Greg sat on the sofa next to his front door, rubbing his paws together as he watched the cooking channel. It doesn’t take a devilishly sexy writer such as me to explain how excited he was that his relatives (who were infamous for their amazing cooking abilities) would come here any second. Greg licked his lips crazily as he stared at the delicious calzone being made on Food Network, the brown and black German shepherd’s paws rubbing at his tubby belly. Looking down, Greg frowned, noticing how his paws sunk into his pudge, despite his white, button up shirt getting in the way. Suddenly he felt a little less excited about his famous family coming over, still very excited, but a little less.

Ever since he could remember, Greg had always been a dog with a massive appetite. As a puppy he would go through bottles and bottles of milk, always crying whenever he didn’t have his Sippy cup nearby. Growing up, Greg’s appetite only increased, always making sure to pack the biggest lunch in his entire grade and devouring it before anyone could finish. Of course, this would leave the German shepherd quite chubby, but his parents only took it as a sign that he was about to grow out of his short chubby body into a tall, thin one. Unfortunately, that was not the case. Throughout his high school years, Greg continued to have QUITE the appetite, with 5 school lunch’s barley enough. Everyone remembers the incident when Greg, during his senior year, sat at the edge of a table with no other kids. As soon as Greg sat his 300+ pound body down, the table actually flipped over towards him, forcing him to roll on his side while the table fell over him! While everyone thought Greg was injured, the fat German shepherd was quite comfortable, lying on his back while he ate his 4th ham sandwich, completely oblivious to the table pressing on his chubby belly.

After high school, Greg continued onto college. Although he did struggle significantly, the tubby German shepherd fought through, his appetite only increasing with his effort, the freshmen 15 turning into the freshmen 50. Greg finished college and returned to his hometown, congratulated by his loved ones. However, none of them expected to see a 400+ German shepherd to be there instead! Trying to ignore recent weight gain binge, Greg’s relatives would give him a pat on his flabby back as they helped him secure an accounting job, allowing him to work at home. This backfired, BADLY. Greg would move less and less while his belly grew more and more. The obese German shepherd would entire boxes of pizzas, spaghettis, bowls of macaroni’s, and several packages of baloney, and still be hungry, despite his laziness. A year after Greg locked himself up from the outside world, his brother, Henry, a skinny white and blue husky, came over to check on things. Henry rang the doorbell several times, but with no one coming to answer. Curious, the husky opened the door, a horrible smell wafting towards his nostrils. Holding a paw over his muzzle, the husky walked around, noticing the horrible condition the house was kept in. Boxes of pizza and ramen lay around everywhere as if a total slob lived here. Henry made his way upstairs, the smell of moldy and rotten food getting stronger until he made it to the bedroom. He couldn’t believe what he saw. There, lying on his brother’s bed was a massive jiggling naked brown blob of German shepherd, covered in pizza sauce stains while he pigged out on cookie dough. Poking the substance, the furry blob jiggled like dough (ironic, because that was what he was eating), waves of fat rolling around on his body. The blob turned its fat head to look at who was disturbing his snack, his jaw dropping, squishing his numerous chins together. Henry was shocked to find out that his brother, once fat, was now a fat pile of lard, immobilized by his own obesity. Without hesitation, the rest of the family was alerted, and something had to be done!

