make him blush.

Indi rolled Tycho to the center of the kitchen, where the bound lion was essentially surrounded by dessert. "Honestly Tycho you carry a gut so well—wouldn't you love for it to be this big *permanently*?"

The squeeze Tycho received from Indi's talon was firm enough to make him wiggle and bite his lip. When he was freed he was going to make sure the blue jay ate twice—no *three* times as much as he had. Maybe if he was blubbery he'd be less of a menace to Tycho's waistline.

In the meanwhile, Indi was in total control.

Once again food was being stuffed into Tycho's maw, and in even larger proportions than ever before. Amidst the recently-baked treats there were clearly boxed snacks from the store as well. Donut holes, cookies, twinkies—a few whole cans of whipped cream.

The rope around Tycho's gut creaked as it was strained to its limits. It'd dug in so deep it could barely be seen. Inevitably it lost out against Tycho's expanding girth. With a muffled snap it came apart. His bloated belly bounced wildly as it was released and Tycho let out a groan of relief in between bites. Unfortunately by then the lion was far too stuffed to escape his chair—and of course the bindings on his arms remained.

The desserts seemed endless. Growls became groans as Tycho's belly spilled over his lap. The lion was gradually becoming too stuffed to think straight. He was eating out of habit, gaze drifting all over, concentration fading fast. Rarely he'd snap out of it long enough to squirm a little harder or vaguely grumble. Mostly he just ate, though.

When the last dessert was pushed into Tycho's mouth, he was nearly too out of it to notice. The chair groaned under the lion's weight, holding together but complaining loudly in the process.

Indi looked upon his handiwork with pure joy. He'd managed to stuff his roommate until he was more belly than lion. Tycho couldn't let out a single coherent sentence, belching more than speaking. Unable to resist, Indi squeezed and jiggled the mass of feline he'd created. Both taut and soft, the belly was an absolute delight to feel. Now it was Indi's turn to blush, the blue jay cooing gently as he enjoyed Tycho's gut.

For a good, long while Indi simply massaged Tycho's belly. At times he'd bury his beak in the lion's doughy middle, able to just barely hear the gurgling of dessert within.

There was a bounty of calories in Tycho, all eager and willing to be stored as beautiful, cozy pudge. Though his belly would steadily shrink, the rest of him would fatten up wonderfully. Indi already couldn't wait to see the lion's middle jiggling as he walked from now on. Maybe Tycho would even be fat enough to waddle!

All that was in the future, though.

With a little reluctance Indi pulled himself away from Tycho's belly. The lion had passed out into a deep food coma some time before, snoozing peacefully as he fattened. Indi carefully rolled him back into the dining room so he could sleep, then began cleaning up the large mess his feeding had made. All worth it in his mind, of course.

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When Tycho woke, he felt strangely sore—and *very* hungry. He tried to stretch, but for some reason his arms wouldn't budge. Worried, the lion opened his eyes, greeted by a confusing plethora of sights.

He was in a chair, not in bed, and he was tied to it. Even more surprising—or terrifying—was the ball gut he had. Tycho squirmed slightly, blushing when he saw his middle jiggle. It was real.

Slowly the lion realized his arms looked fatter as well, as did his paws. His shorts clung so tightly to his thighs and rump the seams had torn some, and just shifting around in his seat was enough to rip them more. His tank top wasn't any better off, rolled up and squeezing his moobs. Moobs. Something else he shouldn't have had.

He was fat, just plain fat. Maybe three hundred pounds by the look of it, though it was impossible to tell for certain while sitting.

Little-by-little Tycho was remembering breakfast. How Indi had tricked him into gluttoning and then stuffed him personally. All the desserts he'd gobbled up. The obscene size of his belly towards the end.

Still, he couldn't believe just how much weight he'd gained from a single meal—even if he'd basically eaten a bakery during it. It would take far more than a couple extra visits to the gym to shed the pounds.

Tycho fumed and grumbled and whined—and very, *very* briefly even swooned—over his new heft. He'd get revenge on Indi, that was guaranteed. He'd stuff the bird like a Thanksgiving Day turkey, make sure he was fatter than Tycho, that he'd be too fat to lose the weight! There wasn't much he could do while still tied up, though.

“Finally awake, dough ball?”

Indi strolled into view, taking the time to prod Tycho's belly and snicker.

“When I said I didn't mind the weight this isn't what I meant,” Tycho growled. “All my clothes were tight before, now I'll have to buy more! Not cool! And when I—”

Tycho froze up as a pleasant smell reached him. Pizza? No, burgers. Chicken as well?

Indi's grin grew wider as he saw Tycho react. “Ah, I see you finally got a whiff of dinner. Thought you might be hungry after that long nap of yours~”

The chair was slowly spun around, and Tycho gulped as he saw the table. It was full, just like at breakfast, but this time from take out rather than dessert. Towers of pizza boxes, large bags of party combos from burger joints and sandwich shops. More fast food than Tycho could eat in a whole month. Before Tycho had assumed he was still tied up so he wouldn't throttle Indi. Now he knew it was because the feeding hadn't actually ended yet.

“W-W-Wait, you got me good at breakfast, you win! I'm big and fat and wobbly, that's gotta be good enough!” Tycho was wiggling up a storm, trying to somehow nudge his chair backwards and away from the table. He made it a centimeter before Indi started pushing him forwards.

“Oh, but think of just how much bigger you could be! A pure butterball of a lion, so round you get stuck in doorways. A belly that could wipe out a buffet and still not feel stated. A rump heavy enough to crush a bike!” Indi was almost giggling.

“Being mobile is nice, too, ya know!” Tycho said, his face red.

“Debatable.”

“You’re not being a very good roommate right now! Why couldn’t I live with a bird who isn’t obsessed with turning me into a couch!”

“I wasn’t thinking that big, but now it’s tempting,” Indi teased. “Glad to know you’re setting lofty goals jumbo~”

All Tycho could do was let out an exasperated sigh. Slimming down again was beginning to seem less and less likely. Oh well, at least the food would be good.