

Kassidy beamed as he led Ty in through the great poplar doors of the manor, the stained glass windows inlaid in their antique body fit with gazelles, crosses, and all manner of heritage Ty lacked much interest in. It had been a long time since Alex, the master of the house, had invited anybody over personally, so a simple visit had become a special event. Staff had done a thorough clean-up, Kassidy had readied the good china himself, Alex had been assigned a wardrobe manager so as to spare Kassidy the hour-long duty of dressing the gazelle himself. The red panda considered this all as being perhaps a tad overkill, but in truth, he was simply happy to see Alex socializing with someone who wasn't house staff.

Pedicured black hooves followed paws, footsteps muffled by the ornate rug that ran to the manor's staircase, its elaborate weave older than everyone in the building combined. With some level of dramatism, Kassidy stopped in the center of the tremendous carpet, paws held behind his back. Ty stopped with less dramatism and watched Kassidy turn around, a smile on his perfectly groomed face.

"Ty - I bid you welcome to the venerated household of - "

Brrrrring. Brrrrrrring.

The red panda behaved as if he was physically put on pause, his face puckering slightly, as Ty held a polished hoof up to suggest a commanding 'halt' and took out a phone. Silver bangles and rings decorating the deer's limbs clacked against each other in a not altogether unpleasant but nonetheless cacophonous symphony as the deer raised their phone to a pierced ear, crossing their free arm under their raised one like a support beam. Kassidy simply stood, hands still mid passionate introduction, stewing in the feeling of wind being thoroughly removed from his sails, mind immediately a million miles away.

"Yes? Yes, this is Ty. Yes, the deer. Yes. Mhmm. No, I don't care about that. No. Yes. Yes. Yes. Tell Mr. McGirr he could not pay me enough to wear those rags he besmirches McQueens name with. Yes. Okay. I'm with a private client. Uhhhm. Starts with an A, I think. Yes. Listen - call me later? The house servant or whatever looks murderous," Ty rambled, looking Kassidy up and down. "Not murderous like *that*. Yes, he looks *fine*. I'm not a scout. I don't know. He might be too..." Ty's voice lowered to a whisper as they traced Kassidy's form with their eyes, an especially long time being spent on his wide hips. "*Bottom-heavy*. Sorry. Okay. See you," Ty finished, shoving their phone back into the abyss of the purse. "Sorry. Business. You can go on."

Kassidy's posture sank. The red panda, despite being just as well maintained as he was moments ago, suddenly reeked of a sad, disheveled aura, the now vastly less enthused nature of his soul made manifest.

"Yes. Well. This is the De Bruyn manor, the oldest of its kind in the northeastern United States. I do hope you enjoy your stay with us, no matter how brief - "

Brrrrring. Brrrrrrring. Brrriiiiing.

"Sorry. I'm not taking that call, don't worry. Do go on."

"Okay... I hope you enjoy the stay," *Brrrrring*. "No matter how brief it may be," *Brrriiiiing*. "I can show you to your lodgings for the week if you like," *Brrrrrrring*. "But can you *please* silence that thing? Please?"

Ty sighed as if asked to do something truly unreasonable and pulled their phone back out from their purse, only to find it had already stopped its incessant ringing. With some flair, they held the screen to Cassidy, showing him this unfortunate fact.

"... Anyways," Cassidy continued, struggling to not roll his eyes at the increasingly unwelcome guest. "Your room is next to Alex's. From what I understand, he hired you to come out here for... something profession related...?"

"Oh, yes. I believe the poor thing hired me for some professional, deer-to-deer style advice - although I couldn't quite tell you why he came to me. I'm a model, not a stylist, but... who am I to deny the man?"

"Hm. Well, his chamber is down here - just down the door between the imported cedar staircases and to the left. His door frame is the gilded one fit with an... extra wide door. Yours is the one carved with representations of the majority of his descendents. Do be careful, most things here are irreplaceable."

"Don't you worry at all, um... name?"

"Kassidy."

"Yes, don't you worry at all. I will be gentle as a lamb - and a very, very gentle one, at that. Now, should I talk to this Alex now, or... ?"

"He has requested to meet you over a private dinner. A maid will be by your room with some soonness to call you to this - I will personally request you not dilly-dally too much."

"Of course. I would never," Ty replied, already on their way to their room.