Greg sighed sadly while he watched the chefs put the finishing touches on the rigatoni. Sure, he lost nearly 400 pounds since that embarrassing moment 15 years ago, in fact his story was put on the newspaper because it was such a miracle, but that was just because his family literally forced him into a mostly salad and water diet all this time. He remembered the strong protests he made, all the yelling and arguing, but nothing would change, considering Greg was way too fat to do anything. When he dropped below 300, the German shepherd was finally allowed some meat into his diet, although it wasn’t much. Finally, at 250, Greg was finally left to his own devices, but he remembered his brother’s words. “If I ever catch you eating more then you should, mark my words I will take away all the food you own forever! You will be force to eat anything and everything I feed you!” Sure, Greg knew this was all for his health, but it’s his life! Greg didn’t care about how fat he was, he just cared about getting something to fill his bottomless pit of a stomach. He didn’t think he was fat at all until after college. After the German shepherd did figure out he was a bit on the heavy side, he did what he did best: kept eating. While most furs were completely disgusted, some thought it was cute and were even turned on, offering belly rubs like crazy! In fact, the reason he got so fat after college was because his fat loving friends would come over frequently to snuggle on his enormous gut and hand feed him fattening treats. But now it was all over! No more belly, no more snuggles, no more food, no more fun! Greg was about to shout in frustration before he heard the door knock.

Knocking himself out of memory lane, Greg shot up and opened the door to his family. Several dogs of different breeds walked in, each of their names spoken out loud as Greg welcomed them in. “Stephanie, Dorothy, Robert, Dillon, Julia! Welcome everyone!” Greg shook everyone’s paw but, looking around, he counted one head short. “Hey Dillon, where’s Henry? I coulda swore he was gonna come tonight.” The pudgy Doberman sighed and rolled his eyes, his usual response to mentioning Henry’s name. “He’ll be here, making sure to pack ‘bags’ just in case he needs to steal food from you. I don’t think he needs to, though. You look amazing! I wish Henry would leave you alone now dude, you’re almost as fit and sexy as me!” The chubby German shepherd chuckled, loving his cousin’s usual funny and sarcastic comments. If there was anyone out there who actually helped and encourage his weight loss, it was Dillon.

Suddenly, Henry waltzed right in the front door unannounced, carrying several shopping bags with him. The brunt husky eyed Greg around before smiling coldly, offering a paw to shake. “Hey there, bro. Still a bit chubby I see.” Greg slowly took his brothers paw and shook, blushing slightly. Dillon intervened at the perfect time. “Howdy Henry. Still a bit mindless I see!” Henry gave the giggling Doberman a cold stare before returning his gaze to Greg. “You know why I brought these, right?” Henry asked, holding the several shopping bags in front of Greg’s muzzle. “If I see you pigging out just like you did before, I will” “snatch all of my food, take my food, eat my food in front of me, blah blah blah!” Dillon giggled and hi-pawed Greg. “Good one mate!” Henry just scowled, obviously not amused. “Whatever, just don’t let me catch you.” Dillon raised a paw suddenly, looking like a school boy with a question. “Just curious, where do you keep the food you take from Greg?” To both dogs amazement, the husky slightly blushed. “That’s none of your concern!” And with that, he walked away. Dillon snickered and nudged Greg’s side. “Is it me, or does your brother look a little bit plumper then before?”

Soon, everyone was seated and talking amongst themselves. Greg took his usual place next to Dillon and his aunt Dorothy, who was busy having an argument with her sister Stephanie. The tubby shepherd facepawed at his aunts’ constant bickering. Why did those poodles constantly fight? They do nothing but find useless reason to attack each other. Sure, they were world famous chefs, but, after a while, their yelling and threats get annoying. Henry sat on the other side of Greg, making sure to keep a close eye on the poor German shepherd. After a brief prayer and a few good words, everyone was free to eat as they please. Greg, practically drooling, made sure to get himself a little bit of everything. Thanksgiving was his favorite time of the year, even after his strict diet. It was the only time at all he was allowed to eat anything that had a little flavor to it at all. Under Henry’s watchful eye, he proceeded to eat very very slowly, savoring the deliciousness of the wonderful dinner.