"... I am *not that* bottom-heavy..." Cassidy mumbled to himself as Ty exited earshot, tracing a paw on the tight fabric cocooning his rather thick thighs.

The guest room was enormous, easily bigger than most of the studio apartments Ty's friends lived their lives in. It was also significantly older than them, something like a living

museum, the kind of bedchambers Ty had seen only in exhibits at the Met, but here it was not curtained off by velvet rope. Every square inch of the chamber had some new detail beyond what any space Ty had spent a night in prior to this had to offer, no matter where those spaces were; from Paris to Milan, from Venice to Moscow, no hotel or guest house could compare.

Extravagant cornices joined walls and ceiling, all carved with the same intricate designs that decorated the room's entrance - exhaustively depicted wooden cervine, quadrupedal to bipedal like an evolutionary chart, so intricate they looked as if they had been produced with fine needlepoint or pen, but there they were, deep browns of whatever presumably rare or extinct tree they were sculpted from whittled and etched with convex and concave bits that proved overwhelming for Ty to fully take in unless the deer viewed them with their retina practically grazing against the coving. Ty had seen expensive wallpaper, designer wallpaper, wallpaper that could justifiably put in an exhibit, but this room had custom wallpaper that wore a gracious patina of untold age, sprawling with pastel sketches of fruits and trees and deer and all manner of things likely found on a family crest Ty had not seen but could assume the storied existence of. None of the furniture was a part of some complete set one could buy from a department store or even from the archives of the most esteemed architects in the furniture design game; everything was one-of-a-kind, slightly mismatched - Ty figured every piece was produced by a different artisan from a different era - but clearly all befitting of the manor's baroque manner, from the woodworking to the hardware.

Ty felt something like a little prince, already draped in untold elegance in the confines of the guest room. They could only imagine the stately presence of their host, Alex De Bruyn himself. They had only spoken on the phone, and as Ty unpacked their bag, they formed an impression of him in their head born from story books. He had to be tall, that was a given. All nobles or princes or whatever Alex was were tall. And slender. Perhaps he had a feminine edge, but a core masculinity that could not be refuted - slender, manicured hooves wrapped around a fencing foil came to mind. Ty looked over their own wardrobe and decided Alex must be the type to dress himself like Gainsborough's quintessential Blue Boy, fit with frills and silk and waistcoats and all variety of ostentatious antiquity, a thing Ty had nothing but appreciation for. Oh, and he would have great hair. And tall, immaculate antlers. Ty's imaginary Alex was the sort of man who could make anyone blush, and Ty almost found themselves falling victim to their own construct's dashing fairy tale romanticism when a rapping came from the door.

It was time for dinner.

Alex had nice fluffy hair, a feminine aura, manicured hooves, and a particularly mighty set of spindly, tall antlers. These were the only elements of Ty's fantasy-driven vision of the noble that proved accurate. The gazelle, sitting in an odd cross between a bench and a throne at the end of the table, was not a dashing hero, not the type to awaken a sleeping princess with true love's kiss or the kind of deer one could imagine riding bravely to save his kingdom. He wore no waistcoat, but a light pink hoodie, black sweatpants, large rounded glasses, and that

seemed to be the limits of his stylistic choices. It seemed odd to Ty that with this limited fashion sense the gazelle needed an assistant just for dressing himself, until Alex's staggering size became apparent.

The master of the house, seated at the head of the table with Ty by his side, looked physically incapable of presiding over much of anything but a buffet. His wide seat was completely occupied by a rear that left Kassidy looking frail by comparison, although Ty put their best effort forward in not staring too much. Harder to avoid view of was the gazelle's gut, a hulking tank that pressed lightly into the beveled edge of the dinner table, its true shape somewhat concealed by the loose hoodie - Ty was impressed that someone Alex's size could *find* a loose hoodie - but it did not take much thought to determine that the thing was massive. The chest of the hoodie was less loose, two ample globes utterly filling the garment and bulging out in a manner many swimsuit models Ty had rubbed shoulders with would be jealous of. Alex's face was womanly, all possible traces of masculinity hidden by its pudgy softness. His jawline was softened into indistinct roundness, his cheekbones were likely lurking somewhere under full, persistently blushing cheeks, and his more preserved features were soft in their own ways; the gazelle's eyes were big, round, pointedly aimed at this empty plate, and almost a little sad, topped by heavy brown lids and thick, long lashes. He wore a gentle, reserved expression, and twiddled clunky, painted pink hand hooves as the pair waited for supper to be brought out.

"So, *ahem*, Mr. De Bruyn, correct? It's great to meet you," Ty broke the ice, holding a hoof out for Alex to shake.

"Uhm.. just Alex is okay..." said Alex in a voice not much louder than a mumble, not returning Ty's hoofshake.

"Oh... kay. Alex. Please, let us talk shop - I am deathly curious as to what exactly you want me here for. I believe you said styling, or something of that nature?"

"Yeah, uh... I, well... "

"No need to continue. I can see it - you would love to match the esteemed halls of your home, hm? Because I can certifiably say, I can immediately picture you in all manner of regalia that would truly befit this space more than, well... what you have on."

"No, it's not that, it's... I want to, like... impress - "

Alex clasped his pink hooves around his mouth to shut himself up as Kassidy strolled out from the kitchen with a dining cart, a wide array of plates covered with sterling silver cloches smattered along its surface. One by one, he lifted plates onto the table and uncovered them, revealing a succulent bounty that made the typical meals contractually provided from modeling work Ty was generally provided look outright pathetic. Malva pudding, roast pheasant, spiraling boerewors and saffron rice, garlicky mussels in white wine sauce, a garden of sauteed vegetables, stuffed branzino, a bonafide feast fit for the forty-odd capacity of the dining table,

but only two seats were occupied. Ty turned cocked a brow at Kassidy as he began rolling the cart back to the kitchen.

“Excuse me, um, Kassidy? Are you quite sure this is all... necessary?”

“Well, if you had listened to my *introduction*, not to say you didn’t... you may recall, all the stops are thoroughly pulled out for your visit. That, and... well...” Kassidy trailed off, his expression softening as his eyes drifted their attention to Alex, who was already halfway through a plate brimming with an immense quantity of boerewors and rice.

“Oh. Well. *Ahem*. Thank you. And, before you go, I do apologize if I was... *rude*, during your welcome... I’m sure it was all very nice, but...”

“There’s no need to apologize. Simply enjoy dinner,” Kassidy replied before Ty could finish their thought, one foot already out the door.

Ty shrugged and turned their attention back to the feasting gazelle, his plate clear and his hooves already hovering above the remaining options. Ty scooped some vegetables, all perfectly charred and dressed with a semi-sweet, spicy honey, onto their plate, and picked at them.

“Well, perhaps now you’re full you can finish your thought, Mr. De Bruyn. Or, Alex, sorry. You’re trying to... impress... someone? Something?”

“Full?” Alex replied, neglecting his dining plate and opting to simply pull the wide serving platter adorned with dual roasted birds, carrots, and potato closer to him. “We’ve barely started eating... you should probably have more than that, you know...” he continued, nudging at Ty’s sparse plate. Before Ty could reply, Alex had already scooted a pheasant to Ty’s plate.

Begrudgingly, Ty ate. It was as if the purpose of their visit had been lost under the deluge of food; conversation stagnated into unproductive repetition as the pair entered a cycle of Ty trying to broach the topic of their job, only to be met with Alex mumbling nonsense through a full mouth, putting some variety of rich goodie on Ty’s plate and suggesting they indulge, or Kassidy stopping by to collect the empty, smeared plates that steadily piled up in the center of the table - something Ty could not help but notice was always accompanied by the red panda’s eyes, shrouded as they were behind a pair of eyeglasses, lingering just a bit longer than seemed necessary on Alex. Things reached an inevitable conclusion as platters emptied and Ty, with one hoof on their tightly packed stomach, was forced to deny Alex’s further offers to fill the model’s plate.

“Do you see me? I haven’t eaten like this in... *hrrrp*... ever,” Ty bemoaned, standing from their chair and showing the depths of the meal’s impact on them. Their dress was tight around a slight potbelly, firm and groaning despite Ty’s best efforts to soothe it. “Now, please... Alex, may we *please* discuss the nature of this job? Before I pop, perhaps?”

Alex twiddled his hooves. "Fine, but... only in my room, okay?"

"Fine."

"And... after dessert."

Ty groaned and collapsed back into their seat. This was going to be a more complicated job than they were hoping for.