A half hour later (with barely a change on Greg’s plate) Dillon suddenly left the table in a hurry, taking his plate of food with him. The tubby German shepherd looked at him as he left, puzzled as to why he didn’t really say anything. Before he could think about it too much, his poodle aunts started arguing noisily again. “What are you blabbering about, you old fool? My food will always be better than yours!” Dorothy yapped back, stung by her sister’s words. “Oh yea? Put your food where your mouth is and let’s have..” She looked around, looking for someone for her test. Suddenly, Dorothy grabbed Greg’s arm while he was in the middle of eating a single pea. “Let’s have our nephew decide who has the tastier grub! He used to be a big eater after all!”

The crazy poodle suddenly dumped a large serving of mashed potatoes onto Greg’s plate, covering his small amount of food. Faking a smile, Dorothy patted the confused German shepherd’s head. “Come now, sweetie! Eat the mashed potatoes like a good dog and show my wicked sister just how delicious I prepare them!” Greg stared at the pile of mashed potatoes, not knowing what to do at all. He hasn’t seen this much food on his plate in ages! Looking up, Greg noticed his mean brother still nowhere to be found. Shrugging, he decided maybe it would be good if he ate some real food again, anything to get those two annoying poodles to quit their jabbering. He scooped up a large spoonful and plopped it into his mouth, chewing slowly. The chubby German shepherd’s eyes widened with joy and surprise. These were absolutely delicious! So soft and fluffy and sweet, as if he was eating a cloud! Without hesitation, he quickly spooned the rest into his mouth, patting his belly happily. Without uttering a word, both poodles could tell Greg loved his food.

Frowning, Stephanie plopped another large serving of homemade mashed potatoes, this batch she made herself. “Ok fine, your potatoes might taste ‘adequate’, but he hasn’t even tasted my dish!” Shrugging, Greg took a spoonful of this batch. These tasted completely different from Dorothy, and yet, still as good! So smooth and creamy, he didn’t even need butter for these! He started shoveling down these delicious ‘taters. After finishing, he smiled and patted his belly again, noticing something different. The buttons on Greg’s shirt looked slightly strained, as if they shrunk another size. Greg was close to panicking, what if his brother saw this? Before Greg threw himself into a nervous breakdown, his stomach gurgled, just like it used to back in the good ol’ days. What if this was his chance at finally going back to the way it used to be, back when he could eat as much as he wanted while being praised for it. Thinking quickly, he looked to both of his aunts with a smile. “That was delicious, but I still can’t tell whose tasted better. Maybe if you showed me some more food?”

It wasn’t long before two more plates filled with food were pushed in front of the brown and black German shepherd, this time they were rolls. The first plate of rolls felt almost like eating the last batch of mashed potatoes, soft and sweet, while the second plate tasted creamy and buttery. Neither plate lasted very long as the tubby German shepherd devoured roll after roll, his shirt starting to ride up slightly. As he ate, Greg’s stomach continued to gurgle louder and louder, constantly demanding more food to fill it up. “Mmmm simply delicious! But I still can’t tell who is the better chef” Greg’s face lit up with a greedy smile as two more plates stacked high with ham were pushed towards him. Tearing through both plates quickly, the fat German shepherd noticed these hams started to taste more alike, both very salty and juicy. Nevertheless, they were still delicious, and as long as that remained the constant factor, all Greg needed to worry about was feeding his fat face. After finishing the rest of the ham, Greg noticed the buttons on his shirt looking much more strained, brown fur seeping through little holes on his shirt. He must have put on over 30 pounds on the ham alone! The chubby German shepherd would have stopped there, had his gut not growled extra loud at that moment, reminding him of his eternal hunger. Without thinking, Greg quickly blurted out “I need more!”