Alex's room was not altogether dissimilar from the guest room, although there was a stark lack of the ancient antiques that seemed to decorate all other parts of the manor Ty had seen so far. There were slews of antique woven goods, a vanity in the corner that clearly wore some age, and Alex's bed frame, although it seemed altered to support the great master's advanced weight, was similarly old, but everything else seemed newer, less irreplaceable, and overall more immune to the inherent vulnerabilities of accompanying a gazelle who must weigh half a ton on an empty stomach. Alex rested at the edge of his bed, nursing a digestif of ginger ale, while Ty sat across from him in what seemed to be an IKEA chair, legs crossed, sipping a Negroni.

"Sorry for, uh... not talking about stuff during dinner... I felt kind of embarrassed, and, uh..." Alex uttered.

"It's okay, but... *please*... what *is* it we're doing?"

"Well..." Alex said, his bespectacled eyes never quite meeting Ty's. "There's... someone, and I *really* wanna impress hi... *them*. Them. And, uh, I don't... know... how? I've never thought about it much I guess, but I found out he - I mean, they - have all these magazines, and books, and stuff, about art and houses and all the obvious stuff, but also clothes and models and whatever, and, uh... well..."

"And you felt upstaged?" Ty interjected, setting down their empty cup.

"N-no! Just, like... I dunno, like... it's stuff I never pay much attention to, I guess. Like, what's GQ supposed to be?"

"GQ is a rag these days, darling, don't sweat *that* of all things. But, I understand. Let's, uh... how about we analyze you from the ground up? Get that sweatshirt off, please," Ty said, standing.

Alex squirmed on his bed and tucked his arms into his hoodie sleeves, worming it off him in a way that would be wildly impractical for anyone of reasonable size. Ty began to understand

the core of some of the young gazelle's insecurities as the hoodie unceremoniously slumped to the ground upon its removal, revealing the reddening, sweaty, panting face of Alex, and his bare torso. He was somehow bigger than Ty truly could absorb when he was cloaked by the unflattering sweatshirt. Ty was surprised at how much of what they had assumed was simply false bulk created by thick, loose fleece was in reality Alex's body, swollen and unfathomably wide, covered in bulky rolls that rendered his picturesque fur patterns warped and odd. His breasts were possibly the most substantial Ty had ever laid eyes on, and the dinner plate nipples they were tipped with needed no mention. His arms were coated in flab and clearly lacked much dexterity, his hooves were pushed further apart than was natural thanks to fattened palms - simply put, he was cartoonishly fat.

"Well..." Ty muttered, moving closer to Alex, taking his girth in fully like a strange work of art. "I can... think of a few things..."

Alex simply looked up with big puppy dog eyes, brimming with hope, clearly already envisioning some kind of life changing advice from the deer, who looking back at the gazelle was swiftly losing the will to tell him to maybe drop a few pounds. Ty, cradling their own still bloated tummy, felt it may be worse than just rude - it would be *hypocritical*, given the way they just ate. Rather than offer Alex's desired silver bullet of advice, Ty diverted things.

"... But first, I do have to ask, why come to *me*? I'm a model, you know, not a... stylist, or love guru, or... whatever."

"Well... you were on the cover of one of those magazines, and you had a really easy to remember face compared to the other guys... plus, models are always... *going* everywhere and getting *everyone* to fall in love with them and stuff... I thought it just made sense. Like, you probably have a *million* b... *girlfriends*."

"Oh, dear," Ty gasped. "Alex, you... really may have called the wrong model! I'm not some big *player* or what have you... I've been with the same *man* for *years*, and I wouldn't trade him for *anything*."

"Wow.. w-well... that's even more helpful! Like, how'd you get with your... boyfriend?"

"Husband, actually."

"Whoa..."

"Whoa is right. I don't know how to answer you, though... really, I got very lucky and found somebody who liked me. That's it."

Alex shot a skeptical look back at the slender, if taut, deer. "I don't think it's *that* simple."

“Well, maybe not for everyone...” Ty giggled, holding a hoof over their mouth. “How about this? Tomorrow, I’ll really think about what this *mystery suitor* of yours likes, and we’ll see if we can figure some things out, hm? I’ll even throw together some special outfits, just for you.”

“Yeah! That’d be awesome! He probably isn’t *that* hard to figure out for someone like you,” Alex grinned back, their hope fully renewed.

With some exchange of pleasantries, Ty left Alex’s room and returned to their own. Slumping onto their mattress - an unfortunately uncomfortable thing, given the high quality of everything else surrounding them - all they could think of was Alex. Poor thing, all holed up in this place and yet so out of touch with himself. As the deer faded out to sleep, they already knew what tomorrow would entail.

Ty’s expectations for the day were partially met. One one hoof, they were doing what they wanted with their day, and that was sitting across Kassidy in his office, the red panda seated behind a gigantic cherrywood desk, adorned with fascinating sculptural details and carvings so fine Ty could scarcely make them out, although the stacks of paper and pens and unopened letters strewn about its shiny surface dressed it down a touch. On the other, they had to attend yet another Alex-driven meal before this meeting, and were partially occupied with the balloon shaped outcropping that was their tightly packed gut desperately trying to figure out how to digest a full loaf of bread consumed in the sickly sweet format of French toast - a breakfast decision Ty was kicking themselves over, but they couldn’t bear the tremendous weight of having to deny Alex a mealtime companion.

Kassidy’s office was roughly what one would expect, austere in its decorative qualities. Mismatched bookshelves, both with differing yet equally opulent engravings, bookended his desk. One was crammed full with weathered tomes, mostly nonfiction, all with cracked spines, weathered edges, lost dust jackets, visible wear from a lifetime of use; the other was stacked with perfectly preserved antiquities, first editions, almost ancient books in languages Ty was reasonably sure the red panda did not speak but that he likely appreciated, acquired from who-knows-where over the course of a storied career. Similarly interesting bits and bobs of furniture outfitted the rest of the chamber.

An end table with golden antler-esque legs accompanied Ty’s seat, a sturdy piece with what appeared to be a medieval understanding of world history set in its wide arms in sequential format; Kassidy’s degree in art history was mounted behind his head in a frame featuring peculiarly wide moldings, moldings a trained eye could discern as being a series of tiny drawers filled with whatever manner of secrets; a third shelf stood opposite from a window, this one not stuffed with books but stuffed with tiny models of landmarks from across the world, both ones Ty recognized and ones fair outside of the deer’s databanks, made of building blocks and metal pieces and plastic and all manner of different materials but detail-rich and identifiable nonetheless.

What stood out most to Ty was not any of the invaluable treasures that Kassidy surrounded himself with, though - it was the small corkboard under his degree with an arrangement of postcards and photos pinned to it. The deer was almost envious of the laundry list of destinations Kassidy had evidently been to, but they weren't the focal point of Ty's interest. That honor went to the small number of photos, the way Alex was oh-so-frequently featured by Kassidy's side, the minute changes in expression on both their faces when they were together versus separated. The object of Alex's affections was so obvious it hurt, and Ty had something beyond suspicion that those affections were not as one-sided as Alex thought.

"You know, you don't *have* to try and keep up with Alex every meal," Kassidy said, rhythmically clicking a pen with a pawpad.

"I know, I just... *hruurp*. Maybe I should stop."

"Can't ruin that figure, right?"

"Right! You know - I just wanted to stop by and say thank you for allowing me *oveeeurp*. Over. I really have grown to find this place beautiful since arriving - I truly do regret my manager interrupting your intro."

"Yes, thank you," Kassidy sighed. "Is that all?"

"Well, no... I was curious. Alex said that, and do correct me if I am wrong, you were familiar with me?"

"Oh, well..." Kassidy put his pen down and adopted a more rigid posture. "Yes, of course. You *are* in a lot of places, you know. Including here."

"Color me flattered."

"I, *ahem*. Have some appreciation for the art of design. There's something... respectable about a model who dabbles with designing things themselves," Kassidy continued, gesturing at Ty.

"Yes, well... thank you, I do try to keep the craft alive. Perhaps I can make you a special little number when I'm back home. And perhaps I can make Alex one, too. You know, he does seem quite concerned about his... image."

"His... his image."

"Yes. I can't quite say what has gotten into him, but it seems the poor thing wants to impress *someone*," Ty drawled. "Now, do you have any idea who that *someone* may be?"

"I... um... *well*, I have no idea. And if I *did*, it would be a breach of professionalism for me to, um... *hem*. Talk about. That." Kassidy sputtered, his face wearing a new befuddled expression with every few syllables.