Two large plates of stuffing were brought out in front of him, only to be quickly devoured by Greg, not caring how different each of the different stuffing’s tasted. As he ate, each of the buttons on his shirt suddenly popped out, exposing his large brown belly. Greg defiantly weighed nearly 400 pounds by now, the chair under him groaning from his weight. The heavy German shepherd devoured the rest of the stuffing, getting some of it all over his chubby face. “More!” Two large pumpkin pies were presented to Greg. The obese German shepherd now abandoned using silverware, using his chubby paws to eat as much as he could, getting it all over his fat body. As he ate, Greg noticed a little change developing in his body. Greg’s face looked chubbier and chubbier, big round cheeks forming to either side of his muzzle, making it look smaller and more pig-like. The fat shepherd’s chin count reached 3, his wide ass starting to swell out from under him, forcing the chair to groan as if in complaint. Greg’s belly, however, was making the biggest change, constantly growing and swelling outwards, his stomach churning loudly as it quickly turned all that food into pure German shepherd lard. Eating through his next wave of food (Turkey), Greg’s stomach started to press against the table, looking like it was slowly eating the table itself! The only thing that didn’t change on Greg’s body, however, was his appetite, his stomach still constantly screaming for “more food!”

Greg’s chair gave a very loud creak before suddenly shattering, sending all 500 pounds of German shepherd onto the floor, forcing his entire frame to wobble and jiggle like Jell-O during an earthquake. Greg barely noticed it; he barely even noticed that he was a little fatter to begin with! All he noticed was his crazy poodle aunts leaping on top of his enormous gut, cramming as much of their delicious food down his throat, JUST to prove a point. Greg didn’t care. He didn’t mind his belly starting to grow bigger than a large flat screen television, or that his chin count reached 4, or his large ass cheeks looking bigger than the chair he was sitting on not too long ago, or of his legs and thighs looking thicker then tree trunks, or that his moobs were as big as basketballs. Greg just smiled, dimples forming on his grapefruit-sized cheeks, and left his maw wide open as his aunts throw food into him like there was no tomorrow…

An hour later, one could see two poodles, whose bodies looking ragged as the result of pent up stress finally being released, leaning against a familiar looking brown and black blob. The only difference then before? The blob was even bigger! Greg belched loudly, shaking his entire flabby body as he licked at his dirty chins. The sated German shepherd’s belly was ENOURMOUS, capable of being used as a table for a family of four, his large moobs bigger then pillows, his fat arms and legs thick, yet still looking tiny compared to his squishy middle, cheeks now looking like irregular shaped bowling balls! Greg let out yet another belch, the room quickly filling up with the stench of eaten food, before looking around as much as his thick neck would permit him. “Phew, now THAT was a feast…. Oh also, Dorothy has the best food paws down.”

Epilogue

Greg, after that night of insane binging, measured out to be over 800 pounds, 200 pounds heavier than his previous max. With the help of several family members, the obese German shepherd was able to waddle up into his room before collapsing on the bed, breaking it immediately, finally becoming immobile once and for all. After a few phone calls, Greg’s friends started visiting him again, bringing insane amounts of food with them as they would feed the massive German shepherd constantly while rubbing his soft, doughy belly. Because of this, Greg started putting on more and more weight, causing more and more friends to come over more and more often. Every day they would climb on his gigantic stomach, sinking into it like a beanbag chair, and knead Greg’s belly, making it slosh and gurgle like a giant water balloon. At 2000 pounds, Greg somehow developed “endless hunger”, meaning that he had to eat a huge meal every hour or else his stomach was prone to earth-shaking grumbles. Henry, Greg’s almost forgotten older brother, was found locked in his room after being fattened up to over 400 pounds of Husky flab, trying to imitate his more popular brother. While his whole body did end up getting much softer and more jiggly then it has ever before, some would say he still doesn’t have the ‘stomach’ to be like his ‘bigger’ brother.

Greg smiled to himself as he took a trip down memory lane. He now weighed a whopping 4 tons, his humongous belly almost pressing against the ceiling, his fatty sides close to touching all 4 walls of the room. The morbidly obese German shepherd tried wagging his tail, only remembering that it was swallowed by his back fat a long time ago. As he ate some yummy fluid from a hose, he realized he now had everything he always wanted. More friends, more belly, more attention, and, most importantly, “More food!”