"Mhmm," hummed Ty, leading their elbows forward onto Kassidy's desk and resting their chin in their own hooves. "You know, it just seems to me he *really* likes someone, and - "

"Ty, thank you, but I have some very... very important house matters to attend to, and... and I have to ask you to... leave, and..."

"Okay, okay," Ty said, holding their hands up and standing. "But, over breakfast, I did get an idea. Is there, say, a sewing machine here, perchance?"

"U-uh, yes, upstairs, near the study, though it IS an antique, and - "

"Fabric?"

"The same room, but only use the fabrics that are out - the ones in drawers are all irreplaceable, hand-loomed, and - "

"Spectacular! I think Alex is going to be trying on some outfits I whip up for him like a little runway show - I assume you'll get that dressing assistant to help with this - and I'd *love* to have you there to help him make some choices. You do seem to have taste, and... well, he does need some help beyond what I can provide in a weekend. He told me there's some big wardrobe room here that should function perfectly as a stage. Meet us there after dinner, it'll be wonderful. Tata!"

"Oh, I - "

Before the red panda could formulate a response or an excuse to skip out, Ty was gone and the door was closed behind them. Kassidy pushed his glasses up and rubbed his eyes, dragging his paws down the length of his face like an impressionist portrayal of sheer anguish.

"Oh, God. This will... this is going to be the *death* of me..."

Kassidy was already making mental notes of what decorations Alex and Ty had gotten the staff to string up in the wardrobe room he would have to make sure were removed later. Its usual lavish beauty was veiled by hanging black curtains speckled with fairy lights making a sort of makeshift stage setting. The look was fairly tacky, Kassidy thought, but unsurprising if Alex was acting as creative director. It was also, incidentally, charming. Given Alex's tendency to behave much like a lump or a piece of furniture, witnessing him seemingly so fired up about something was a welcome change of pace. At least until the lights dimmed and symphonic

music faded in, tinny, likely playing from a hidden bluetooth speaker or some such device. As Kassidy took in the decor, or perhaps the lack of it, the closest set of curtains - not hung on the wall but from the rafters, sectioning off a section of the room - ruffled and split. Ty emerged, thicker than Kassidy recalled them being in the morning, clearly wearing the impact of an Alex-sponsored lunch and dinner. The red panda crossed his arms and stood still, watching them saunter forwards and speak.

"Hello, all - we bid you welcome to our first ever fashion show!" Ty declared, their eyes crossing the empty room as if there was a crowd in attendance and not just Kassidy. "We have an assortment of wonderful designs being worn by an assortment of wonderful models. Without further ado, here is the collection, titled... *Cerf*."

Kassidy could swear he heard some light cheering from a familiar voice backstage - or behind the curtains - as Ty bowed and disappeared again behind those curtains. Without much time to breathe or digest this high school quality production unfolding before him, a different deer made his appearance. Alex shoved the curtains out of the way, a thin sheen of perspiration already visible on his pudgy face as he wobbled out all draped in frilly fare like something ripped from Amadeus, its centerpiece being a floral tailcoat that hugged the gazelle's body so closely Kassidy could spy his love handles and shelf of a rear pushing the coat's skirt out and leaving him shaped somewhat like a bell. He trundled out on unsteady hooves, did not pose or strike a look or walk with any distinct confidence; it was completely unlike the old runway shows Kassidy had watched tape of. Regardless, for some strange reason, even as Alex merely stood there and meekly waved at Kassidy, the slight movement putting visible strain on the already tight buttons of his silk vest, the red panda felt his cheeks burning. Then he felt a hoof gently clap him on the back. Ty was standing beside him.

"Nice, right? I'm quite proud of that number," they said, pointing at Alex, or Alex's outfit, as the gazelle waddled back behind curtains, his backside visibly bobbing up and down under his coat with each heavy step.

"A-aren't you supposed to be back there?"

"I like the concept of seeing my own work from an audience perspective. And, there are... three or four staff members back there helping him get these little ensembles on and off. Not much room for more."

"Oh... well. If you want criticism, uh... it was a... a little tight."

"Really? I thought you'd like that," Ty prodded, shrugging their shoulders.

"Tailoring is a delicate art," Kassidy responded, although it barely qualified as a response and was more of a semi-related declarative statement that unimpressively fell from his lips as he tried to not pay any mind to the way Alex's outfit had hugged his form.

Unfortunate for the red panda, he was given precious little time to not think about Alex as the gazelle stumbled out again wearing a dress similar to the one Ty often sported but off shoulder and in a dusty pink, busy ruffles lining its hems and drawing attention to his cleavage. To his... cleavage. Kassidy's eyes shot open in alarm as he clutched his face with a paw and cranked his neck away from the makeshift stage. He should not be looking at that, at such things, at the clueless deer wearing this skimpy thing standing and huffing idly on stage from all the effort of walking ten feet, at -

"Kass? Is this one bad?" Alex asked, his head cocked at the red panda.

Kassidy forced himself to look back at the deer, keeping his eyes firmly fixed on his face and not his breasts, or his tree trunk thighs squishing against one another below the dress's hem, or the way his gut was vacuum sealed behind a layer of thin pink. He contorted his face into a crooked grin, one eye maybe twitching, and gave a thumbs up.

"It looks... great... sir!" he eked out, keeping his strained expression of approval held for just enough to become awkward as Alex confusedly turned around and departed once more, revealing the underhang of his ass thanks to a tail that lifted the dress's hem some.

Kassidy left out a great sigh of relief as Alex was gone again, leaving just him and Ty for at least a moment, although Ty aimed an eager grin at Kassidy that left him feeling anything but secure.

"So?"

"It's. It's... *ahem*. It is very interesting to see your choices, here. I, uh... you have a vision, and..."

"I'm kind of trying to let Alex feel *hot*. Or confident. Or whatever word you want to use for it."

"*Hot*..." Kassidy mumbled, his mind barely able to focus on the conversation at hand.

"That's what I... what I said, yeah. So, am I doing well?"

Kassidy was clocked out, staring at the stage, pensively awaiting whatever new form of Alex he was to bear witness to next. Luckily, he did not have to wait long as Alex trudged his massive form out one last time, his hair matted a tad by sweat, leaning forwards from all the exertion of the night, huffing and puffing with every intent footfall. Kassidy felt something in his brain pop as he watched Alex stand there.

Ty's previous efforts at clothing the gazelle may have been inevitably revealing but made an effort to maintain some semblance of dignity. The suit was tight but strived for modesty, the dress was bordering risque but was ripe with details and quality construction that Kassidy could

fall into to distract himself from its wearer. This piece left nothing for Kassidy to ponder, nothing to imagination. Alex wore a skintight nylon catsuit, matte in texture, stretched around his body, dark purple and sown with images of ivy and flowers and fruit, drawing parallels to the many elements of the Du Bruyn crest sprinkled throughout the manor.

It seemed a beautiful pattern, but Kassidy could barely heed that beauty as the subject of his interest was the way those patterns warped and stretched on Alex's body, the way they disappeared between rolls, bulged cartoonishly around the gazelle's jiggling tits and receded dramatically around his cavernous navel, all outlined in spectacular detail by the absolute tightness of the fabric encasing his form. Alex transformed into a sculptural object in the piece, the intricacies of his mammoth form highlighted not just by the way the nylon shifted and warped but by the soft sounds of it rubbing against itself that accompanied every minute movement the gazelle produced. Unlike most sculptures, though, Kassidy felt himself melting as he took in the full breadth of what towered ahead of them. Unlike most art, he so wanted to cross that velvet rope and reach out, he craved nothing more than to press a curious paw into the soft, pillowy expanse all covered in a warped parody of Alex's family name, to see how deep he could sink into that ever-expanding landscape of cervine. The only thing that ripped him from fantasy was Alex twirling around and fading behind the curtains one last time, revealing the wide cut-out slit in the back of his catsuit that let his tail and backrolls breathe. The red panda had immediate desire to be alone with his thoughts, but Ty snidely stood next to him still, studying his face.

"You know..." Ty started.

"Ty..." Kassidy responded. He already had an inkling of what was going on here, a hunch as to what the deer was thinking.

"You should *really* just tell him."

Kassidy pulled from Ty and backed away, making a move for the door.

"I should *not*. I - I mean, tell him what? Tell *who* what? You - you know, you... you sound ridiculous. Making... pithy *assumptions*, and... good *night*. And... and your work was surprisingly decent," Kassidy stuttered as he gradually disappeared from the room and down the hall.

Ty rolled their eyes and went backstage, being met by the sight of Alex panting and seated across two folding chairs.

"Spectacular work out there, darling," Ty said, tousling the gazelle's damp hair, thoroughly unfluffed from effort. "You know, not everyone can pull off a one-model show..."

"I dunno..." Alex pouted, pulling at his catsuit. "I was... I was hoping... *hff*... someone else would see me after all that, too..."

"I'm sure someone would *love* to do just that, but... someone has... *issues*," Ty sighed. "You know, I think all these looks worked quite well, though. In truth, I think... you don't *really* have to change anything."

Alex looked up. "Huh?"

"Mmhmm. I have a little feeling that you may impress this... mystery person... by merely being *you*. You know, that was the case for my Batty and I..."

"Batty?"

"Oh, sorry - my husband."

"Really?"

"Yes, sir. In all honesty, I don't think I can do much for you, except... well..." Ty leaned in close to Alex's ear. "Just kiss that man and be done with it," they whispered, before rising back up above the gazelle.

Alex just scraped his foot hooves against the carpeted ground in response, his eyes trained on anything but Ty. Ty, meanwhile, just let out another small sigh.

"I believe I am set to depart tomorrow, before breakfast. I trust you will see me off. Goodnight, Alex."

Ty stood by the door with their luggage packed as Alex and Kassidy lingered, keeping the deer occupied with small talk. For the first time over the weekend Ty had not been made victim to Alex's usual mealtime practices thanks to an early departure, and it allowed the impact of those practices to finally be felt on their form. It was staggering how they had grown in such little time, though perhaps, given their caloric intake, it was not as surprising as it could be. They were stuffed into their dress, the single-strap garment resembling a tight tunic more than its original flowy form. The sole strap it had, wrapped around Ty's shoulder, now served a double life as its wide fabric crossing their chest safely kept one of the deer's newfound breasts contained. The other side of the dress's chest was less successful at such things, allowing cleavage to spill out in rather unseemly fashion, reminiscent of Alex's pink dress from last night. Ty wielded wide set hips and thick thighs, rounding their figure out into a stocky hourglass, a change that was not altogether unwelcome even if the way their dress hugged their filled out bottom and left their panties partially exposed was not exceedingly comfortable. What was unwelcome was their body's decision to allow most of their weight to settle into their gut, which had become a groaning, soft, swaying thing that utterly filled their dress, cascading gently over their hips sticking out in two distinct, thick rolls separated by a deep belly button that creased

the fabric of the dress in a crosslike pattern with their navel serving as its center. Their face remained sharp and idealized. At least this wouldn't effect their makeup advertising gigs.

HOOOONK.

Ty swiveled towards the door and back at the duo talking amongst themselves, their gut trailing the fluid movements of the rest of their body like an anchor. "I would love to stay and chat forever, but it does appear my chariot has arrived. If you ever are looking for a guest, though, I would be happy to make my presence known any time," they said, holding a hoof out.

Kassidy shook Ty's hoof and gave the deer a nod, presenting professional as always, though Ty could see the way the red panda's expression had softened towards them. Alex, meanwhile, opted to forgo the handshake entirely and instead gave Ty a hug, enveloping them in his plush bulk, before peeling away with a snuffle and wave. Ty had no time for sorrow, and instead smiled on the inside as they glimpsed Kassidy pat the gazelle's back.

"Thank you for the clothes and, uh... I'll... try and do that thing you said to do..." Alex mumbled.

"I know you will. Goodbye, all! Have a splendid week," Ty announced as they departed, strolling off to their husband's car waiting outside.

"So, how was the weekend... ?"

"Indulgent. But good! Not quite what I expected from a private contract, but... maybe it was a little more pleasant than the norm," Ty said, leaning back in their seat and letting their belly fill their lap, a belly that soon found a rough wolf paw resting on it.

"Indulgent seems right. I hope this isn't crude, but doe, you look so fucking good like this," Batt said, looking back and forth from the winding forest road to the plump deer in the passenger's seat.

"Oh, yes. You know, my coat is positively glowing. Now stop," Ty giggled, playfully swatting Batt's paw with one hoof while embarrassedly holding the other to their mouth.

"No, really," the wolf insisted, pressing his paw deeper into Ty's tummy. "I just think when we get home I might have to make sure we make that Alex guy look small compared to you."

"Oh, Batt..." Ty flustered, gazing deep at the focused face of their husband. They were glad they had practiced their design work this weekend. - it seemed unlikely they'd be walking runways much longer.